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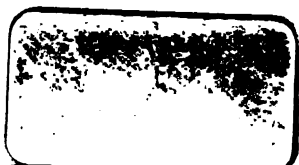
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# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

M DCCC LV.

JANUARY—DECEMBER.

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"IF GOD REVEAL ANY THING TO YOU BY ANY OTHER INSTRUMENT OF HIS, BE AS READY TO RECEIVE IT AS EVER YOU WERE TO RECEIVE ANY TRUTH BY MY MINISTRY; FOR I AM VERILY PERSUADED—I AM VERY CONFIDENT THE LORD HATH MORE TRUTH YET TO BREAK FORTH OUT OF HIS HOLY WORD. FOR MY PART I CANNOT SUFFICIENTLY BEWAIL THE CONDITION OF THE REFORMED CHURCHES, WHO ARE COME TO A PERIOD IN RELIGION, AND WILL GO AT PRESENT NO FURTHER THAN THE INSTRUMENTS OF THEIR FIRST REFORMATION. THE LUTHERANS CANNOT BE DRAWN TO GO BEYOND WHAT LUTHER SAW; WHATSOEVER PART OF HIS WILL OUR GOOD GOD HAS IMPARTED AND REVEALED UNTO CALVIN, THEY WILL RATHER DIE THAN EMBRACE IT. AND THE CALVINISTS YOU SEE STICK FAST WHERE THEY WERE LEFT BY THAT GREAT MAN OF GOD; WHO YET SAW NOT ALL THINGS! THIS IS A MISERY MUCH TO BE LAMENTED."—*Robinson's Advice to the Pilgrim Fathers.*

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THE MONTHLY  
CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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JANUARY, 1854.

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Theodore Parker.

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A GENTLEMAN lately passing one of the metropolitan cab-stands, heard one cabman call to another and say, 'I say, Bill, do you know that Theodore Parker has published a new book?' We will not say this is fame; but it is evidence that Theodore Parker is widely read; and that though he has shocked all evangelical Christendom in America and in this country, by what appears to be closely bordering on much profanity of expression, yet there is a spell in his books to which large multitudes of orthodox and unorthodox readers have surrendered themselves.

There is a style of criticism aptly called the sledge-hammer style, whose peculiar manner is to belabour a man to death, and then to gibbet him as a warning to all future offenders. The defence of this style of doing things is, we believe, that malignant disorders demand the use of sharp remedies; just as in China, all prisoners taken by the revolutionary party are thought incapable of improvement, except by having their heads shaved off by a sharp sword. The ethics of the professed Christian world on this matter are not, we confess, very intelligible, where the maxim tacitly recognised is that whoever shall cross the line of our sect or of our theology, is to be as unmercifully tarred and feathered as the luckless wight who falls into the hands of the sailors in crossing the equinoxial. We are not sure that when Mr. Parker gets the popular theology into his hands, he does not himself fall into this mode of doctoring it; or dressing it up very much as boys dress up the effigy of Guy Fawkes—to make it look a very ugly representative of the Catholic religion. For ourselves, in

saying what we have to say about Mr. Parker and his writings, we will try to write with fairness, sincerity, and truth, chiefly anxious to know what is good and what is bad in him and in his system.

From scattered notices of himself, which appear in some parts of his last volume, it appears that he spent the earlier part of his ministerial life in a small village called West Roxbury; that even there he was ostracised by all religious parties, and excluded from their pulpits; that even the Unitarians found it needful, for the reputation of *their* orthodoxy, publicly to repudiate him and his sentiments; and he complains rather bitterly that, he has been treated more uncharitably by that body than by any of the orthodox bodies; that, in 1845, at a meeting of gentlemen in Boston, it was *resolved* that the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston; that for seven or eight years he preached to an increasing audience, in some room or hall, which during the week was used for public amusements, and that last year he removed to a spacious and splendid church, where crowds of people of all sorts throng to listen to him.

We shall not attempt a systematic or a philosophical statement of Mr. Parker's views; that would demand more room than can be spared in these pages. All that can be aimed at here is to present the salient principles of his teaching, and to offer some passing criticism upon them.

The conviction that lies at the basis of what is peculiar to his doctrine is this, that there is a deep gulf of separation between the popular theology and the consciousness—scientific and popular consciousness—of mankind at this present day. His statement is, that the great bulk of civilized men are drifting away from the churches, and from a belief in the popular interpretation of the Bible. His notion of the state of religious conviction and practice amongst us seems to suppose that we are in a condition analogous to that of the world before Christ came, or to that of the Church before Luther and the Reformation. His problem is, therefore, how to reconcile man's present intellectual and moral consciousness with theology and religion. The solution he proposes is—give men the absolute religion. As far as we can attach any definite meaning to this phrase, it means, cast away any and every religion that makes the most distant pretension to be supernatural in its origin or authority, and accept in its stead the system which I, Theodore Parker, of Boston, in the nineteenth century, have evolved from the depths of my personal consciousness—from my individual intuitions. This is really and simply the alternative which Mr. Parker proposes as compensation to us for rejecting Christianity.

This system is composed of a series of propositions, constructed out of what are called *a priori conceptions* of the nature of God, of man, and of the relation between these two natures. The mode in which one proposition is deduced from another, illustrates the nature and the value of the transcendental logic. Its method is exclusively subjective, determining *what must* be altogether independently of *what is*. God is infinitely perfect; therefore his method of operation must be



perfect; therefore it must be uniform; and therefore there can be no such thing as miracle or answers to prayer. God has created man as a perfect means to a perfect end; that, therefore, everything in man and without him is as He intended it should be; that, therefore, he needs no revelation from his Creator, and sin is like the stumbling of the child—a temporary blunder; that the individual and the race of man are alike progressive in moral character; that, therefore, Jesus of Nazareth must have been morally imperfect, though we do not know in what particular respects. This, we assure our readers, in all honesty, is the method upon the validity of which is staked the whole value of Mr. Parker's theology.

In the language of the modern metaphysics it is the method of intuition as distinct from, and opposed to, the method of logic. In other words, it is the conceptions of the *reason*, as opposed to the deductions of the understanding, which are here made the foundations of theology. We are not going to charge Mr. Parker with irreligion and blasphemy, as the shortest method of dealing with his transcendentalism, but will fairly challenge him by asking, 'Is this mode of dealing with the highest questions that concern man *philosophical*?' We join issue upon that question. We have three or four objections to it. 1. There has been a long controversy among philosophers, as to whether we have any conceptions of the absolute, the unconditioned, or the infinite. Mr. Parker has 'a short and easy method' with the philosophers, and can dispose of their *pros* and *cons* as contemptuously as of those of the theologians; by an intellectual *coup de main* he carries the field by roundly asserting that his conception of the absolute is the scientific consciousness of the age. 2. Even amongst those who admit that we have these primary conceptions, there is a dispute far enough from being ended as to what is the *number* of them. Mr. Parker has inflamed the dispute by multiplying them very considerably, and introducing several theological propositions, which are certainly not self-evident to the ordinary intuitive consciousness. With this objection is closely connected a *third*—that Mr. Parker constantly takes for granted, as if it did not admit of a moment's question, that the scientific consciousness of the day and his own are in the main identical—that all thinkers have ceased to believe in miracle and miraculous revelation. As, apart from proof, our word is as good as Mr. Parker's upon a matter of opinion, we give to this statement a simple denial, and aver that it is not true. The *fourth* objection to the method of Mr. Parker's theology is, to our thinking, the most fatal, and it applies to the whole school to which he belongs.

It is this—that, however true it may be, that intuition is a source of knowledge to man (and we do not dispute it), yet to ignore the reflective powers of the understanding and its logical processes, is enough to invalidate any man's claim to philosophy, except, indeed, it be of the most mystical sort. With Mr. Parker's conclusions, and those of the spiritual school before us, we can see reason enough why they should put such contempt upon the processes of logic. They tell us truly that ~~mere~~ logic is incompetent to determine spiritual questions,

and we tell them in return that *mere* intuition is also incompetent to that office. Mere intuition would tell us, that in a universe created by an infinitely good, and infinitely powerful, being, there could be no sin and suffering; and yet we have tremendous facts to deal with, in opposition to such a conception. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that it is an intuitive principle, that there can be no such thing as a miraculous revelation, yet we have the fact to consider that eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, a man lived who made a very marvellous claim on its behalf, and who supported that claim by such a body of evidence, as we take leave to reiterate has never been successfully impugned. To attempt to dispose of this evidence by detecting minor discrepancies in the biblical narrative—by imputing the belief in it to the superstitious credulity of the age—by saying that the narratives are forgeries of a later date, are very summary measures, and may be satisfactory to a few of the *illuminati*, but never to the great mass of men practised in the judgment of evidence. And to put the Christian evidence aside by affirming that it contradicts our intuitions, is to judge it by wrong tests: it is like judging of sound by the taste, or of scent by the eye. It is a confusion of the functions of man's nature; but we must hasten on to other matters.

One of the modes in which Mr. Parker attempts to weaken the claims of the Bible, to be a book of permanent value and authority to the Church, is—by contending that we have outstripped the piety and the morality of the Bible—that we want new piety and new morality now. These assertions are made, as we understand them, not in reference to any supposed false or narrow views of God and man which the Bible presents as the foundation of religion and virtue, but in reference to the practical principles which are urged upon our adoption. As an instance of the new piety needed by men, and which the Bible does not teach, we suppose Mr. Parker would cite this principle, on which he insists with repeated emphasis—that man has a *right* to God's providence—that there is a mutual obligation between man and God—an obligation on the part of man to render obedience, and on the part of God to provide for the welfare of man. This certainly is new piety—at least as to the manner in which it expresses itself, and, indeed, new in the attitude it assumes towards the Infinite Benevolence. The Bible nowhere, that we recollect, speaks of what we receive from the Father as a matter of right, which it would be unjust in him to withhold: and we are unable to see how grateful, adoring feeling is to be awakened and nourished by such a representation of God's relation to man. The instances of new morality, which are cited as characteristic of this day, but not to be found in the Bible, are very curious. Freedom for the slave, peace, temperance, care for the sick, the education of the ignorant and criminal—all these objects are said to be the outgrowth of the modern morality, and not of Biblical Christianity. And yet, does not Mr. Parker know that the leaders of all these movements have regarded the Bible as their stronghold—their storehouse of principles and arguments for destroying the evils they have assailed. Has he any respect for the intelligence or honesty of an American preacher

who quotes Scripture on the side of slavery? Does he really think that the principles of the peace-makers are not in the Sermon on the Mount? Mr. Parker is no text-monger, who must have express command or prohibition in reference to every duty and every sin; a principle covers the ground of ten thousand acts; a disposition given to the heart abolishes the need of all express and specific prohibitions. We are almost ashamed of offering so needless an apology for the morality of *the Book*, when it will take perhaps the whole age of the world to bring out into man's character and practice the sublime principles of Christianity.

A frequent and just complaint against Mr. Parker is, that he caricatures the popular theology. Indeed, he seems to be afflicted with a kind of monomania on this subject. Whenever he presents a picture of it, he draws so largely on a diseased imagination, that, instead of so disposing the light and shade of the subject as to prove himself a true artist, he either hugely distorts the prominent features, or gives us a great black daub in which no line of the original is discernible. You can hardly help believing that when Mr. Parker approaches this topic, his object is not so much to enable his hearers to form a discriminating judgment, as to make sport for the Philistines of his hearers—to pander to the coarse tastes of the more vulgar part of his congregation. We should not like to quote his manner of representing the incarnation of Christ. Mr. Parker's admirers may think such passages indications of strength and genius; we think them proofs of weakness, and want of refined moral sensibility. He masses together all Christendom, and says their God is a finite, grim tyrant, and a hunker.\* And then to verify his statement, he proceeds to cull the narrowest views of the ultra-Calvinists—their views of God's decrees—their exclusively forensic or commercial view of the atonement—their highly-coloured, and sometimes extremely material, views of heaven and hell—and then, without one qualifying word, boldly tells his hearers, These are the views—this is the creed of Christendom. It is a painful sight in one who makes such large claim to honesty, and to a morality in advance of the old-fashioned truths of the Bible, to witness such reckless self-abandonment to what appears at least to be the malignant spirit of party warfare. He quotes some awful passages from Jonathan Edwards, on the future state of impenitent men, as ministering to the increase of heavenly joy—a very shocking sentiment, against which the whole strain of modern theology is an emphatic protest. We are very far from defending much that is delivered from the pulpit and from the press, even in these days, in the name of Christianity. God's sovereignty and justice are sometimes so represented as to eclipse his Fatherhood; the gospel often-

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\* This word is not to be found in the best modern dictionaries. Mr. Parker uses it as 'hunks,' a covetous, sordid man. The application of it to the evangelical idea of God is, as to taste, as coarse as anything in Tom Paine. We say nothing of it as a political party term in the United States, from its use as which it derives a peculiar force for Mr. Parker's Boston hearers. Mr. Parker is a Whig—the 'Hunkers' are Democrats.

times is made a message of terror instead of a revelation of love—godliness is enforced as politic and profitable, rather than as the highest duty and development of man—the saving of man's soul is often placed before the hallowing of God's name—the manner of a man's death has more importance attached to it than the manner of his life—his conversion is a somewhat magical process rather than a change intelligible to common sense—mistakes of this sort, if fairly stated, may be admitted to the extent of their reality; but if any man were to say, This is the staple commodity of the British pulpit, we should enter an indignant protest on behalf of that increasing number of men who understand Christianity better, and who preach it with wisdom and with power. And yet in this way, but with far greater exaggeration, does Mr. Parker deal with the popular Christianity of the day.

Mr. Parker's quarrel with the popular theology resolves itself very much into a quarrel with the *anthropomorphisms* of the Bible. The Bible speaks of God as 'jealous,' and 'angry,' and 'repenting' of what he has done, and these terms have been imported into the popular representations of the Divine character. Now, there are two questions suggested here. First—Is there anything in the Divine nature corresponding to these epithets, so as to afford a ground for their use? and if so, then, secondly—Since the Bible is a book intended for man from the lowest to the highest stage of his history, could any truer, more absolute mode of representing that something be adopted so as to convey a real knowledge of God's nature to man? In answer to the first question, we observe, that even Mr. Parker must admit that there must be some *objective* cause for those sufferings which are endured by man's mind as the punishment of sin; that He who ordained the laws, that when man has done right he should rejoice, and that when he has done wrong that he should be angry with himself and suffer—that he must have *something* in his own nature which determined these laws and their consequences, *i.e.*, that there is in Him *an infinite opposition to sin*; and it is but the fulfilment of a natural expectation that he would express that opposition not only in the laws which he has graven upon the heart, but also by some positive express description of his own nature. The answer to the second question depends upon this problem—whether God *can* reveal his absolute nature to man—whether man, endowed with passions and with only finite powers of thought, *can* conceive of God and of the mode in which he is affected by the actions of his creatures, according to his own absolute perfections—or whether we must not conceive of him, and of his opposition to sin, in a way that only approximates to the truth, *i.e.*, by transferring to him our own highest and purest thoughts of sin and holiness. Can man lift himself above his own nature, and occupy the centre of the Infinite thought? Can even the philosopher rise many steps above the *savage* in such attempt? If not, then we are reduced to this alternative—either to take the Bible with its anthropomorphisms, and to get the loftiest and purest conceptions of God that we can; or else to abandon all human conceptions, and flounder in the endeavour to

grasp a mode of being and of thought which will evermore elude us by retiring into a deeper and deeper mystery. The Bible, which is God's most explicit communication with man, addresses the whole race of man, in all ages, in such a manner, that it explains to the savage the cause of his sufferings, and interprets to him the Divine will as opposed to his sin, but not by means of any abortive endeavours to explain the Infinite. In like manner it addresses the philosopher—presenting him rather with great masses of the substance of truth than with truth cast into a philosophic mould, thereby reminding him that the very highest metaphysico-theological speculation has not yet reached the heaven of infinite truth that overhangs us. There is no doubt, in the popular teaching, a great deal too much straining and pressing of the figures and analogies of Scripture, such as to repel persons of philosophic and poetic culture; though, even in this respect, the pulpit is undergoing a beneficial change; but Mr. Parker, and all who pretend to deep and broad views, ought to know how to preserve the use of a good principle, and yet reject the abuse of it.

We have attempted, in an unconnected way, to draw attention to the radical vices of Mr. Parker's theological system. Those vices have their origin in a one-sided philosophy. To us, therefore, it is plain that the religious controversy must be postponed till we have determined *what are the principles on which the mind must proceed in the inquiry after truth*. It is a complete waste of time and strength to combat Mr. Parker's views in detail, till we first understand whether intuition alone is man's highest and safest guide to truth—whether man can know God as absolute and infinite, or only as he is related to us through our own highest, though finite, conceptions and experience. Then, and not till then, are we prepared to discuss an actual or possible revelation of his will, inspiration, miracles, and the authoritative character of the Bible. Let us now turn for a few sentences to less debatable matters.

While we firmly deny to Mr. Parker's writings the claim to the philosophical element, we cheerfully concede to him literary qualities of a very high character. When he can forget his disputes with the orthodox, he oftentimes rises into a strain of vigorous and eloquent writing. While he is very unfit to guide men who are tossed with surging doubts—to show them the clear star of truth by which they are to sail in their voyage of exploring—yet, in open waters, with no rocks or quicksands to fear, with the sails of fancy spread, filled with the gales of passion, his ship goes gallantly, and sometimes magnificently along. His sentences often seem dashed off with the directness of an impetuous orator, yet always with the self-possession of a strong man. His thoughts are always well-defined, and have a bold, distinct outline, while dealing with the broad, undisputed principles of religion and morality; a hazy, imperfectly conceived idea you seldom meet with. He must be a man of strong, yet tender passion—of powerful, and yet delicate imagination; but the tenderness and delicacy of which we speak must often be overborne by a wantonness in shocking those of a different faith. Yet we continue to read him for the

bold and striking imagery—the affluence of thought and expression with which his pages abound. We read him not for the positive truth he teaches, but for the same reason that we read Carlyle and Emerson—for what they suggest, for their poetry, for their provocativeness to thought, and for a certain air of reality that endows their writings with a living interest.

Without retracting a single word that has been said in previous parts of this paper, we are free to admit many of Mr. Parker's strictures on the state of pulpit teaching, both in America and in this country. He charges it with a want of power, fidelity, and living relation to the actual sins and wants of men in this present day. How bitterly does he mock at the cowardice of the American preachers in reference to Slavery! One cannot help feeling admiration for the courage with which he dares to denounce, in his own strong way, the cancerous sin of that 'domestic institution' of the Americans. And then the emphasis with which he insists upon the application of religion to politics and the business and details of life, afford an example of a type of preaching by no means so general as it must become before the pulpit can be the sovereign power amongst a people. No pulpit can exert an elevating religious influence that does not seek to guide the common life of the people, and compel them to feel that, while godliness is a heavenly form of character, it is also to be the foundation of our ordinary life, silently renewing the principles and passions which we carry into our secular calling. To meet a congregation of seven or eight hundred people twice every Sunday, and to be perpetually reiterating God's invitations and threats to sinners—to discourse to them of their original sin, and the moral helplessness into which they have fallen, or to descant in an abstract way on the 'doctrines' of the gospel, without ever darting a searching eye into the actual life of men, and bringing home to them the proofs of their sin, from their ordinary experience, must be a dreary way of preaching God's living word to souls that are hungry for it, and perishing for the want of it. The common sins are what men need to be most reminded of—the idolatry of wealth—the vanity of ever-restless ambition for display—the gross material pleasures that rot the soul—the hucksterings, the petty thefts of trade, the want of truth in our intercourse with men, and the want of moral courage and honesty to form and to express our individual convictions in religious matters. These are sins which keep down the spiritual life of the church, but which the pulpit rather politely hints at than energetically denounces.

Thoughtful, conscientious men, will find a use in Mr. Parker's writings other than that he intends. They will be led to a severer scrutiny of their own theological views, and to a stricter study of the word of God. We are very apt to suppose that the scientific expression of religious truth which we have adopted as ours, under a variety of almost unconscious influences, *must be* an exhaustion of the truth which the Bible is designed to teach. We are disinclined to believe that while the great principles of theology are unchangeable, and are completely revealed, *yet our knowledge of them must be progressive*—the

result of many painful intellectual efforts, and of much dear-bought experience and trial. Spiritual life and illumination are *conditions* of this knowledge; and that knowledge can become large, and deep, and true only in proportion as our life becomes true, and our light brighter. And yet how many amongst us consider suspense a sin, and laud it as a virtue never to doubt. How many, frightened or fatigued by the conflict with doubt, throw themselves back in despair and blindness into the arms of the first system or the first church that offers its shelter. Surely this is unmanly and dishonest! And yet these are the men most furious in their treatment of those who are still fighting for a personal faith. They conjure us to amputate the faculty of reason as the traitor to truth—as a carnal enemy to the Bible. These are the men who expose us to the taunt that our theology is the offspring of fear, or the child of a superstitious imagination. God forbid that that taunt should remain true of any who profess their faith in Christianity! *We* believe that faith in Christianity *may* be founded on the very highest exercises of reason, but that this can be so only after the most rigorous personal examination. Let us, then, make this use of Mr. Parker. Let us not content ourselves with a denunciation of his impiety, or with sinister sneers at his objections to Christianity; but honestly and candidly meet his arguments full in the face, and see what they are worth. We may not be able to convince him, but if we can convince ourselves, victorious over all doubt upon the greatest matters, that our trust in the Bible is a trust in God's eternal truth, we shall have attained the sublimest satisfaction allotted to man on earth.

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### On the Moral Claims of Young Men.

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To estimate the moral claims which one rational being has on another, and especially in such circumstances as are common to all men, is no light task. But although the quantity of those claims may not be easy of ascertainment, sufficient may be seen of them to illustrate every solid ground of duty.

What, to enter at once on our theme, can we quote as higher testimony to the moral claims of young men, than their influence, deeply diffused as it is, through every field of the labyrinth of life? Servius Tullius, in his classification of the Roman people, described childhood as extending to the age of seventeen; youth, from that to forty-six; and age, to the end of life. If we deduct from the Roman description of youth one of the decennaries of our being, and suppose it to begin at seventeen and to end at thirty-six, what a section do we draught from the armies of the living! It forms a class in nearly all of whom bodily vigour is at its flood, passion in the red heat, and whose mental wings are beginning to feel their greatest vigour. Most of the victims

of pleasure, the spirits of enterprise, the dray-horses of labour, the hands that circulate the national wealth, the visitants of the theatre, the brothel, and tavern; the lovers, the founders of new families and fortunes, and the sentinels at every outpost of society, are included in our class of young men.

Now, let it only be granted that the earth probably contains nearly two hundred million families, and that at least one young man sustains to each family some of the vital relations of life, we see at once how every family, either from natural or artificial causes, must have its character, happiness, and ultimate condition, for ever affected by some one or more of these two hundred million young men. Whether he be child, parent, master, servant, or friend, *his* influence is *everywhere* incalculable; and in many instances, it is the 'animal spirit' which moves and shapes the domestic world at its pleasure. If to these facts, we add the remembrance that every such young man, until religion has taken effect on his character, however amiable to his equals, only diffuses the influence of disaffection to the Almighty; that the tenor of all his actions is to countenance the surrounding irreligion, and to consolidate the family indifference to the interests of Heaven; we have another glimpse at the foundations of the moral claims of young men. Let it then be fully understood, that in this kingdom there are five million families, on some part of whom, and in some one of the countless forms in which, man is *always* operating—destructively, if himself be not moral—and we see reason why the moral claims of young men should arouse the Christian, the patriot, or the scholar. We have long thought the influence of young men to be one of the greatest elements pervading every social system, but particularly our own. It begins in the schools, and works through all the trades, reverts into the family with accumulation of vigour, steals into all the friendships, gives character to the neighbourhood, and at length mixes up with the invisible sea of influence, whose tides are ever heaving through the social channels and ruling the world. Another consideration, of almost equal power in elucidating the claims of our subject, is, that most of the relations in life centre and radicate in young men. The parental character is the focus where all the relations in life meet—the breast from which all the characters receive their rudimental nutriment. If any accident could muster all the youthful fathers in Europe alone, what an interesting array would be presented! Twenty million selected from every grade in life, including every order of mind, and almost every variety of disposition, would be a sight that might move the very statue of Stoicism to tears. This assemblage of youthful fathers is but a fiction—the reality, however, exists. There is at least three million in this kingdom at every moment, and if collected, some of them would appear clothed in ermine, or even wearing the diadem; others with the convict's chain; many about to enter their graves, crushed with premature calamity; while a considerable portion would wear the drunkard's stare, or come dangling the pauper's rags. Among this supposed assembly of juvenile fathers, would be found a few who were training their children to the philanthropic spirit, or who were



more intent on placing before them the best of domestic models; while others would appear with their charges, whom they had already made adepts in the arts of crime; but perhaps the majority would be found to have instructed their families only in the science of absorbing every thing into self. In such a host, the parental character would graduate between the extremes of brutishness, and the most exquisite combination of the paternal virtues. Some would be found already to have murdered their own children; others to have given the heart a prospective stab; many who had baptized their first-born to ambition; and not a few who had succeeded to establish the dominion of some of the 'besetting sins,' or to have effectually biassed the mind of their offspring with an unextinguishable love of finery, which would inevitably commit them for life to the racks of poverty, or to dishonest thrift. The imagination becomes sobered by such a sight, while the judgment and heart of the observer are lost in the mysterious reflection to which such facts conduct them. This *consensus patrum* would be impressively considered merely as an illustration. There is, however, a very different class of claims which young men possess on the attention of the religious and moral inhabitants of every country. Their temptations are, all things considered, probably stronger than those of any other class. Nature having designed them for the first station in the domestic circle after marriage, and gifted them with the greatest share of bodily and mental capacity, the passions play on a grander scale, and the fields of life already invite them with corresponding seduction. The laws of social life force young men sooner from the natal roof, and in most instances carry them beyond any other than the verbal control of parents. The love of companionship—a divine apparatus for eliciting all our social character—soon brings them into friendship with others equally inexperienced, and perhaps less innocent. Then the natural love of independence, flattered by appearances, often induces them to follow evil examples from their superiors, as if merely to prove to each other that they are free indeed. Everything novel glitters to inexperience, and the pleasures that have never been tasted at home, must be tried abroad. During the hours of business the scenes which move before the young man, are slowly laminating the parental influence. He witnesses the tricks of trade, which yet prospers, and he hears no parental homilies on integrity to check the growth of his master's example. Oaths and falsehoods become trite: a jest flung at religion is first unresented, and then provokes a laugh. Daily devotions are omitted, while the Sunday is at first but formally acknowledged, and at length either considered 'a weariness,' or a day of pleasure. Moral death reigns, perhaps, through all his master's establishment; an obscene expression, a lie, an intrigue, or a debauch, is for no other reason condemned than as interruptions to the streams of trade. A word for the Great Ruler of the universe is never heard, perhaps, from the master of a hundred servants! A virtue never inculcated! A danger never noted! A soul is never mentioned except as one of the items in the language of

passion, when it is consigned with terrible promptitude, as far as the will of the swearer is concerned, to perdition, for the value of a shoe-latchet or the expression of a word. In such a family, of which there are many thousands in this country, how miraculous would be a young man's preservation! How natural in such scenes for conscience to doze, and for the vices, quick and rank by nature, to overgrow the slow and tender virtues that may have been watered by a father's first and last tears. Almost every village in England presents such youth: shall their claims on the religious be still unregarded? How many young men return home annually, after their sojourn in a distant house, to learn its art or trade, moral malformations; while their domesticated sisters, saved from the wreck of character, have been soothing the cares and nourishing the hopes of the fancy-comforted parent, whose heart is now to pass through every crucible of suffering, and to consume itself to ashes in the smothered flame of grief. In addition, the timidity of youth, its self-distrust and deference to others, its natural good nature and the weakness of the moral sense when opposed by the appetites; the want of moral courage, the feebleness of uncongenial instructions, the original want of love to purity; the multitude of superiors who often practise the vice to which the young man is tempted; the imperceptible manner in which temptation operates; the fear of ridicule; the self-made vow that he will yield no more: all seduce the young man to concede to temptations, the first of which is the mouth of the snare—that once entered, soon closes on him for life. Are these facts? Where then is the justice or benevolence of the moral, and especially of the religious? Oh, they are gone to crusade the ends of the earth to spread their peculiarities, while the fundamental charities of their system are inoperative at home, where above eleven thousand premature graves close every year over the young, many of whom will this month drag their diseased bodies from the haunt of vice to their death-bed, or go from the bacchanal's route unwashen into 'the presence' where the cherubim veil.

Yet perhaps the natural character of young men furnishes the noblest specimens of humanity which it ever exhibits. In childhood humanity is the packed plant where all but infinite powers are stowed into the compass of a boy: the juvenile hero that will hereafter move the battalions of war to victory with a word; or the more peaceful patriot who, by the time he has trebled his present age, will have written his name among the great dead, is not now discernible from the incipient plough-boy or the untried apprentice. The aged are outworn, and however fitly they once wreathed the oak-bough in their escutcheon, they have now too aptly changed their symbol to 'the reed shaken by the wind.' Whatever they may have been, they have now almost absorbed life into memory and hope, and live but on the lees of their former being. Whatever prizes are to be won, *they* can race no more. However heavily the state-storms may gather, the aged can brave no danger, but join the multitude who seek for the hiding-place. And besides, both the children and the aged have little connexion with the vigorous part of young men: the first are to take

our place, but may fall as untimely fruit, or we may never live to see their maturity; while the second are descending the stairs of life to the 'sepulchre of their fathers.' Young men are the national stamina, and are covered with seeds of hope, and are now ready to labour. The eyes of the church and the mart are on them. The eagle of war fixes her blood-fed gaze on them. The power-wheel of commerce must move from them, and the hearth and fire-side affections look to them for protection and life. Hospitals and thrones, agriculture and the arts, all turn to them. They are the trustees who convey the benefits of ancestors to posterity, and transfuse the discoveries and plans, the rights and trades of the present age, to the generations following.

The natural morals of youth, with all their evident defects, are the foundation of many serious claims both on the incoming and outgoing sections of the human race. We have to look towards the junior branches of mankind with hope; towards the aged with patience and gratitude; but towards young men we join both feelings, for they are our present conservators and actual benefactors. From their natural frankness they sooner forget injuries, and from their consciousness of the power to acquire, they are more generous in the distribution of their property. They have not been disgusted with mankind, and therefore indulge not the spleen which too frequently settles in age into habits of dictatorial censure or cold-hearted querulousness. The sympathies of young men are more alive to the miseries of others, and sooner aroused to the vindication of their wrongs, while their capability of enduring suffering, and their constitutional zeal, makes them more persevering in the public service. Not yet having seen 'the end of all perfection,' their nature has not ossified into selfishness; and not having thoroughly learnt 'the vain show' in which 'all men walk,' they have not contracted the suspicion which too often leers from the eyes of age, even when friendship approaches. The natural virtues in young men may have been trampled on, but 'they will rise again;' for they are yet in the blossom of their being, and after the shower, will send forth many a wave of sweetest fragrance to refresh the ever-fainting soul of society.

Considered as the subjects of religious instruction, what advantages also the young men present to the skilful teacher! The aged—who have outlived their imaginative powers, for imagination may only be an apparatus to make up for the defective senses of man in this life, in order to procure knowledge, and generally to assist in the education of the human mind—the aged, we say, are incapable of entering into the lengthened addresses of the pulpit, and chiefly live on the repetition of those spiritual apophthegms which suit their condition, and which occur occasionally in the illustration of more recondite topics. Their memory is feeble, and feels a sentence a burden or a simile a load. Their attention partakes of the general weariness, restless as an eagle's eye without its penetrating fire. So that preachers generally find the aged and children the least attentive portions of their flock. But for the young men, their studies would be discouraged, their appeals

would be as uninfluential as the apostrophes of the traveller to the tombs of the dead, and the proof of their principles would be lost. Young men, if properly taught, however, have a marvellous power of attention. Truth and eloquence will often increase their charms, till such auditors become unconscious of time ; and, while they are listening to the responses of the oracle, its spirit is often graving on the leaves of memory the preacher's illustrations, and even his very words, so deeply, that they will be recollected at the distance of a life, and often outlive both the memory that gave them being, and the person to whom it belonged.

Memory, which is the foundation of mind, and indeed of character in general, thus becomes a substitute for the preacher in effect, prolongs his instructions for ever, and divides him among his auditors. In age, the natural tenderness is gone, or the passages to it become choked with the care of other things. But in young men we commonly find it accessible to the religious teacher. Pathos is the key of the human heart. It is the spirit of Christianity, for it is a radiation from Divine love, which is the moral essence of God. It should, therefore, be the soul of the Christian orator, and when, as in the cases of Whitefield, Grosvenor, Rogers, Howe, and Bishop Taylor, it has been the transcendent power of the pulpit, wondrous have been its triumphs ; for the heart of man is as much subject to the law of affinities as the chemical world. In young men, too, the comparative accuracy of the moral taste is an auxiliary to the preacher. We are aware that we verge doubly debateable ground. Taste depends, for its character, on the standard by which it has been formed. If, whatever is true and beautiful be the standard, then taste may be as various as any other of the qualities of mind, and yet be genuine ; but if, as it has too commonly been thought in this country, taste must bear the classical mintmark, and can never be counted genuine except it endures the ordeal of Pagan literature, it will mostly commend the style which wants emphasis, an error that has prevailed in England to a remarkable extent. The moral writings of the heathens, however beautiful, as poems, philosophy, or histories, are greatly deficient in true emphasis. Eternal truths are described in the feeble language which is suitable to a fabulous theogony, because their writers did not know that they were eternal, nor were they certain that they ever uttered moral truth at all ; consequently, they could never speak as definitely of a duty as they did of a battle, and were always condemned to the lighter strokes of the pen, when it touched upon the chapter of morals. It is not by such canons, therefore, that we should test the moral taste, nor do we consider that the mental taste of one class ought to be forced on another, any more than one animal appetite should rule the national table. The moral taste of age that has not been modified by religion, is corrupted with habits of vice, and with the usages of society. Its conceptions of right and wrong are enfeebled, and the feelings of indignation or approval are correspondently faint. The sensibility of conscience departed with the bloom of the countenance, and the feelings of natural honour are worn below the quick. But in the heart of

the young man, the moral sense is yet stern; virtue and vice are distinct; the soul yet retains its natural aversion to evil, and its approbation of good; conscience feels their claims as abundant; witnesses on either side the judgment will award the sentence; fear is awake to warning, and hope to reward, while imagination foretypes the doomsday; and though the youth runs with the multitude, he weeps apart and promises to return, for he still admires whatever is lovely and of good report. This is probably the state of the moral taste in the bulk of young men who are auditors of Christian teachers, and who possess, in some one or other of the infinitesimal degrees in which it may exist, this valuable precession to ministerial success.

In young men, also, the dominion of vice is not fully established. The heart is still the disputed object. The world desires to sift it as wheat; and the Almighty says, 'My son, give me thine heart.' The prize is, lamentably, in most cases, not awarded to its right owner; but, during the suspense of the young man, all eternity calls on him, through the voice of the preacher, with advantage. He is not 'twice dead.' The seeds of parental instruction still swell with promise. Conscience is strong; shame is keen; fear is alive. His character is not irrecoverably gone. Every noble aspiration beats its full pulse over his whole nature while the preacher is 'faithful.' Mammon has not yet digged the pit for his soul; life has not yet raised its forest of cares about the young man. His judgment is not given up to sophistry. His heart is not callous. There is hope, for the tears occasionally fall. Resolution is yet strong; he is yet much in his own power. His sensibilities are not seared. The mercy-seat of his spirit is still accessible. The young man can feel his dignity. He can be roused to emulation of the 'just spirits made perfect,' and often soliloquizes, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' All this, it needs not be urged, is of vast advantage to the Christian teacher, and the source of one of the claims of young men.

A very different claim is furnished on the religious part of the community, from the consideration that the love of pleasure is one of the most influential of the passions of young men. All the younger portions of animal life appear to be distinguished by a strong love of pleasure; and it is especially marked in every class of the animals that 'wait on man to do his pleasure.'

This quality is pre-eminently possessed by the young of the human species. The fact is characteristic of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator; but the design is evidently to supply a suitable substitute for the labour to which all animal life is subsequently devoted, and the means of preparing for it by the development, through their exercise, of all the faculties. This love of pleasure in young men is not suddenly extinguished when they enter on the graver duties of the world. Nature effects but few of her changes with violence; hence this love, instead of being at once plucked from the heart, serves to relieve it for a time by lubricating its introduction to the heavier cares of a new station; though, from the universal defects of the human character, it

has been converted into one of the antagonist influences to religion itself. Many of its teachers have spoken of this characteristic of youth, as though the love of pleasure were a natural failing, if not a sin, and to be eradicated by all means, and they would caricature juvenility by the sedate and stately airs of experimental gravity. This is impossible; for the juvenile love of pleasure is one of the higher instincts, and not to be neutralized even by the nostrums of good men. Their aim should be to mitigate the force of this passion, by finding it wholesome gratification; by turning it into an instrument for the improvement of the mind, on which it is thought to be a stain, and thus to do more effectual service than by the extirpation of the habitude itself.

In the mean time, it must be admitted that the love of pleasure is a serious obstruction, while the heart continues alien in its feelings to the consideration of religion, which at once proscribes the pleasure and friendship of the world as enmity to God. The love of pleasure is, perhaps, but a depraved modification of the universal desire of well-being, which is one of the highest proofs of the Divine origin of man, and of his primitive constitution for happiness. Instead, therefore, of denouncing the propensity as radically wrong, we ought, rather, to lament its perversion, and the invention of the moral section of the community should go to adopt such means, as by supplying them with proper pleasure would refine the taste that demands it, and thus invert that perverted law of our nature, which some thoughtless theologies have censured altogether, into a sentinel keeping the mental field clear for the coming and long-protracted action of life. But the undue love of pleasure must continue to be a fearful combatant with morals, not only by nourishing the dispositions which are instantaneous death to the charities, but by destroying the powers of attention and memory; by carrying the young man beyond the limits of self-control; by a dissolution of all the habits favourable to a studious pursuit of knowledge; by the consumption of irredeemable time; and what is more than all, by the introduction to the mind of antipathies to everything serious, and a craving for frivolous novelties, which will not easily relinquish the mastership of the heart of which they have once taken possession. This inordinate love of pleasure is equally hostile to the rights of domestic life, and to the duties of business; and when it has once diseased itself into an epidemic, as it has in at least three of the European kingdoms, it becomes a national blast, ever breathing on the spirit of improvement, emasculating the mental vigour of the people, and drawing off from the fountains of natural health the supplies which alike impoverish the throne and the cottage.

We might urge the subject indeed with more effect if we had the moral statistics which, though not collected, certainly exist, to show to what degree the undue love of pleasure is hourly desolating every nation. How large a portion of the public evils owe their origin to this misdirected passion! How many of the bankruptcies and failures arise solely from this many-handed combatant! How often is the departure of the dove from private life, referable to the same

source! Almost every ruined fugitive that strolls the earth might reckon this the chief cause of his calamities, and the momentary loss of character, so immense, which is chiefly attributable to some impulse of this taste. Nearly all the delinquencies of the servant-classes spring from this moral disease; while to it, even the Church itself may ascribe the relapse of many of its recusants, who have become 'lovers of pleasure, rather than lovers of God.' Perhaps to the undue love of some kind of pleasure is owing the success of every evil, and the determining motive to every crime; indeed, the same cause accounts for the omission of every duty, or the abandonment of every forsaken virtue. So that it appears that the undue love of pleasure is one of the great idols of society which wars on the peace of the universe, and upon the claims of the Almighty, often with noiseless artillery; and though in the course of the conflict it leaves more wounded and dead in the field than all the other armies of the earth, the slaughter is heaviest, and of greatest consequence among young men.

The claims of young men may be further illustrated by the fact, that they perform nearly all the labours of education. In this empire at least there are four hundred thousand persons constantly employed in the labour of schools; and the majority of those are such as come within the age of young men. Here again, then, we find a mass of youth to whom is consigned another class of the highest interests of the world; while they are in most cases themselves proverbially deficient in professional education. Whatever education is to become, depends on the young men to whom its conduct is committed. They confirm or undermine the work of home. The pupil depends much on his teachers for his archetypal ideas; for his definitions of terms; for his opinions of writers; for the peculiarities of his taste; for his preference of certain studies; indeed, for his literary character. Whether he shall be a scholastic renegade, prone at every angle to fly from knowledge, or whether by congenial affections he shall move round its centre with glad spontaneity, must depend on the young man's teacher. From the young teacher the learner will draw influence in a thousand streams; and while he adopts his maxims, will probably copy his errors, and quote them at least to himself as countenance to his own. The measure of the teacher's knowledge must necessarily exceed that of the pupil; and his mode of acquiring it, except in original cases, will be copied by a school, while the master's account of its value, and enthusiasm in its acquisition, will be generally conveyed by a too faithful tradition of the next race. Whether the inquisitive spirit of the child shall be heated to thirst for knowledge, which, if not supplied, shall burst into intellectual fire, or be reduced to self-consumption from want of aliment, must depend on the teacher. Classics, in the hands of a schoolmaster, may either become the means of debauching the juvenile mind while he pretends to bathe it in the streams of Helicon, or a great moral repulsion to drive the heart back upon Christianity, and the purer manners of a modern age. Arithmetic may become in such hands either a drudge to toil before the till in the everlasting enumeration of mites, or an

almost Divine preface to the magnificent system of physical knowledge, which is the anatomy of all the sciences, and the moat of theology itself. The art of reading may either be converted into one of the collateral trades now necessary for multiplying the coin, 'a purveyor for passion, or into a noble machine for feeding the spirit, and raising it to the full stature of man' (which is in Christ Jesus). Writing may either issue in a small device, which shall level it to the tools of the shop, or rise into a channel for the outflow of the mental wealth upon the arid world. The arts of painting and drawing may either degenerate into caricature, or minor servilities, or exalt their possessor to habits of dignified imitation of nature, which shall suffuse the whole soul with every sensation of material beauty, and by purifying the taste, mend the heart and weaken the appetite. In short, the school depends on its young masters whether it shall be a real gymnasium of life, where its verities, by being often rehearsed, shall be better prepared for; or the false theatre, where the fictitious scenery of the world shall originate a distaste for its sober duties, or occasion the lamentable divorce between the mind and morals, which has, in myriad instances, it is to be feared, occurred in the schools. The schoolmaster is the youth's mediator between the world and home, and it will greatly depend on him whether they shall be mutually destructive or coadjutors. How mean is a mintmaster, then, compared with him! It must not be forgotten that in many instances the school is all that could be expected; and in such cases, what obligations diverge into domestic life and society in favour of the young teacher! He sees more of the child's perversity than a parent, and often meets it with a noble forbearance. He is blinded by none of the parent's partialities, but finds a dolt where he was taught to expect a Pascal: yet he is not discouraged. He toils to simplify, and searches the world for an illustration. He repeats the lesson without disgust, and wears his own temper in double chains, that he may tame that of his pampered pupil. His health is sacrificed, his sleep gone; he is unremunerated; blamed for not repairing the ruin which his parents had wrought in their children before they removed them from their own demented discipline; and receives little credit even for what he has effected. But still he toils on, encouraged by the whispers of hope; and at length often sinks into an early grave, and leaves his own children, perhaps, to the care of a schoolmaster the very reverse of himself. We do not pretend that all young schoolmasters are such, but there are many who resemble him. Whatever the character of the schoolmaster, is immaterial to our argument. His importance arises from the fact that it is his office to convert children into men; and the character of the world depends on the mode of conversion.

But there is at least another ground of claim on behalf of young men equal in importance to any that have been urged, for the services of the Church mainly depend on them. We consider the Church of God the great but unacknowledged 'moderator' of society, whose manners, morals, and amusements, are all through the understood interdicts of Christianity continually kept from the excesses into



which none of the satirists or philosophers of classical times could prevent the popular mind in their eyes from falling. It is, indeed, 'the pillar and ground of the truth,' the wall of national virtue, and most of its services are reserved for the young man. We do not, however, attribute the essential benefits it confers on the world exclusively to any one of the fifty forms in which the Christian advocates work their system, but to its own divine element, and to the omnipresent Spirit that works in them, and concurrently through all the mass of external causations. But even though we were indifferent to Christianity, it would be matter of surprise that Christians should be so dead to some of the vital agencies which they have the power of using, as means of its universal propagation; and we should admire the foresight of its glorious Founder, when he said, 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.' One of the most effectual agencies for the spread of Christianity, and the more vigorous practice of it at home, is the manifold capacity of young men who now, as they indeed ever have done, perform the bulk of its active service. Except in the case of Vanderkemp, and a few others, almost all our missionaries have been supplied from the youthful classes, who, though in some cases they have failed, have generally risen above themselves, and acted a veteran part in the model battle of the gods of paganism against the light of Christian truth, and the virtues of which it is the cause. When Robert Morrison was an obscure young man, who as a preacher in England might have wasted all his life in a village congregation, he formed the noble resolution to make a moral road through China, the third of the world, by a conquest of its language, which is a just description of its mysterious and mighty self. He accomplished the greatest part of the work while he was only described as an obscure young man, and thus laid such a foundation for the work of missions as will mark all the god-affecting edicts of its emperors, even should they multiply to the number of its fabulous dynasties, finally break down its wall of caste, and rouse the popular mind of China from its unfathomable slumbers in the dungeon-well where it has blinked at the far-off world-light for the last thousand years. Other young men have succeeded in taming the savage who laughed Cook, Hawksworth, Banks, and La Perouse, to scorn, and threw their establishments of mere civilization with contempt into the sea; while the stripling missionary, with a few blasts from the silver trumpets of Salem, has collected the savage group from their ravine homes and mountain clefts, and converted them into new empires, which are now becoming the *foci* of prospective kingdoms. By the zeal of young men, the vast system of unendowed instruction on the Sabbath for the children of the poor has risen, without a smile from the State. By another class of these men, the Church has been pouring out for ages her eleemosynary charities into the haunts of distress, where no law has thought of carrying its relief. By another class of men, the principles of Christianity have been conveyed into all the villages of the empire, and into many of the hiding-places of vice in the larger towns, for

which the State has made no provision. Another section of the same body has taken its station at the press, and has poured out a periodical supply of corroborative intelligence into the national family, which has not merely been antidotal to the poison of infidel literature, but which has supplied the defects of the pulpit, emboldened it to ascend the breach, or covered it from the fire. The pulpit itself looks to the claims of young men for successors to the fathers, who, when they have performed their 'course in the temple,' enter the sanctuary, to take possession of the rest that remains for the pilgrims of God. The ministry would faint if it were to depend on the aged. The patience, the toil, the activity, the sympathy, and the ardour which it requires, are not to be expected from them. These qualities are becoming of but little use to them personally; and as the corolla drops when the seed is formed, so the minor virtues of earth die in a good man; and their place is supplied by the enlargement of the eternal affections, which are dependent on no world. Great, however, as the services which young men perform to the Church are, they might be 'hundredfolded,' if their education and oversight, their encouragement and consecration, were regarded. In almost every congregation what eloquent lips are sealed! What capabilities of invention are yet unelicited! What wealth is uncollected! What zeal waits for a light from the altar! How many are girt for the race of life that only wait the command of their respective churches, 'So run that ye may obtain.' What thousands of suitable affections that run waste into the shallows of private life, might be drained into the wells of the sanctuary! What educations seem abortive, and what influences of the young man sleep in the Church! A new era, doubtless, awaits the Church, for all things are forcing her into action; but when she moves to victory, it must be by drawing out her young men—the flower of the army of the living God. Why should it not be done spontaneously? 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver;' and the sweetest frankincense that ever waved from Judah's altar to heaven, was that exhaled from 'the free-will offering.'

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## Glimpses of the Western Indies.

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### NO. I.—INTRODUCTORY.

OUR notions concerning people and places are often fallacious. If the fallacy hurt no one but ourselves, it would not much matter; but as its consequences often fall heaviest on those who had no hand in creating it, it behoves us to try and arrive at a right judgment concerning those on whose condition we may dogmatize. We intend talking a little about the West Indies, not from any particular stand-

point, nor with any special object in view. Our motive is not anti-slavery, nor missionary; it would be very easy to expound these phases of West India life; but enough, at least for a time, has been said, perhaps too much, on the *first* of these topics, and the dunned ear grows hard of hearing; and with respect to the *second*, that will always find its niche in other columns, according to our new arrangement for the insertion of missionary intelligence. But the people of the West Indies are a fragmentary people, in every sense of the word; fragments of great nations, perhaps, somewhere in the wilds of Africa, great in their own abnormal greatness; fragments in the lands of forced adoption, into which they, or their forefathers, have been deported; fragments in the great social changes now taking place in the West Indies, which will result once more in the priority of the Anglo-Saxon, and the continued subordination as a lower than middle class of the descendants of Africa, with but few exceptions; fragments, until, by infusion of blood and otherwise, the indolent and too careless African shall care to make himself what we have long called him, 'a man and a brother.' Therefore it is that out of their present, aye, and out of some succeeding generations, now cultured piously and wisely by so many brave and true men, of humble fame, but of heroic worth, we expect no great nation to arise, any more than we expect to see a great nation arise out of the fragmentary islands of the South Seas. Luther long since said, in a letter to Eoban Hess, in 1523,\* 'I see that there was never any remarkable revelation made of the Word of God, unless he prepared the way by the revival and flourishing of languages and literature, as so many precursors, like the Baptist.' Christianity can scarcely hold its own among a people without literature. The records of the apostolic, and of the post-apostolic church, abundantly confirm this. We believe that Christianity brings with it all the germs of modern culture; but these take time for development, and we are too impatient, believing in a literal fulfilment of prophecy, that a 'nation may be born in a day.' A nomadic people, like the Arabs, and an illiterate people, like the negroes, can make no progress either in civilization or Christianity. Institutions may bring them up to a certain point; but beyond that they cannot go: and years of patience, and years of fusion of race, must go on quietly fulfilling destiny, until the sons of Ethiopia shall accomplish the regeneration of Africa. We have only to look at our own country to see the illustration and proof of this. 'The Reformation was the result of two distinct forces—the revival of learning, and the resurrection of the Word of God; the latter was the principal cause, but the former was necessary as a means.†'

Nevertheless, there are many things, even among so broken and sparse a people as those of the West Indies, who, having no literature of their own, and at present not much caring to have one, every effort of the missionaries and others in this respect, both in Jamaica and

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\* Quoted by Neander, in his 'Memorials of Christian Life,' p. 417.

† D'Aubigne, vol. iv. p. 117,

Guiana, having utterly failed, that may be worth looking at. The antecedents of such a people, their unrestrained developments, their unwritten literature of poetry or proverb, the glorious homes to which cupidity and violence have carried them, the exceptional cases of men of energy and purpose, who, like the granitic rocks that constitute the framework and crust of this 'great globe and all that it inherits,' have lifted themselves high up, in towering peaks of solitary greatness, above the dead levels of superincumbent strata; the leading features of the geology and natural history of these sunny isles, in which dwell so many who 'are guilty of a skin not coloured like our own,' and who require educating, and not petting, and training discipline rather than spiced wine. All these matters, and some others, come, we think, legitimately within the scope of the Christian spectator, who, at a long distance from conventionalism, exclaims, 'How manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all.'

There need be nothing dry, nothing common-place in such a 'West Indian palaver,' if with genial mind we can but resuscitate past memories; if we can but recall images of delight daguerreotyped on our brain; if we can but see again the deep blue sky for weeks without a cloud, the gorgeous magnificence of virgin forests, the glory of mountain peaks gilded with sunshine that had not come to us dwellers in the vales, the varied and ever-varying facts of natural history picked up piecemeal, but now forming a tolerable collection; and if, in doing this, we can but preserve a spirit of homage to the one supreme and dominant Intelligence, 'of whom, and to whom are all things;' then these 'Glimpses' will not, we hope, be without usufruct.

Writing just these few lines seems to reclothe us with the per-fervidum genus of the bright tropics; again we inhale the breath of the sea breeze; \* again we see the tall palm bowing its graceful head to the heavenly impulse; again life is restored to the panting creation, and the mocking bird trills its inimitable song, and the domestic poultry rise gasping to partake of the gale; again the woods become vocal with the melancholy coo of the peadove, or the double cadence of the mountain-witch; again the jabbering crow leaps rather than flies from one cedar to another, and the little humming-bird, with its metallic colours, dazzles the eye as it darts between the thick and thorny branches of the orange-trees, and flocks of parrots screaming in wild delight tell that day is really begun, for the breeze is fresh and cool from off the sea. There is no exaggeration in the vivid words of a recent writer, who combines in himself the avidity of the sportsman, the science of the naturalist, and the profound worship of God of the true Christian:—'As I now, several years afterwards, here in the suburbs of London, copy these notes for the press, the impressions then produced on my mind as one novelty after another presented itself—things that I had read of with eager desire to see, that had become encircled with halos of romance in my imagination—come gushing upon my memory in all their fulness and freshness, like some sweet tune, that

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\* Called 'the doctor' in the West Indies.

one has not heard for years, unexpectedly played. But how shall I transfer these impressions to my readers? I can name some of the prominent objects that helped to make up the picture, and by some short description, or a few well-selected epithets, may communicate a certain definiteness to those objects; but the picture itself, the thousand things that cannot be enumerated, birds, insects, flowers, trees, the tone of the whole, the sunlight, the suffused sky, the balmy atmosphere, the variety of the foliage, the massive light and shadow, the dark green openings in the forest, all new, rich, and strange;—not only new individually, but quite new and strange in character, quite unlike anything that I had seen before;—all this I cannot hope to convey. Nor can I hope to convey more than a very, very faint reflection of that delightful excitement with which I gazed around, bewildered and entranced, almost, with the variety of charming objects, all at once appealing for attention; the remembrance of which, protracted as it was through eighteen months' duration, with scarcely any abatement, has given in my habitual feelings, a kind of paradisaical association with lovely Jamaica.\*

This glowing picture of the tropics reminds us of one written two hundred years ago, and which to most readers, we believe, will have at least the recommendation of novelty. At that time the population of Jamaica was about 5,000 whites and some 1,200 negroes, and it was the time of Cromwell's protectorate, when a band of emigrants, full of high hope and royalist sentiments, abandoning the cause of Charles when it could no longer be maintained, sought refuge in this the 'richest of his Majesty's settlements in America.' And thus worthily, and apart from all political bias, does Andrew Marvel, Milton's assistant Latin secretary, record their arrival in the then far-famed and distant island of Xaymaque,† and with this quotation we close our prologue.

“Where the remote Bermudas ride,  
In th’ ocean’s bosom unespied,  
From a small boat that rowed along,  
The listening winds received this song:  
“What should we do but sing His praise,  
Who led us through the watery maze,  
And to an isle so long unknown,  
But yet far kinder than our own!  
Where he the huge sea monsters racks,  
That lift the deep upon their backs.  
He lands us on this grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelate’s rage;  
He gave us this eternal spring,  
Which here *enamels everything*;  
And sends to us the fowls in care,  
In daily visits through the air.  
He hangs in shade the orange bright,  
Like lamps of gold in a green night;

\* ‘A Naturalist’s Sojourn in Jamaica,’ by P. H. Gosse, A.L.S., &c., pp. 49, 50.

† Xaymaque was the Indian name for Jamaica, and signifies ‘land of springs.’

And in pomegranates does enclose,  
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.  
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,  
 And throws the melons at our feet ;  
 And apples, plants of such a price,  
 No tree could ever bear them twice.  
 With cedars chosen by his hand  
 From Lebanon he stores the land ;  
 And makes the hollow seas that roar,  
 Proclaim there's ambergris on shore.  
 He cast—of this we ever boast—  
 The gospel's pearl upon our coast :  
 And in these rocks for us did frame  
 A temple where to sound His name.  
 Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt,  
 Till it arrives at Heaven's blue vault,  
 Which thence perhaps rebounding, may  
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay."  
 Thus sung they in the English boat,  
 A holy and a cheerful note ;  
 And all the way to guide the chime,  
 With falling oars they kept the time.'

M. G. B.

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## Biblical Illustrations.

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### NOTES ON THE BOOK OF JONAH.\*

#### I. PROPHECY.

CICERO has a fine passage in the commencement of his treatise 'De Divinatione,' affirming the actual existence of such a power in the human race, at some periods of its history, and distinctly referring the first and most effective exercise of it to that region in which the men of the Bible had their origin ; namely, the great plain of the upper Tigris and Euphrates, the country of the Assyrians and the Chaldeans, and the father-land of the Hebrew race, which, at length, became the only medium through which God communicated his will to men. It was to this region that the King of Moab, when the Hebrews were marching to Palestine under Moses, sent for a prophet of high character and great reputation, to counteract the Divine power which made Moab afraid. Num. xxii.

Though Balaam was a bad man, he was yet really a prophet, and, in his prophetic ecstasies, said just what God directed him to say. Num. xxiii. 7, 8, 12, 26 ; xxiv. 13, &c.

'It is an ancient opinion,' says Cicero, 'derived from the heroic ages, and confirmed by the consent of the Roman people and of all nations, that there exists among men a power of divination which the

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\* Condensed from a paper by Dr. C. E. Stowe, Professor at Andover, U.S., in the *American Bibliotheca Sacra*, 1853.

Greeks call *μαντική*; that is, a presentiment and knowledge of future events. A magnificent and salutary thing, if indeed it exists, and one by which our mortal nature makes the nearest approach to the Divine power. . . .

‘Indeed, I know of no nation, however cultivated and learned, or however savage and barbarous, which has not supposed that future events can be signified, and by some understood and foretold. At first the Assyrians, that I may fetch authority from the most distant, by reason of the levelness and magnitude of the region which they inhabited, saw the heavens on every side open and manifest to them, and observed the shootings and motions of the stars; which being noted, they handed down what might be signified to each one. In this nation the Chaldeans, so called, not from their art, but as a national denomination, supposed that, by a constant observation of the stars, a science might be so found that it could be predicted what would happen to each one, and with what fate each one was born.’ \*

The idea of Cicero, that the gift of divination, or the spirit of prophecy, had its first and most perfect manifestation among the nations whom the Greeks and Romans rather loosely denominated Assyrians, is founded in truth; for there, in the ancient world, did God especially make himself known. Abraham, the progenitor of the Hebrew nation, was a Chaldean; in the Scriptures he is called Abraham the Hebrew, the first who bears that national name; and his native city is affirmed to have been Ur of the Chaldees. The same sacred records inform us that the garden of Eden—the very cradle of the human race, the place which God made the dwelling of the first pair, from whom all mankind are descended—was on the head waters of the Tigris and Euphrates.

So certainly as counterfeit coins are proof that genuine coins exist, so certainly do these classical and oriental traditions of a power of divination among men, which had its origin and most effective exercise in the ancient Assyrian race, on the great plains of the Tigris and Euphrates to the eastern shores of the Mediterranean, afford proof that God did there communicate the gift of prophecy, as our sacred books declare.

Noah and Enoch were prophets; so were Abraham and Moses; and, from the earliest times to the days of Malachi, there was an unbroken succession of inspired men in the Hebrew race, most, if not all of whom, had, besides the power of foretelling future events, the gift of working miracles in attestation of their claims to supernatural authority.

## II. THE OLDEST PROPHETIC BOOK IN THE BIBLE.

The earliest prophets wrote no books distinctly prophetic, which have come down to us, and we have no record of their predictions except what is found in the histories. According to the most generally received calculation, the most ancient prophet, who has given a prophetic book of his own to the biblical canon, is Jonah. The book is

\* Ciceronis Opera, Ed. Bipont. XI. 174, 5.

but a fragment; and mostly occupied with what befel Jonah in the execution of a special mission from God to the city of Nineveh; and we have a brief notice, in one of the historical books, of another prediction by the same prophet. (2 Kings xiv. 25.) For several reasons, this singular and most ancient prophetic book is worthy of special notice. We shall take for granted the correctness of the unanimous verdict of both Jewish and Christian antiquity, that the book was written by Jonah, whose name it bears; and shall endeavour to give such information respecting it and its author as may vindicate its claims to the place which it has always held among the books of the Bible.

### III. AGE OF THE PROPHET JONAH.

According to the Jewish Rabbins, Jonah was the son of the widow of Zarephath (1 Kings xvii.), whom the prophet Elijah restored to life, after he had expired and been carried by the prophet into the little upper chamber where he was himself wont to lodge. This would place his birth about the year 900 B.C. This dream of the Jews, however, rests on no historical foundation; and it is more probable that the birth of Jonah ought to be placed about a century later. If so, he was a child when the poet Homer was an old blind bard, singing his rhapsodies in the cities of Asia Minor, as the prophet afterwards sang in the great city of Nineveh. He was a contemporary of the Spartan lawgiver Lycurgus; he lived a century before Romulus laid the foundation of what has since been called the eternal city, and four centuries before Herodotus, the father of profane history, who also was an Asiatic. We mention these circumstances that we may bear it in mind, while contemplating the singular incidents in the life of Jonah, that he lived in a simple and rude, and what we should call, semi-barbarous age.

### IV. REPUTATION OF THE BOOK OF JONAH.

This ancient book of the rude old prophet has been, during many generations, a favourite theme for the ridicule of the jesting unbeliever. The grinning pagan Lucian had his joke in regard to it; and Augustine, speaking of it in his day, says:—'*Hoc enim genus questionis multo cachinno a paganiagra vilerirrisum animadverti.*' \* Even serious Christians of our own time are generally rather shy of the story of Jonah, and are inclined to think that it is one of those things of which the less said the better.

Is there any real ground for this shyness of the believer and this ridicule of the unbeliever?

A careful attention to the subject, a little accurate knowledge of the age, the country, the persons, and the circumstances about which the narrative is employed, will show, we think, very clearly, that this ridicule and shyness are all misplaced. The preservation of Jonah's life by a fish, and the rapid growth and as rapid destruction of the vine which sheltered him from the heat of the sun, are regarded and treated,

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\* Scholz, Einleit. in heil. Schrift. III. 574. Augustin, Epist. CII.



in the Scriptures, as events purely miraculous, and as such, they contain no difficulty, unless it can be shown that the miracles are in themselves inappropriate and puerile, or wrought for an unworthy purpose. On these points we must form our judgment, not by the perversions and misrepresentations of scoffers, but by the character of the age and the circumstances of the narrative.

It is certain that the men of ancient times, and living in the Bible lands, who were best qualified to judge, never had a thought that the narrative is in any respect ridiculous. The uninspired Jewish writers, both before and after Christ, speak of it in the most respectful terms. The apocryphal book of Tobit, which purports to be the narrative of a Jewish resident of Nineveh, written some two or three centuries before Christ, speaks of the certainty of the eventual fulfilment of Jonah's prediction respecting that city; Josephus, the Jewish historian, a writer of the highest respectability, gives the narrative of Jonah as an important matter of fact in the Hebrew history; and the Talmudic writers refer to Jonah as a type of the Messiah, and in this representation they accord entirely with the declarations of Christ himself as given in the New Testament.\*

#### V. TESTIMONY OF CHRIST.

Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who, to say the least of him, was one of the wisest, and best, and gravest of teachers, and whose knowledge of the Old Testament was certainly never exceeded by that of any human being, alludes several times, in his recorded discourses, to the narrative of Jonah, and always in a tone of the highest respect, both for the prophet and his history. Indeed, he makes himself directly responsible for those very parts of the narrative which have been most subjected to ridicule; he makes the most solemn use of them as illustrative of the most affecting and triumphant period of his own earthly existence, his burial and resurrection, and evidently without the least consciousness or suspicion that he was saying anything which any sober mind could regard as in the slightest degree ridiculous.

In the passage in Matthew, our Saviour makes himself directly responsible for that which is generally regarded and treated as the most improbable and ridiculous part of Jonah's narrative. On matters which pertain to the Old Testament history and the truths of revealed religion, it is our opinion that the authority of Christ is of greater weight than that of the most learned sceptic or the wittiest scoffer.

#### VI. ORIENTAL AND CLASSICAL TRADITIONS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE NARRATIVE OF JONAH.

Moreover, both oriental and classical antiquity have many parallels to the history of Jonah, and fruitful tradition in the very region where these facts are alleged to have occurred, of facts of the same kind.

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\* Tobit xiv 4, 8. Sept. Josephus, Antiq. IX. 10. 2. Eisenmenger, *entdecktes Judenthum*, II. 724 ff.

According to the classic tales, the eastern shores of the Mediterranean sea were once infested by huge man-devouring sea-monsters, who were often the terror and sometimes the-ruin of the sea-shore settlements.

To begin with the most modern of these traditions, the legend of St. George and the dragon, the scene of which is laid at the seaport Beirût, on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, north of the ancient Sidon. George was a prince of Cappadocia, converted to Christianity about the middle of the third century, and, after a life of the most self-denying and arduous labour in the cause of Christ, was put to death with cruel torture during the persecution by Diocletian.\* Aia, the daughter of the king of Beirût, for the salvation of her country was about to be devoured by a frightful dragon. St. George, in full armour, assaulted the dragon, and after an obstinate conflict of several days' continuance, slew him and delivered the princess. Afterwards he became the patron saint of Armenia, of England, and especially of the Crusaders, of the Franconian and Suabian knights, and of the devotees to chivalry generally.

This, as I have remarked, is one of the most modern of the traditions of this sort; and, as we ascend higher in antiquity, we shall find still closer resemblances to the story of Jonah.

As Nineveh, however, was the theatre of the most celebrated act of Jonah's ministry, it might reasonably be expected that traditions arising from his story would there be the most clearly and distinctly marked. In this expectation we are not disappointed. From time immemorial, the region around the ancient site of Nineveh has been fruitful in traditions of Jonah; there his tomb has always been shown, and the recent discoveries of Mr. Layard and others have brought monuments to light which bear striking resemblances to the Bible narrative.† The Assyrians were of the same race with the Hebrews, and the language of Nineveh so closely resembles the Hebrew, that any one who is acquainted with the latter, can easily, so soon as he has learned the arrow-head alphabet of that ancient city, understand the inscriptions on its so recently discovered monuments.

Among its sculptures there is one of very frequent occurrence on monuments of every variety of size, on massive pillars, and on the small medallions or cylinders which were worn upon the person for ornaments, as watch-seals are worn in modern times. One of these cylinders, recently brought from Nineveh, we have examined. It is about the bulk of a medium-sized watch seal. The figure is that of a man in a fish. The sculpture is very fine and characteristic; the fish in form resembles somewhat the salmon, except the mouth, which is

\* This is the church tradition respecting St. George. The account given of the saint by Gibbon, in his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' (chap. xxiii.) is, indeed, a very different one. But Gibbon states that his St. George was put to death in the autumn of the year 361 by a mob in Alexandria; while the St. George of the church suffered martyrdom by the order of the Roman emperor in the spring of the year 303. Is there any probability that these two narratives can refer to the same person? There is more than a half-century's difference in time, besides diversities of incident even greater.

† Rosenmüller, *Alterthumskunde*, II., 2. 92. Layard, II., 352.

more like that of the pike ; the head and face of a dignified and noble looking man are seen just below the mouth, the hands and arms project from the pectoral fins, and the feet and ankles from the ventral. There are various other forms of the group, but all having this general character. The Ninevite history, except what is preserved in these monuments, is almost entirely lost. We have but little of it in the Bible, and still less in the classic writers. But for the explanation of this sculpture we have ample materials in the traditions of the neighbouring and cognate city of Babylon.

According to the Babylonian tradition this fish-god or fish-man is Oannes, who was divinely sent to that country to teach the inhabitants the fear of God and good morals, to instruct them in astronomy and agriculture, in the sciences and the useful arts, and in legislation and civil polity. He came from the sea, and spake with a man's voice. He taught only in the daytime, and every evening returned again to the sea ; but always ready to bless them again on the succeeding morning with a fresh impartation of his wisdom.

The description given by Berosus, who was himself a Babylonian priest, about the year 330 B.C., is this :—The body of Oannes was like that of a fish ; under the head of the fish was the head of a man, and added to its tail were the feet of a woman. His voice was human, and he spake an articulate language. During the day he instructed the Chaldeans in letters, and in all arts and sciences, taught them to build temples ; and at night he returned again to the sea.\*

It is a general principle, that all mythological narratives have a historical basis in some fact of actual occurrence. The very definition of a myth proceeds on this supposition.

Is it reasonable to suppose, is it conceivable even that all these mythological traditions should originate in that one region of country without any historical foundation ? Certainly a tradition so remarkable, so wide-spread, found in so many different languages and races, and in such a variety of forms, cannot be an exception to the general rule, cannot reasonably be regarded as the creature of mere accident.

The Mohammedan writers say, that the ship in which Jonah had embarked stood still in the sea, and would not be moved. The seamen, therefore, cast lots, and the lot falling upon Jonah, he cried out, 'I am the fugitive,' and threw himself into the water. The fish swallowed him. The time he remained in the fish is differently stated by them as three, seven, twenty, or forty days ; but when he was thrown upon the land he was in a state of great suffering and distress, his body having become like that of a new-born infant. When he went to Nineveh, the inhabitants at first treated him harshly, so that he was obliged to flee, after he had declared that the city should be destroyed within three days, or, as some say, forty. As the time approached, a black cloud, shooting forth fire and smoke, rolled itself directly over the city ; and put the inhabitants into dreadful consternation, so that they proclaimed a fast and repented, and God spared

them. The time of his sea voyage the Mohammedan writers generally place between his first and second visit to Nineveh.\*

#### VII. THE FISH BY WHICH JONAH'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

The ridicule to which the book has been exposed, is founded mainly on the two verses here cited.

'Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights.' 'And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.'—i. 17; ii. 10.

The whole transaction here is plainly represented to be a miracle, produced by the direct agency of the Almighty; and in that view there is nothing in it impossible or incredible. The occasion, the preservation of the life of a disobedient prophet, in a way to administer rebuke and punishment, and the warning of a guilty city containing a million of inhabitants, so as to produce repentance and reformation; such an occasion was certainly not unworthy of a miraculous interposition.

In the Divine economy, however, there is never a profusion of miracles, nor any more of miraculous agency than is absolutely necessary to accomplish the purpose intended. It is, therefore, entirely proper, and may be very useful, to inquire how much of miraculous agency was absolutely necessary here, and how much might have been the result of natural causes merely.

Neither the Hebrew text nor the Greek of the New Testament determine the kind of fish which was employed by God to save the prophet's life. All that the Bible affirms is, that it was a marine animal of large size. If, then, it be true that no whale ever visited the Mediterranean, or that the largest whale has not a throat of sufficient capacity to swallow the smallest man, this would not prove the Bible narrative untrue, nor imply any necessity, on the part of God, of creating a new animal for this particular exigency.

The Mediterranean formerly abounded in a species of carcharias, or dog-fish, specimens of which are still found there, though in less numbers. It is an animal of the shark kind, and though smaller than the whale, its throat and maw are sufficiently capacious to lodge without crowding a man of the largest size. We have the explicit testimony of credible writers, that, in more than one instance, a fish of this kind has been taken in the Mediterranean, in whose stomach was found entire the body of a soldier dressed in complete armour. Such instances are alleged to have occurred off the harbour of Marseilles in France and Nice in Italy.† Even in modern times there have been caught in the Mediterranean fish of this species, which were from twenty-five to thirty feet in length, nine feet in circumference, and of two tons weight. A half ton, or one thousand pounds, is a common size.

In an edition of the 'System of Nature' of Linnæus, by the philosopher Müller, the following story is given of a frigate, which was

\* Sale's Koran, I. 405; II. 125, 243. † Bochart, Hierozoic. III. 688, Leipsic ed.

cruising in the Mediterranean in the year 1758. In a heavy storm a seaman fell overboard, and was immediately received into the jaws and throat of a sea-dog, or carcharias, which was following the ship. Before the animal sank, an officer on deck discharged a gun at its head, and the charge taking effect it caused the animal to disgorge its prey, and the sailor was rescued alive and uninjured, and lived for several years to repeat the story of his deliverance. By harpoons and cables his fish was captured, and his exact weight was 3,924 pounds.\*

Without doubt, it was a fish of this kind which God employed for the prophet. The only miracle necessary was the preservation of the prophet's life during his imprisonment; for the gastric juice will not act on the living fibre; and any one of a variety of natural causes might have been sufficient to effect the release on the third day. Surely the simple preservation of a man's life for a few hours, without light or air, is no such stupendous miracle that it should seem incredible.

#### VIII. NINEVEH.

According to the Bible account, the city was not larger in extent than some other Oriental cities; in population it was not equal to London and many other cities of our own times; and the statements of the Bible have a most remarkable agreement with the testimony of the ancient classic historians and the recent discoveries of Mr. Layard. The book affirms (Jonah iv. 11) that Nineveh contained more than one hundred and twenty thousand infant children, and on the very largest reasonable calculation this would make the whole number of inhabitants less than a million.

It is also stated that Nineveh *was an exceeding great city of three days' journey* (Jonah iii. 3); that is, having a circumference of sixty miles. Diodorus Siculus says it was one hundred and fifty stadia on the two longest sides, and ninety on the two shortest, making in all four hundred and eighty stadia, which is just sixty miles. Says Mr. Layard: 'If we take the four great mounds of Nimroud, Konyunjik, Khersabad, and Kasan, as the corners of a square, it will be found that its four sides correspond pretty accurately with the four hundred and eighty stadia or sixty miles of the geographer, which make the three days' journey of the prophet. The agreement of the measurements is remarkable.'† The statements in the book of Jonah are thus most strikingly corroborated by other unexceptionable testimony, both ancient and modern.

#### IX. FASTING OF THE NINEVITES.

The method of fasting and mourning described in Jonah iii. 7, 8, especially the clothing of the brute animals in sackcloth, and compelling them to abstain from food, is by some ignorantly objected to as incredible.

But the statements of the Bible here, as everywhere else, are in exact accordance with Oriental customs. Herodotus, when describing the mourning of the Persians for their general Masistius, who was

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\* Eichhorn, Einleit. IV. 340, 341. † Diodorus Siculus, II. 2. Layard, II. 247; 243.

slain at the battle of Plataea, says: 'They cut off the hair from themselves, *their horses and their beasts of burden*; and all Boeotia resounded with their cries and lamentations.' 'Thus the barbarians, *in their manner*, mourned the deceased Masistius.' Plutarch, in his account of the same transaction, makes the same statement. Compare, also, the mourning for Tiberius Cæsar, and for Pallas, as poetically described by Virgil:

'Non ulli pastos illis egere diebus  
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina; nulla neque amnem  
Libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.

Post bellator equus, positis insignibus, Æthon  
It lacrymans, guttisque humectat grandibus ora."\*

#### X. THE GOURD.

An objection is also derived from the story of the plant which shielded Jonah, as related in chapter iv. 6, 7.

This transaction is in the Bible regarded and treated as miraculous, and as such there is surely nothing in it which is either incongruous or incredible. The plant is called in Hebrew קִיָּץ, and is the same with the *Ricinus communis*, or *Palma Christi*. A very good description of it is given by Rosenmüller in his *Alterthumskunde*, IV. pp. 123—125, and also by Dr. Henderson, in his *Commentary on Jonah*. The traveller Niebuhr describes, in the following terms, a plant of this kind, which he saw at Basra:—'The trunk appeared to me more like leaves than wood, though it is harder than the plant, and bears the so-called Adam's fig. Each branch had one large leaf, with six, seven, or eight angular points. The plant stood by a stream, which afforded it an abundant irrigation. It had, at the same time, blossoms and green and ripe fruits. A few leaves and blossoms which I plucked, wilted in a few minutes, as is generally the case with plants which grow so rapidly.'†

The plant is beautiful to the eye, the leaves are very large, and afford a grateful shade. It is frequently cultivated in America, and is here generally called the castor-oil bean.

### The Death of Socrates.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF THE LATE DR. R. W. HAMILTON.

A THEOLOGICAL student was reading, with intense delight, the *Prize Essay* of Dr. Hamilton on 'Missions,' then recently published. Before one passage, however, he paused in doubt and dissatisfaction. In the chapter on the moral condition of the heathen, the Doctor writes of Socrates—

\* Herodotus, IX. 24. Plutarch in Aristid. XIV. Virgil, Ecl. V. 24—26. Æneid, Lib. XI. 89, 90.

† Niebuhr, Beschreib. von Arab. S. 148.

'His private character is not beyond the reach of doubt. It is impossible to ascribe to one who could discourse as he did with Thedota—who could maintain in such society a vein of jocular raillery, all related by his panegyrist—a delicate tone of mind. But most may he be condemned for his duplicity. "He held the truth in unrighteousness." He attended the rites of a superstition which exceeded every other in the crowd of its idols. He denied, on his trial, any disbelief of his country's gods. *His dying oblation to Æsculapius confirmed the charge of his dissimulation, or his relapse into polytheism.*' Now, the student had recently been reading Plato; and the foregoing estimate of the old Athenian sage appeared, perhaps, irreverent, certainly somewhat unfair. Many considerations seemed to authorize the belief that the dying injunction of Socrates 'to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius' was not to be literally taken, but had an allusive and symbolic meaning. Such parables were quite in the philosopher's way. It was the first duty of a convalescent in Athens to offer a fowl at the shrine of the God of Health. So that *to recover from disease* was to incur the debt. Now Socrates has been discoursing of immortality, and describing death as the soul's emergence to freedom and perfect health. In the final struggle he holds fast by this belief. 'Having uncovered his face, he said—the last words, too, that he uttered—"Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; pay it, and by no means neglect it."'"\* In other words, 'I am passing from the long disease of life to the strength and joyous health of eternity.'

This view, substantially, is taken by Stallbaum, the great German annotator upon Plato,† and other critics. The student, having himself enthusiastically adopted it, forwarded his views at great length in a letter to Dr. Hamilton, with whom, personally, he had not the slightest acquaintance. A very juvenile proceeding, certainly, but one scarcely to be regretted, inasmuch as it elicited the following admirable and eminently characteristic letter:—

'Leeds, August 23, 1842.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I am really most heartily ashamed in remembering how long I have neglected to thank you for the very kind letter with which, in an *olden time*, you honoured me. There were so many features of generous and disinterested goodness in it that I must, indeed, be an ingrate of the jet order did I not acknowledge its reception with the profoundest sentiments of thankfulness for the benefit itself, and of esteem for him who could so put himself to the trouble of conferring it. There are noble hearts in the world: I have proved one in you.

'That you should approve of the essay generally much flatters me, for I cannot fail to ascertain the strength, clearness, and erudition, of the mind from which it proceeds. *Laudatus a laudando* has ever been felt a ground for self-congratulation.

\* Phædo, 66.

† Stallbaum writes: 'Egregie hæc! Solebant enim ægroti, recuperatâ valetudine, Æsculapio immolare gallum. Itaque Socrates indicare his verbis voluit se nunc demum, solutis corporis vinculis, veram salutem esse consecuturum.'

'You will give me credit, I am confident, for a desire to weigh exactly and impartially the historic testimonies which affect the matter in debate. I have found no time to sift them, as I intend speedily to do. The jealousy of having done an injustice will goad me to the review. At this moment I cannot follow you, *κατὰ πόδας*. I must request you to consider the denial by Socrates of repudiating his country's gods. *Did he believe in them?* Is not his *Δαίμων* a mere evasion? I not a little admire, too, his latent scepticism in his conversation with Euthedemus. Even the dissertation on the powers of the leg has always appeared to me trifling, undignified, and unworthy. I think the evidence is strong that he did believe in a supreme, invisible Deity. Equally strong does the evidence appear to me that he derided the polytheism of Greece. He is arraigned for this. Xenophon distinctly argues, not his reverence for those idols, but for a first Cause, and alleges his general conduct as the proof of his piety. Piety means anything in such a connexion. I fear that "dissimulation" is chargeable upon him all along. He held the truth in unrighteousness. "Relapse" is a charitable suggestion. Often the earlier prepossession returns at death. According to the Phædo, he addressed Crito almost at his death agony. They were his last words; the hemlock had nearly done its work, and the urgency that the oblation should not be neglected, still, to me, savours of relapse. It is more probable than dissimulation, because insensibility was creeping fast upon him. It is not simple allusion—a metaphorical style of language: he insists on an *actual* sacrifice. His Pagan conscience, his weakness, whatever it was, made him feel this so important, that the immolation of it alone could compose his fear or pacify his manes. Most ingenious but most laboured seems the scholium of your authority; the "Argumentum" of Marcilius Ficinus gives the same, only he allegorizes still further. Socrates recognised, I must still be allowed to conjecture, the *Θεοὶ Παρῶναι* to the last; nor can I imagine but these alternatives, that he either did so to show the injustice of his death, or that his infidelity failed him, and this was his palinode. The apology is not suggested by Plato—is far-fetched—while the Present, *οφειλομεν*, declares his revived sense of duty, enforced by the fears of his very dissolution, which followed immediately on that nuncupation. He saw the gods in his dream of a nascent superstition; he yields himself to them; the cock is paid as due to the son of Phœbus; and he dies in the comfort of that viaticum.

'Excuse scrawl—haste. I am open to conviction. Many thanks for your great kindness to me. I may say, *Vive, vale*. I fear you will not let me go on with the distich—

"Si quid novisti rectius istia,  
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

'I remain, most faithfully yours,

'RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.'



## The Puritans and Religious Services at Funerals.

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It is a fact generally unknown, even to writers on the English Reformation, that the Puritans had the courage to bury their dead without the customary forms of religious service, common even to our own day. We are reminded of this by a paragraph in an address recently delivered by Professor Stowe, of New England, on the occasion of his inauguration to the professorship at the Andover Theological Seminary, recently made vacant by the death of Moses Stoad. 'Our Puritan fathers,' says the author, 'were averse to prayers at funerals, and often their dead were buried without this religious service. The Episcopalians read the Scriptures and repeated the Lord's Prayer in their religious service; the Puritans would do neither, and it was one of the great *heresies* of the Brattle-street Church (Boston), in 1700, that the minister was *permitted*, and even expected, to read the Scriptures and repeat the Lord's Prayer as a part of public worship.' To these remarks is appended a note from a distinguished antiquary in Boston—the Rev. Joseph B. Felt—from which we make the following extract:—

'As our fathers abstained from marrying with a ring and baptizing with marks of a cross, and from organs in their churches, lest such forms should bring them back to the Papacy, which they believed still lingered in the national Church of England; so, in all apparent probability, they abstained, for a long period, from offering prayer at funerals. Confirmatory was the example of the English Geneva Church, as described in 1641. They had the corpse carried to the grave, and the "minister, if present, goes to the church and makes suitable remarks." In 1645, the Congregationalists of England had serious remarks at their funerals. Lechford, in 1641, observed as to Massachusetts—"At burials *nothing* is read, nor any funeral sermon made, but all the neighbourhood, or a good company of them, come together by tolling of the bell, and carry the dead solemnly to the grave, and there stand by them while he is buried. The ministers are most commonly present." From the fact that Congregationalism was greatly promoted in England by the influence of New England ministers, either *viva voce* or by their writings, it is very likely that there was a mutual consent and action on both sides of the Atlantic, as to the offering of serious remarks at funerals by or even before 1645. The first instance of prayer at a funeral that I have met with, is recorded in Sewall's Diary, and had reference to the Rev. William Adams, of Dedham, in 1685, when he was buried. A Boston newspaper of 1730 has the subsequent remark:—"Before carrying out the corpse (Mrs. Sarah Byfield) a funeral prayer was made by one of the pastors of the old church, which, though a custom in the country towns, is a singular instance for this place."

We may add, from our own observation, that the custom of using a ring at marriage services has not yet been revived amongst the descendants of the Puritans in the United States. The only denominations in which it is practised are the Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, and, we believe, the Methodist Episcopalians. Generally the 'wedding ring' is altogether unknown. It has gone the way of many other relics of heathenism and superstition.

## Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

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[UNDER this title will occasionally appear papers from various pens, discussing questions of interest in Christian Doctrine and Religious Truth. It has been thought desirable specially to distinguish articles or communications of this and similar character from others that appear in this journal, because of the impossibility of always maintaining a perfect consistency of view in such matters. The Editor, therefore, wishes it to be understood, that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in these papers. He can only engage that they shall contain nothing deemed to be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of evangelical faith.]

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‘There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversy, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth more firmly established. Being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true.’—MILTON: *On True Religion*.

‘Nor is it at all incredible, that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscovered. For all the same phenomena, and the same faculty of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before.’—BISHOP BUTLER: *Analogy of Religion*.

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### ON THE RELATION OF THE DEATH OF CHRIST TO THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

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WE live in an age in which an intense struggle is going forward to understand the harmony which is supposed to exist between the Bible and the nature of man—an endeavour to perceive and to feel for ourselves the deep agreement there is between the theology we have eliminated from the Word of God and the whole spiritual nature of man. One grand result has been irrevocably attained, that the charge of sin which the Bible fastens upon man, and the promise of holiness which it reveals, answer to two indestructible facts in man's experience—the *consciousness* of that sin and of the desire and necessity of becoming personally holy. So far, therefore, as the conscience and the spiritual affections are concerned, our moral nature attests that this Book came from the same hand as the framer of our moral constitution; that it comes to deepen the sense of sin that is natural to us, and to influence and strengthen the hope of recovering the Divine forgiveness and the Divine image.

But it aims to achieve this marvellous result by a divine expedient, a special and miraculous method, whose primary appeal, indeed, is to the affections, to rouse them into exalted passions, but which appeals also to the understanding or intellect of man. The incarnation, the life, the death, and the resurrection of Christ, are a series of facts which appeal in the first place to our sensibilities; but the strength and permanence of that appeal will depend greatly upon the doctrinal interpretation we put upon those facts; and hence there is an intel-

lectual necessity in man to seek for the logical relation of these facts to his redemption from sin. Whether he can settle successfully the problem is not now the question; but only this, that by a necessity of his nature he strives evermore to obtain an intellectual view of the gospel, to mould it into doctrine, to construct from it a theology. By another step no less intellectually necessary he seeks to bring that theology into agreement with the principles of the intellect, to ask whether it accords with those notions of wisdom, justice, and goodness, which are ineffacable from the human mind; or, at least, it is needful to the repose of his faith, that though his theology may *transcend* his intellect, there shall be no flat *contradiction* between them. This is the battle of the present day into which the most spiritual men have entered, with the devout conviction that a renovated theology must be always at the basis of a renovated practical life. The central question—the one above all others around which are gathered the most eager inquirers, is that enunciated by the title of this paper. In what way is the death of Jesus Christ related to the forgiveness of sin? By what method does it procure our deliverance from the punishment due to sin? What is the doctrine which we are to extract from the oft-repeated statement that we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins?

Putting aside those views which, from their eccentricity, have no claim to an examination, we may classify the answers which historical theology has given to this question into three main divisions.

I. The first view represents the death of Christ in its relation to the forgiveness of sin as a *commercial* transaction.

II. The second as a *legal* transaction.

III. The third view is what may be called the *sentimental*. I will attempt to explain each of these views, and to ascertain its soundness and value.

I. The *commercial* view.

In this view the death of Christ is accepted by the Almighty in the stead of, and as equivalent to, the sufferings which men themselves would otherwise have undergone. In other words, the sufferings of Christ are accepted in exchange for the sufferings of man:—the sins of man are imputed or laid to the charge of Christ, and he is consequently treated as if he were the real transgressor—he was in the strictest sense of the word our substitute, and his sacrifice strictly a vicarious one.

But this doctrine is bound up with, and dependent upon, other co-relative views, and forms part of a whole scheme of similar doctrines. Accordingly, the sin committed by our first parents not only entails upon us that proneness to sin with which we are born, and liability to natural death, but also the actual *guilt* of his sin; that as he was the federal head of the whole species, his sin is imputed to us, and that on account of it we are liable, even before actual transgression, to everlasting punishment. Then comes in the precise office of the death of Christ, which is to deliver us from the sin thus imputed to us, and the sin we have actually committed, by having

both of these classes of sins imputed to him, and carried over by arrangement to his account. Then, once more, the obedience and good works performed by Jesus Christ while on earth are imputed to believers, and are the substitute for their own perfect obedience to the law of God. Thus it may be said there are three distinct debtor and creditor transactions before right moral relations are established between us and God. First, Adam's sin is imputed to us; Adam's sin and our own sin are imputed to Christ; and then, in return, the righteousness of Christ is transferred to us and made our own. Imputed sin and imputed righteousness thus constitute the exchange which fixes the plan on which man is saved.

Now it is undeniable that the scheme is consistent and congruous with itself; but it is quite as evident, that if the first, or middle, or last link be defective or wanting, the whole series is worth no more than a chain made of gossamer. In other words, these three views so depend the one upon the other, that they all stand or fall together. So that if some show of evidence could be made in favour of the doctrine of the imputation of our sin to Christ, yet, if it could not be proved also that Adam's sin is imputed to us, and that Christ's righteousness is also imputed to us—the system, if system it could then be called, would be so strangely anomalous, so destitute of all analogy and collateral proof, as to demand the most explicit, emphatic, and reiterated support from the divine word. The one may be said so to imply the other, that if you disprove the one you disprove the other.

There is no time for entering into any extended examination of particular texts, either for or against this scheme. I shall content myself with two or three general observations in reference to it.

There is no mention in any part of Scripture of one man's sin or of one man's righteousness being imputed to another. Every charge of guilt made against man, goes upon the clear supposition that he, as an individual, is solely accountable for the whole of it; and that there is no such relation between him and Adam as to establish a partnership between them in the sin with which he is personally charged. It is indeed affirmed, that the sin of our first parents has entailed certain consequences upon the race, such as an inevitable and universal proneness to sin; but this proneness to sin is never spoken of as a part of our guilt; nor is it made the ground of our condemnation: our personally acquired guilt is the calamitous fact against which the thunder of the Divine wrath is hurled. Nor, again, is there any trace of the doctrine that the righteousness of another is imputed to man, and made the ground of his fitness for the rewards and enjoyments of heaven. Two facts on the face of Scripture contradict this. One is, that the righteousness or perfect obedience of Christ is constantly represented as necessary to the perfection of his own character, as the sacrifice for sin. He was the Lamb without blemish; he offered himself without spot to God, to cleanse our consciences from dead works. Such a High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners. And secondly, that when Christians are spoken of as redeemed, and made acceptable to God, the virtues of the life of

Christ are never spoken of as being transferred to our account; but the reference is made to his death—to his cross, to his blood—to his sufferings, and to his sacrifice of himself as the meritorious cause of our salvation.

Apart from Scripture, the objection that utterly condemns this scheme is—that it carries theology out of the sphere of reality, and converts it into a round of fictions—fictions, too, that have the attractions neither of wisdom nor of beauty—and which take a fatal freedom with the attributes of Divine wisdom and justice. When we gaze upon sin, not as some inexplicable evil that we have inherited, but as the treason of our own will and affections against the Supreme Majesty and Love, we obtain some glimpse of its awful nature and our own demerit; and one step in the path of a real redemption has been taken. So, also, when we gaze upon the divinest of all spectacles that ever the world beheld—the unstained purity and perfect obedience of Jesus Christ—and regard it as the model and standard of our own character; or as that preparation which was to fit him to be the spotless sacrifice for our sin—hope, and love, and faith, spring up within us towards him, and all the elements of a renewed nature struggle for birth and development. But if you whisper the flattering lie to the soul, that the Divine Judge will reckon all the merit and beauty of that life as ours, and transfer it to our account, you have sapped the very foundations of virtue within it, and abolished the grand necessity for holiness.

II. The second view is what I have named the *legal* one, which considers the death of Christ *as a satisfaction for sin* rendered to the Divine law and justice. Without entering into a lengthened explanation, the view we are now considering will be sufficiently understood, if we simply say that it represents Christ as suffering as a substitute for our sin, and thus rendering an equivalent to law in place of our enduring eternal punishment.

Now if this be the doctrine evolved by a rigidly impartial interpretation of Scripture, it will be our duty to accept it, and to hold in abeyance all objections, come from what quarter they may. All I ask now is, that you should for a few moments waive your previous conclusions, and come, as for the first time, to interrogate the word of God, what doctrine it does actually and explicitly teach on this matter. I wish to lay special stress upon the observation that in this question, above all others, there is need of the greatest care to ascertain, and state with precision, just as much, and no more, than the Scriptures state; and to disentangle those statements from the reasonings and explanation which doctrinal theology has inwoven with them.

We not only admit, then, but emphatically assert, that there is a large multitude of passages that declare that Christ died for our sins: that on him was laid the iniquity of us all; that he died the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God. More than this; much of the phraseology used in describing the efficiency of his death would seem to imply that it was of the nature of a legal substitution, and that the law which demanded our punishment was satisfied by his suffering. But the language which most clearly seems to assert that his death

operated as a legal acquittal to us from sin, is the frequent use of the word justified and justification; that we are made the righteousness of God in him. This is the class of passages upon which the whole current doctrine of atonement is founded; and the question now is whether the texts will warrant the interpretation given to them.

I observe first, then, excluding, for the present, from the account those passages which relate to justification,—that the expression *for* us, *for our* sins, and dying the just *for* the unjust, are very indefinite, and do not necessarily mean all that has been attached to them. At least, they do not themselves define the precise manner in which his death operates for our benefit; all they absolutely express is, that his death, in some way and in some manner, becomes to us the source of the forgiveness of sin, and other blessings. This is all which, by themselves, they can grammatically and logically be made to bear.

2. But, secondly, it is said the words justified and justification determine the manner in which his death operates; that they clearly mean that it operates as an enfranchisement of man from the claims of the Divine law—the claims to punish us. Now, if this be the case, we should expect two things—first, that the words in question would be always used in a uniform sense—that is, that they would always refer to the same fact—the fact of our legal acquittal from punishment by the death of Christ; and, secondly, that we should never be said to be justified by anything else than by the death of Christ. I think, unless these two reasonable expectations be satisfied, that we must not press and strain these words to mean the same thing in every connexion in which they occur.

First, then, are these words always used in a uniform sense? I will point out three distinct senses, at least, in which they are used. *In one set of passages* they are used in the sense of the *forgiveness of sins*—as opposed to *condemnation* (Acts xiii. 38, 39; Romans iii. 25). Again, in a *second* sense, when the apostle ‘alludes to the *defilement* of sin, analogous to the ceremonial impurities, which, under the Levitical law, excluded men from partaking of its sacred ordinances, he as naturally uses “justified,” to signify their being accounted *clean*, regarded as God’s holy people, and admitted, without profanation, to approach him in the spiritual service of the new covenant’ (Romans v. 1, 2). ‘Therefore, being justified by faith, we have access by faith into this grace, wherein we stand,’ &c. Again, in a *third* sense, ‘when the Jews prided themselves on their law as “justifying,” that is, making men good and fit to obtain heavenly rewards, he sets forth the vanity of that expectation, since it could not justify those who had not obeyed all its precepts; insisting that we are to be *justified* or *made good men*, through faith in Christ, which admits to a participation of his Spirit, which helpeth our infirmities, and worketh in us to will and to do of his good pleasure.’\* Hence, he speaks of Christ dying for our sins, and *rising again* for our justification—that is, that when he ascended up on high, he received gifts for men—for the object that the

\* Whately, on the Writings of St. Paul. *Vide* Essay on Imputed Righteousness.

Lord God might dwell among them. From these differences, then, in the use of the word—differences that can be appreciated only by a careful consideration of the connexions in which it is used—it is plain that it does not necessarily and uniformly imply anything of the nature of a legal transaction: that is, that it is not used in a technical or strictly scientific sense. It would be a wonder if it were, when we admit that the Bible is not constructed in that fashion. The chief cause of the apostle giving so prominent a place to the word ‘justification,’ may be found in the peculiar circumstances in which he preached, especially when addressing the Jews, and those infected with their prejudices, who were always hoping to be justified by the law—that is, *made at least sufficiently righteous* to inherit the rewards of a future life.

The *second* expectation, I said, we should be warranted in entertaining, is that we should never be said to be justified by anything else than by the death of Christ. Now, I have already quoted a passage in which it is said that Christ died for our sins, and *rose again* for our justification—putting the resurrection instead of the death of Christ as the cause of our justification. In 1 Cor. vi. 11, it is said we are justified by the Spirit of our God—assigning the work of our justification to the Spirit of God, instead of the Son of God. Other passages are worthy of attention, though on these I do not lay stress, in which we are said to be justified freely by the grace of God. But the texts I have quoted are sufficient to illustrate the point to which I wish to call attention, namely, that we are not uniformly said to be justified by the same fact or cause; and that the word justification has a variety of meanings: These two conclusions prove thus much at least, that the use of the words justified and justification does not necessarily compel us to suppose that there is anything of the nature of a legal transaction in the death of Christ, as the cause of the forgiveness of sin; but that the connexion between the two facts is left unexplained.

3. This conclusion is still further sustained by the ample use of other figurative expressions, which serve to connect the death of Christ with our salvation; but which, as in the other case, leave the nature of the connexion undetermined. I refer to such expressions as that of Christ giving himself a ransom for us, and of his redeeming us from all iniquity. Now, a ransom is literally the price paid for the freedom of a captive or slave; figuratively, it is the means of deliverance, of whatever kind, from evils of whatever description. In this whole class of passages which speak of ransom and redemption, there is nothing to imply what there was in the work of Christ, by virtue of which we are saved; the fact only is declared without an explanation of it.

Against this view of the death of Christ being a satisfaction to Divine justice for the sins of the world, there are two objections, which I will briefly state, and then dismiss this part of the subject.

1. If the death of Christ exactly and fully satisfied the claims of the Divine law upon us, then there can be no such thing as future punishment; for then there would be a double penalty suffered, first by

Christ, and afterwards by the sinner. It is no answer to this objection to reply, that the benefit of Christ's death is conditional, and depends upon the appropriating act of our faith. For remember the unqualified terms in which a traditional theology explains to us the value and meaning of Christ's death. That it was a satisfaction to Divine justice for the sins of the world—an equivalent for that suffering we should otherwise have endured. To append to this the condition that the benefit of it depends upon the act of our faith, is to nullify the statement, and to say, that a fact which has actually transpired depends upon a contingency for its virtue, is to perpetrate a flagrant contradiction.

2. The second objection to this view is, that it acquits the transgressor without making any change in his character. For if the claims of the violated law have been absolutely and fully met, then he has been discharged from all necessity of goodness—he has a path of impunity opened before him, which he can pursue reckless of consequences.

If any one should ask me what then is the relation of the death of Christ to the forgiveness of sins? I answer, I cannot tell. The Scripture does not explain. It announces only in very general terms the *fact*; the link binding together the fact, and the consequence, remains hidden, or it is revealed so obscurely that we can arrive at no indisputable knowledge of it. And it is sufficient for us to know that he is our Deliverer and Saviour; and that if we trust in him for pardon, for help and grace, that we shall attain salvation, without penetrating into the secret heart of that mystery which Calvary exhibits before us.

III. The third theory of this question is what I have called the *sentimental*.

It is difficult to give a general statement of this view which shall truly comprehend all the varieties of theory that may be assigned to it. But all the views which I now refer to, concur in this point—that the influence of the death of Jesus Christ is purely and solely subjective—an influence intended to act on man's mind, and on man's mind alone. Such passages of Scripture are quoted in support of this view, as speak of our being reconciled to God through the death of his Son, and that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; passages, which taken by themselves, seem certainly to imply that the aim of the work of Christ was not to reconcile God to man, but to reconcile man to God; that therefore the great fact of the Cross exerts no effect upon God, or upon his government, or his law, but was simply designed to produce certain changes in the soul of man. So that really the effect of this view is to deny that the death of Christ has anything whatever to do with forgiveness as a direct act; all it asserts is, that the Cross expresses God's readiness to forgive sin, but denies that it is in any sense a cause of the forgiveness of sin.

Now in order to test the sufficiency of this explanation, it will be needful for a few moments to inquire into the nature of sin, and the punishment of sin, and the nature of the pardon of sin. Without pretending to scientific definition, it is sufficient to our purpose to observe that sin is a violation of an outward and an inward law—



outward as it has been proclaimed by Divine revelation, and inward as it has been written upon the fleshly tables of man's heart. Just as the violation of the laws of health is followed inevitably by the disease which is its punishment; and which is a perfectly natural result, and not something added arbitrarily by the Divine appointment; so also the punishment of sin is not something distinct from the natural consequence of sin inflicted by the direct interference of the Almighty, but is the spontaneous and natural product of the sin unfolding itself in man's nature. 'Lust, when it hath conceived, bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, or matured, bringeth forth death.' Death is in the womb of sin, and when sin has attained the growth of maturity, it issues forth as the natural and complete product of punishment and of sin.

If this be the nature of punishment, we have prepared the way for a clearer and more definite conception of the nature of pardon. The forgiveness of sin, therefore, includes two things: a change in the Divine feeling, and a change in the Divine operation. There must be a change in the *Divine feeling*. We cannot suppose the figures of Scripture to be so monstrously oriental, as that they mean nothing when they assert that God is angry with the wicked every day—that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men. We cannot imagine that such expressions denote the subjective consequences of sin in our own minds, but that they must indicate some objective fact in the Divine mind. At least, if we deny the reality of something in the Divine mind corresponding to what we understand by wrath, we must, in order to be consistent, deny also the love of God, and that he has complacency in what is morally good and beautiful, which would lead to this consequence, that he regards the good and the bad with the same indifference—a sentiment from which we revolt with horror. If, then, the pardon of sin includes a change in the Divine sentiment or feeling towards us, I think it is plain that the theory we are considering makes no provision for that change, and fails to explain on what grounds it can take place; for their dogma is, that the death of Christ produces a change only in our minds, and not in the Divine; while they equally maintain that the consciousness of pardon is one of the conditions on which that death operates towards the destruction of the love of sin in man's heart.

But the pardon of sin is not only a change in the Divine mind, but a change also in our minds, produced by the direct interference of the Almighty. I have said the punishment of sin is strictly a natural thing, the result of the action of a law within us—the apostle calls it the law of sin and death—and therefore the pardon of sin includes the destruction within us of the natural consequences of transgression—an annihilation of the results of natural law. The kind of action I mean has many analogies in nature. It is like stopping midway the torrent that rushes impetuously down a precipice. It is a cutting cause and effect asunder; interrupting the established course of nature. In short, it implies nothing less than a miracle. Now the theory we are considering makes no provision for this either; it pro-

cures no miraculous agency for stopping the development of the law of sin within us. It brings to act upon our minds purely natural causes; the death of Christ is only a natural event in their view; and its operation is purely natural on our minds, producing only something analogous to the curative power that medicine exercises in checking disease in the body, but not eradicating the disease by plucking it up from the roots of our nature, and preventing ultimate death. But the death of Christ in the evangelical system does this; and by a miraculous relation to us supplanting the law of sin and death by incorporating into our spiritual constitution the law of the spirit of life. But here we are not furnished with the explanation of the *modus operandi*, but simply with the fact, that somehow God has supernaturally interfered by means of the death of Christ, and can so pardon sin, as to do away by supernatural agency with the eternal consequences of sin. But two things are authoritatively stated—first, ‘that the interference with the system of law which the gospel reveals, is one so conducted as not only not to injure the principles of the system, but to be in strict harmony with its spirit and working. We do not make void the law through faith.’ God forbid: yea, we establish the law. Second, the miracle once wrought by the offering of the body of Christ “once for all,” provision is made for the forgiveness of sin, not by the repetition of a miracle in each individual case, but by the introduction supernaturally into the constitution of things of such a new curative element, that whoever is brought under its influence or into harmony with it, by repentance and faith, obtains the blessing it is intended to secure, by way of necessary consequence. One great act of supernatural interference once; *after* that the communication of its results according to a fixed and settled arrangement.\*

The conclusion I wish to be derived is partly negative and partly positive—negative so far as it goes to deny the explanations of the death of Christ which have not been furnished by the Word of God itself; positive so far as it goes to assert that the death of Christ is the miraculous cause, though unexplained, of the pardon of sin and the foundation-stone of the system which the mercy of God has raised for the salvation of a fallen race.

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### Parables.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.†)

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#### SIN.

ON a fine autumn day Richard was keeping his twelfth birthday. He was the son of kind and pious parents, who had given him a large number of presents of different kinds, and had allowed him to-day to invite a party of friends.

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\* Binney's Tower Church Sermons.

† Parabeln von Friedr. Adolph. Krummacher. 8t: Arsgabe Esen, 1850.

They were playing together in the garden, in which Richard had a small garden of his own, with flowers and fruit-trees in it. On the garden wall there were growing some young peach-trees, which were bearing fruit for the first time. The fruit was just beginning to ripen, and the red cheeks were showing through the delicate bloom which covered them. They looked so beautiful, that the boys began to long for them.

But Richard said, 'My father has told me not to touch these peaches; for it is the first fruit which the trees have borne. I have all sorts of fruit in my garden. Let us all go away, or we might be tempted to pick them.'

Then the boys said, 'Why should not we taste them? To-day you are king of the garden, and no one else. Besides, is not this your twelfth birthday? You are a year older to-day. You don't mean always to be a child in leading-strings, do you? Only come into *our* garden! No one tells us not to pick things there.'

But Richard said, 'No, come along with me. Father has told me not to touch them.'

Then the boys answered, 'But your father will not see you; and how is he to find it out? If he asks you, you can say, you know nothing about it.'

'Fie!' replied Richard, 'that would be a lie, and my cheeks would turn red and soon betray me.'

Then the oldest said, 'Richard is right. Just listen; I know another way. Look here, Richard; let us pick them; then you can say, you did not do it.' Richard and the others agreed to this. So they broke off the fruit, and shared it.

As soon as it was getting dusk, the boys went home. But Richard was afraid to meet his father; and, whenever he heard the house door opened, he was frightened, and began to tremble.

At last his father came, and when Richard heard his footsteps, he ran, as quickly as he could, to the other side of the garden, where his own little garden was. But his father went, and saw how the young trees had been stripped, and called, 'Richard, Richard! where are you?' When the lad heard his own name, he trembled still more from fear.

And his father came to him and said, 'Is this the way you keep your birthday? and are these the thanks I receive, that you rob my trees?'

But Richard replied, 'I have not touched the trees, father. Perhaps one of the boys did it.'

Then his father took him into the house, and placed him in front of him in the light, and said, 'Do you still want to deceive your father?' And the boy turned pale, and trembled, and with tears confessed the whole. But his father said, 'From this time you are never to go into the garden again.'

With this his father left him. But Richard could not sleep all night; he felt miserable as he was lying in the dark; he could hear his heart beat; and whenever he was falling asleep he was frightened by dreams. This was the worst night of his life.

The next day he looked pale and wretched, and his mother began to grieve for the boy. So she said to his father, 'Look how Richard is taking it to heart, and how low-spirited he is. The locking up of the garden is a sign to him that his father's heart is locked against him too.'

And the father said, 'That is what I wish. That is the reason that I locked up the garden.'

'But then,' said his mother, 'it is so bad a beginning to the new year of his life.'

'It will for that very reason be the happier afterwards,' was the father's reply.

After a few days, the mother said again to the father, 'I am afraid of Richard's despairing of our loving him again.'

'There is no fear of that,' replied the father, 'his own guilty heart will assure him of the contrary. Hitherto he has enjoyed our love, now let him learn how to know and admire it, that he may recover it again.'

'But,' said the mother, 'does not it seem to him now to be somewhat serious and stern?'

'That is true,' answered the father; 'for it appears as justice and wisdom. But let him learn in this way, through the consciousness of his sin, to fear and honour it. And in due time it will appear to him again in its original shape, and he will again, without timidity, call it love. His present trouble is a proof that he is sure to do this by-and-bye.'

Some time had again passed by, when Richard came one morning out of his bed-room, with a quiet but serious face. He had put together in a basket all the presents which he had ever had from his parents; and he now brought the basket and put it down before his father and mother.

Then his father said to him, 'What does this mean, Richard?' and the boy said, 'Father, I don't deserve your kindness, so I have brought back the presents. But my heart tells me that I am beginning to be a new child. So pray forgive me, and take me and everything that you have so kindly given me.'

Then the father folded his child in his arms, and kissed him, and wept over him. And his mother did the same.

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### THE CROCODILE.

In ancient times, a crowd of men left their homes, and journeyed to the land through which the Nile flows. They were delighted with the fine river, and its refreshing water; and built houses on its banks. But it was not long before the enormous reptile, called the crocodile, came up from the water, and devoured men and animals with its fearful jaws. The men then prayed to their god Osiris, and entreated him with a loud voice to deliver them from the monster. But the god Osiris sent their wise priests with this reply: 'Is it not enough for the Deity to give you strength and understanding? He who appeals to him for help, without putting out his own strength, prays in vain!'

They then took swords and clubs in their hands, and attacked the monster in its dwelling in the reeds; they built up banks and bulwarks, and performed tasks in one day, which they would before have thought impossible. And thus they first found out that they possessed that strength by which they afterwards erected the immense pyramids and obelisks, and also invented many an art and implement which were, till then, entirely unknown.

For a man's struggles with difficulty and opposition call out and increase his slumbering powers.

The dwellers on the Nile, however, had not yet means enough completely to conquer the mailed monster in his watery bed. They could only keep him back for a short time, and with this they were content.

Their zeal then gradually declined. And as the reptile grew and increased, its fierceness became the greater the longer it continued. The foolish and cowardly people then determined to worship the crocodile as a deity. Fat offerings were brought to him, and the monster grew stronger, whilst the people sank into ignorance and cowardice.

At last the bow was overstrained, and broke, and vengeance reached the tyrants. Osiris took the helpless under his protection, and encouraged them by the mouth of the wise priest to renew the struggle. The bank soon rang with the shouts of the combatants, and the stream was reddened by the blood of the slain. But the exertions of the people began to weary them, and the priest and distressed people entreated help of Osiris, who now heard their prayer. A small animal, called Fezendah,\* appeared on the banks of the river Nile. 'Look,' cried the priest, 'Osiris is sending you help here.' 'What? you are mocking us,' cried all the people at once.

Then the priest replied: 'Wait for the issue, and trust to the higher power. In its hand the smallest means are enough to remove the greatest calamities.'

The number of the monsters soon visibly decreased. The people looked with amazement at the little animal, as it went about searching with quiet diligence for the eggs and the young of the crocodile.

'Look,' said the wise priest, 'if you want to put an end to an evil, attack it in the germ and in the root. Very small means will then accomplish what afterwards an army will be unable to perform.'

#### THE ASTRONOMER AND HIS CHILD.

A very learned astronomer had passed the whole night in his observatory, watching the course of the stars. The next morning he entered the room to greet his wife, with a scroll under his arm, and his eyes sparkled with joy and self-satisfaction.

'Look here,' said he, as he opened the scroll, which was covered with figures and signs. 'See here the fruit of a happy and glorious night! What a science is that which can predict the courses of the innum-

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\* Commonly called the Ichneumon, or Pharaoh's mouse.

able host of heaven, from which they cannot swerve either to the right hand or to the left, and can measure the height of the mountains of the moon. And how delightful a feeling to have mastered such a science!

Whilst he was talking in this manner, to the intense admiration of his wife, his little boy took him by the hand, and interrupted him, by calling out, 'Father! father!' But he checked the child, and said, 'Be quiet, my boy.'

The little fellow, however, did not leave off, but pulled his father, and cried, 'Do look, father!' Then his father turned round, and the boy pointed to the clock on the wall, and said, 'I know all the numbers on the face, and now the hand is at seven.' And the boy nodded very seriously with his head, and looked at his father.

The mother smiled; and the father did the same, and did up the scroll, saying, 'Really, the boy is my teacher.'

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### THE MOSS-ROSE.

The angel which tends the flowers, and drops the dew upon them in the stillness of the night, was sleeping on a bright spring day, in the shade of a rose-tree.

And when he woke, he said, with a loving countenance, 'Dearest of my children, I thank you for your delicious fragrance, and cooling shade. Were there anything you could ask of me, how gladly would I grant it.'

'Then adorn me with a new charm,' said at once the spirit of the rose-tree.

Thereupon the angel of flowers adorned the queen of the flowers with simple moss.

And lovely in its modest ornament stood the *moss-rose*, the most beautiful of its kind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fair reader, give up your finery, and shining jewellery, and follow the guidance of maternal Nature alone.

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### CATCHING A BUTTERFLY.

It was early on a summer morning, that little William went running into his father's garden, to gather a nosegay of pinks and stocks from his own flower-bed, as a present to his mother. For it was her birthday.

Just as he came into the garden, he caught sight of a beautiful butterfly, which was settling first on one plant and then on another. His mother's flowers were soon forgotten, in the boy's eagerness to catch the butterfly.

At first he followed it with light steps, and in a stooping posture, that he might come upon it unperceived. But his longing increased with every step, and the farther it flew away, the more beautiful the colour of its wings appeared. At last it flew to a little fruit-tree, which was just in bloom, and settled there. This tree was close to

William's flower-bed, and the little tree itself had been given him by his father. For this reason he was very fond of it, as well as because it was so small and had so beautiful a head.

But as soon as he saw the butterfly resting on the bloom, he rushed quickly towards it, and struck it so violently with his hat, that all the blossom fell off the tree, and two branches were broken.

The boy looked down in dismay at the branches which had fallen at his feet, and then discovered that he had trampled down all his hyacinths, and pinks, and stocks, and that the butterfly lay dead and shattered on the ground.

And William had to return to the house, crying and in great trouble, without either butterfly or flowers—a picture of youthful gaiety, which runs eagerly after every pleasure.

#### HILLEL AND MAIMON, OR PRAYER.

The wise Hillel had a pupil named Maimon, and Hillel was greatly pleased with his talents and his good understanding. But he soon discovered that Maimon was trusting too much to his own wisdom, and had entirely given up prayer.

For the young man said in his heart, 'What is the use of prayer? Does the omniscient God need our words before he helps us? He would then be like a man. Can a man's prayers and sighs alter his plans? Will not the gracious God give us of himself whatever is good and useful?' These were the thoughts of the youth.

But Hillel was troubled in his heart that Maimon should think himself wiser than the word of God, and he determined to teach him better.

When Maimon went to him one day, Hillel was sitting in his garden, under the shade of a palm-tree, meditating, with his head resting upon his hand. And Maimon said to him, 'Master, about what are you meditating?'

Then Maimon lifted up his head and said, 'I have a friend, who lives upon the produce of his estate. Till now he has carefully cultivated it, and it has well repaid his toil. But now he has thrown away the plough and hoe, and is determined to leave the field to itself; so that he is sure to come to want and misery.'

'Has he gone mad?' said the young man, 'or fallen into despondency?'

'Neither,' said Hillel. 'He is of a pious disposition, and well grounded in learning, both human and divine. But he says—The Lord is omnipotent, and can easily give us nourishment without our bending our head to the ground; and as he is gracious, he will bless my table and open his hand. And who can contradict him?'

'Why,' said the young man, 'is not that tempting God? Have not you told him so?'

Then Hillel smiled and said, 'I will tell him so. You, dear Maimon, are the friend I am speaking of.'

'I?' said Maimon, and started back.

But the old man replied : 'Are you not tempting the Lord? Is prayer less than work, and are spiritual blessings inferior to the fruit of the field? And He, who tells you to stoop your head to the earth for the sake of earthly fruit, is he not the same as He who tells you to lift your head towards heaven, to receive his heavenly blessing?'

Thus spake Hillel, and looked up to heaven; and Maimon went away and prayed, and his life was a very godly one.

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#### DEATH AND SLEEP.

The angel of slumber was journeying once through the earth, hand in hand with his brother, the angel of death. Evening came on, and they rested upon a hill, not far from the dwellings of men. There was a solemn stillness around them; and even the vesper bell of the distant village was not heard.

The two good angels of man sat, in their usual way, in perfect silence and loving embrace, till the night approached.

The angel of slumber then rose from his mossy couch, and scattered with his gentle hand his invisible sleep-bringing dust. It was carried by the evening breeze to the quiet homes of the weary villagers. And soon the tenants of the rural cottages, from the hoary-headed old man, who went leaning on his staff, to the infant in its cradle, were folded in the arms of welcome sleep. The sick forgot their pains, the sorrowful their troubles, the poor their cares. The eyes of all were closed.

When his work was done, the friendly angel of slumber again laid himself by the side of his more serious brother. 'When the morning breaks,' said he with cheerful simplicity, 'I am praised by every man as a friend and benefactor. How delightful it is to do good in secret, and unseen! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How charming our quiet vocation is!'

Thus spoke the friendly angel of slumber.

The angel of death looked at him in mournful silence, and a tear, such as immortals shed, came into his large dark eye. 'It is sad,' he said, 'that I cannot, like you, enjoy their cheerful thanks. The earth calls me its enemy, and the destroyer of its peace!'

'My brother,' replied the angel of slumber, 'will not the good man, when he awakes, see that you, too, were his friend and benefactor, and thankfully bless you? Are we not brothers and messengers of one Father?'

Thus he spoke, and at his words the eye of the angel of death brightened, and the twin angels embraced each other more warmly than before.

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## Poetry.

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### TO MY BOOKS.

THE door is shut, the voices gone  
 That mingled here awhile,  
 And yet I am not quite alone,  
 While ye around me smile.

Ye were my friends, to bless and cheer,  
 Where other friends were few;  
 When all without was dreary, here  
 My heart drew life from you.

As in a shady place and sweet,  
 Within a weary land,  
 Fresh, living streams descend and meet,  
 Where palms and cedars stand;

As in the barren rock they wear  
 A channel where to flow,  
 New seeds of beauty thither bear,  
 And feed them while they grow.

So in me ye made way and room  
 For all the truth ye bring;  
 Ye made a wilderness to bloom,  
 A desert land to sing.

Of love and thought I value best,  
 The seeds to you I owe;  
 Ye made a place where love might rest,  
 Where thought might come and go.

And now are imaged forth in you  
 All great and lesser lights,  
 Forms of the beautiful and true,  
 All hopes and all delights;

While still your living streams descend  
 From mountain-minds afar,  
 Refresh life's every holier end,  
 Reflect each guiding star.

Long may your wave beside me flow,  
 Your quiet voices given,  
 To blend with all I love and know,  
 And dream of earth or heaven.

*Oswestry.*

J. M.

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## Literary Notes.

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A "CHRISTMAS BOOK," by Mr. BARTLETT (A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.), may now, we suppose, be reckoned upon with a certainty almost as unerring as the appearance of Old Father Christmas himself. This year, if our author's volume harmonizes in its gay exterior with the spirit of youth rejoicing in its season of festivity, its character and tone not less resemble

the sadness and gravity of age remembering its bereavements and counting up its years of woe. The story of the *Pilgrim Fathers* is not a story for Christmas Eve, but it well befits the knelling days at the close of an old year, and as an old year's book for a new year's struggles, we will consider it as intended.

The literary character of the common run of annuals is a matter of secondary consideration; with Mr. Bartlett it is a matter of primary. If the tracings of his pencil are always to be followed with interest and delight, not less so, generally, are the gravings of his pen. This year, however, the 'gravings' are deeper than usual. One could not write of religious persecutions, of ejections, of exiles and of their sorrows, in light and airy style; and so Mr. Bartlett has told his story, if with ease, with the natural and earnest gravity becoming his theme.

The History of the Puritans properly commences with the tracts and preachings of Wycliffe, but may be taken up at any time prior to the middle of Henry the Eighth's reign. Our author, after glancing at this and the two subsequent reigns of Edward and Mary, commences his narrative at the point when the Puritans began to stand in bold opposition to the fast prevailing spirit of conformity and compromise. This stand he has defined with precise and accurate impartiality. Until the age of Milton and Roger Williams, it is quite certain that the Puritans did not assent to the doctrine of perfect toleration. The honest defenders of religious liberty in their own persons, they were undoubtedly amongst the most fanatical opponents of it in others. Mr. Bartlett, therefore, correctly describes the position of the two great parties of the age as being 'merely accidental.' 'The doctrines of toleration were then unknown, and all sects would have considered themselves but lukewarm adherents to the cause of what they believed to be the truth, had they hesitated when in power to obtain its establishment by force.'

The Independents, represented for a time by Browne, advanced not a step beyond this line so far as regarded the real principle of religious freedom, although their principles of ecclesiastical polity struck at the very root of all domination by the state over matters of religious belief. Browne soon gives way in historical interest to Brewster, Bradford, Standish, and their confederates. Scrooby and its neighbourhood, the scene of many events in the lives of the two former of the 'Puritan Fathers,' and Standish, the birth-place of the latter, furnish subjects for the first series of pencil sketches, in this volume, in views of Scrooby Church, Standish Chapel, Austerfield Church, and Scrooby town and Manor House. From these birth-places of the American Puritans, our author reverently travels to Delft town and harbour and Leyden,—where Robinson ministered. Next the track of the *Mayflower* is closely followed first to Cod harbour, and then to Plymouth, where we will linger with the writer for a time, not in tracing the history of the Exiles, but in visiting the scenes of their daily life. The first of these is Plymouth:—

' . . . This poor little town of Plymouth is now looked down upon as quite an old place, very much indeed behind the stirring spirit of the age. There is, in truth, a quiet, old-fashioned, yet cheerful look about it, well suiting the associations which render it so interesting a place of pilgrimage. It

consists of a few principal streets, and a number of straggling bye-lanes running off into the surrounding country. Nothing in its way can well be more charming or rural than such a village as this. The principal streets, or to call them more correctly, avenues, are lined with wooden houses, mostly airy and spacious, and often furnished with an ample porch, or verandah, running round two sides of the building, which is neatly painted white, grey, or stone colour, with window-blinds and shutters of bright green. Many of these gay, yet rustic-looking dwellings, are mostly detached, standing amidst gardens full of shrubs and flowers, and almost embowered in a covert of foliage. Rows of tall elms, with drooping branches, almost meeting over the centre of the road, give to the scene an air of pensive tranquillity and delicious repose. In such a place a quiet sort of man might well be content to wear away his existence. The only thing wanting is an old English church, with grey walls and ivied tower.

Very different, and much less picturesque, was the appearance of the town of the Pilgrims themselves, as described, with lively minuteness, by Dr. Rastieres, in 1627 :—

‘The houses,’ he tells us, ‘were constructed of hewn planks, with gardens enclosed behind and at the side with boards. To prevent surprise, each had beside a defensive stockade, and there were three wooden gates at the extremities of the streets. In the centre, or the cross street, stood the governor’s house, before which was a square enclosure, upon which four *patereros* were mounted, so as to flank along the streets. Upon Runal, or Fort-hill, was a large square house, with a flat roof, made of thick sawn planks, stayed with oak beams, upon the top of which they had six cannons, four or five-pounders, which commanded all the neighbourhood. The lower part of this fort served as a church, to which on Sundays they repaired in perfect military order. They were assembled by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the captain’s door. They have their cloaks on, and place themselves in order, three abreast, and are led by a sergeant, without beat of drum. Behind comes the governor, in a long robe; behind him, on the right hand, comes the preacher, with his cloak on; and on the left hand, the captain, with his side-arms and cloak on, and with a small cane in his hand. Then they marched in good order, each setting down his arms beside him. And thus they are on their guard night and day.’

A fac-simile of the rough plan of the old town, is given by Mr. Bartlett in a wood-cut. The original is the oldest document in New England history, but not the oldest memorial. This is Forefathers’ Rock :—

‘Most travellers, when conducted to the spot where the “Rock” stands, or rather stood, rub their eyes, and wonder what can have become of it. They find, perhaps, without being aware, that they are at that moment standing upon it, and that were it not pointed out, and the dust rubbed off, they would never have distinguished its surface from the rest of the quay in which it is imbedded. Yet, disappointing as may be this view of the Rock, there is no room for scepticism as to its authenticity. In proof of this we may quote an interesting and well-attested anecdote, from Mr. Russell’s Guide, concerning “Elder Thomas Fausce,” the last ruling elder in the first church of Plymouth, who was born in the year 1646, and died in the year 1745, at the advanced age of ninety-nine years. In the year 1741, the elder, upon learning that a wharf was about to be built near or over the rock, which up to that period had kept its undisturbed position at the water’s edge, and fearing that the march of improvement might subject it to injury, expressed much uneasiness. Though residing three miles from the village of Plymouth, and then in declining health, he left home, and in the presence of many citizens, pointed out the rock as being that which the Pilgrims, with whom he was contemporary and well acquainted, had uniformly declared to be the spot on which they landed in 1620. The all but obliteration of this precious memorial is partly owing to the erection of a quay around it, and partly to a foolish attempt to remove it to the Town Square

during the time of the Revolution, for the purposes of political excitement. For conducting this operation, the rock, which had been loosened from its original position, split in two, upon which the under part was left behind, and the upper portion dragged to the Town Square, where it served as a pulpit for revolutionary orators; thence it was finally removed to its present position in front of Pilgrim Hall, and surrounded with a ponderous iron railing, which bids defiance to the attempts of thoughtless patriots, whose zeal, if allowed its free course, would hardly leave a morsel of the original remaining. This fragment is part of a great boulder of dark grey Sienite granite, and well rounded by the rolling and the action of water. There is no stone in the world regarded with so much veneration, unless those within the Mosque of Omar, at Jerusalem, and the Temple at Mecca.'

We cannot extend our notice further, or we might quote from many other of the pleasant and thoughtful sketches in which this volume abounds—sketches of the houses and harbours, of the town and country, and of the temporary and final resting-places of the Pilgrims. We have lingered over them ourselves with deep interest, and with a pleasure much increased by the author's vivid representations of the places and relics in some fifty charming steel and wood engravings. It has struck us that the writer's partiality for sunny views and bright effects, has led him to give too bright and southern an air to some of his pictures, but they serve to remind us that there was a cheerful and sunny side even to the Puritan character, and, doubtless, their places of pilgrimage wore to them many times such an aspect. The volume is now passed to our readers as the best New Year's Book for 1854.

Akin to the above, from being a book of Travels, is Mr. NEWMAN HALL'S *Land of the Forum and the Vatican* (James Nisbet and Co.)—a volume of some five hundred pages of miscellaneous notes made during a recent visit to Italy. In noticing this work, we cannot help expressing regret that Dissenting ministers should have fallen into the unfortunate habit of publishing books of the class to which this belongs. Works of continental travel, more especially if they relate to Italy or Switzerland, are really behind the age. The rush to the continent after the Peace of 1815, supplied the press with works sufficient in number and variety for nearly fifty years. Occasional volumes since published have served to keep up attention, and inform us of local and social changes, while the annual edition of 'Murray' suffices for every other purpose. In proof of this, the books of the majority of recent travellers may be produced, the largest portion of whose contents might have been written without travelling a mile from Albemarle-street or Paternoster-row. To a great extent this is the case with the volume before us. In making this remark we do not mean to say that Mr. Hall has given us a mere compilation, but we do mean to say that for all the purposes of useful information it might just as well have been written from the results of reading, instead of from personal notes. This must be the case indeed where three-fourths of a volume are occupied with descriptions of public buildings and sites of historical interest which every traveller has visited, and which every traveller who has 'published' his 'book' has before described. We need not go to Rome, for instance, to be informed that it is 'the city of Romulus and the kings, of Brutus and the consuls, of Cæsar and the emperors—the city of Scipio, and Gracchus, and Cato, . the city of the Popes, . the mighty city of the seven hills,' &c., &c. We need not go there to find out where the Capitol is situated, to trace its grand associations, or to get a fine description of it. We need not go there, in fact, for an account of any of its classical or Christian antiquities, or even for a lively description of the Easter festivals. We might go there to see all these things, and might well rejoice that we can go. There it will be well if we let our labours end, assured that it would be very difficult after so many pens have been employed in writing of the

remains of its past glories, to say anything very new or striking about them.—We should have been glad if, instead of so closely following in the wake of his numerous predecessors, Mr. Hall had struck from the beaten path, and given us the results of his observations and impressions on the social, political, and religious state of Italy. So intelligent a traveller, with such intelligent companions, could hardly have failed in communicating on these subjects much interesting matter. Here his remark in justification of his present performance would have possessed force and appropriateness. The observers *do* vary, though scenes may be the same, but their variance is much greater when looking at a living and throbbing society, than at an inanimate pillar; and in society the scenes are not always 'the same.'—The many who take a personal interest in the writer of this volume, will, doubtless, read it, and in reading be repaid. To these and others we can only say we have no fault to find with its execution, and that of very recent works on the same subject, they may not be able to get a better, or one in which they will find their own sentiments on matters of ecclesiastical interest so fully expressed; but the whole ground has been so trodden under the feet of authors, that fresh steps now make but little impression.

Much that we have felt compelled to remark on the preceding volume will apply to a work that has been on our table for some time past—*Scenes in other Lands*, by JOHN STOURGTON (Jackson and Walford). The 'scenes' referred to in the title-page lay in Switzerland and Italy, but, with few exceptions, the writer's notes and descriptions do not possess a sufficient freshness or individuality to justify us in detaining our readers with a more lengthened description of them.

Of the lighter literature of the season,—the class of Present books,—belongs a tale from the German—*Louisa Von Plettenhaus, or the Journal of a Poor Young Lady* (T. Constable and Co.) The thread of the tale itself is of no uncommon character. It relates to the brief experience of a governess and her trials, but the narrative is told with a taste so refined, a feeling so exquisitely pure, and a piety so natural and chaste, that we feel it a privilege to have it in our power to recommend it to others. We know of no similar work likely to be more useful in its influence, and we are sure none would prove to be more acceptable to a large class of youthful readers.

*Christmas Day, and how it was spent* (Routledge and Co.), is a lively narrative sketch of Christmas Day as enjoyed by four persons in the house of 'Foggrass, Foggrass, Mowton, and Snorton.' The 'house' is more fictitious than the characters, each of which every reader will say has happily or unhappily its representative in his own small circle. The author writes with a quick and graphic pen, genial sympathies, and a hearty contempt for snobs and stuck-up people. Claiming some fellowship with him in this last respect, and some fellowship, we hope, with his other sympathies, we can say a friendly word for his seasonable book. 'Phiz's' illustrations must be seen to be enjoyed.

We feel pleasure in calling our readers' attention to a second series of *Essays, entitled Work—Plenty to do, and how to do it*, by MARGARET MARIA BASWYKE (T. Constable and Co.) All that we said in noticing the first series, we can repeat with emphasis on the small but tastefully got up volume before us. Each essay bears the stamp of a thoughtful and reflective mind; and the book, though small in bulk, is rich with stores of wisdom, and the fruits of much, if not long, experience.

*The Youthful Inquirer Counsellor and Encouraged*, by HENRY N. BARNETT (W. Freeman), is the title of a series of practical Essays on the position of the Seeker after Truth. Purposing to recur to this work, with a view of laying before our readers a chapter of extracts from three of its divisions, we will now only introduce it to their notice. In becoming the counsellor of the Truth-seeker, Mr. Barnett has done wisely in not ostensibly identifying himself with any section of the Christian Church, or acquainting us with his theological creed.

The great mistake of the majority of writers on Christian Truth and Evidence, has hitherto been the uniform pertinacity with which they have insisted in mixing up their own theological system with the foundations of religious life. It is a mistake that has deprived their works of large influence over the class of minds for which especially they have been intended. The earnest seeker and the honest doubter are constantly repelled from them by inferential assumptions and dogmatic assertions, on points of Christian doctrine, conviction concerning which might be the end of the examination they are instituting, but could not possibly be arrived at in its earlier stages. The introduction of such topics only serves to weaken their argument and excite suspicion as to its structure. Defences of theology are very well in their place, and are absolutely necessary to the maintenance of 'sound doctrine,' but they are altogether out of place in treating of 'the Bases' and processes of belief.—We have made these remarks because we have thought it possible that the Essays before us may be objected to on account of their omissions in this respect. Such omissions, to our own mind, are a proof that the author has thoroughly weighed his work, and made himself practically acquainted with the requirements it is intended to meet. That they will meet many such requirements, and that they will often serve to guide the wandering faith, is our firm conviction. Mr. Barnett writes in a manly, bold, and candid spirit, and in a style remarkable for freedom, force, and directness. We cannot approve of the manner in which he occasionally expresses his dissent from current and conventional modes of thought, and condemns the position of parties from whom he differs. It is often unnecessarily offensive, and occasionally illiberal, vituperative, and coarse. With the exception of these blemishes, the book has our strong approval, as, in many respects, the very work needed by a largely increasing class, and well qualified to render it service and assistance.

The last new work by Dr. Cumming, *Benedictions: or, the Blessed Life* (J. F. Shaw), is one of which we can speak in a tone of approval less qualified than can be generally adopted. The alliterative title chosen for the series of discourses it embraces, does not indicate their precise purpose. They simply elaborate the most striking expressions in Scripture on the blessedness and happiness of the believer. The work, on the whole, is one that will be very acceptable to a large class of readers, who while, with ourselves, they may not always be able to admire the torturings of the writer's prolific fancy, can consent to overlook them in consideration of chaster characteristics of his style.

A polemical work, bearing on some points of Tractarian Controversy, is not likely to attract general interest or attention out of the communion of the Established Church. In that communion, Mr. BEAMISH'S *Truth spoken in Lore* (J. F. Shaw), is certainly calculated to be of service in widening the breach between the antipodal extremities of doctrine professed by its members. Mr. Beamish is a warm defender of the Evangelical system, and labours with much zeal, and no little ability, to prove the heterodoxy of Tractarianism, and its inconsistency with the received formulas of worship compulsorily adopted by both parties in the Establishment. The large acquaintance of the writer with the principal works of the early English Protestants, and the commendable freedom of his book from everything dogmatic or dictatorial in spirit, constitute the principal merits of his present contribution to this spreading controversy.

Other works on our table may be noticed in a brief space. Of these, is the *Memoir of the Rev. J. Gilbert* (Jackson and Walford), from the pen of his widow, the accomplished sister of Jane and Isaac Taylor. The quiet life of a country minister ordinarily presents few incidents for biographical notice, and Mr. Gilbert's was scarcely an exception to the rule. The interest of the present narrative is derived rather from the character, than the actions, of the party so affectionately memorialized by its writer. That was as remarkable for its conspicuous worth, as were these for their quiet unobtrusiveness.—A new edition of Mr. HANBURY'S life of Joseph Williams, under the title of *The Successful Merchant*, has been published by Mr. SNOW. This biography of a man not less

eminent for his piety than his business-talent and success, is proof that it is as possible as it is easy for a Christian to carry the holiest principles into the very midst of the most tainted atmosphere of business, without detriment either to their strength or his purity.—*Saul, the first King of Israel*; and *Naaman, or Life's Shadows and Sunshine*, both by Mr. Aveling, of Kingsland (J. Snow), are interesting pulpit sketches and improvements of the lives of two characters who, in point of pride, were very closely allied. The discourses are much above the average quality of pulpit teaching for aptness and suggestiveness, as well as their adaptation to the wants of Christian congregations of the present day.—*Clotel; or, the President's Daughter*, by W. WELLS BROWN (Partridge & Oakey), is a tale of American slavery, possessing merit, but published, we are afraid, too late to be of any essential service.—*Notes of a Narrative of Six Years' Mission*, by R. W. VANDERKISTE (J. Nisbet & Co.), is a third edition of a work that has been already referred to in these pages. Its revelations of the 'Dens of London' are such as should be read with some profit at this season of the year.—*Houston on Baptism* (A. Gardner, Paisley), is on a subject to the discussion of which this periodical is closed. We can, therefore, only refer to the fact of publication, and state that the author is a member of the 'Reformed Presbyterian Church,' or the Church of the Ancient Covenanters.—*Rodwell's First Step to the History of England* (A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.) we can, with much pleasure, recommend, as the very best Child's History of England that has yet fallen under our notice. It possesses the rare merit of appropriate simplicity and clearness, without being merely 'written down' to a child's understanding.

Out of various PERIODICALS before us, we wish to call especial attention to the *Leisure Hour*, published by the Religious Tract Society. This work was projected some two years ago, for the purpose of supplying a healthy light literature, suitable for circulation amongst the working classes. We do not know how far the working classes have contributed by their support to its success, but we understand that as far as regards circulation, the project has entirely succeeded. We can only say that the reward has been well earned. From the fact of its publication by the Religious Tract Society, some topics are excluded from its pages which a more independent organ of information would have discussed. So far, perhaps, the work is not so comprehensive in its contents as it might be, but it is a great improvement in its positive tone of morality and the general literary character of its articles on works of an otherwise similar purpose.—The publications of the SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION this year include the *Bible-class Magazine*, *Notes on Scripture Lessons*, and the *Class Register*—all more or less useful as moral or mechanical aids in Sunday-school teaching.—*The British Controversialist* has creditably concluded another half-yearly volume.—*Home Thoughts* is a useful little publication of light and general literature and domestic economy, which has completed its first volume.—*The Library of Biblical Literature* (W. Freeman) has not yet seen the light, and we refer to it now for the purpose only of directing attention to its prospectus. If the promises there made are carried on in the same spirit with which the enterprise has been projected, it will be a work second to none now existing in interest or value as a 'repository of information' concerning the character, contents, and general literature of the Bible.

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## Monthly Retrospect.

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DECEMBER has once more,—and for the third time within three years,—proved fatal to the stability of British cabinets. The last month of the recess was at hand—Ministers had returned from their autumnal recreations to those preparatory sittings, without which they would not tranquilly enjoy

Christmas festivities—the country complacently left its affairs in the hands of ‘All the Talents’—and winter seemed to have imposed an armistice on the Eastern combatants—when, lo! it was announced that the Russians had gained a great victory on the Black Sea; and, presently, that Lord Palmerston had quitted the Cabinet.

Taking the two events as cause and effect, there was less to surprise than to gratify in the news of Palmerston's secession. It had all along been understood that the Cabinet was divided on the question of our foreign relations; and it was natural to conclude, from the opposite temperaments and antecedents of the two men, that the Premier and the Home Secretary were respectively the author and the antagonist of the policy pursued. The destruction of a Turkish squadron and harbour by a Russian fleet, was a commentary on that policy so forcible as to necessitate the decided expression of dissent, and to warrant, in the most forbearing, the renunciation of responsibility. It is, therefore, rather with incredulity than astonishment, that the public have received the assurance of the ministerial organs, that this Eastern question had nothing to do with Lord Palmerston's resignation. His alleged difference from his colleagues, on the subject of the promised Reform Bill, no one cares to deny; but that the most versatile and place-loving of modern statesmen abandoned an office in which he was winning golden opinions from all sorts of men, from an encounter with so very speculative an obstacle as Russellite democracy, none can be brought to believe. It is remembered that when, two years since, the noble Viscount hastily retired from office, it was authoritatively attributed to an act which he was afterwards proved to have done with the sanction of his colleagues. It is, therefore, surmised that though Palmerston may strongly object to democratic concession, he is not alone in that objection. And it is further surmised that now, as then, it is rather intrigue than impulse that has occasioned this apparently sudden and eccentric movement.

We regret to be obliged to add, that the nature of this external influence, so embarrassing to the Government of the country, is distinctly asserted to reside in the Prince Consort. The personal popularity of the Prince—the admiration justly entertained for his social services and his intellectual attributes—have long restrained but could not suppress the suspicion of his exerting an unconstitutional and un-English influence in the councils of the Sovereign. This suspicion is now plainly avowed in the columns of respectable newspapers, Conservative as well as Liberal. Once expressed, it must not be slurred over nor stifled, but repeated, in that patriotic fidelity which is the truest loyalty, until it be formally contradicted and satisfactorily disproved. It is events alone that can give the disproof—for it is events that have framed the impeachment. England can no more be thoroughly complacent in the husband of her Sovereign, until she find her name and power in bold antagonism to the despotisms which are strong no less by mental than by political alliances.

We had written thus far when we heard—from the daily papers of the 26th ult.—that Lord Palmerston had returned to the Home Office. The office is stated to have been declined successively by Lord John Russell, Sir George Grey, and Lord Panmure. Vigorous, however, as was Palmerston's administration of home affairs, there can be no doubt that it



was rather dread of his opposition, than regret for the loss of his services, that humbled the Cabinet to sue for a reconciliation. Growing dissatisfaction with the dilatory, if not dastard, conduct of the Russo-Turkish difficulty, threatened to overwhelm the Ministry on the meeting of Parliament—and the prospect of a Derby, Disraeli, and Palmerston triumvirate loomed large and awful. The semi-official newspapers that announce the reconstruction of 'the Ministry whose existence is bound up with the best interests of the country,' also give decided intimation that a resolute resistance will at length be presented to Russian ferocity;—a decision that is doubtless promoted by the news of Persian war upon England in India, as the latest piece of Russian tactique—but a decision wherein all will read the triumph of the Tiverton Viscount. But will not the country demand to know the precise occasion of the late fracas, and what it has to pay for this suspicious réunion?

The disaster sustained by the Turks in the Euxine is likely to prove rather a material than a moral loss. It appears that there was lying in the roads of Sinope a squadron of war-steamers, frigates, and transports, with an unguarded openness to observation and attack little creditable to the naval commanders of a nation at open war with a power known to be in force on those seas. A Russian fleet, cruising under Admiral Nachimoff, saw and marked the position of the Ottoman vessels—distrusting his own superior strength, sent to Sebastopol for a reinforcement, including three 120-gun ships—and with this enormously preponderate force, destroyed both the squadron and the fortifications. That the Turks fought bravely against tremendous odds, is judged by the damaged condition of their aggressors, and their own utter destruction; the Admiral's ship being taken aground, himself desperately wounded,—the remainder sunk or burnt, with the loss of some four thousand lives. The only Ottoman vessel that escaped, outstripped her pursuers, and carried the tidings to Constantinople. Admiral Dundas at once proposed to put to sea in pursuit of the enemy,—but was withheld, it is said, by the French ambassador. Not the least perplexing element of the whole affair, is the uncertainty that attaches, in the public mind, to the respective dispositions of the two governments. It has been persistently represented, in letters from Paris, that the Emperor was seriously irritated at the coolness of his ally,—and now that both peoples are mortified at the perpetration of a ferocious onslaught upon their protégé, while their own fleets were pleasure-taking within a few hours' sail, the blame is cast upon the Imperial councils. Another mischievous ingredient in the diplomatic *détaché*, is the identification of Austria with the Western Powers. In the early part of the month, it was positively asserted that that power had joined with England, France, and Prussia, to guarantee the territorial integrity of Turkey,—but later intelligence makes the guarantee contingent on the Porte resuming negotiations without the evacuation of the Principalities. Thus it has contrived by the varied influences of courts, cabinets, and conferences, to weaken the resources of Turkey, to protract the interruption of commerce, and to indefinitely postpone the hour of European liberation.

The comparison of this result with the certain consequences of prompt and vigorous action, is imbibed to the patriotic heart by the tenor of the

American President's Message. In that able summary of remarkable facts, we have glowing instances of what may be done for human right, though at the distance of half the globe, by manly courage and energy. Another pleasant item of the news thus officially communicated, is the necessity imposed on American statesmen, by a too flourishing exchequer, to lower import duties ;—France adopting free trade by Imperial edict that her people may not hunger,—Republican America, at the recommendation of her chief magistrate, that her liberties may not be imperilled by the power of the purse!

Of domestic non-political intelligence, all that is worth recording may be summed up in the word—Christmas! That festive season has happily become a landmark to annual progress. Year after year, for some half dozen years past, it has been a pleasant and grateful task to compare the signs of well-doing and good feeling with those of any former period. It was feared that the close of 1853 would indicate an interruption of prosperity. There has been, however, no visible abatement of the popular contentment and cheerfulness. With food and fuel at prices to which we have long been unaccustomed, there is no complaining in our streets, and, we believe, but comparatively little pinching in our homes. Even the thirty thousand or thereabout who are still on strike at Preston, shared among them a generous amount of subsidy contributed not exclusively by their own order. In the Conference held on the 20th at Birmingham, for the promotion of Reformatory Schools, we recognise a most pleasing proof of softened and enlightened public feeling. Year after year threatened calamities have been averted—unlooked-for benefits experienced. How long this shall go on—whether or not 1854 shall inflict chastisement hitherto spared, or rekindle resolutions of amendment by renewal of mercy—who will presume to say? Let us, one and all, draw hope and gratitude from recollection—and enter on the new chapter of existence with the vow to make it a happy one, if not by cheerful labour and innocent enjoyment, why, then, by holy resignation to unerring Wisdom and unfailing Love.

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## Record of Christian Missions.

UNDER this head we propose to lay before our readers a monthly *resumé* of the current operations of our principal missionary societies. When our arrangements for procuring the necessary information are complete, as we hope they will be before the lapse of the present month, we trust that this portion of the 'Christian Spectator' will not fail of its intended purpose in supplying to our readers a correct idea of the present outgrowth of Christianity. A digest of the operations of these societies is all that we shall attempt, occasionally adding, perhaps, a word or a sentence, suggested as we write *currente calamo*. The *Church Missionary Society*, 'one of the first-fruits of the revival of evangelical religion within the Established Church, towards the close of the last century,' has a monthly journal well conducted, and generally supplying valuable information, called 'The Church Missionary Intelligencer.' Its last

number contains a detailed account of the operations of this society in the Bight of Benin, off the western coast of Africa. Slavery and the slave-trade have in all countries presented the same aspect of hate and dread of the progress of the gospel. Old African chiefs getting their dollars from Portuguese and Spanish merchants, and genteel Americans who breed for the Southern market, are alike firm believers in the guilty phantasy that man may buy and sell 'that which is woman-born,' as one of his undoubted privileges. Well: Christianity, either read in the book, or uttered by the man, does certainly lay the axe to the root of this dogma, and therefore both in Africa and Southern America we find determined hostility to the attempted enlightenment of the black man. At *Lagos*, in itself an insignificant island in the Bight of Benin, but important as commanding the entrance of the Ossa and the Abellouta rivers, the Church Missionary Society has a station superintended by men of intelligence and piety, every way worthy of the trusts reposed in them. They have been enabled very lately to negotiate between contending African chiefs, and by force of Christian influence to prevent a merciless shedding of blood between savage and untutored tribes. Mr. Gollmer, a man of determination and of high principle, remained at his station amidst imminent peril, and succeeded by 'energetic efforts' in inducing the rebel chiefs, who were confederate with the Portuguese and other slave-dealers, to retire from their position in front of the town which they threatened to destroy. It is a pleasant thing to journalists like ourselves, who are, in fact, the passing historians of the day, to find the rear-admiral of the station bearing such testimony as the following to a Christian missionary: 'Excuse my saying that you have exhibited perfect devotion to your righteous cause, and no small degree of moral courage in maintaining your post unhesitatingly, as you have done.'

We cannot refrain from quoting a few words from one of the missionaries to the society:—'We rejoice in being instruments, in God's good providence, of thus arresting war, and saving many lives. The town Ado is as celebrated here for the great god Oduduo as Ephesus was for the goddess Diana.' As an important frontier to Badagry, which commands the interior of the Dahomey country, we trust the Church Missionary Society will vigorously maintain their operations in this department of labour.'

In Bengal, the reports of the agents of this society tally pretty much with those of all other societies; the '*great want is native ministers to live and labour among their countrymen.*' And this great want will never be supplied until we learn that *concentration*, and not *diffusion*, is our strength; instead of beating out our gold, as is too much the practice at home, as well as abroad, till it becomes gold leaf, and is of no use as current coin—instead of feeling it our duty to go here, there, and everywhere—instead of remaining at *one post* in spite of all plausible objections, and expending our time, money, and energy, on *its* cultivation—instead of this, we have yet to learn the meaning of, 'And when ye enter into a city *abide* there.'

The 'Missionary Chronicle' of the London Missionary Society, gives us a long and very valuable letter from Mr. Ellis, concerning Madagascar. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Cameron had both had an interview with the chief officers of the Queen's government; they were received cordially, but cautiously; they re-

ceived and returned presents; and remained twenty-one days off the coast negotiating for the opening of the island to unrestricted commerce and religious freedom. In the former, it would seem they have succeeded; for the latter, we have yet to wait; but while waiting, and often saying, 'How long, O Lord, holy and true?' it is a source of satisfaction to know the word of the Lord, even there, is '*incorruptible seed*.' It is ascertained, beyond a doubt, that 'the Christians comprise amongst them some of the most intelligent and respectable men in the community; many of them hold offices of great responsibility, chiefly, if not solely, in consequence of their ability, integrity, and known worth.' From the same journal, we learn that the Rev. George Mundy, an honoured name in connexion with the missions of this society, passed into rest, after thirty-three years' labour amongst the Bengalees.

The '*Missionary Herald*' of the Baptist Society contains scattered and brief notices of several departments of the society's labours. In India, truth is widely disseminated throughout its vast provinces, by the missionaries of this society, only too feebly sustained and too little esteemed by the '*comfortable Christianity*' of our own country. In reading the journals of these heroic men, nothing impresses us more than the cheerful strain in which they write, as of men conscious of a great reward in the discharge of a great duty. Here, too, we observe that death is thinning the ranks of the few who constitute the forlorn hope attacking the strong citadels of idolatry and superstition. Nevertheless, it is written in heaven, and is now fulfilling upon earth, 'He must increase, and of the increase of his government there shall be no end.'

The '*United Presbyterian Church*' furnishes also a monthly report of their transactions; its last number is mainly occupied with an account of its West Indian and African missions. We observe, with thankfulness, the increase of native agents in the island of Jamaica; seven schools, we find, conducted with efficiency by native teachers. We do most earnestly hope that the efforts of all missionary societies will be more than ever concentrated on this point. European agency is cumbrous, expensive, and comparatively ineffective; and though our native regiments will long have to be officered by the informing mind, quick intelligence, and practical sagacity of Europeans, by all means let us begin in real earnest in striving to raise up native successors of the present occupants of the mission field. Next month, we hope to present a completer bird's-eye view than could be managed in the present number, of the continuous and Christian efforts of all our missionary societies, concerning whom, as the pioneers of all civilization and commerce, we heartily wish a larger and truer success.

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## Intelligence.

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### THE IRISH EVANGELICAL MISSION.

The Rev. John Ross, 'one of the hundred' missionaries engaged in the month of August last as an Evangelist in Ireland, has published a tract, consisting of three letters, on the operation, fruits, and lessons of the Mission. He vindicates it from the charge of 'failure,' but this is difficult to do in the absence of facts showing any realized results. Five or six of the statements of fruitfulness '*realized*' are merely assertions

what the Mission 'will' do. The only practical success, as far as we can judge, that was attained, consisted in the actual fact that meetings of Catholics were gathered and preached to. In the third letter the writer suggests tract distribution, Sabbath-schools, occasional missions, and increased support of existing churches, as the means best adapted to bring the people within the sphere of right influences. His observations on the 'comparative estimate held in Ireland of different principles of church maintenance, and their respective operation,' coincide with the general impressions. Tithes are odious to the general sentiment of the country. The influence of the *Regium Donum* is sapping the best energies of the churches receiving it, and he found Catholics certainly not averse to the universal application of the Voluntary principle. In Clonmel he was informed of a priest who had recently said, 'The Dissenters are the only Protestants who practise the proper method of raising ministerial support—voluntary offerings;' and he quotes the following from a recent article in the *Tipperary Free Press*, from the pen of Dr. Burke, P.P., of Clonmel:—'For my own part, I would gladly consent to its withdrawal (Maynooth endowment) on the following terms, and I think they are fair and impartial. They are these:—Let all State endowments for religious purposes be totally put an end to in these countries. Let all State colleges and State churches be abolished, so far as they derive pecuniary support from the State. Let the Voluntary principle, such as it exists among the Dissenters of England and the Catholics of Ireland, be introduced and acted upon. Let each religion depend for its maintenance and well-being on its own intrinsic excellence, and on the learning, piety, and zeal of its clergy, and on the devotion to it of its lay professors.' The author adds that 'it is notorious that the most successful agencies even of Irish endowed churches are supported by free contributions.'

## WESLEYAN STATISTICS.

The *Wesleyan Almanack* for 1854 gives the following as the present statistics of the denomination:—

|                        | Members. |         |      |                  |
|------------------------|----------|---------|------|------------------|
|                        | 1852.    | 1853.   |      |                  |
| Great Britain.....     | 281,268  | 270,965 | .... | 10,298 decrease. |
| Ireland .....          | 20,040   | 19,608  | .... | 432 "            |
| Foreign Stations ..... | 101,388  | 100,828 | .... | 510 "            |
| Canada .....           | 27,585   | 30,324  | .... | 2,739 increase.  |

The expenditure of the Missionary Society during the last year amounted to £106,243 16s. 8d.

## RAGGED CHURCH IN MARYLEBONE.

We learn from the 'Ragged-school Union Magazine' that a religious service will in future be held on Sunday and Tuesday evenings at the Blandford Mews Ragged-school. It will be conducted by 'clergymen of the Established Church, Dissenting ministers, and competent laymen.'

## RAGGED SCHOOLS IN LONDON

There are no less than 120 ragged schools in the metropolis, which include nearly 14,000 scholars, taught by 221 paid, and 1,800 voluntary teachers. With a view to the better organization of these invaluable institutions, the Committee of the Ragged School Union have appointed the Rev. E. J. Hytche and Mr. Milne as school agents or inspectors of the schools situate in the southern and western districts of London. 'There can be little doubt,' says a contemporary, 'that should this effort at systematic action prove successful, it will tend still further to ameliorate the social and religious condition of those outcasts for whose spiritual welfare ragged schools were originally established.'

## CHURCH REFORM.

During the last month a series of lectures on 'Church Reform' has been in course of delivery at Plymouth under the auspices of the Plymouth Church Reform Association. The first of the courses was delivered by the Rev. T. R. Brooke, rector of Avening, on the 'Principles of Church Reform.' These regarded, first, the true standing of the Christian laity; secondly, the true standing of the Christian ministry; and thirdly, the difference between fundamental and secondary truths. In respect to the first principle, he contended that the Christian laity were the Church of Christ; that they were priests to God, and needed no mediation but Christ. With regard to the second principle, the only difference between the Christian laity and the Christian ministry was, that they were set apart to minister in the congregation; they were not priests nor rulers. On the third principle—viz., the difference between fundamental and secondary truths, the reverend gentleman observed, that by the former he meant those truths which were not attainable by human knowledge or human reason; those which were clearly revealed in the inspired Word of God, and those which were absolutely neces-

sary for the salvation of the soul. By secondary truths he meant those which might not be directly mentioned in the Scriptures, about which men might differ, and which were not absolutely necessary for salvation. He defended the 'Low Church' ground on these doctrines.—The second of the series of lectures was delivered by the Rev. John Dayman, M.A., rector of Skelton, Cumberland. His subject was, 'The Revision of the Liturgy, so that it be more plainly an Exponent of Protestant Principles.' The lecture, which was a very lengthy one, showed in detail how strongly the Liturgy of the Church is impregnated with Tractarianism, and how, in some cases, such as the burial-service, the American Episcopal Church had amended the phraseology. Towards the conclusion of his lecture, Mr. Dayman said there were three modes of proceeding in the path of reform—Conference, Convocation, and Royal Commission. Past experience led him to prefer the latter.—The third lecture was delivered by the Rev. J. Carr Glynn, M.A., rector of Northampton, on 'Christian Union the sure Friend of Scriptural Church Reform.' He agreed with the first lecturer in urging the appointment of a Royal Commission.—The lectures have called forth a letter from the Rev. J. Jordan, vicar of Enstone, who is a step in advance of either of his clerical brethren, and therefore advocates more sweeping changes. He would abolish Prelacy—meaning all lordships, palaces, cathedral thrones, and extravagant incomes, and all cathedral establishments; insists on the right of the laity to choose their own minister; would thoroughly revise the Liturgy and forms, and have it clearly understood that clergy are not priests—that sacraments are only signs.

#### ABOLITION OF CHURCH-RATES.

A deputation from the Protestant Dissenting Deputies of the Three Denominations had an interview with Lord Aberdeen on December 9th, on the subject of the abolition of Church-rates. The memorial to his lordship referred, amongst other facts, to a return obtained by Sir R. H. Inglis, and published by the House of Commons, on the 12th of May, 1852, which sets forth the number of church-rates required, made, or refused, from 1838 to 1851, in each city and Parliamentary borough in England and Wales (which include 1,020 parishes and extra-parochial places), and their respective populations; from which return it appears that, after excluding the extra-parochial places, and parishes which have estates for the support of their churches, and parishes which have local acts for keeping their churches in repair, the population of the cities and boroughs included in the return amounts to 6,865,351, out of which 2,845,954 pay church-rates, and 3,519,887 refuse to pay them, thus making a majority of 673,433 of non-ratepayers. The deputation urged on Lord Aberdeen the urgent necessity of the abolition of church-rates being taken up by her Majesty's Government in the ensuing session.—Lord Aberdeen admitted the necessity, under the present circumstances, of some alteration in the law, and asked what the deputation required.—They replied that they desired total abolition.—To his lordship's inquiry, as to what substitute was proposed, he was referred to pew-rents, and the proceeds of improved ecclesiastical property; as was stated in Sir William Clay's proposition to the House of Commons, during the last session, of which the deputation approved, whilst they disapproved of Mr. Phillimore's motion, which had been opposed before by Sir Robert Peel, and had been twice rejected by the House.—His lordship said that the subject had been under the serious consideration of her Majesty's Government, and that some measure would be introduced by them early in the ensuing session; but was not prepared to state the plan which would be adopted to remedy the present evils.

#### MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

BIDEFORD (Congregational church).—Rev. J. Whiting, of Isleworth.

CHOROBENT, Lancashire (Baptist church).—Rev. T. Skemp, from Bilston.

ENFIELD (Baptist church).—Mr. John Beavan, of Woolwich.

HICKMONDWICKE (Congregational church).—Mr. D. Horne, from Airedale College.

LYME REGIS (Congregational church).—Rev. S. Knell, of Abbotsbury.

THAXTED (Baptist church).—Rev. J. C. Fishbourne, from Stepney College.

WIVELSCOMBE (Congregational church).—Rev. R. S. Short, of East Retford.

WYKE, near HALIFAX (Congregational church).—Mr. Chas. Illingworth, of Bradford.

#### NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

CAMBERWELL (Congregational church, Rev. J. Burnet's), November 30.

STEPNEY (Queen-street Congregational church, Rev. R. S. Bayley's), December 9.

#### FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

WALWORTH, Arthur-street Baptist chapel, December 5.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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**FEBRUARY, 1854.**

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## *Census Returns—Religious Worship.*

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THE Report presented by George Graham, Esq., Registrar-General, to Lord Palmerston, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department, on the state of religious worship in England and Wales, is a document of such unusual interest and intrinsic value, that we shall be forgiven if we attempt, as opportunity may serve, an analysis and arrangement (if possible, in clear form) of the vast information with which it abounds. We hope thus to help our readers to understand some of the principles which lie very near to the welfare of nations, and which are richly illustrated by its contents. It will be unnecessary that we should fatigue or perplex the mind with a great array of figures. The abridgment of the Report, published at one shilling, by the authority of the Registrar-General (London: Routledge & Co.), and the valuable supplement, issued by our weekly contemporary, the 'Nonconformist,' have brought the statistics so near to everybody who may be disposed to examine them, that to repeat them in these pages would be not less superfluous than tiresome. We shall make it our endeavour, rather, to present such balances and comparisons of the facts collected together in the Report, coupled with the reflections suggested by the investigation of them, as shall place before our readers, with somewhat of impressiveness and demonstration, the inferences with which they are pregnant.

As we have to examine an entirely new feature in our national policy, it may not be amiss to state very briefly the circumstances in which it originated, which marked the progress of its development, and which now distinguish its publication. When the Registrar-General was making his preparations for taking the general census, it, of course, devolved upon him to decide what information would be of

most use to the Government, and to the people, in addition to the bare enumeration of the inhabitants of the kingdom. A complete machinery existed for the collection of various sorts of statistics, and it would have been a pity to let an opportunity, which could not occur again for ten years, slip away unimproved. It had been a long-standing complaint against the internal policy of England, that it provided no responsible and authentic agency for the acquirement of a positive acquaintance with the religious and educational resources of the people. Sectarian boasts had been answered by sectarian assumptions. The advocates of a State Church reproached Dissenters with weakness; the Dissenters replied that the State Church was a failure. The friends of Voluntary education vaunted the enlightenment of the nation; the friends of State interference seemed to contend boastfully that we were the most ignorant nation under heaven. But every argument was, more or less, a speculation. The statistics, as far as they were known, had been collected from an impulse, and under the guidance of partizanship, and, consequently, one main element of the controversy consisted of angry crimination and recrimination. The facts pleaded by the one party were denounced as fictions by the other; and, when a tabular refutation of them was presented, it was stoutly maintained that the whole array was an invention of deceit or of prejudice. We deny not that, especially in relation to the long controversy on education, great ability, diligence, and perseverance were shown on both sides. But there was nothing authoritative or indisputable in the results; whilst, in relation to sectarian rivalries and religious developments, every statement, from whichever side it came, was contemptuously pooh-pooh'd from the opposite side, because there was a universal consciousness that positive and correct evidences were impossible. Now, it suggested itself to the Registrar-General, that if the investigation of our resources in these departments of national enterprise came legally or honourably within the scope of his responsibility, it might be prosecuted with immense advantages to the State, especially as the materials at command for an impartial superintendence and a complete carrying out of that investigation, were of a sort that must command the confidence of the members of all sects and the supporters of all parties. That portion of the inquiry with which we now exclusively deal—the religious—was commenced in the face of several discouragements, and was conducted against many threatening interruptions. It was found that, in addition to the difficulties which naturally surrounded the undertaking—and these were neither trifling nor few—there was no legal authority attached to the questions asked, and consequently, no power by which a reply could be demanded. The information sought could only be solicited with respectful earnestness; and must be given by the voluntary goodwill of those from whom it was solicited. Many clergymen of the Established Church—we borrow the statement of the Report—felt, at first, considerable scruples about complying with an invitation not proceeding from episcopal authority. The first returns, therefore, of the statistics of the Church of England, were essentially imperfect. Upon subsequent application, however, made direct from the Census



office, and containing clearer explanations of the objects, and the national utility of the inquiry, the exceptions to a prompt, courteous, and conscientious response were but very few. As soon as the returns were completed, they were handed over by the Registrar-General to Mr. Horace Mann, on whom the responsibility of their classification and publication has rested, and to whom, consequently, is due all the credit of the correctness, clearness, and fulness of the Report. It would be unjust to this gentleman for us to proceed without remarking that, by arranging the vast body of figures with which he had to deal in various tabular forms, and by accompanying them with the historical and incidental explanations necessary to their comprehension, he has produced a Report invaluable as a work at once of reference and of study. We delight, also, to bear our testimony to the *impartiality* with which his delicate and responsible task has been executed. We have been able to find no trace of denominational prejudice or of political subtlety. The document, so far as we have been able to test it, is, in every respect, as complete and trustworthy as, under the circumstances, it could be made. The gratitude of the country is certainly due to Mr. Mann for the diligence, the conscientiousness, and the dignity which he has brought into this interesting service.

Before we proceed to the more immediate object of this paper, we would briefly remind our readers that the value of statistics, on such a subject as that before us, may be utterly misapprehended and dangerously exaggerated. There are spheres of thought and of action where the cold influence of figures must not be allowed to intrude. In the grander occupations of reason and of conscience, numbers can claim no merit, and should be denied all dominion. There are in this world of ours, countless easy souls, who, too dull to perceive, and too indolent to examine for themselves, will accept a religion or a sacrament on the authority of the 'majority.' Majorities must rule discipline, but cannot settle truth. If it should appear from these tables that the Roman Catholic, or any other sect, combines a majority of the whole population, it would not follow that it had any right to Governmental patronage, or popular confidence; and that statesman would be a blundering traitor who would say that the sect of the majority must be made dominant in the State; whilst the individual who would accept a creed because adopted by the majority, would proclaim himself to be not only a blundering traitor (to conscience, country, and God), but an egregious fool. In placing before our readers, therefore, certain general facts concerning the various sects of Christians in this country, and the numbers of disciples they can respectively boast, let it be clearly understood that we accredit no authority to the great, and impute no contempt to the small. There may be more honesty, and for all that statistics can show, there may be more truth in 'one or two who meet together in the name of the Lord,' cut off from all ecclesiastical associations, and, therefore, not recognised in this account, than can be found in the most imposing hierarchy on earth.

And if this Report must not be accepted in any sense as a theological or ecclesiastical *argument*, so neither can it be regarded as a *complete*

*exposition of opinion.* There are, that is, innumerable peculiarities of faith which it could not possibly develop. The division of religious people into various factions so inadequately indicates the sentiments prevalent among them, that to imagine that every shade of opinion is expressed in some formal creed, or that every creed is represented in some particular organization of believers, would be a gross misconception. There are heretics in every sect. No body of Christians is destitute of those who hold its distinguishing doctrines in a 'non-natural' sense. Circumstances totally disconnected with inquiry and conviction, may influence persons in forming their religious connexions. So that, the condition of religious opinion in this country can be but very imperfectly gathered from documents like this we are about to examine, however carefully and wisely they may be drawn up. For instance, the number of buildings occupied by Unitarians is estimated at 229; they are represented as having accommodation for 63,770 persons; their attendances on 'Census Sunday' were respectively (morning, afternoon, and evening) 27,612, 8,610, and 12,406. But we doubt if these facts can be taken fairly to represent the anti-Trinitarian opinion of England.

Take just one other instance. The Baptist denomination is represented in these returns as divided into no less than six different orders, or connexions, respectively denominated General, Particular, Seventh Day, Scotch, New Connexion General, and Baptists not otherwise defined. Now, a casual reader, unacquainted with the actual facts of the case, would conceive the doctrine of Baptism to be an irritating and explosive power; and that those who in common held and observed it, were rendered so petulant by its influence that they could not retain even the semblance of sympathy. We believe, however, that there is as much true union among these various sections as there is in the Independent denomination, if *spirit*, not *organization*, shall be made the standard of judgment. After all, the most vital difference amongst the Baptists is one not recognised in this Report, viz., that of 'Strict' and 'Open.' This is an actual fundamental disagreement. It affects the entire discipline of the churches, and far more affects their reputation than the distinction of 'General' and 'Particular,' which relates only to a theological controversy that is, fortunately, fast coming to an end. We make not these remarks in dissatisfaction with Mr. Mann's achievements, but to guide the reader to a principle on which it is important he should study the Report. Mr. Mann, obviously, could only recognise such differences of sentiment as were avowed in specific institutions or societies. To have attempted more than this would have been an abnegation of his office as reporter, and an assumption of the more sacred character of historian. So that, this Report is neither a discussion of religious truth, nor an exposition of religious opinion. It is only a statistical record of the various sects into which religious society has been divided, and of the respective and comparative supporters of each.

Whilst, however, we are anxious to prevent an exaggerated and false application of the facts here collected, we would not for a moment underestimate their real value, nor conceal their essential significance.

We proceed, therefore, at once to indicate some of the revelations they may be shown to contain, and some of the lessons which the wise and candid will be obliged to gather from them.

Religious society in England is capable of two different general classifications. There is one grand distinction—that of Protestant and Catholic: another, that of Established and un-established. At present, we will regard these classifications as being the most comprehensive; and, in every ecclesiastical and political sense, the most important.

The alarm, so zealously ministered to of late by certain Protestant agitators, that Popery is fast gaining ground in this country, and will soon overwhelm all our glorious institutions, is emphatically condemned by the statistics before us. True, during the last thirty years, Roman Catholics have nearly doubled the number of their chapels and of their priests. In 1824, they had 346 chapels in England and Wales; in 1853, they had 616. But let certain facts be remembered, and certain comparisons be instituted, and this change will not appear so very terrible after all. The stringent laws enacted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and subsequent Protestant monarchs, against the Catholics, failed to exterminate them; though they were thereby considerably reduced in numbers. It is generally supposed that in Elizabeth's reign, they constituted a majority of the people; whilst in the reign of William III., they were estimated only at 27,696. Since then, the laws by which they were oppressed have been gradually relaxed; moreover, a great religious movement has taken place in the Church of England towards Catholicism. Freedom has thus inspired them with energy; and accident has given them *prestige*. And yet, during the long period of more than a century and a half, they have not multiplied themselves by eight; whilst, comparing their present position with that they occupied twenty-four years ago, when their emancipation had been established, they have not multiplied themselves by two! And this, let it be remembered, is the Roman Catholic Church, with the hoary honours of antiquity, the august influence of an imposing ceremonialism, the appliances of a limitless and perfect machinery, and the pecuniary resources (it may be almost said) of Europe at its back; favoured, too, as it has been by the (natural) apostasy of a great number of the endowed Protestant priesthoods. Under these circumstances, we regard it as a wonderful fact that the Catholics of England and Wales have only 570 places of worship, containing accommodation for only 186,111 attendants.

Now every other sect is committed to unrelenting opposition to this one. The 'Irvingites' call themselves by the name 'Catholic and Apostolic,' but their assumption of this title, whilst separated from the Church of Rome, so far from indicating sympathy with that church, is a bold defiance of its exclusive pretensions. Indeed, it may be emphatically said of the Papal sect, 'Those that are not with it are against it.' The total number of places of worship in England and Wales is 34,467; those occupied by Roman Catholics number only 570. Yet we are told that the 570 are to gradually swamp and absorb

the 33,890 that stand in opposition to them. Again, the Catholics may be supposed (calculating by the amount of accommodation they afford) to number 186,111; these are about to persecute, devastate, and destroy the 10,026,452 Protestants or anti-Catholics that are separated from them. Indeed, we might say, that these 186,111 Catholics are about to overwhelm, conquer, and enslave the entire population beside; for every Englishman who is not a Roman Catholic, is an enemy, silently if not actively, to Papal supremacy! Surely, then, we may dismiss our alarms, and with our alarms may, for the present, dismiss the Catholics, and proceed to minuter but not less encouraging comparisons.

The other great division which we mentioned was that subsisting between the endowed sects and the sects not endowed. And, in advancing to this part of the investigation, we must say at once, that nothing could be more humiliating to the pride of our arrogant State Church than the results of these Census returns. Until very recently, to be a Dissenter was to be despised. Dissent was regarded by the Church, and by the State, as a contemptible combination of ignorance, disloyalty, vulgarity, heresy, and impudence, which only a very few would countenance, and which might be legitimately treated with unlimited scorn by every respectable man, and unceremoniously ignored by statesmen, lords, councillors, and priests. Never was contempt more undeserved, never was assumption more unfounded. Mr. Horace Mann has helped us to ascertain the true position which Dissenters occupy, and the real work they perform for the good of the people of these realms.

We shall be guilty of no injustice to the Established Church in comparing it with the aggregate of all other churches. Episcopalians, if they will consent to be regarded as a sect, on equal terms with other sects, might fitly be compared with Catholics or with Independents. But they will not admit this equality. They assume to be the Church of the nation. The distinction, therefore, between the Established Church and other communities, is not one of creed or government simply, but of political eminence and association. The State Church is different from, because exalted above, all. It alone is controlled by State power; it alone is supported by State pay. All other churches prosper by the energies and benevolence of their own supporters; this has certain, independent, secular resources, which no envy can touch, and which no indifference can withhold. In estimating the claims of this particular sect to national patronage, therefore, it must be compared with all sects to whom national patronage is denied, and not with any one particular denomination. It has special privileges; and so far as they have them not, they occupy common ground, and must be considered as a unity, rather than as a collection of antagonistic or separate bodies.

Proceeding, then, on this principle of reckoning, how does the case stand with reference to the high pretensions and peculiar elevation of the Established Church? Let us see.

The total number of places of worship in England and Wales is 34,467. Of these the Established Church appropriates 14,077, leaving

20,390 to other communities. That is, there are more places not endowed by the State than are so endowed by 6,313. Of course, this includes Catholics, Foreign churches, Latter Day Saints, Jews, &c.

The number of sittings in all these 34,467 places of worship is 10,212,563. Of these, the Establishment reckon 5,317,915, leaving to the unendowed sects 4,894,648.

It will be perceived from these statements, that the comparison between the number of places and the number of sittings is very unequal. The unendowed sects show a majority of places (6,313), whilst the Establishment claims a majority of sittings (423,267). This is accounted for by the fact that the un-established churches, for the most part, build smaller places than those which belong to the Establishment. It will be impossible, within the space allotted to this article, to state the full details of this difference; but our readers will sufficiently comprehend it when they know that the places connected with the State Church will hold, on the average, 377, whilst the average capacity of Independent chapels is 328; of Baptist, 299; of Unitarian, 299; of Wesleyan, 220; of Roman Catholics, 314; &c., &c.

But, after all, the accommodation which can be afforded is not so satisfactory a criterion of the strength of a body, as the number of actual attendants at its services. The Catholics are notorious for the erection of large places of worship. The pomp of their ceremonies, and the appeal they make to the curiosity of the surrounding population—the two chief elements of their popular strength—dictate this policy, not only as an economical expedient, but as an absolute necessity. In rural districts, the Church of England has temples capable of holding more than the entire population of the parish. Dissenters seem sometimes disposed to emulate this extravagance. The force of this consideration will be confirmed by the following statements. We have said that the entire accommodation for religious worshippers in England and Wales is 10,212,563. It is necessary, however, to extend and modify that number; for it is evident that the attendants would never all want the buildings at the same time. Hence, it will be requisite that we consider the gross number of sittings available during the three services of the Sabbath, and compare them with the actual attendants at those three services, and we shall then see how great is the excess of accommodation over attendance. This the following table will serve to show:—

| Time.           | Available Sittings. | Actual Attendance. |
|-----------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Morning .....   | 8,498,520           | 4,647,482          |
| Afternoon ..... | 6,267,928           | 3,134,135          |
| Evening .....   | 5,723,000           | 3,064,449          |
| Total.....      | 20,489,448          | 10,896,066         |

Thus it will be seen that the excess of accommodation over attendance is 9,593,382. That is, on the average, the places of worship at all services are only half full. This is not a result occasioned by extraordinary defects in any particular bodies, but is more or less common to all. We give a few examples, showing the extent to which various religious bodies make use of the accommodation provided by them respectively.

| Religious Denominations. | Proportion per cent. which the occupied sittings bear to the total number of sittings. |            |          |        |
|--------------------------|--|------------|----------|--------|
|                          | Morning.   | Afternoon. | Evening. | Total. |
| Church of England...     | 47.8   | 35.6       | 16.2     | 33.2   |
| Independents .....       | 49.1   | 21.8       | 42.8     | 37.9   |
| Particular Baptists...   | 50.2   | 30.1       | 46.7     | 42.4   |
| Society of Friends...    | 15.1   | 7.0        | 1.6      | 7.9    |
| Unitarians .....         | 41.5   | 13.0       | 18.5     | 24.3   |
| Wesleyan Methodists      | 34.0   | 26.5       | 46.1     | 35.6   |
| Wesleyan Reformers       | 44.9   | 23.7       | 66.3     | 45.0   |
| Roman Catholics ...      | 135.8*   | 29.0       | 41.3     | 68.7   |

The excess of accommodation over attendance, then, is a general feature, and is very suggestive ; but we will leave this matter for the present, and recur again to the comparative strength of the Established and non-established churches. We will, first of all, give a table, showing the comparative *accommodation* provided by each ; then another showing the comparative attendance of each.

#### I. ACCOMMODATION.

|                 | Church of England: | Other Churches. |
|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| Morning .....   | 4,852,645          | 3,645,875       |
| Afternoon ..... | 3,761,812          | 2,506,116       |
| Evening .....   | 1,739,275          | 3,983,725       |
| Total.....      | 10,353,732         | 10,135,716      |

This result confirms our previous calculation that the Church of England has a slight excess of accommodation over other churches. Let us now see the second comparison :—

\* The apparent excess of attendants over sittings in the morning, among the Roman Catholics, is explained by the fact, that they generally have several services for different persons at that period of the day.

## II. ATTENDANTS.

|                 | Church of England. | Other Churches. |
|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| Morning .....   | 2,541,244          | 2,106,238       |
| Afternoon ..... | 1,890,764          | 1,293,371       |
| Evening .....   | 860,543            | 2,203,906       |
| Total .....     | 5,292,551          | 5,603,515       |

In the aggregate, then, the non-established churches of England and Wales are frequented by a majority of 310,964 over those attending the State Church; a fact which for ever condemns the assumption that the Established religion is the religion of the majority. We imagine this is the only plea by which its perpetuation amongst us has ever been sought to be vindicated. It is now generally understood that the only circumstance which can render the investment of a particular sect with a monopoly of political privileges and national secular support at all tolerable, not to say plausible, is the adherence to it of the great majority of the people. To our mind this argument is as shallow as the shallowest by which the theory of a State Church was ever supported. In religious competition, as we have before urged, majorities have no sanctity, and, therefore, should command no homage. It is as real a wrong done to truth and to God, to place one single, earnest, striving soul, in a great public disadvantage, when his inspiration might revive the life of the whole Church, and his wisdom expose its corrupting errors, as it would be to exterminate a whole tribe of honest heretics, or put a community to death for conscience-sake. If there were only one Dissenter in these realms, the present, or any similar establishment, would be, on the one side, a consecrated iniquity; on the other, a blackened and degraded religion. But, when it is known that this gorgeous and inflated institution is maintained in defiance of the protests of more than one-half of the whole people, most of whom regard its revenues as a robbery, and its political power as despotism, who will appear as its apologist, and in what words shall its conservation be recommended? If even the *prestige* of numbers could not render it righteous, in what terms must its character be described when the weight of numbers is in the scale of its condemnation?

But we have not yet made out the whole account against this gigantic imposition. It will be found that in the large towns—where the intelligence of the people is more exalted and more general—the Church of England may be almost said to be at a discount; whilst in rural districts, and more particularly in agricultural counties, popular ignorance, and the subserviency of the working classes to the power of priest and squire, give a dominion, we cannot say glorious and benignant, to the Establishment. This point has been frequently urged

on Home Missionary platforms, and it now stands fully confirmed by the indisputable statistics of Mr. Mann's admirable Report. We will give just one short table in illustration of the fact we have just mentioned, and by which the prevalence of Dissent in large towns will be strikingly exhibited. It will be understood that we give the *actual attendances* on Sunday, March 30, 1851 :—

| Large Towns.          | Popula-<br>tion. | Established Church. |         |          | Other Churches. |         |          | Total su-<br>periority<br>of other<br>Churches |
|-----------------------|------------------|---------------------|---------|----------|-----------------|---------|----------|--|
|                       |                  | Morning.            | Aftern. | Evening. | Morning.        | Aftern. | Evening. |  |
| Birmingham            | 282,841          | 20,402              | 8,977   | 15,142   | 23,142          | 2,900   | 18,422   | 4,943  |
| Bradford ...          | 103,778          | 4,719               | 3,479   | 1,957    | 15,719          | 6,100   | 12,331   | 23,995   |
| Bristol .....         | 137,328          | 18,747              | 2,244   | 18,669   | 20,765          | 1,837   | 20,659   | 8,601  |
| Hull .....            | 84,690           | 7,057               | 811     | 5,164    | 18,864          | 1,412   | 18,664   | 15,908   |
| Leeds .....           | 172,270          | 13,530              | 6,106   | 8,558    | 25,862          | 6,846   | 20,722   | 25,236   |
| Manchester.           | 303,382          | 20,050              | 4,819   | 11,375   | 44,417          | 4,049   | 20,673   | 32,895   |
| Total Attendances ... |                  | 161,806             |         |          | 273,384         |         |          | 111,578  |

Here, then, we see a majority of 111,578 (or nearly one-third of the whole attendances) going away, in these six towns, from the Church established by law, seeking their spiritual instruction in temples on which the light of royal approbation falls not, and where the splendid pomp of a legalized ritual is not displayed. And we might have extended our list much farther. We might have included in the above table, without at all compromising the general result, the following other large towns :—Ashton-under-Lyne, Blackburn, Bolton, Bury, Carlisle, Coventry, Derby, Devonport, Dudley, Gateshead, Huddersfield, Leicester, Liverpool (where the Catholics alone are almost equal to the Church of England), Macclesfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northampton, Norwich, Nottingham, Oldham, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Preston, Rochdale, Salford, Sheffield, South Shields, Stockport, Stoke-upon-Trent, Wakefield, Wolverhampton, and York. In all these towns—the most influential in the kingdom—the comparison would have shown a general result, fully in accordance with that exhibited in the table. In this calculation we have not included any of the metropolitan boroughs, nor any of the Welsh districts, though, as to the latter, we might have shown that Wales has three Protestant Dissenters to one Churchman; whilst of the former, a majority may be claimed for Dissent in Finsbury, Southwark, and Tower Hamlets. We give one other short table, which will more clearly illustrate, and more fully confirm, our position. It exhibits the relative number of attendants, in the several districts of England and Wales, on Sunday, March 30, 1851; and, for the better perception of the force of these figures, they are arranged in four different classes, showing the strength of the Church of England, of Protestant Dissenters, of Roman Catholics, and of other bodies.



| REGISTRATION DIVISIONS     | Population,<br>1851. | Number of Attendants belonging to |                          |                    |                  |                            |
|----------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|------------------|----------------------------|
|                            |                      | Church<br>of<br>England.          | Protestant<br>Dissenters | Roman<br>Catholics | Other<br>Bodies. | All<br>Denomi-<br>nations. |
| ENGLAND & WALES.           | 17,927,609           | 2,971,258                         | 3,110,782                | 249,389            | 24,793           | 6,356,222                  |
| Div.                       |                      |                                   |                          |                    |                  |                            |
| 1. London .....            | 2,362,236            | 276,885                           | 186,821                  | 86,384             | 5,374            | 504,914                    |
| 2. South-Eastern Counties  | 1,628,386            | 368,028                           | 206,841                  | 6,929              | 1,616            | 583,414                    |
| 3. South-Mid. Counties...  | 1,234,832            | 308,787                           | 249,920                  | 8,277              | 1,191            | 568,175                    |
| 4. Eastern Counties .....  | 1,113,982            | 277,732                           | 206,830                  | 8,226              | 768              | 488,556                    |
| 5. South-Westn. Counties   | 1,803,291            | 407,907                           | 381,501                  | 5,184              | 1,534            | 796,076                    |
| 6. West-Midland Counties   | 2,132,930            | 376,844                           | 315,946                  | 28,790             | 4,041            | 725,621                    |
| 7. North-Mid. Counties...  | 1,214,538            | 215,498                           | 272,395                  | 8,869              | 1,935            | 498,697                    |
| 8. North-Westn. Counties   | 2,490,827            | 284,240                           | 298,977                  | 112,523            | 2,811            | 693,551                    |
| 9. Yorkshire .....         | 1,789,047            | 216,062                           | 374,820                  | 20,668             | 1,489            | 613,039                    |
| 10. Northern Counties..... | 969,126              | 106,335                           | 141,039                  | 17,951             | 351              | 265,676                    |
| 11. Welsh Counties .....   | 1,188,914            | 132,940                           | 481,192                  | 5,688              | 3,683            | 623,503                    |

But our readers will feel the fatigue of these investigations. Statistics are proverbially dry, and the illustration of great principles which they afford does not suffice to make them pleasant. If every school-boy had to calculate the number of stones in every raisin, and the number of raisins in every sweetmeat given him, before he was allowed to taste it, verily plum-puddings and plum-cakes would soon go out of fashion. We have been 'picking' the raisins till our head aches, and even now have not made the cake! What shall we do? If our readers have counted the stones as we have picked them, they will support our proposition to adjourn the undertaking till next month, by which time we shall hope to have not only cleansed the *fruit* of statistics, but mixed it up with the *flower* of our principles, and baked it into sweet solidity by the *fire* of conscientious and spirited reflection.

## The Preachers—A Modern Tale.

### PART I.

Is one of those large commercial towns of England which some consider the head-springs of British prosperity, and where multitudes of enterprising men are constantly ascending and descending on the ladder of fortune, the families of the Rigorhoods and Fluxibles had played a successful part, and won the game of life. They had left

their town residences, and retired into one of the most beautiful of the suburban districts, to spend the leisure of their days. To your social sage, who studies domestic problems, in order to ascertain what stages the world has reached, and what still clogs the chariot-wheels of true progress, the household incidents of these families may be of some service.

Mr. Rigorhood was a veritable Scotchman, and there was much of the Caledonian in his form, spirit, and brogue. They say that it is characteristic of the North Britons never to forget 'number one;' perhaps this is a libel on our Northern neighbours, although, it must be confessed, that in the case of Mr. R. the *I* was ever supreme. His *physique* was somewhat imposing. He stood above the average height, with a broad chest, brawny limbs, and a big head. Your phrenologist, in handling that cranium of his, would say that it indicated a large predominance of the intellectual over both the animal and the moral. There was evidently a fine calculating machine under the bony roof above his shoulders. Though his chest was broad, he had more brains than heart. We never liked his eye; we could never meet it in our glance, not because of its strong flash, but because it seemed to roll beneath us—look inwards or askance, not at us. It only peeped at you from under its projecting and shaggy brow. In social talk, we like eyes to meet glances and mingle fires.

Mr. Fluxible was a very different man. He was a native of Somersetshire. He was thick set, of florid complexion, and with a considerable dash of the amiable in his constitution. He was evidently on good terms with himself and with all mankind. He lived in the sunshine of his own good nature; never wrestled with any great problem; neither the Bible nor the universe gave him any doubts.

Marriage had connected these two very dissimilar men together. Rigorhood had married the sister of Fluxible, and she partook largely of the attributes of her brother, and supplemented many of those heart qualities of which her husband was manifestly deficient. In some respects, however, there was a correspondence between these two men. They had both come, green and penniless youths, to the town about the same time; and both, by perseverance and frugality, had amassed a considerable amount of wealth. Rigorhood had made his fortune as a baker; the other as a draper.

Earnest, and, we hope, honest venders were they of the two great necessities of our physical being—'food and raiment.' Both were religious men in their way; they were regular in their attendance at their respective places of worship; members of the church, and morning and evening read some portion of holy writ, and offered prayer in their domestic circles. They had both large families; Fluxible had seven children, and often did the good little man, blending a little of his small wit with his piety, congratulate his partner on that number, stating that it was the 'biblical symbol of perfection.' Mr. Rigorhood was the honoured father of two amiable and intelligent daughters, and of a son, of whom we shall have to speak not a little hereafter.

These families, though united by tender relationships, living on

terms of affectionate intercourse, and professedly religious, had but little sympathy in their ideas of good preaching. Indeed, strange as it may seem, there were four distinct types of pulpit ministration zealously followed, sustained, and advocated in these two households. Hence, from these two families, there went every Sabbath-day worshippers to no less than four different places of worship. This resulted partly from the diversity of mental organization, and partly from the diversity of the educational processes through which some portions of the family had passed.

The cold logical intellect of Rigorhood, well stocked with dry and juridical Scotch theology, and which would assume the pugilistic the moment anything was uttered that did not chime in with the Assembly's Catechism, could not tolerate for a moment that unctuous and bedearing ministry in which the warm and non-intellectual nature of the amiable Fluxible could glow and luxuriate.

Every Sabbath-day, therefore, you might see these families driving in their carriages, for they kept carriages, and had got above the vulgar habit of walking to their respective sanctuaries—the Rigorhoods making their way to the church of the Rev. Arid Creedman, and the Fluxibles to the church of the Rev. Suaviter Sentiment. However, as the children grew up, they declined resorting to the same places of worship as their parents. Young Harry Fluxible, who had now reached manhood, became the devoted admirer of the Rev. Ariel Mistmind; whilst Charles Rigorhood, also now a man, would hear no one but a Mr. Broadthought, who preached at School-street, the other end of the town. As might be expected, great were the disputes in these families about sermons and the merits of preachers.

One beautiful Sabbath evening, in the month of August, the Fluxibles having returned from church, went, as was their wont in the summer evenings, into their garden. It was a beautiful place. All the villas and mansions in that neighbourhood have, for the most part, fine gardens; but few excelled Mr. Fluxible's. Upwards of two acres of land extending high up the slope of a hill, commanding an extensive prospect of a rich and undulating landscape, with a complete view of the large town, were all laid out with exquisite taste. Even Lord Bacon himself, who wrote about gardens, would have been pleased with this. There grew the choicest shrubs and trees; wherever you turned your eye there were beds of lovely flowers unfolding every tint of beauty, and wafting the sweetest fragrance. Fountains sported their sprays in the sun's beams, and diffused a cooling and refreshing influence around. Rustic seats of curious devices were placed at the finest angles of view, and over some of these the willow and the ash threw in graceful forms their cooling shade.

Whilst promenading these winding walks, the Fluxibles were soon joined by the Rigorhoods, who had just returned from public worship. It was customary for these families to visit each other alternately on Sabbath evenings. After continuing their walk a little while, they sat down on one of the rustic seats; and the conversa-

tion soon turned upon the services in which they had been engaged, and especially upon the sermons to which they had listened.

‘Ah, brother Rigorhood,’ said Fluxible, his little eyes swimming with emotion, ‘I wish you had been with us to-day, we had *such* a sermon! Didn’t dear Mr. Sentiment preach delightfully to-day, Martha?’ turning to his wife with a look of pious ecstasy, to which Martha, who was rather dreamy-minded, and inclined to novel-reading, responded—

‘It was indeed a precious opportunity;’ and then with a sigh said, ‘he is, indeed, a dear man.’

Mr. Rigorhood, as if impelled by a holy jealousy for his pastor, said coolly, ‘Well, we have had a good discourse to-day too, although I do not think Mr. Creedman brought out, with sufficient prominence, the glorious doctrine of original sin.’

The conversation then turned upon the children;—Mr. Fluxible regretting the waywardness of his son Henry, who had given up the ministry of Mr. Sentiment for that of Mr. Mistmind. This Henry had received a good education, but had somewhat of the mental dreaminess which belonged to his mother. He had a large share of intellectual ambition. He could not condescend to allow his mind to run in the ordinary ruts of thought,—not he. He had a strong taste for metaphysics, and for poetry, but he sadly lacked common sense—thus his mind was constantly oscillating between the creations of imagination and the highest abstraction of philosophic speculation. His creed, if it may be called a creed, was a kind of poetic metaphysics. Like the visions of a dream, his conceptions were sometimes sublime, generally grotesque, always incoherent and uninterpretable. He had read a little of Coleridge, a good deal of Carlyle; and knew a little about Fichte, and other super-sensuous and super-logical notabilities.

After Fluxible had finished lamenting the religious depravation of his son Henry in thus forsaking the ministry of Mr. Sentiment, Rigorhood commenced the same strain about his son Charles. ‘I do not know,’ said he, ‘what to make of Charles. A more generous, intelligent, and upright young man there cannot be—not that I say so because he is my son—but I fear the good work of grace is not begun in his heart. He will not listen to Mr. Creedman. He says that he attends the ministry of Mr. Broadthought, and they tell me that this Mr. Broadthought is not orthodox; he holds very loose notions about original sin, and imputation and effectual calling, and I have a great horror of such men.’

Now this Charles, of whom his pious father was complaining, was no ordinary young man. His soul combined in beautiful proportions the robust intellect of his father with the deep and tender emotionality of his mother. His body was fit residence for such a soul. His highly symmetrical frame had stretched beyond the ordinary mould: his expansive brow, his large blue eyes—remarkably prominent and bright, shooting in their rapid glances the blended rays of a high intellect and a noble heart—indicated that no common man could be

his teacher. He had received a liberal education at one of the chief universities. He had read the best of ancient and modern authors ; and treasured up their choicest thoughts. With a remarkable facility he could dive into the depths of abstract speculation, and anon soar into the bright and glowing firmament of poetry. His sympathies were broad and genial. He looked out upon nature with admiration, upon humanity with love, and up to God with subdued reverence. Although he loathed the nomenclature of theology, and the bickering polemics of its sects, he received the Bible as the word of God, revered and appropriated its universal 'truths, and bowed his spirit in earnest docility to the instructions of Jesus as the Great Teacher. Yet his father did not understand him ; because he did not worship with him, and adopt the technical tenets of his faith, he was wept over as a heretic.

The conversation in the garden had not proceeded far before Harry and Charles arrived, and heartily greeting their sisters, who were on the lawn, approached their beloved parents, and seated themselves by their side.

Good Mr. Fluxible thought this an excellent opportunity for administering a rebuke to the young men for not joining their parents in the public devotions of the day, and with his usual good-natured look and softness of expression, said—

'Well, young gentlemen, where have you been to-day?'

Charles, with more soul than his cousin Harry, was prompt to reply.

'Harry has been,' said he, 'to Fog-lane, and I have been to School-street, twice to-day, uncle.'

'I wish you had been with us,' said Mrs. Fluxible, rather pettishly, a tear at the moment glistening in her bright eye, like a dew-drop on the violet in the sun. But the tear did not fall. With a gentle sigh it passed off. Had it not, however, been for the pettish tone with which the words were spoken, that tear in the mother's eye would have evoked such emotions from that son and nephew as would have checked all discussion. Who can talk against a woman's tears, especially a mother's?

After the lapse of a moment, Charles responded, 'Perhaps we have been as much profited as if we had been with you, aunt.'

'That is not very likely,' said Mrs. Fluxible.

'No, I think not,' said Mr. Fluxible, with a little more than his ordinary assurance.

'Why should you say so, father?' said Harry, thoughtfully.

'Why should I say so!' returned the father, rather sharply, 'why—all must know that—compare the ministers we have been hearing with those to whom you have been listening. Who is the Rev. Ariel Mistmind? No one scarcely knows him, and very few, I am told, go to hear him. And then, Mr. Broadthought, who is he? Perhaps he is a little better known, and has a better congregation, but some of the most popular ministers do not consider him sound in the faith ; indeed, I have heard our own dear minister significantly hint suspicions about

his theology.' Mr. Fluxible having grown very warm by the utterance of these few sentences, with an emphatic shake of the head concluded, 'I hate these new-fangled notions.'

'As to the remarks of Mr. Sentiment,' replied Harry, 'about ministers, I can only say that little men frequently slander the great, and that generally by base innuendo.'

'Uncle,' interposed Charles, 'you have asked rather contemptuously who is Mr. Mistmind and Mr. Broadthought? may I not ask, who is Mr. Sentiment?'

'Certainly not—certainly not, Charles!' exclaimed Mr. Fluxible; 'all know him. He is a member of numerous committees. He belongs to the Evangelical Alliance, and is one of the directors of the Missionary Society. He is seen often on the platforms of some of our great institutions. When *he* speaks in public meetings, few men are more cheered. His voice at Exeter-hall, the other night, was lost for some minutes in deafening applause. And then, see his congregation; how constantly is his chapel crowded; and what a long line of carriages are at the doors during every service.'

Here Mr. Rigorhood, who had manifested a little impatience at all this man-worship, remarked—'I confess, brother Fluxible, I do not much value all this *popularity*. The popularity of a minister is seldom a proof of distinguished piety and ability. In fact, so long as the vast majority of church-going people are uneducated, ill-informed, and untrained to habits of deep thinking, the probability is that the greater the man the less popular.'

This seemed to throw Fluxible off his balance. He did not for a moment expect that his own brother-in-law, who regretted with him the absence of the sons from their own sanctuaries, would have thus stepped in to the defence of the young men; and still less did he expect to hear the doctrine propounded by one with whom he always felt too weak to argue, that the popularity of a minister did not prove his greatness. Why, he had always seen the greatness of Mr. Sentiment not so much in his personal make, nor even in his thoughts and language, as in the carriages at the door and the crowd in the house; and those carriages, and that crowd, were always to his imagination a magnifying lens, through which he saw his minister in giant proportions. Fortunately, however, at this moment an idea occurred to Fluxible, which he thought would still make out the transcendent greatness of his minister to the satisfaction of the entire party. 'Why, brother Rigorhood,' said he, 'I did not mean *mere* popularity apart from *usefulness*. Now look at the usefulness of Mr. Sentiment (for he could not speak of usefulness apart from Mr. Sentiment), what accessions there are constantly made to the church! He has been the means of converting some scores this year, and every week he meets a number of anxious inquirers. I should say that the man who converts the most souls is the most useful man, and you will find very few men who have been more successful than Mr. Sentiment.'

'Well, brother,' replied Rigorhood, 'I am disposed to question

even this doctrine of yours. I cannot admit that the man who converts most souls, as you say, is the most useful.'

'What! not admit that?' said Fluxible, starting from his seat as if struck with mingled horror and surprise, and moving off a few steps and looking downward, and muttering to himself, 'Well, well, I am astonished! I am astonished!'

'Now, brother,' replied Rigorhood, with true Scotch calmness, 'don't be so excited; come here, and let me explain myself.'

'No, no,' said Fluxible, 'it is no use to contend any more; if you question *that*, I can't talk to you.'

'Come, come, dear,' said his wife, 'be seated, and let brother Rigorhood explain himself, for I dare say we misunderstood him. You know he is always fond of saying strange things for the sake of argument.'

'Now, uncle,' urged Charles, who had been sitting down with his cousin all the while, listening with deep interest to the conversation, 'do take your seat, and let us hear father's explanation.'

With this the good little man, whose strongest emotion would effervesce in a few words, resumed his seat, with something of the mannerism of an injured man.

'Well,' said Rigorhood, 'I said I was disposed to question your position, that the man who converts most souls is the most useful man. In my opinion, it depends upon the *kind* of souls he converts. You know very well, brother, that all souls are not *equally* valuable. There are some souls more valuable than a hundred, aye, a thousand of ordinary souls. The individual minds of Shakespere, Bacon, and Newton, for instance, seem to be almost as great as the minds of the whole generation put together; at all events, they exerted more influence upon the world. As a fact, there are millions of human minds in every generation who have not the power to exert much influence over their fellow-creatures; and who never do. They 'leave no footprint on the sands of time;' the waves of a day obliterate their track. There are only a few in every age capable of exerting an influence over all time. This being the fact—I say *fact*—is it not clear, brother, that a man who converts one, only one truly great mind, may be as useful as he who converts a thousand of the ordinary stamp? 'That one mind might be a Milton, a Butler, a Luther, a Bunyan, a Morrison, or a Carey, and thus make itself felt through all future times. Hence, I believe that many a man who preaches to a dozen may be, in reality, more useful than another who preaches to a thousand.'

These remarks, though so thoroughly new to all, were evidently felt to be unanswerable, and after Mr. Rigorhood had finished, there was a dead pause for some time. Charles and Harry were delighted. They felt supplied with a weighty argument to justify them in attending the ministry of those who had to preach to a few compared with the congregation of Mr. Sentiment.

Charles felt that it was a good opportunity for him to offer some

remarks on the subject. He said that 'he thought the remarks of his father were very true and important. That when he looked upon the large congregation of Mr. Sentiment, he could not but see their peculiar application. Present company excepted,' said he pleasantly, 'he did not know of a single person belonging to Mr. Sentiment's congregation above mediocrity in thought or intelligence; whilst the great body seemed to him considerably beneath it.'

'I have often,' he continued, 'been struck with the number of lack-a-daisical looking women and vacant-faced men belonging to that congregation. There are persons who assemble in that place for a kind of morbid gratification—to be acted upon by the plaintive tones, tears, and rhapsodies of Mr. Sentiment, not to *think*; to have the sensibilities titillated, not to have their intellects awakened, and their consciences aroused.'

He went on to say that he had never heard anything from Mr. Sentiment worth an intelligent man's listening to.

With this, Mrs. Fluxible cried out, 'Oh, Charles, Charles, fie!'

And Mr. Fluxible having recovered from the shock of Rigorhood's remarks, said,

'Had you heard the sermon to-day, Charles, you would not have said so.'

'Well, uncle,' replied Charles, 'what was it about? Let us hear it.'

'Mary Anne,' said Mr. Fluxible, calling to his daughter, who was walking on the lawn with her sister, admiring the flowers, and listening to the chirpings of some birds that had just perched on the bough of a beautiful mulberry-tree that grew near the shrubbery, 'come here.'

Mary Anne, who was the eldest daughter, and inherited much of her father's sentimentality, and who was also a devoted admirer of the minister of her parents, now approached her father, who said,

'Did you take notes, my dear, of the sermon to-day?'

'Yes, papa,' replied Mary Anne, thoughtfully, 'of this evening's sermon.'

'Do read them, then, my dear,' said her papa.

Upon which Mary Anne drew from her pocket a little note-book, which she was in the habit of using for the purpose.

'Let me see,' she said, as she turned the leaves over, 'the text was from Luke xii. 32,—“Fear not, little flock, it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”'

'I. The simile employed, “The flock,” “God's own dear people,” are a flock. They are like sheep.

'1st. Because of their folly. Sheep seldom find their way back to the fold without a shepherd. And,

'2d. Because of their utility—for eating and clothing. God's own dear people are very foolish; they are also very useful: for they supplied spiritual food and raiment to the world. They are valuable to Christ. His dear saints are his spouse; hear his sweet language about them: “Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy voice



is sweet, and thy lips are like scarlet. Behold, thou art fair, my love ; behold, thou art fair ; thou hast dove's eyes, and thou art fairest among women."

'II. The characteristic of the flock—they are little. Little in their own estimation, and in the estimation of the world—in their strength and in their number.

'III. Consoling admonition. "Fear not," &c. Some of you, dear brethren and sisters, are always fearing. Now observe, Christ expressly forbids this ; and there are no less than seventy-two "fear nots" in this blessed Bible ; and how full of consolation is this chapter to you. I once knew a dear lady who was always fearing, and she dreamed one night that she heard the voice of Christ saying to her, "Fear not ;" and she awoke in a most happy state of mind, and has never feared since that hour.

'IV. A glorious assurance. "It is your father's *good* pleasure." Observe the gift itself. The kingdom. Dwell on its magnitude, its splendour, its perpetuity, its happiness, its completeness. And here,' said Mary Anne, 'he spoke of the glory of the kingdom, and of the crowns we should wear, and the white robes, and the music, and the singing.' And now, having reached the end of her notes, she said :

'Was not Mr. Sentiment beautiful here, papa ?'

'Yes, my dear,' said he ; 'what a wonderful revelation of heaven he gave us.'

Here, young Charles, who had been listening with great attention to the notes (and looking, at the same time, to the passage in a little Greek Testament, which he always carried with him) interposed,

'Do you really mean to say, Mary Anne, that you have given me the substance of Mr. Sentiment's sermon ?'

'Yes, I think I have, cousin,' replied Mary Anne.

'Then, I say,' returned Charles, 'it's trash.'

'What !' said Mr. Fluxible.

'I said trash, uncle,' replied Charles. 'I can't help saying so ; and I wonder how such twaddle can be tolerated ; and so long as such talk is encouraged in the pulpit, it's no wonder that thoughtful men are repelled from the sanctuary.'

'Charles,' said his mother, 'I am astonished and grieved at you ; you have become reckless, I fear. What objection could you have to such a beautiful discourse ?'

'I have three objections, mother,' replied Charles. '1st. Because he has not given the correct explanation of the text. "Our Saviour was speaking to his disciples, to whom he had entrusted the propagation of the doctrine of his kingdom ; these persons, in working out their mission, would be exposed to danger, and the simple idea of the text seems to me to be, "Do not be alarmed, for it is the will of God that you should receive this authority." Christ's aim is evidently to arm them with courage. The great general truth is this, *that an assurance that we are discharging the work which the Father of all has allotted to us, should free us from all fear.* But this great truth, which

is of vast importance to the world, Mr. Sentiment has never referred to. His eye has not discovered the spirit of the text. 2nd. Instead of giving the true idea of the text, he has given a number of little notions which it was never intended to express, and which, I think, tend much to degrade the holy words of Christ. I cannot believe that Christ meant that good men are always "little"—that they are like "sheep, foolish, yet useful." Oh, mother, if Mary Anne has given a correct representation of the discourse, then I say that the sermon of Mr. Sentiment has enfolded one of the great guiding-star-truths for humanity in the thick and unhealthy mists of a sickly imagination. 3rd. I object to the tendency of the sermon as anti-christian. The great design of the gospel, I think, is to give men broad and rational ideas of God's great system; inducing habits of earnest, vigorous, and holy thinking; inspiring with lofty purposes of action; and destroying every particle of selfishness in man, and filling him with the Divine spirit of benevolence. But in this sermon, which Mary Anne reports, is there a rational idea enumerated? Is there the slightest appeal to the power of thought? Is there a single great purpose held forth suited to inspire a soul? Has it the slightest tendency to destroy the selfishness of the human heart? Nay, I think, the tendency of such sermons is to strengthen that chief devil in man, Selfishness. The constant talk about the crowns, and the robes, and the singing of the future state, is nothing but a gratification of selfishness.'

Here Mr. Fluxible, whose emotions by this time had reached a boiling point, interrupted by energetically exclaiming,

'Stop, stop, Charles, I cannot listen to any more.'

'Let him finish his remarks, dear,' said Mrs. Fluxible.

'No, I thank you, aunt, I don't wish to intrude with any farther observations if they are displeasing. Perhaps I have spoken too warmly, though I am sure not unkindly, and, I trust, not irreverently; all I say, therefore, is, that you must not expect me to listen to such preaching as that of which we have just had a specimen.'

Mr. Rigorhood, who had listened with great attention to the remarks of his son, thought this a good opportunity to invite him to come and hear *his* minister on the following Sunday.

'Charles, my boy,' said he, 'will you come and hear Mr. Creedman next Sabbath evening with us; I think he preaches more after your style.'

'I have heard him several times, you know, father,' replied Charles.

'Well, try him once more,' said Mr. Rigorhood.

'If you wish it, father, then I will,' said Charles.

Mrs. Fluxible, turning to her husband, said, 'Let us all go next Sabbath evening.'

'Agreed,' replied Mr. Fluxible.

Mrs. Rigorhood, who had been affected to tears by the remarks of her son, as well as pained by the ebullitions of temper which her own brother had displayed, kindly invited all to her house to supper after that service.

The shades of evening had now fallen thickly over the scene, and a dark cloud appeared in the horizon. A little breeze sprung up, rustled the leaves, and moaned amongst the branches of the trees, indicating that a storm was just at hand.

Thereupon the party adjourned to the house.

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## Glimpses of the Western Indies.

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### No. II.—PHYSICAL ASPECTS.

WHEN Queen Isabella asked Columbus what the island of Jamaica resembled, he took a sheet of writing paper, and after crumpling it tightly in his hand, partially stretched it out again, and presented it to her majesty as his idea of the physical aspect of this beautiful gem of the Antilles. This was just the kind of off-hand and clever reply likely to suggest itself to the practical and shrewd mind of the great discoverer; and no one who has sailed along the northern or southern coasts can fail to perceive the singular appropriateness of this simile. But how many years passed away before any one in England knew anything about the heights and hollows of that sheet of crumpled paper. The Spaniards were busy killing off the Indians;\* and after the English had routed the Spaniards, and become masters of this and the other islands, they were so busy in buying and selling slaves, and putting down Coromantee insurrections, and by extravagance, slovenly cultivation, and expensive establishments, bringing the island into the delightful state of bewilderment and confusion in which it is at present, that they had neither time nor heart to pause, amidst the wonders and glories of gorgeous scenery and of rare productions, and say, 'The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that take pleasure therein;' and it is only within the last few years that we have begun to know anything accurately of the geology or natural history of the island.

And yet to Jamaica England owes her British Museum. The Duke of Albemarle 'having obtained the supreme command of Jamaica, and other parts of English America,' and 'wanting some one who could take care of him and his family in case of sickness,' Hans

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\* We have no authentic account of the Indian population on the island when first visited by Columbus, but all accounts agree in representing it as densely peopled,—within half a century they had all ceased to exist! The humane, but mistaken monk, Las Casas, says, 'They hanged these unfortunates by thirteen, in honour of the thirteen apostles. I have beheld them throw the Indian infants to their dogs, and I have heard the Spaniards borrow the limb of a human being to feed their dogs; and I have seen them next day return a quarter to the lender!' Sir Hans Sloane says, 'After the discovery of Jamaica, in some short time, the Indian inhabitants, to the number of *sixty thousand*, were all destroyed by the Spaniards.'

Sloane obtained the appointment of physician to his Excellency, and sailed with him for Jamaica in the 'Assistance' frigate, Sept. 12, 1687. They were two months and thirteen days in reaching Barbadoes,—a distance now accomplished within three weeks,—and there the doctor writes thus concerning the tropic fruits, with which he was now making acquaintance for the first time: 'For my own part, I liked so well the dessert after dinner, which consisted of shaddocks, guavas, pines, mangrove grapes, and other fruits unknown in Europe, that I thought all my fatigues well bestowed when I came to have such a pleasant prospect.' On his return to England, after a long residence abroad, he says, 'When I first returned from Jamaica, I brought with me a collection of dried samples of some very strange plants, which excited the curiosity of people, who loved things of that nature, to see them, and who were welcome, till I observed some to be so *very curious as to desire to carry part of them home with them privately*, and to injure what they did. This made me upon my guard with them.'

The results of this voyage and collection were twofold; first, the publication of two splendid folio volumes, now found only in university or rare private libraries, entitled, 'A Voyage to the Islands of Madeira, Barbadoes, Nevis, St. Christopher's, and Jamaica, with the natural history of the herbs and trees, four-footed beasts, fishes, birds, insects, reptiles, &c., of the last of those islands; to which is prefixed an introduction, wherein is an account of the inhabitants, air, earth, water, diseases, trades, &c., of that place; with some relations concerning the neighbouring continent and islands of America. Illustrated by the figures of the things described, which have not been heretofore engraved, in large copperplates as big as the life. By Sir Hans Sloane, Bart. In two volumes. "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." Printed for the author, 1725.'

Out of this collection commenced in Jamaica, and with such laborious research, continued until 1753, grew also our noble national institution, the British Museum; the idea of which, Hans Sloane suggested in his will, offering, with much generosity, to place at the disposal of Parliament, for the sum of 20,000*l.*, his library and specimens of natural history, which had cost him 50,000*l.*

To these volumes we shall probably again refer. Let us now go back to Columbus's sheet of crumpled paper, and for a moment or two study its geological features. With a map of Jamaica\* before him, let the reader imagine a section from Kingston on the south, to Buff Bay on the north, and in that brief distance he will find stratas resting one against the other, of gravel and sand, limestone, syenite, porphyry, red sandstone, slaty shale, &c., ending in white marl and limestone. Another section to the north-west, towards St. Mary's, presents the same features, with slight alterations; in the St. John's mountains he would find the sedimentary limestone, intruded on by craggy peaks of porphyry and greenstone; on the north-west coast of

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\* The only reliable one is published by Arrowsmith, Strand, compiled from manuscripts in the Colonial Office and Admiralty.

the island, towards Falmouth, Montego Bay, and Savanna la Mar, he will find reef after reef, and ridge after ridge of hills, the work of the coral insect, and magnificent specimens of brainstone (*Meandrina*), the chain-coral (*Catenopora*), and sea-pens, or fans (*Pennatulæ*), of large size and beautiful proportions, lying on the coast; while for a long distance in the interior of the island stretch wide and partially barren savannahs, covered with logwood and ebony, that ever give so desolate and monotonous a character to savannah\* scenery. Concerning this savannah conglomerate of gravel, sand, and clay, Sir Henry de la Beche (a Jamaica proprietor, whose beautiful estate, Halse Hall, lying on the edge of the St. Jago savannah, we have often visited), says, 'This conglomerate may probably be referred to that class of deposits called tertiary. The whole, as a mass, appears to have been derived from the partial destruction of other strata, and has not suffered any violent disturbance since deposition. Now all the other stratified rocks in the island do exhibit marks of disturbance; and I cannot avoid connecting the disturbance of the strata and the formation of the conglomerate and gravel with each other, and supposing that the rounded pebbles were formed by the violent agitation of waters at the time the strata were upheaved.'†

Dry as these details are, they contain the causes of the very varied scenery of Jamaica, and of the boundless resources of its soil. No island has probably suffered more from the hand of man than this; its mineral treasures have never been disclosed; its soil has never been scientifically cultivated; its virgin forests, occupying tens of thousands of acres in the interior, and crowded with the noblest hard woods of the tropics, have never heard the sound of the emigrant's axe; its people have never been properly understood, and on their education money and life have been wastefully sacrificed by the want of concentrated effort on central positions; the want of capital and the want of principle, apparent in so many Jamaica transactions, have produced a double and nearly remediless bankruptcy; and long years of suffering for planters, missionaries, and people, are to be the historic teachings of long years of unwisdom, extravagance, and sin.

Still, the island is a lovely spot. 'Every prospect pleases.' Hurricanes and earthquakes are of rare occurrence. The rainy seasons of May and October 'enamel everything.' Venomous and even noxious animals are seldom seen; and when seen, their beauty and their habits are worth the risk. Situations of more than English healthfulness can always be found in the mountains, and in such spots we have seen

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\* On one of these savannahs the writer lived for many years, often going up into the mountains of Clarendon to procure fossils, concerning which old Sir Hans Sloane says, 'It is pretty strange that sometimes at great heights and at great depths in the bowels of the earth, those substances should be found that have belonged to real shell-fish.' And to which even modern preachers refer as affording proof of the deluge, forgetful of the indubitably right conclusion of all geologists, that so partial was the flood, and of such brief duration as compared with geological epochs, that there are no traces in nature that can possibly be attributed to that event.

† Sections and Views, &c., by H. de la Beche.

almost every English vegetable, and many of our English garden flowers, growing freely. As a climate to be resorted to by those who are threatened with pulmonary complaints, it is every way to be preferred to Madeira. In the large towns, such as Kingston, Spanish Town, Falmouth, and Montego Bay, there is society of an intelligent and Christian character; religious institutions are as numerous as in England; and literary and scientific societies are beginning to exert their wise and salutary influences; the press has lost all its rabid and anti-English character, and its influence is almost wholly in the right direction; and while the Christian may find much to *do* in the way of benevolent effort, the student and the naturalist will find much to *observe* amidst the new and ever-varying aspects of nature.

'Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite  
Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue  
Relate thee?'

In the words of Sir Hans Sloane we conclude: 'It may be asked, to what purposes serve such accounts? I answer, the knowledge of natural history, being observation of matter of fact, is more certain than most others, and in my slender opinion less subject to mistakes than reasonings, hypotheses, and deductions are; and on this occasion I have heard it reported of Gabriel Maude that he used to say, he acquiesced in *ecclesiastical* history, doubted of *civil*, but believed the *natural*. These are things we are sure of, so far as our senses are not fallible; and which in all probability have been ever since the creation, and will remain to the end of the world, in the same condition we now find them. Besides which, they afford great matter of admiring the power, wisdom, and providence of Almighty God in creating and preserving all things. There appears so much contrivance in the variety of beings preserved from the beginning of the world, that the more any man searches, the more he will admire, and conclude them very ignorant in the history of nature who say they were the productions of chance.'

W. G. B.

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### Schools for the Destitute and Dangerous.

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UPWARDS of twenty years ago, the French 'Academy of Moral and Political Sciences' proposed the following question:—'How is that part of the population which in Paris and other great cities is dangerous to the peace of society by its vices, its ignorance, and its poverty, to be amended by the Government or the upper classes?' The question at once received both a theoretical and a practical answer. M. Fregier, in a valuable and interesting work on the 'Dangerous Classes,' published in 1840, urged the necessity for the establishment of Reformatory Schools, and the multiplication of *salles d'asile*.

In the same year the now celebrated asylum at Mettray was founded by MM. Demetz and Bretignieres. Their practical answer was—We will take care of these classes, we will feed and clothe them; surround them with healthy moral influences, put the *love* of God before their eyes, and so endeavour to refit them for society. Reformatory schools have since been established in Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Wirtemberg, Bavaria, Saxe Weimar, Saxony, Prussia, Hungary, the United States—even in Austria and Russia; while, as Sir John Pakington observed at the recent Birmingham Conference, in this country they are only just struggling into existence. We have them, however, at Red Hill, Reading, Bath, Kingswood, Droitwich, Saltley, Aberdeen, and a few other places, and a vigorous and systematic attempt is now being made by the gentlemen of the late Conference to extend them through the kingdom. We beg the attention of those who are called Evangelical Christians, who are reported, often slanderously, too often not, to care less than worldly men or heretics for the social welfare of their fellow-beings, to the urgent necessities and claims of this movement.

To these the very fabric of Government, with the evidence of statesmen, magistrates, philanthropists and political economists, of city missionaries, and of ragged-school teachers, bear witness. The first is the organization of society for the protection of itself against the evil; the second deplore and lament its existence, and call aloud for a remedy; the third have pointed out the evil itself, and shown the way to cure it.

We need scarcely inform our readers concerning the class from which the young hot-bed of juvenile vice derives its origin. It is from the thieves and beggars of the cities and large towns, from whom sin has rooted out all natural affection, and whose only care for their unfortunate offspring is either to train them in their own pursuits, or to spawn them upon the world, and leave them to vegetate as society may choose. To their children vice, and often disease, are as much an inheritance as the very faculties of mind and body which are afterwards to be the instruments of their corruptions. Lying is to them what it is to the American savage, merely the 'thing that is not'—no moral offence. Theft is a habit of second nature, and is looked upon rather as a virtue than otherwise. Society at large is an enemy simply to be robbed for its possessions, and afterwards to be feared for its power to pain and punish. And the habit of society hitherto has been to inflict pain and punishment. It has only now discovered that chastisement merely for the chastiser's sake exercises no beneficial influence over the chastised!

Society and its outcasts have hitherto had no sympathies in common. They have resembled two nations at war—more closely, perhaps, the state of two parties in a civil warfare. The savage portion has encroached upon the civilized, and the civilized has risen to protect itself. Till lately it was never thought that Civility had no right thus to rise, while the savage owed its very savageness to its enemy. 'The Dangerous Classes,' says the able writer of a treatise on the

'Philosophy of Ragged Schools,' published two years ago,\* 'consist of those whom vice, or poverty, or ignorance—generally all these—have placed in a state of warfare with social order. Society has done nothing for them, and they are soured and brutalized.' The process of vice in these cases is so natural, that only a miracle could stay its result.—

'Vice, like war, feeds itself: for from the vices of the parents spring up a race of wretched children, illegitimate, abandoned altogether, or actually trained to wickedness, who in their turn swell the ranks of these so-called dangerous classes. These children, in great cities like London or Paris, maintain themselves for the most part by petty thefts, and thus levy a large tax on the community. Houses of entertainment for these unfortunates are found profitable, and the fruits of robbery are spent in coarse and vicious indulgences. In London, under the title of *Gaffs*, a rude sort of theatrical entertainment is given, where one penny only is charged for admission; the subjects are chosen from the adventures of thieves, &c., and the language is suited to the subject and the hearers. The play-bills of these theatres are written, not printed, and the title of one of the pieces may give some notion of the species of entertainment.

"On Thursday next will be performed, at Smith's Grand Theatre,

'THE RED-NOSED MONSTER;'

Or,

The Tyrant of the Mountain.

*Characters.*

The Red-nosed Monster.

The Assassin.

The Ruffian of the Hut.

The Villain of the Valley.

Wife of the Red-nosed Monster.

Daughter of the Assassin.

To conclude with

THE 'BLOOD-STAINED HANDKERCHIEF;'

Or,

The Murder in the Cottage.

*The Characters by the Company."*

"In some parts of London these houses, which are of course unlicensed, have been put down as nuisances; but a large number remain, some of them of considerable size. One, in Paddington, is calculated to hold two thousand persons. "The audience of these places," says a spectator, "consists almost exclusively of the youthful part of the community. . . . Youths from eight to sixteen years of age are the great features of such places. There is a tolerable sprinkling of girls, but usually the boys considerably preponderate.

"No one who has not visited these establishments could have the faintest conception of the intense interest with which boys in the poorer neighbourhoods of London regard them. With thousands the desire of witnessing the representations at the penny theatres amounts to an absolute passion. There can be no question that these places are no better than so many nurseries of juvenile thieves: . . . plans for thieving, and robbing houses and shops, are there formed, and speedily executed."

"The number of children frequenting low theatres is almost incredible," says one of the inspectors of prisons; "the streets in front, and the avenues leading to them, may be seen, on the nights of performance, occupied by crowds of boys who have not been able to possess themselves of the few pence required to obtain admission. I will describe as a sample one place of amuse-

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\* 'Small Books on Great Subjects,' xviii. The Philosophy of Ragged Schools. London: Pickering.



ment, called the 'Penny Hop,' to which the admission is one penny, and where two or three series of performances take place the same evening. It consists of a spacious room, fitted up in the rudest manner, with a stage, and seats on an inclined plane, the access to it is through a dark passage, and up a ladder staircase. On one occasion I was present, and found the audience to consist almost exclusively of *boys and girls of the very lowest description*, many without shoes or stockings, and to the number of 150. I pointed out to the superintendent of police (who accompanied me) a well-dressed youth among the number, who proved to be the son of a respectable tradesman, and he was delivered over to his parents. I had some conversation with the persons in the interior, who appeared to have the management, and they stated, in answer to my queries, that the theatre was almost always filled, and with boys; that they had attempted to play 'Jack Sheppard,' but in consequence of the frequent interruptions from the audience (who seemed all to wish to take a part in the performance) they were obliged to give it up.\* The report goes on to observe, "the flaunting exterior of these shows attract crowds of children about them in the evenings, and must be added to the already too numerous temptations in the markets and streets. Nor are the objects represented of that innocent and elevating character which should mark the amusements of those of younger years. If they do not directly corrupt the mind, they tend to its vitiation, by familiarizing it with scenes of grossness, crime, and blood, all represented with a revolting coarseness. The murder of Maria in the Red Barn by Corder, of Hamah Brown by Greenacre, and other similar atrocities, are among the most common exhibitions." The low theatres, shows, penny hops, &c., are found to be the proximate cause of ruin in fifty-two cases out of the ninety, and connected more or less with the practice of crime in others.

The penny theatre and the plays above described are allowed by the Lord Chamberlain, who, perhaps, in his place in the House of Peers, expresses his profound regret at the vices of the lower classes, and suggests the propriety of Government establishing reformatory institutions!

The author above referred to, however, correctly observes, that it is not merely by suppressing 'penny gaffs' or 'flash houses' that we shall mend the 'Dangerous Classes;' but by preventing the growth of that portion of the population which forms their constantly increasing strength. The mistake of society in this direction hitherto has been to allow the tares to grow at all. No reform has been attempted till some overt act of crime has been committed. In this respect our continental neighbours are wiser, if not more generous, than we. The following account of the *salles d'asile* in Paris, given by M. Fregier, may well rebuke our self-sufficient philanthropy:—

"The *salles d'asile* have been established solely for children of the poorer classes. They are designed for the cultivation of the growing intelligence, and the religious and moral instruction, of a considerable number of children of from two to seven years of age." The style of teaching seems to resemble that of our infant schools, with this difference, that a meal or meals seemed to be provided for them.

"The restlessness natural to their age not allowing the masters and mistresses to require them to fix their attention long on the same thing, they are led from one occupation to another, so as not to fatigue them, till the hour for meals or recreation: and this well-arranged distribution of business and pleasure makes the asylum very pleasant to them. Many of these halls in Paris contain from an hundred to an hundred and fifty children that in the

*ruce de l'Homme armé* is the most remarkable, on account of the extreme indigence of the parents who take their children thither, and the variety of their religious opinions. There are many Jews mixed with Christians, and notwithstanding the different creeds of their relations, as the religious ideas inculcated are those merely of the knowledge and love of God, no conscience is offended. . . . The *salles d'asile* are under the inspection of a committee of ladies, to whom the warmest thanks are due, since from the moment that the municipal administration took charge of these establishments, they have watched over them with a zeal and care which have never for a moment relaxed. This committee now forms a necessary part of the establishment; and indeed, who are so fit to watch over so fragile and delicate a deposit as the mothers of families, when animated by a disinterested benevolence? who better than they can bestow the kindness and attention which childhood stands so much in need of? Paid teachers and inspectors would not bring to their functions the same moral energy, the same warm and gentle charity. . . . We have remarked that the children in these asylums belong to the lowest classes; the ladies charged with their inspection, on the contrary, occupy a high rank in society; they have leisure, they have wealth, or at least a competent fortune. Their functions are not confined to the watching over the intellectual and moral state of the pupils; they hear from the chiefs of the establishment all the wants, not only of the children, in regard to clothing, but also those of the parents who may be in extreme poverty. Not unfrequently these ladies themselves carry their benevolent assistance to the homes of the wretched. . . .

"These *salles d'asile* are amongst the most useful and popular institutions of our time. In a great part of the manufacturing towns, where the municipality have had the wisdom to establish them, the workmen, after a short hesitation, have seen the advantage, and have sent their children. And there is this special benefit arising from these establishments,—i.e., that the children who were many of them prematurely employed in the manufactories, now gain strength of constitution no less than intellectual and moral culture, during their attendance there. . . . If public benevolence," adds M. Frégier, from whose account the foregoing is abridged, "can ever be applied with success to the moral amendment of the people, it will certainly be by active concurrence in the establishment and multiplication of these asylums, no less by gifts than by advice."

Another charity, of a kind unknown in England, in which infants are received and nurtured during the absence of the mother at work, is referred to by the author of the 'Philosophy of Ragged Schools:—

'A certain sum is paid weekly by the mother, who carries her infant early in the morning to the *Crèche*, as it is called, which consists of a large room where cradles, nurses, &c., are provided: the child is washed and nursed, and the mother returns twice in the day to give it the breast, or if weaned, it is fed by the nurses, and a certain degree of education is begun even here, which is continued in the *salle d'asile*. There are several of these *Crèches* in Paris, under the superintending care of the ladies of that city, who seemed to have found in these, and similar institutions, a more satisfactory employment than in the ordinary dissipation of women of fashion.'

Perhaps our own ragged schools—the wisest and greatest work of modern philanthropy—more than equal in their results both classes of these training institutions, but they necessarily neglect the very youngest of the thieves' household, who are allowed to grow hardened to some degree of iniquity before they can be recognised or cared for. The reformatory institutions, therefore, recommended by the Birmingham Conference, have in view destitute as well as criminal children, as the following resolution will show:—

'That before proceeding to the consideration of the legislative amendments imperatively called for in the national treatment of morally destitute and criminal children, this Conference fully concurs in the resolution of the select committee of the House of Commons, viz., "That it appears to this committee to be established by the evidence, that a large proportion of the present aggregate of crime might be prevented, and thousands of miserable human beings, who have before them under our present system nothing but a hopeless career of wickedness and vice, might be converted into virtuous, honest, and industrious citizens, if due care were taken to rescue destitute, neglected, and criminal children, from the dangers and temptations incident to their position."'

To carry out this object, the Conference was of opinion—

'That the country requires legislation for the establishment of reformatory schools for children convicted of crime or habitual vagrancy; and that such schools should be founded and supported in the manner pointed out by the resolution of the committee of the House of Commons—videlicet, partly by local rates, partly by contributions from the State.

'That in the opinion of this Conference, every encouragement should be given to reformatory schools, supported by voluntary contributions, for the benefit of destitute and criminal children; and that power should be given to Government, and to counties and boroughs, to contract with the managers of such institutions for the education and maintenance of criminal children therein. Such institutions to be subject to Government inspection.

'That power should be created for sending children convicted of crime, or habitual vagrancy, to reformatory establishments for sufficient time for their reformation or industrial training, or until satisfactory sureties may be found for their future good conduct.

'That powers should be conferred in certain cases to apprentice boys on their leaving reformatory schools, or to adopt other measures at the public cost for enabling them to commence a course of honest industry.'

'And,' said Mr. Adderley, '*I hope to extend the clauses of the bill so far as to enable a magistrate to commit a child to school rather than to gaol.*'

Before the bill can be passed, and when it has become law, there is much that the Christian Church can do. It can itself try to unlearn the old lesson that halters and tread-mills are proper supplements to neglect, and not self-denying kindness and strong forbearance; it can help to educate the feeling of the nation on this subject, by making it one of church action; it can contribute to necessary expenses; it can collect information; it can establish voluntary institutions (in which we have individually more faith than in any Government scheme); and it can move the professed teachers of the Church to adapt their pulpit ministrations more to the necessities of the age. 'Constituted,' says the writer before quoted, with too much truth,—

'As the human mind is, any subject, however interesting, becomes wearisome by frequent repetition; yet the clergy persist in repeating what may be good *per se*, but which is not good for the people if they have heard it till they are tired of it. Were there not an almost cowardly dread of doing anything not exactly customary, the Sunday instruction from the pulpit might be made available to a thousand useful purposes, but most especially to that most useful of all, the teaching parents how to manage their young children. They might be told how children should be dealt with by them as we ourselves are by God. He makes our sins our own scourge, and inflicts nothing arbitrarily:—so should it be in the education of children—they should be allowed to suffer the conse-

quences of wrong doing; but blows are no necessary consequence of any action of theirs, and therefore give no moral lesson. If a child tells a lie, to disbelieve him afterwards when he is anxious that his assertion should be credited, is a proper punishment; a flogging has no connexion with it, and cannot be inflicted when the boy grows up; he knows and depends on this, and punishments of this kind have therefore no permanent moral effect. The distinction between the animal and the spiritual nature might be made clear, and parents might be instructed in like manner, from the pulpit, as to how they may avail themselves of this in the guidance of their families: the lives of good men might be given as holy lessons: the history of the progress of Christianity, of the temporal as well as spiritual benefits it has conferred—in short, a course of instruction no less useful than amusing might be given—if the language were made studiously plain—which would do much towards amending the state of the lower orders.’

But whatever may be done for the children of the lower classes, must be done in the spirit of the ragged-school movement—from a spirit of duty and benevolence. The voice of the ragged schools of London gives the noblest and greatest reply to the question of French and English statesmen and philanthropists: ‘I am fed, I am clothed, I am surrounded with healthy moral influences; I am being taught that there is a God, and that he is a God of love; but to me the best teaching has been the strange knowledge that it is all done for *my* sake, and not for what is called *society’s*.’ It is our conviction—whatever may have been written on the philosophy of ragged schools—that this is the true cause of their success. We are apt to forget, in discussing this subject, that society and self are little better than synonymous terms. To the political economist and statesman they are identical. To many ‘philanthropists’ we are afraid they have no distinction of meaning. The destitute pariahs of the metropolis would laugh if you attempted one. Christianity provides the only successful principle of action—‘I seek not yours, but you’—‘for *your* sake and the Gospel’s.’

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## Harrow.\*

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A SWEETER spot is not to be found within a day’s ramble of our brick Babylon than Harrow-on-the-Hill. Rich in natural beauty, it is even richer still in its associations, historic and literary. Mr. Smith has compiled, and drawn from original sources, much interesting information connected with this classic locality. Good reader, are you an old Harrovian, mindful of happy boyish days long gone, or a smoke-dried cit, longing for green fields and fresh air, procure this

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\* Hand-book for the use of Visitors to Harrow-on-the-Hill; containing a topographical and historical account of the parish of Harrow, and the Grammar-school founded by John Lyon, &c. Edited by Thomas Smith, author of a historical and topographical Account of the Parish of St. Mary-le-bone. London: W. N. Wright.

excellent little hand-book, and we are no true prophets if it does not send you on a pilgrimage to the place where Byron drew his first and purest inspiration.

Harrow is of great antiquity. The hill on which it is built rises out of a vale, which poets have celebrated for the fertility of the soil. Thus Drayton, in his *Poly-Olbion*, boastfully sings :—

‘ No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,  
As that made of the meal fetched from my fertile leaze.  
Their finest of that kind, compared with my wheat,  
For whiteness of the bread doth look like common cheat.  
What barley is there found, whose fair and bearded ear  
Makes stouter English ale or stronger English beer ? ’

The fine old church, the spire of which is so conspicuous an object in the landscape, was built about the fourteenth century ; but there are some remains of far more ancient architecture. The original building was erected by Lanfranc in the reign of the Conqueror. A Saxon arch at the bottom of the tower, and some columns in the interior dividing the north aisle from the nave, are olden remains peculiarly worthy of notice. The church contains some curious sepulchral brasses and other monumental inscriptions. The most interesting is that to the memory of honest John Lyon, the benevolent yeoman, who founded Harrow school. We have *italicised* a word or two for the note of governors of our educational charities, and as a suggestive hint to those who complain so loudly of the want of means for the instruction of the poor :—

‘ Heare lyeth buried the bodye of John Lyon, late of Preston, in this parish, yeoman, deceased the 3rd day October, in the yeare of our Lord, 1592, who hath founded a *free grammar-schoole* in this parish, to have continuance for ever ; and for maintenance thereof, and for *releyffe of the poore, and of some poore scholars in the universities*, repaireinge of highwayes, and other good and charitable uses, hath made conveyance of lands of good value to a corporation granted for that purpose. Prayse be to the Author of all goodness, who makes us myndful to follow his good example.’

A basso-relievo by Flaxman, and a Latin inscription by Dr. Parr, are more modern, but less forcible monumental testimonials of this plain yeoman's worth.

Of John Lyon little is known, but that he was a substantial yeoman, who acquired wealth by honest industry. He was a man of intelligence and foresight, as appears from the orders, statutes, and rules which he drew up, in 1590, for the future government of his school, particularly in the express permission to alter, amend, or abolish, as the change of times might require. The charity was incorporated in 1571, under the title of ‘ The keepers and governors of the schoole called and to bee called the Free Grammar-schoole of John Lyon, in the village of Harrow-upon-the-Hill, in the countye of Middlesex.’ He directed that a competent number of scholars should be educated *freely* ; and, at the same time, gave permission to the schoolmaster—

‘ To receive over and above children of the inhabitants within the parish, so many foreigners, as the whole number may be well taught and applied, and the place can conveniently contain, by the judgment and discretion of the governors. And of the foreigners he may take such stipends and wages as he can get, except that they be of the kindred of John Lyon, the founder, so that he take

pains with all, indifferently *as well of the parish as foreigners, as well of poor as of rich*; but the discretion of the governor shall be looked to that he do.

The same spirit of care for the poor pervades all the bequests of former days for educational purposes. It would be a labour worthy of the energy of our times to restore them to their proper uses. The sum of 20*l.* was allotted for the support of four exhibitions; two in Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge—the others in any college at Oxford. In selecting the exhibitions, the preference is to be given to the founder's kin; secondly, to natives of Harrow; thirdly, to such as are most meet for 'towardness, poverty, and painfulness;' and failing these, 'any other scholar at Harrow School' are declared eligible. These scholarships are now of the value of 30*l.* per annum each; they endure for four years, but the number is uncertain. The total rental of the free-school lands, in 1590, was 179*l.* 5*s.* 8*d.*; in 1808, the estate produced 586*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*

'It is curious (says Mr. Smith) that those parts of the property which have most increased in value, such as land in Mary-le-bone and Paddington, called the Pineapple estate, now let on building leases, were appropriated to the repairs of the road from London to Harrow, and other roads in the neighbourhood; these estates, which sixty years ago produced only 100*l.* per annum, are now supposed to return an annual income of 4,000*l.* It is reasonable to suppose that John Lyon could never have anticipated such an increase in the value of this part of his property, or he would scarcely have devoted it to the purpose of keeping roads in repairs, when the foundation of the school seems to have been the principal object of his benevolent intentions.'

The school is now in a very flourishing state, and contains nearly four hundred scholars. We wish the author had given further information on the most interesting point connected with the benefaction. He says:—

'There are but few boys on the foundation. These are boarded at their own homes, the advantage which they receive being an exemption from paying the schooling.'

How is this? Are there none other 'meet for towardness, poverty, and painfulness,' to share the benefits of a foundation for poor scholars? It was clearly not the intention of honest Lyon to establish a Free Grammar School for the sons of the great and the wealthy.

Several other scholarships have been founded in connexion with the school. Mr. Sayer founded two of fifty guineas a-year, for four years, to Caius College, Cambridge; Mr. Neeld, M.P., two of thirty pounds a-year, for three years, to any college at Oxford; and Isabella Gregory, one of a hundred pounds a-year, for six years, to either university.

Mr. Smith has collected much interesting information connected with Harrow and with eminent Harrovians. The lovers of graveyard gatherings may be amused with the following attempt at the epigrammatic, locally attributed to the schoolboy Byron:—

'Beneath these green trees, rising to the skies,  
The planter of them, Isaac Greentree, lies;  
A time shall come when the green trees shall fall,  
And Isaac Greentree rise above them all.'

The volume is well illustrated, from drawings by Mr. Frederick Skill.

## The Death of Luther.

[We extract the following complete and effective sketch of the last days and death of Luther from a work with that title, by the Rev. Professor Stowe.]

On the morning of the 23rd he set out from Wittenberg for Eisleben, to visit the Count of Mansfeld, and took with him his two sons, Martin and Paul, the eldest of whom was then about twenty. His wife was sick, and on that account obliged to stay at home. There had been a violent storm, the rivers had all overflowed their banks, the bridges were carried away, and travelling was both difficult and dangerous. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 24th, he arrived in Halle, and in the evening preached in St. Mary's church. He was detained there three days by the state of the river Saale, which was full of floating ice, and running with a furious current. On the 28th he and his two sons, with Dr. Jonas, rowed themselves across the river in a skiff, at the imminent hazard of their lives. While they were struggling with the ice and water, Luther spoke to Dr. Jonas in his dry pleasant way: 'Dear Doctor, would it not be fine sport for the devil to drown Dr. Martin Luther and his two sons and Dr. Jonas, all together, here in the river?' They gained the shore in safety, and proceeded on their journey. The Count of Mansfeld met them with a company of one hundred and thirteen horses, and escorted them to Eisleben. When they came in sight of the church tower of Eisleben, a rush of tender reminiscences crowded upon the mind of Luther with such overwhelming force that he fainted entirely away. When he recovered, he said: 'The devil must needs insult me from the old steeple yonder. But I will give him a pull or two yet before I die.' Luther found himself very much exhausted by the fatigues and inconveniences of his journey. He had an issue for the pains in his head. This had been neglected since he left home, and had become very painful. After a night's rest, however, he entered on business, and pursued it with unremitting diligence. . . .

February 14th, he ordained two preachers and received the Lord's supper for the last time. The next day he preached his last sermon from Matt. xi. 25—30.

February 16th, at supper Luther spoke with great cheerfulness on the brevity of human life. . . .

His appetite had been very good and his meals remarkably cheerful; and he observed that, getting back to his native town, his food tasted to him as it did when he was a boy.

On the morning of February 17th, he appeared so unwell, that the Count of Mansfeld begged him not to attend to business that day, but keep his room. This he consented to do; he saw no company, and his dinner was sent up to his apartment. In the afternoon, however, he said he could not bear to eat his meals alone, it was so gloomy and unsocial, he would go down and take supper with the family. His two sons were with him, his friend Dr. Jonas, and his servant

Ambrose. He walked thoughtfully up and down in his chamber, and at length said: 'I was born here in Eisleben; what if I should die here?' He complained of pressure for breath; he walked to the window and opened it; his lips moved, and a low murmur was heard, as if he were in earnest prayer. His servant Ambrose, supposing he might want assistance, came softly behind him, and heard him speak to the following purport: 'Lord God, heavenly Father, I call upon thee in the name of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, whom I by thy grace have acknowledged and preached, that thou wouldst, according to thy promise and for the glory of thy name, graciously listen to my prayers at this time. Oh, grant, according to thy great mercy and loving kindness toward me, that the light of the gospel, which now begins to shine on the earth, may everywhere take the place of the terrible apostasy and darkness and blindness of the pope, before the great day of judgment, which cannot now be far off, but is at the door; and withal preserve thou the Church of my dear fatherland pure unto the end in the steadfast profession of the truths of thy holy word, and graciously keep it, that all the world may know thou didst send me to do this work. Ah, dear Lord God, Amen, Amen.'

Not a word was spoken by any of his attendants. They felt, as Jacob did in Bethel, 'How dreadful is this place!'

He resumed his seat, and said to Dr. Jonas and his sons: 'Oh, I wish this business of the Count of Mansfeld's were settled, that I might go home and lay myself down in my coffin to sleep, and give this poor body to the worms!'

Michael Coelius, the minister of Eisleben, came in to see him, and he said to Coelius and Dr. Jonas: 'Pray for our dear Lord God, that it may go well with him and his Church, for the Council of Trent is in a great rage.' He complained of pain in his breast, and requested them to rub him with warm flannels, which they did. He felt better, and at supper time went down and ate with the family with a good appetite. Observing the company rather desponding, he began to converse with great liveliness, and by two or three sallies of his ever-ready wit, threw them into a hearty laugh.

After supper he again complained of a pain in his breast, and asked to be rubbed with warm flannels. They urged him to send for a physician, but he declined. At nine o'clock he went up stairs, in company with his two sons, Martin and Paul, Dr. Jonas, Mr. Coelius, and his servant Ambrose. He lay down on a sofa in a little ante-room adjoining his chamber, and slept for about an hour and a half. He then awoke and asked Ambrose to warm the bed in his chamber. He arose from the sofa, took off his clothes without assistance, wrapped himself in a dressing-gown, walked to his bed, and lay down. Seeing his sons and the other friends standing anxiously around him, he requested them to retire to bed; but they earnestly begging permission to sit up with him, he made no further objection, but turned his face toward the wall, and seemed to sleep. His servant Ambrose says he did not really close his eyes, but seemed to be narrowly watching the flickering shadows made upon the wall by the unsteady



light of the fire. At half-past eleven he told his servant to light a fire in the little room; and soon after exclaimed, 'O Lord God!' in a tone of distress. His friends were immediately around him, and he said to Dr. Jonas: 'I have most distressing pain at my heart, I think I must be dying.' They rubbed him again with flannels, and the sad news spread through the family and through the city, that Luther was dying. The two principal physicians of the city were soon by his bed-side, the Count of Mansfeld came hurrying in with some salts of ammonia, then newly discovered, and was soon followed by his lady the Countess, the Count John Henry von Schwartzburg and his lady, and Dr. Aurifaber, the particular friend and biographer of Luther.

Luther soon recovered, rose from the bed without assistance, walked once or twice across the chamber, and then went into the little ante-room, and lay down again upon the sofa. It was now one o'clock in the morning. Soon after lying down, he said in Latin: 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' The Countess of Mansfeld wished him to take some of the medicines she had brought; but he said his poor dear Catey, in her abundant anxiety for him, had put up, just before he came away, a little case of refreshments and medicines, and if he took anything, he would rather have some of that. His son went to his trunk, took out the parcel he spoke of, and handed it to him. He took one or two of the things it contained, just put them to his lips, handed them all back to his son, and told him to put them away, and never to forget the kindness of his mother. Soon after, he said: 'Dear God, I am in dreadful pain, I must be going.' Mr. Coelius said to him: 'Venerated father, call upon our dear Lord Jesus Christ, our great High Priest, our only Mediator; you have done a great work for him; God will be gracious to us; you will yet recover.' 'No (said Luther firmly), I feel the cold sweat of death—I am breathing my soul out—my distress is increasing.' He then prayed in German: 'My heavenly Father, eternal, most merciful God, thou hast revealed to me thy dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; Him have I professed, Him have I preached, I adore him as my only Saviour and Redeemer, while the ungodly reproach and revile and persecute him. Oh, take my poor soul to thyself.' He then said in Latin three times in quick succession: 'Into thy hands I commit my spirit;' and added: 'God so loved the world that he sent his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' After a moment's silence, he again spoke in German: 'Oh, heavenly Father, although this body is breaking away from me, and I am departing from this life, yet I certainly know I shall for ever be with thee, for no one can pluck me out of thy hand.' And then subjoined with a cheerful tone in Latin: 'Our God is a God of salvation—our Lord delivereth from death.'

He appeared to be fast sinking, and the Countess of Mansfeld again administered some cordials, and directed him to be bathed with spirits. Then Dr. Jonas said to him: 'Most beloved father, do you still hold on to Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer?' His

faded countenance once more brightened, his clear blue eye sparkled with intelligence, and he replied, in a distinct and thrilling tone: 'O yes.' He then folded his hands across his bosom, turned his face a little on one side, and began breathing softly and gently as a sleeping infant. His eyes were becoming fixed in their sockets, the glassy hue of death was fast gathering on them, when one of the old men in attendance, who had been his companion in childhood (and who in bad weather had often carried the favourite little Martin to school in his arms), in that awful moment, forgetting entirely the mighty reformer and thinking only of the friend of his heart, knelt down by the sofa, and putting his arm across his bosom and his face to his cheek, exclaimed in the plaintive notes of childhood: 'Martin, dear Martin, do speak to me once more!' But there was no reply. The mighty spirit had already gone. Before the words were fully uttered Luther was already with Moses, with Paul, with John, and with Christ; and in the last only did he find a superior. The Countess of Mansfeld would not be persuaded that he was dead. Even when she heard the death-rattle in his throat, and after that all was still; when she saw his lips open with a slight and scarcely perceptible gasp, and then move no more; still, with all a woman's perseverance and hopefulness, she stood intently watching his face, and anxiously rubbing now his feet and now his hands, till at last perceiving that they grew ice-cold to her touch, and she could warm them no more, hope was forced from her, and she turned from the couch, threw herself into a chair, and covered her face and wept like one who refuses to be comforted.

Luther died of cancer in the stomach, or *angina pectoris*,\* at half-past two o'clock on Tuesday morning, February 18th, 1546, at the age of sixty-two years, three months, and ten days. As he seemed to anticipate, his native city, by a singular providence, became also the place of his death.

Luther's death, though peaceful, and full of unwavering confidence in Christ and his gospel, was not so joyous and ecstatic as that of many a Christian in humble life. For this, two reasons may be assigned:—

1. His personal hopes were never of the exhilarating kind. Of himself he was often distrustful; it was only in respect to the cause in which he was engaged that he was always undoubtingly confident.

2. He was probably, during the whole time, suffering excruciating bodily pain. Though he said but little about it, it is evident from what he did say that his sufferings were extreme. And it must have been so, for he had a mighty, muscular frame to be shaken down, and such a frame could not, in so short a time, have been brought to dissolution without terrible torture.

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\* The authorities differ on that point.

## Biblical Illustrations.

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### THE GREAT RELIGIOUS TRUTH PARTICULARLY ENFORCED AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE BOOK OF JONAH.

THE so often despised and ridiculed book of Jonah most vividly sets forth some of the most important truths of religion; truths which in that age were but little known, and which in all ages are much less regarded than their importance deserves. The truths to which we refer are such as the following:

(1) All nations are under the loving care of God, and responsible to him.

This great truth, so little known or acknowledged in the Hebrew nation, or anywhere else, in those times, was joyfully announced, in its application to individuals, by the apostle Peter, as if it were something new to himself, when he visited the pious Roman centurion.

Important as this truth is, honourable as it is to God and beneficial to mankind, it was, in the time of the prophet, known only to a limited extent, and scarcely at all appreciated. Nowhere, in all the compass of literature, sacred or profane, has it ever been more impressively and graphically depicted than in this narrative of Jonah's mission to the pagan city of Nineveh, and the consequences which resulted from it.

(2) Another most important truth set forth and vividly illustrated by the book of Jonah, is, that irreligious communities are sometimes, and in some respects, less ungodly in their deportment than religious communities; that the people of the world are sometimes, as a body, more susceptible of good impressions, from the preaching of righteousness, than the members of the church.

The Israelites were God's chosen people, and they had all the ordinances and institutions of the true religion. Prophets were born and dwelt among them; and God was continually sending to them accredited messengers from himself, as he emphatically expresses it, *rising up early and sending*. Yet they refused to listen, or to obey, or to repent. They continued obstinate and rebellious.

But the moment one foreign prophet appears in the streets of Nineveh, denouncing the judgments of heaven upon the people for their sins, then they at once repent and cry to God for mercy. So it not unfrequently happens. And thus our Saviour declared in respect to the Jewish church in his day:

'The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it; for they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and behold, a greater than Jonas is here.'—Luke xi. 32.

It is the best things that by perversion become the worst. A fallen angel becomes a devil: a fallen woman sinks lower than a fallen man (for as Jesus, the son of Sirach, truly says, *there is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman*); and when salt loses its savour it is meaner than common earth; it can neither be tilled nor cultivated, but is fit for nothing but to be trodden under foot of men.

No wickedness is so vile, so hopeless, as the wickedness of those who profess to know God; no men sin so shamelessly, so outrageously, as those who sin with the approbation of their own consciences, and for the sake of doing God service.

Let a man pervert his conscience, let him deceive his own moral sense; and the very light that is in him becomes darkness, and a hopeless darkness it is.

Hence the devil's hardest, most shameless, most villainous work in this world, has generally been done by professors of religion. It is among them that we find St. Bartholomew days, and inquisitions, and the horrible *auto da fe*, and such like.

Again, some men seek to be religious, only because they are mean and pusillanimous. They have all the disposition to be wicked, and would be so if they

dared. They long for the pleasures of sin, but they dread its future consequences to themselves. They wish for just religion enough to escape merited punishment when they die; and they desire not one particle more.

From persons of this class, connected with the church, you must expect developments of meanness, and malignity, and double-dealing, and hypocrisy, which you will seldom find among those who make no pretension to religion.

These are the disgrace to the Christian cause, the supporters of unbelief, the great hinderers of every good work; and there is more hope of the most profligate open sinners than of them.

This idea will help to explain the relative religious and moral condition of Israel and Nineveh in the time of our prophet.

(3) A third great religious truth taught by our narrative is this: that sincere repentance and hearty reformation, everywhere and in all circumstances, secure the Divine forgiveness and favour.

This idea occurs repeatedly in the course of the narrative. We see it in what is said of the sailors (i. 5, 13—16); of the prophet himself (i. 19; ii. 10); of the Ninevites (iii. 5—10); and most especially in the last conversation of God with Jonah (iv. 6—11); where it is all placed on the true gospel foundation that *God is love*.

(4) Another great and most important truth taught by the narrative is, that the ministers of God, in the discharge of their official duties, have nothing to do but just to *preach the preaching which God bids them*, without regard to personal consequences.

Prompt obedience, an obedience full and hearty, to the word of God, is the only way to please God; and, as from God all the increase must come, it is of more importance to please him than any one else.

It is the only way to gain respect among men; for, however bad men may be themselves, principle and courage they will respect, and double-dealing and pusillanimousness they will despise.

It is the only way to secure efficiency and permanency to the ministry. If the minister yields to public sentiment to the wronging of God, he teaches the church to yield to public sentiment to the wronging of the minister; and ere he is aware of it, the ground has all slipped away beneath his feet.

How vain the attempt to flee from God or to evade his requirements! Let the timid, the hesitating, the unfaithful, give good heed to the story of Jonah the prophet. They will learn from it that the true minister of the true God, notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts to escape from disagreeable duty, will after all have the disagreeable duty to do; and it must be done, too, with the additional torment of the reproof of conscience, the fatigue and shame of flight, the mortification of exposure, and the sorrow of repentance. The man who always does right from the first, has, in this world, much the easier task and much the happier life, as well as the brighter crown in eternity.—*Biblica Sacra*.

#### THE HEBREW STATE.

In the general constitution of the Hebrew State we observe two features, very remarkable in that age—the element of liberty which pervades it, and the general equality of conditions which it secures among the people.

If we designate the Jewish Commonwealth according to the modern classification of governments, it approaches nearest to a republic. There was no king, but God. There was no nobility, exempted from burdens laid on the poor, and from punishments inflicted on the peasantry. In one sense, indeed, it approached more nearly to an absolute than a popular government. The people had no voice in the framing of their laws. It was the theory of the State that those laws emanated directly from the Almighty. God was enthroned on the mountains of Judea. His commands could not be submitted to a vote. No clamorous populace debated with the Deity. The Israelites had only to hear and to obey. But in the administration of the government they had full political power. They elected their own rulers. Moses even gave them the

power to change the general constitution of the State, if it should afterwards become necessary. At first, the land was governed by judges, officers, perhaps, not unlike the Roman consuls, but often having only a limited and local sway. In time, the Hebrew tribes, as they grew in power, like the Roman republic, became ambitious of a more imposing central authority. Foreseeing this, Moses had wisely abstained from making the constitution unchangeable, which might have led to a violent revolution. He permitted them to choose a king, but on condition that he should not be a foreigner, and that he should maintain firmly the laws of the State. (Deut. xvii. 14—20.) And not only did all enjoy the same liberty, and exercise the same political rights; not only were all equal before the law, having the same claim to justice and protection; but the Hebrew polity aimed to secure among the citizens a general social equality, an equality of property and of condition.

On the conquest of Canaan it was divided into twelve parts, which were assigned by lot to the different tribes. Thus the Hebrew State was a confederacy of twelve small provinces, like the Swiss cantons. The territory of each was then subdivided, so that a portion of land was assigned to every family. This was a military division of the country. A share in the soil might be considered as a reward of every soldier who had fought for the Promised Land. But in the eye of the great Lawgiver, it was designed to have the most important political effects.

First of all, it settled the country. It gave to every man a fixed and permanent home. For forty years the Israelites had lived in a camp. They had contracted the roving habits of all wandering tribes. Had they not been fed from heaven, they must have been driven by hunger to break into marauding parties, and to live, like other tribes of the desert, by predatory expeditions. Now an army was to be transformed into a nation. The cottage was to take the place of the tent, and the pruning-hook of the spear. All this Moses secured by one simple law. Instead of introducing a feudal system, dividing the conquered country to military chiefs, for whom the people should labour as serfs, he gave the land to all. Each tribe was marched to its new possession, every family entered on its humble estate, and Israel began its national existence. The miracle was as great as if immense hordes of wandering Bedouins were instantly transformed into quiet husbandmen.

Further. This act determined the occupations of the people. By planting every father of a family upon a plot of ground which he was to cultivate, Moses formed a nation of farmers, deeming them the best citizens for a free commonwealth.

In modern political economy, it is considered necessary to the prosperity of a nation, that it should have a varied industry; employing a part of its people in manufactures and in commerce. But Moses founded a State almost wholly upon agriculture. Manufacture he did not encourage. Doubtless the Israelites, while in Egypt, had acquired skill in mechanic arts, as they showed in working gold and tapestry for the tabernacle. But the Hebrew lawgiver took no pains to cherish this branch of industry. Probably the arts afterwards sunk into the hands of slaves.

Nor did he introduce commerce. There was an inland trade which sufficed for the simple wants of the people. Their festivals, besides their religious design, probably served as annual fairs. The caravans, which even at that day passed from Asia to Africa, carried down their products to Egypt. But of navigation they knew nothing. Though Palestine lay at the head of the Mediterranean, in the best maritime position in the world, scarcely a bark ventured from the coast before the time of Solomon. Zebulon and Naphtali dwelt by the sea. Yet nothing is said of the excellence of their ports and harbours. The attraction of Palestine was its fitness for agriculture: 'The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; and a land of oil-olive and honey.' (Deut. viii. 7, 8.)

This aversion to commerce Moses may have derived from the Egyptians, who

had a horror of the sea. But he had other reasons for it. And his policy in this respect is another proof of his profound political sagacity. Commerce promotes intercourse with foreign nations, which for the best reasons he wished to discourage. By dispersing abroad the citizens of a State, it weakens the tie which binds them to their country and their God. A nation of traders quickly loses its nationality. Of this the Jews at this day are the best possible proof. Scattered in all countries, they are equally ready to lend their money to Christian or Turk, and to fight for or against any people or cause. Agriculture, on the other hand, keeping all the inhabitants at home, promotes patriotism, and attachment to the national religion. Farmers are the strength of a State, for they are generally both peaceful citizens and brave warriors. A small State is never so invincible as when all its citizens are independent freeholders. Then every man has an interest rooted in the soil. He fights for his country because he fights for his home.

Commerce, too, would introduce foreign luxury, which would corrupt the simplicity of a democratic State. True, it might make the Hebrews rich. But it was not the object of Moses to make his people opulent, but free, contented, and happy. He aimed not to erect a splendid monarchy, like those of Egypt and Assyria, but to found a simple and religious Commonwealth. By combining the Hebrews to rural occupations, he preserved a Spartan frugality and economy; the most proper to a free State. He preserved a general equality among the citizens. Even to the humblest of the people was secured such a degree of independence, that a Hebrew, however poor, could never lose the feeling that he was a man, a citizen of the State, a member of the household of God.

But this simplicity and equality could not long have remained, since large estates would begin to swallow up the smaller, but for another law, *that the land was inalienable*. In Egypt the soil belonged to the king, of whom the people received it as tenants. So God reserved in his own hands the title to Canaan: 'The land shall not be sold for ever; for the land is mine, for ye are strangers and sojourners with me.' (Lev. xxv. 28.) A man could sell the produce of his farm, or make over the income of an estate for a term of years. But the land itself was the gift of God to his family, and remained in it from generation to generation.

Political writers may object to this as an agrarian law. But its effect was most happy. It prevented the accumulation of great estates. It checked the ambition of the chiefs. It formed a barrier to the influx of foreign luxury, and to those civil discords which always spring from great inequalities of social condition. The disregard of this law at a later period was one of the crimes which hastened the ruin of the State. The prophet Isaiah denounces woe to those 'who laid field to field, that they might be placed alone in the midst of the earth.'

But for the present the Hebrew State presented the remarkable spectacle of two millions and a half of people, all equal in rank, and very nearly so in condition. This fact is the more surprising when contrasted with the monstrous inequalities which prevailed in other Oriental countries. Indeed, a parallel to this it would not be possible to find in the most democratic modern State.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

#### THE WORSHIP OF 'GROVES' BY THE ISRAELITES.

My own impression is, that it [the Assyrian symbol of the sacred tree] is the object so frequently mentioned in the Bible as the grove or groves which the Israelites are so frequently accused of worshipping—a conclusion which seems tolerably evident from the following reasoning:—First, many biblical scholars, amongst others the learned Gesenius, scout the idea of the word *Asheerah* meaning a grove; he translates it fortune, or Astarte, the Star of Venus, or Asteroth the companion and wife of Baal,—anything, in short, but a grove. In a more recent work by an excellent biblical scholar and philologist (Dav. Mai-golionth) it is stated that it is well known to the Jews that the word ought

never to have been translated, but remain as a proper name, Asheerah, or Asheerim, though he makes its signification 'the blessed,' and points out, without being aware of its resemblance to this Assyrian emblem, that it was a symbolical tree, representing the host of heaven. . . . I am inclined to read the names of the Bible in this manner:—Baal I consider as Assarac, or Saturn, the principal of the planets, according to the Assyrians; the Baalim as the seven stars collectively; and the Asheerah as representing the host of heaven, or all the stars except the planets. Be this, however, as it may, we have here, I think, indubitably a representation in the Assyrian sculptures of an object so frequently mentioned in the Bible, and are from that book enabled to apply to it a name, and, at least, an approximate meaning, with which we shall soon be able to make out all that yet remains obscure about it.—*Ferguson's Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis Restored*, p. 304.

#### THE OLD AND NEW 'TESTAMENTS.'

THE word *Testament* needs explaining, and the explanation needs to be remembered. The common meaning of the word is evidently quite unsuitable here. The simple fact is, that *Testament* is an improper translation of a Greek word which has two meanings, and the wrong meaning has been perversely and unfortunately used by the English translators of the Bible. One Greek word stands for two English ones—for *testament* and *covenant*. These two things are to a certain degree similar, yet in other respects very different. A covenant includes every kind of agreement or bargain. A testament is an agreement of one particular kind—namely, as to what is to be done with the testator's property when he is dead. Are the Scriptures of the Jews, then, a Testament or a Covenant? Was the religion taught by Moses the Old Testament or the Old Covenant? And that by Christ, a New Testament or a New Covenant? Plainly they were not testaments at all, but covenants; the Old Covenant and the New Covenant (See Heb. viii. 6). The Almighty declares his will to his creatures, and promises that if they obey his commands, he will grant them his blessing accordingly. This, in conformity to human ideas and customs, he calls establishing his covenant with them. Thus the covenant with Noah; the covenant with Abraham; the covenant with the children of Israel; 'the new Covenant in my blood, etc.'—*Higginson's Spirit of the Bible*, pp. 9, 10.

#### THE CHARACTERISTIC OF JEWISH LITERATURE.

THE historical books, while recording the secular affairs of the Jewish people, give a degree of prominence to their religious institutions which is quite unusual, whether in ancient or in modern histories. Their poetry is full of religious spirit, and commands a living interest in the minds of Christians to the present day. The Jews, in fact, have taught the world its devotional poetry. . . . All the extant poetry of the Hebrews belongs to the class of sacred or religious. It is a curious and important fact that this characteristic runs through all the varieties of their muse. They have their patriotic, their descriptive, their didactic, their lyrical poems, in the same varieties as other nations; each of these varieties without foregoing its specific character of patriotic, descriptive, didactic, lyrical, exhibits one common characteristic of sacred or religious poetry. . . . Thus, then, with one trifling exception, the whole of ancient Hebrew poetry partakes of a religious character. Every source from which poetical thoughts and feelings are customarily drawn, is made to yield them here under a religious aspect. Without cramping any poet's individual genius (for each has his own style, in many cases very marked), a national character is imparted to it, and that national character is religion.

Now this is certainly an extraordinary and striking fact in the history of literature. No other national poetry bears the same characteristic. To account for it in the instance of the Hebrew poetry, we must admit that religion was, from some cause or other, more intimately associated with all that could engage

the imagination and affect the heart among this one people, than anywhere else in the world.

And we derive hence a presumptive argument of no mean value in favour of the pretensions of the Jewish religion to a divine origin. Admitting that the Jewish nation had received by divine revelation a knowledge of the Divine Unity, and a peculiar system of religious observances, we can understand how topics of this sort should naturally thus engross their poetry. And if we attentively consider what kind of religious allusions those are which pervade it in every direction—how pure and dignified in comparison with the religious opinions and sentiments of mankind at large during the same periods—the presumption rises almost into moral certainty, that there must be at least a broad basis of fact, of historical truth, in the records which are implied in these poetical allusions. For the conception of the Deity which these writings evince are remarkable for their sublimity and grandeur, which, when judged by a comparison with the religious poems of other countries, most nearly contemporaneous, as those of Homer and Hesiod (and this is the true criterion), appear so vastly superior to their age, as to carry the conviction inevitably home to us that the prophets and poets of Judea had drunk from a higher inspiration than that of human genius or learning.—*Higginson's Spirit of the Bible*, pp. 19—23.

## The Bell.

### AN OUTLINE DRAWING.

ELSTE SCOTT had let her work fall on her knees, and her hands on her work, and was looking out of the wide, low window of her room, which was on one of the ground floors of the village street. Through a gap in the household shrubbery of fuschias and myrtles that lines the window-sill, one passing on the foot-pavement might get a momentary glimpse of her pale face, lighted up with two blue eyes, over which, however, some inward trouble had spread a faint, gauze-like haziness. But before her thoughts had time to wander back to this her sorrow, a shout at the other end of the street, which sounded like children's voices, reached her ear. She listened a moment. A shadow of deep displeasure and pain crossed her countenance. She rose hastily, and betaking herself to an inner apartment, closed the door behind her. Meantime the sounds drew nearer; and by and by an old man, whose appearance and dress showed that he was possessed of less than the usual capacity either for good or evil, passed the window. His clothes were comfortable enough in quality and condition, for they were the annual gift of a benevolent lady in the neighbourhood; but being made to accommodate his taste, both known and traditional, they were somewhat peculiar in cut and adornment. Both coat and trowsers were of a dark grey cloth, but the former, which partook of the military in its shape, had a straight collar of yellow, and narrow cuffs of the same; while upon both sleeves, about the place where a corporal wears his stripes, was expressed in the same yellow cloth a somewhat singular device. It



was as close an imitation of a bell, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, as the tailor's skill could enable him to produce from a single piece of the cloth. The origin of the military cut of his coat was well known. His preference for it arose in the time of the European war, when the threatened invasion of the country caused the organization of many volunteer regiments. The martial show and exercises captivated the poor man's fancy; and from that time forward nothing pleased his vanity, and consequently conciliated his good will, more than to style him by his favourite title—the *cornel*. But the badge on his arm had a deeper origin, which will be partially, and only partially manifest in the course of the story—if story it can be called. It was indeed as the baptism of the poor fool, the outward and visible sign of his relation to the infinite and unseen.

The cause of Elsie's annoyance was visible in that of the fool. He was followed by a troop of boys, who turned his title into scorn, and assailed him with names which they knew to be hateful to him. Although the most harmless of creatures when let alone, he was dangerous when roused; and now he stooped repeatedly to pick up stones and hurl them at his tormentors, who took care, while abusing him, to keep at a considerable distance, lest he should get hold of them. Amidst the sounds of derision that followed him, might be heard the words, frequently repeated—'Come hame, come hame.' In a few minutes the noise ceased, either from the interference of some friendly inhabitant, or that the boys grew weary and departed in search of some other amusement. By and by, Elsie might be seen again at her work in the window; but the cloud over her eyes was deeper, and her whole face more sad.

Indeed, so much did the persecution of this poor fool seem to affect her, that one who beheld it would be compelled to seek for the cause in some deeper sympathy than that commonly felt by gentle-hearted women for the oppressed. And such a sympathy existed, strange as it may seem, between the beautiful girl (for by some she was counted beautiful), and this 'tatter of humanity.' It was produced in part by a real similarity in their history and present condition; although nothing would be farther from the thoughts of most that knew them than any correspondence or connexion between them. All the facts that were known about *Feel Jack's* origin were these: that seventy years ago, a man who had gone with his horse and cart some miles from the village to fetch home a load of peat from a desolate moor, had heard, while toiling along as rough a road on as lonely a hill-side as any in Scotland, the cry of a child; and searching about, had there found the infant hardly wrapt in rags, and untended, as if the earth herself had just given him birth,—that desert moor, wide and dismal, broken and watery, the only bosom for him to lie upon, and the cold, clear night heavens his only covering. The man had brought him home, and the parish had taken parish-care of him, and he had grown up, and proved what he now was—almost an idiot. Many of the villagers were kind to him, and employed him in fetching water for them from the river or wells in the neighbourhood, and paid

him for his trouble in victuals, or a glass of whisky, of which he was very fond. He seldom spoke; and the sentences he could utter were few; yet the tone, and even the words of his limited vocabulary, were sufficient to express gratitude and some measure of love towards those who were kind to him, and hatred of those who teased and insulted him. He lived a life without aim, and apparently to no purpose; in this resembling most of his more gifted fellow-men, who, with all the tools and materials necessary for building a noble mansion, are yet content with a clay hut.

Elsie, on the contrary, had been born in a comfortable farm-house, amidst homeliness and abundance. But at a very early age she had lost both father and mother; not so early, however, but that she had faint memories of warm soft times on her mother's bosom, and of finding refuge from the attacks of geese, and the pursuit of pigs, in her mother's arms. Therefore, in after-times, when she looked forward to heaven, it was as much a reverting to the old heavenly times of childhood and mother's love. Indeed, without some such memory, how should we ever picture to ourselves a pure rest in safety and warmth? But it would seem sometimes as if the more a heart was made capable of loving, the less it had to love; and poor Elsie, in passing from a mother's to a brother's guardianship, felt keenly the change of spiritual temperature. He was not a bad man, nor incapable of benevolence, when touched by the sight of want in anything in which he would himself have felt privation; but he was so coarsely made that only the purest animal necessities affected him; and a hard word, or unfeeling speech, could never reach the quick of his nature through the thick casing of hide that enclosed it. Elsie, on the contrary, was painfully and excessively sensitive; as if continually projecting an invisible multitude of half-spiritual, half-nervous antennæ, which shrunk and trembled in every current of air at all below her own temperature. The effect of this upon her behaviour was such that she was called odd; and the poor girl felt that she was not like other people, yet could not help it. Her brother, too, laughed at her, without the slightest idea of the pain he occasioned, or the remotest feeling of curiosity as to what could be the inward and consistent causes of the outward abnormal condition. Tenderness was the divine comforting she needed; and it was altogether absent from her brother's behaviour. Her neighbours looked on her with some interest, but they rather shunned than courted her acquaintance; especially after the return of certain nervous attacks, to which she had been subject in childhood, and which were again brought on by events which I must relate. It is curious how certain diseases repel by a kind of awe the sympathies of the neighbours; as if by the fact of being subject to them the patient were removed into another realm of existence, from which, like the dead with the living, she can hold communion with those around her, only partially, and with a mixture of dread pervading the intercourse. Thus some of the deepest, purest wells of spiritual life, are, like those in old castles, choked up by the decay of the outer walls. But what tended more than any-

thing, perhaps, to keep up the painful unrest of her soul (for the beauty of her character was chiefly shown in this, that the irritation seldom reached her *mind*), was a fact at which, in its present connexion, some of my readers will smile, and others feel a shudder corresponding in kind to that of Elsie.

Her brother was very fond of a rather small, but ferocious-looking bull-dog. It followed close at his heels, wherever he went, with hanging head and slouching gait; never leaped or raced about like most dogs; and when in the house, always lay under his master's chair. He seemed to dislike Elsie, and she felt an unspeakable repugnance to him. Though she never mentioned her aversion, her brother easily saw it by the way in which she avoided the animal; and attributing it entirely to fear—which indeed had a great share in the matter—he sometimes cruelly aggravated it, by telling her stories of the fierce hardihood and relentless persistency of this kind of animal. He dared not yet further increase her terror by pretending to set the creature upon her, for it was doubtful whether he would be able to restrain him; but the mental suffering he produced by this heartless conduct, and for which he had no sympathy, was as severe as many bodily sufferings to which he would have been sorry to subject her. Whenever the poor child happened inadvertently to pass near the dog, which was seldom, he did not move, but a low growl made her aware of his proximity, and compelled her to a quick retreat. He was, in fact, the animal impersonation of the animal opposition she had continually to endure, unconsciously to her persecutor. Like chooses like; and the bull-dog *in* her brother made choice of the bull-dog *out* of him for his companion. So her day was one of shrinking fear, and multiform discomfort. But a nature capable of so much distress, must of necessity be capable of a corresponding amount of pleasure; and this was manifest in the fact that sleep and the quiet of her own room did so much to restore her. If she was only let alone, images of pleasure and calm soon possessed her mind.

Her acquaintance with the fool had commenced some ten years previous to the time I write of, when she was quite a little girl, and had come from the country with her brother, who had taken a small farm close to the village, and preferred residing in it to occupying the farmhouse, which was in a very uncomfortable state of decay. She looked at first with some terror on his uncouth appearance, and with much wonderment on his strange dress; which latter feeling was heightened by a conversation she overheard one day as she passed in the street, between him and a little pale-faced boy, who approached him respectfully, and said, 'Weel, cornel.' 'Weel, laddie,' was the reply. 'Fat dis the wow say, cornel?' 'Come hame, come hame!' She heard no more, and knew not what the little she had heard meant. What the *wow* could be she had no idea; only, as the years passed on, the strange word became in her mind indescribably associated with the strange shape in yellow cloth on his sleeves. Had she been a native of the village, she could not have failed to know its import; but, as it

was, years passed away before she discovered it. And often, after this, when the fool, in attempting to convey his gratitude for some kindness she showed him, mumbled over words like these—‘*The waw o’ Rivven—the waw o’ Rivven,*’ she wondered what could be the idea associated with the words in his mind, but made no advance towards their explanation. That, however, which most attracted her to the old man was his persecution by the children. They were to him what the bull-dog was to her—the constant source of irritation and annoyance. They could hardly hurt him, nor did he appear to dread other injury from them than insult, to which, fool though he was, he was keenly alive. Human gad-flies that they were, they sometimes stung him beyond endurance, and he would curse them in the impotence of his anger. Once or twice Elsie had been so carried beyond her constitutional timidity by sympathy for the distress of her friend, that she had gone out and so talked to the boys, yea, even scolded them, that they slunk away ashamed, and began to stand as much in dread of her as of the clutches of their prey. So she, gentle and timid to excess, acquired among them the reputation of a termagant. Popular opinion among children, as among men, is often just, but as often very unjust; for the same manifestations in isolated actions may proceed from opposite principles; and, therefore, as indices to character, may mislead as often as enlighten.

Next door to the house in which Elsie resided, dwelt a tradesman and his wife, who kept an indefinite sort of shop, in which various kinds of goods were exposed to sale. Their youngest son was about the same age as Elsie; and while they were something more than children, and less than young people, he often used to go and spend his evenings with her, somewhat to the detriment of his position in his classes at the parish school. They were, indeed, much attached to each other; and, peculiarly constituted as Elsie was, one may imagine what kind of heavenly messenger a companion stronger than herself must have been to her. In fact, if she could have framed the undefinable need of her child-like nature into an articulate prayer, it would have been—‘Give me some one to love me stronger than I.’ Any love was helpful, yea, in its degree, saving to her poor troubled soul; but the hope, as they grew older together, that the powerful, yet tender-hearted youth, really loved her, and would one day make her his wife, was to her like the opening of heavenly eyes of life and love in the hitherto blank and death-like face of existence. Nothing had been said of love, and yet they met and parted like lovers. Doubtless, if the circles of their thought and feeling had continued as now to intersect each other, there would have been no interruption to their affection; but the time at length arrived when the old couple, seeing the rest of their family comfortably settled in life, resolved to make a gentleman of the youngest, and sent him from school to college. The facilities existing in Scotland for procuring a professional training put it in their power to educate him as a surgeon. He parted from Elsie with some regret; but, far less dependent on her than she on him, and full of the prospects of the future, he felt none of that sink-

ing at the heart which seemed to lay her whole nature open to a fresh inroad of all the terrors and sorrows of her peculiar existence. No correspondence took place between them. New pursuits and relations, and particularly the widening and breaking forth of his consciousness in a variety of new directions, entirely altered the relations and actual position of the form of poor Elsie, as she still dwelt in his memory. Having been, during their intercourse, far less of a man than she of a woman, for the woman is earlier developed than the man, he had no definite idea of the position he had occupied in her regard; and she receded into the back-ground of the past without any idea on his part that she would suffer thereby, or that he was unjust towards her. And yet, in her thoughts, his image stood in the highest and clearest relief. It was the centre-point from which and towards which all lines radiated; and though she could not but be doubtful about the future, yet there was much hope mingled with her doubts. But when, at the close of two years, he visited his native village, and she saw before her, instead of the homely youth who had left her that winter evening, one who, at least to her inexperienced eyes, appeared a finished gentleman, her heart again sank within her more deeply than before, and it seemed to her as if Nature herself were false in her ripening processes, actually destroying the beautiful promise of a former year; not developing, but positively changing her creations. He spoke kindly to her, but not cordially. To her ear the voice seemed to come from a great distance out of the past; and while she looked upon him, that optical change passed over her vision, which all have experienced after gazing abstractedly on any object for a time; his form grew very small, and receded to an immeasurable distance; till, her imagination mingling with the twilight haze of her senses, she seemed to see him standing far off on a hill, with the bright horizon of sunset for a back-ground to his clearly-defined figure. She knew no more till she found herself in bed in the dark; and the first message that reached her from the outer world was the infernal growl of the bull-dog from the room below. Next day she saw her lover walking with two ladies, who would have thought it some degree of condescension to speak to her, and he passed the house without once looking towards it.

One who is sufficiently possessed by the demon of nervousness to be glad of the magnetic influences of a friend's company in a public promenade, or of a horse beneath him in passing through a church-yard, will have some faint idea of how utterly exposed and defenceless poor Elsie now felt on the crowded thoroughfare of life. The insensibility which had overtaken her was not the ordinary swoon with which Nature relieves the overstrained nerves; but the return of the epileptic fits of her earliest childhood; and if the condition of the poor girl had been pitiable before, it was tenfold more so now. Yet she complained not, but bore it all in silence, though it was evident that her health was giving way. But now, help came to her from a strange quarter, though many might not be willing to accord the name of help to that which rather hastened than retarded the progress of her decline.

She had gone to spend some days with a distant relation in the country, a few miles from her home, if home it could be called. One evening, towards sunset (it was summer), she went out for a solitary walk. Passing from the little garden-gate, she went along a bare country-road for a short distance, and then turning aside by a footpath through a thicket of low trees, she emerged in a very lonely little churchyard on the hill-side. Without knowing what had led her there, she seated herself on a mound of long coarse grass, of which there were many in the enclosure. Before her stood the ruins of an old church, which had been deserted long ago for another building. Little remained but the gable-wall, immensely thick, and partly covered with ancient ivy. The rays of the setting-sun fell on a mound at its foot, not green like the rest, but a rich red-brown in the departing light, and evidently but newly heaped up. Her eyes rested upon it. Slowly the sun sank below the near horizon. As the last brilliant point disappeared a wind arose and shook all the darkened leaves of the ivy, and to the ear of Elsie came a low faint sound as from a far-off bell. But close beside her—and she started and shivered at the sound—some one uttered in a deep monotonous, almost sepulchral voice, ‘Come hame, come hame! The wow, the wow!’ The meaning struck her at once. She lifted up her eyes; there hung, in the half-ruined belfry, the old bell, nearly hidden with ivy, and the passing wind had roused it to utter one sleepy tone; there beside her stood the fool with the bell on his arm; and to him and to her the *wow o’ Ruthven* said, ‘*Come hame, come hame!*’ Ah, what did she want in the whole universe of God but a home! And though the ground beneath was hard, and the sky overhead far and boundless, and the hill-side lonely and companionless, yet somewhere within the visible, and beyond these the outer surfaces of creation, there might be a home for her; as round the wintry house the snows lie heaped up cold and white and dreary all the long forenigh, while within, beyond the closed shutters, and giving no glimmer through the thick stone walls, the fires are blazing joyously, and the voices and laughter of young unfrozen children are heard, and nothing belongs to winter but the grey hairs on the heads of the parents, for within their warm hearts too are child-like voices and thoughts. The kernel of winter itself is spring or a sleeping summer. For the fool, it was no wonder that he, cast out of the earth on a far more desolate spot than this, should seek to return again within her bosom at this place of open doors, and should call it *home*. For surely the surface of the earth had no home for him.

The mound at the foot of the gable contained the body of one who had showed him kindness; and he had followed the funeral that afternoon from the village, and remained behind with the bell. Indeed, it was his custom to follow every funeral going to this, his favourite churchyard of Ruthven; and possibly in imitation of the booming of the old bell, which was still rung before the funerals, he had given it the name of the wow, and had translated its monotonous clangour into the articulate sounds—*come hame, come hame*. What

precise meaning he attached to the words, it is impossible to say; but it was evident that the place possessed a strange attraction for him, drawing him towards it by the cords of some spiritual magnetism. It is possible that in the mind of the idiot there may have been a feeling about this churchyard and bell, which in the mind of a sane man would have been called a grand poetic thought; as if the ghostly old bell hung at the church-door of the invisible world, and ever and anon rung out joyous notes (though they sounded sad in the ears of the living), calling to the children of the unseen to *come home, come home!* She sat in silence, for the bell rung not again, and the fool spoke no more; till the dews began to fall, and she arose and went home, followed by her companion, who passed the night in the barn.

From that time Elsie was provided with a visual image of the rest she sought; which, mingling with deeper and holier thoughts, became, like the bow set in the cloud, the earthly pledge and sign of the fulfilment of heavenly hopes. Often when the wintry fog of cold discomfort and homelessness filled her soul, all at once the picture of the little churchyard—with the old gable and belfry, and the slanting sunlight stepping down to the very roots the long grass on the graves—arose in the darkened chamber (*camera obscura*) of her soul; and again she heard the faint Æolian sound of the bell, and the voice of the prophet-fool who interpreted the oracle; and the inward weariness was soothed by the promise of a long sleep. Who can tell how many have been counted fools simply because they were prophets; or how much of the madness in the world may be the utterance of thoughts belonging to a region in which cause and effect are joined in the most rigid sequence, but differing from ours in its nature and scenery. But on that afternoon on which Elsie sat looking out of her window, as on many besides, the idle boys had chosen for their mimicry, and therefore as the vehicle of their scorn, the very words of the fool which showed his relation to the eternal, and revealed in him an element higher far than any yet developed in them. They turned his glory into shame, like the enemies of David when they mocked the would-be king. The best in a man likewise may be that which is most condemned by those who have not attained to his goodness. The words, however, even as repeated by the boys, had not solely awakened pain in her mind at the persecution of the old man, but had likewise comforted her with the thought of the refuge that awaited both him and her.

But this evening a worse trial was in store for her. Again she sat near the window, pervaded by the consciousness that her brother had come in. He had gone up stairs, however, and his dog had remained at the door exchanging surly compliments with some of his own kind. At this moment the fool passed, and from some cause or other unknown, the dog flew at him. Elsie heard his cry and looked up. Her fear of the brute vanished in a moment before her sympathy for her friend. She darted from the house, and rushed towards the dog to lay hold of him and drag him off the defenceless idiot, calling him by his name in a tone of anger and dislike. He left the fool and sprang at Elsie, seizing her by the arm above the elbow with such a gripe

that she fancied amidst her agony that she heard the bone crack. But she uttered no cry, for the most apprehensive are sometimes the most courageous. At the moment, however, her former lover was coming along the street, and catching a glimpse of what had happened, was on the spot in an instant, took the dog by the throat with a gripe scarcely inferior to his own, and thus compelling him to relax his hold, dashed him on the ground with a force that almost stunned him, and then with a superadded kick sent him away limping and howling; while the fool, attacking him furiously with a stick, would certainly have finished him, had not his master seen his plight and come to his rescue. Meantime the young surgeon had carried Elsie into the house, for as soon as she was relieved from the dog she had fallen down in one of her fits, which were becoming more and more frequent of themselves, and little needed such a shock as this to increase their violence. He was dressing her arm when she began to recover, and the first object she beheld when she opened her eyes, in a state of half-consciousness, was his face bending over her. Recalling nothing of what had occurred, it seemed to her in the dreamy condition in which the fit had left her, the same face, unchanged, which had once shone in upon her tardy spring-time, and seemed to promise for a season to ripen it into summer, though, alas! it had so soon departed and left her wintry-cold. And so she uttered wild words of love and trust; and the youth, while stung with remorse at his own neglect, was astonished to perceive the poetic forms of beauty in which the soul of the uneducated maiden burst into flower. But as her senses were restored, and the face gradually changed to her, as if the slow alteration of the two years had been phantasmagorically compressed into a few moments, so the glow departed from her thoughts and words, and at length the maiden's soul was brought back to the narrow windows of the present, from which she could behold but a flat and dreary country. From the street came the iambic cry of the fool, 'Come hame, come hame.'

Tycho Brahe, I think, is said to have kept a fool, who frequently sat at his feet in his study, and to whose mutterings he used to listen in the pauses of his own thought. The shining soul of the astronomer drew forth the rainbow of harmony and beauty from the misty spray of words ascending from the dark gulf into which the thoughts of the idiot were perpetually falling. He could read strange meanings, and behold curious concurrences of words therein; yea, even sometimes receive wondrous hints for the direction of celestial inquiry from what to any other, and it may be to the fool himself, was but a ceaseless and aimless babble. Such power lieth in words. It is not then to be wondered at that the sounds I have mentioned should fall on the ears of Elsie, at such a moment, as a message from God himself. This then—all this dreariness—was but a passing show like the rest, and there lay somewhere for her a reality—a home. The tears burst up from her oppressed heart. She received the message and prepared to go home. From that time her strength gradually sunk, but her spirits as steadily rose.



The strength of the fool, too, began to fail, for he was old. He bore all the signs of age, even to the grey hairs, which betokened no wisdom. But one cannot say what wisdom might be in him, nor how far he had fought his own battle, and been victorious. He seemed to have the idea that this was not his home; but whether any notion of a continuance of life and thought dwelt in his brain, it is impossible to tell. Yet those who saw him gradually approaching his end could surely anticipate for him a higher life in the time to come. He seemed to have passed through this world without ever awaking to such a consciousness of being as is the common share of mankind. He had spent his years like a weary dream through a long night, a strange, dismal, unkindly dream; but now the morning was at hand. Often and often had he listened with his sleepy senses to the ringing of the bell, but that bell would awake him at last. He was like a seed thrown into an unsuitable soil, that has never forced its way upward to the open air, never experienced the resurrection of the dead. But seeds will grow ages after they have fallen into the earth; and, indeed, with many kinds, and within some limits, the older the seed before it germinates, the more plentiful the fruit. And may it not be supposed of many human beings, that the great Husbandman has sown them like seeds in the soil of human affairs, and there they have lain a life long; and only after the upturning of the soil by death do they reach a position suitable for awakening their aspiration and growth. Surely he has made nothing in vain.

A violent cold and cough brought him at last near to his end, and hearing that he was ill, Elsie ventured, one bright spring day, to go to see him. When she entered the miserable room where he lay, he held out one hand to her with something like a smile, and muttered feebly and painfully, 'I'm gaun to the waw, nae to come back again.' Elsie could not restrain her tears; while the old man, looking fixedly at her, though with meaningless eyes, muttered, for the last time, '*Come hame! come hame!*' and sank into a lethargy, from which nothing could rouse him, till, next morning, he was waked by friendly death from the long sleep of this world's night. They bore him to his favourite church-yard, and buried him within the site of the old church below his loved bell, which had ever been to him as the cuckoo-note of a coming spring. Thus he at length obeyed its summons, and went home.

Elsie lingered till the first summer days lay warm on the land. Several kind hearts in the village, hearing of her illness, visited her and ministered to her. Wondering at her sweetness and patience, they regretted they had not known her before. How much consolation their kindness might have imparted, and how much their sympathy might have strengthened her on her painful road! But they could not have long delayed her going home. Nor, mentally constituted as she was, could this be at all desired; for it was chiefly the expectation of departure that quieted and soothed her tremulous nature. A deep spring of hope and faith kept singing on in her heart, but this alone, without the anticipation of speedy release, could only have kept her

mind at peace. It could not have reached, at least for a long time, the border land between body and mind, in which her disease lay.

One warm night of summer, the nurse who watched by her bedside heard her murmur through her sleep, 'I hear it; come hame—come hame. I'm comin', I'm comin'—I'm gaun hame to the wow, nae to come back.' She awoke at the sound of her own words, and begged the nurse to convey to her brother her last request, that she might be buried by the side of the fool, within the old church of Ruthven. Then she turned her face to the wall, and in the morning was found quiet and cold. She must have died in a few minutes after her last words. She was buried according to her request; and thus she too went home. Side by side rest the aged fool and the young maiden; for the bell called them, and they obeyed; and surely they found the fire burning bright, and heard friendly voices, and felt sweet lips on theirs in the home to which they went.

Still the old bell hangs in the old gable; and whenever another is borne to the old churchyard, it keeps calling to those who are left behind, with the same sad, but friendly and unchanging voice—  
'Come hame! come hame! come hame!'

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## Poetry.

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### I. BETTER THINGS.

BETTER to smell a violet  
 Than drink the sparkling wine;  
 Better to list one music sound  
 Than watch the jewel's shine.  
 'Tis better to be loved by one,  
 Than smiled upon by two;  
 Better to have a living seed,  
 Than flowers of every hue.  
 Better to have a little love  
 Than beauty's overflow;  
 Better to be a little wise,  
 Than very much to know.  
 Better a little to love God  
 Than love a woman much;  
 Better than high are lowly thoughts,  
 For God exalteth such.  
 Better to have a quiet grief  
 Than a tumultuous joy;  
 Better than youth an aged face  
 With the young heart of a boy.  
 Better a death into God's heaven  
 Than earth's most favoured birth;  
 Better a child in God's great house  
 Than the king of all the earth.

## II. OH, DO NOT LEAVE ME!

Oh, do not leave me, mother, till I sleep;  
 Stand by me until I forget—be there.  
 And the child having prayed lest she should weep,  
 Sleeps in the strength of prayer.

Oh, do not leave me, lover, brother, friends,  
 Till I am dead and resting in my place.  
 And the girl, having prayed, in silence bends  
 Down to the Earth's embrace.

Leave me not, God, until—nay, until when?  
 Not till I have with thee one heart, one mind;  
 Not till the Life is Light in me, and then  
 Leaving is left behind.

G. M. D.

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 Aphorisms.\*
 

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## ON SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

To do anything worth doing in this necessitous, striving, energetic, yet stubborn world, a man must be himself improved. If he has no method in his own mind, how shall he bring method into human affairs? If he has no honesty in his own inquiries after truth, how shall he bring fairness into the judgments of other men? If no variety in his own tastes, or no order in his variety, how shall he promote both expansiveness and regulation in the tastes of others? He must be neither his own bondman nor his own buffoon, if he is to generate a useful activity, both free and sober, in all matters to which he gives himself and his aid in the effort of his life.

A man can do for himself comparatively little of what is required to be done for him. But his own effort—that is the essential thing. No good will, no power in nature, can do for another what without his own concurrent effort shall bring him into the happy possession of his own mental heritage, into the full appreciation of what there is made for him to perceive, appropriate, and enjoy. So then, if we be taught by the wise book, the wise friend, or the public instructor, such teaching will be of little value, unless it set us to become teachers of ourselves. To be most beneficially taught by others, a man must feel the inward stimulus that makes him both master and scholar, makes him the self-improver.

Nobody can understand the excellences of a work without putting his hand to it, and the way to get your heart into a work is to put your hand to it. But what are we to say of an evil study or occupation? We say that if you get into a folly, though it may continually have more power over you, you will find less pleasure in it. Truly and sadly has it been said of sin, "Its impulses wax as its moments wane." But the attentiveness of what is good grows with acquaintance. Hand and heart in the work, you have still to discover all there is to quicken, enlarge, and rejoice you. Your mind is self-revealed by its own operations.

As the mind is not the full man, so the stored memory is less than the trained mind; and the various facts of knowledge are such, that you cannot conceive of knowledge as gained simply; the imagination and affections will be influenced. When the self-improver goes through his private catechism, he has to ask whether he can methodize and sustain thought, whether he has the habit of comparing thought and thought, fact and fact, so as to form equitable judgments; whether he loves reasoning as well as information; whether he is of bettered intellectual taste and freer suggestiveness; whether his general affections have more sweetness, steadiness, and delicacy, through his reading and other efforts.

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\* Lectures in aid of Self-improvement, addressed to young men and others. By Thomas T. Lynch. Longmans.

No intellectual improvement, without moral self-discipline, will make a man happy. He is the victim of a vague uncomfortableness, because he is neglecting to educate his whole nature. He is training his wits, but letting his heart grow sensual and savage. He is not a rest to himself, and therefore not a fence to himself; any man may break in on him and rifle him of his peace.

Let not religious self-improvers be indifferent to the minor works of improvement in which men are engaged. Christian men should be forward in two things—in improving themselves in secondary acquisitions and accomplishments, and in improving the notion entertained by others of what improvement is; and the latter of these things will be best done if the first be done too. The ‘saint’ must not offer his narrowness as a proof of his holiness. If he wants no poetry, no science, he is almost as bad as people who want nothing else—perhaps worse. He will not recommend his religion by repelling us from himself. The more a Christian knows the better, unless, through ignorance of his sins, his duties, and his religion, he knows nothing yet as he ought to know.

But self-improvement and mental improvement are not synonymous expressions. The man is ever more than the mind. And there is a great difference, and other than a mental one, between the wise man and the clever fellow. Many are content to be clever fellows only; or say, ambitious only to become such. But a wise man is more than a clever fellow. A person may be informed on many subjects, who is yet deformed in principle and conduct. He is a wise man who has an instructed mind and a regulated choice. Practical wisdom is the application of just thoughts to good ends. And whenever you begin to apply thoughts to words that are good, the thoughts themselves increase in excellency.

What really, says Conscience, is your object; is it to be clever or wise, to stand well with everybody, or with God and the good? Are you certainly mindful of the true condition of personal happiness? Are you helping any one—weeding up anything bad, planting anything good?

Propose to yourself an object that is noble; pursue it from motives that are high. Let what is best in you take the mastery. You shall be ranked with the wise and good long before you are fully either.

We would have religion, then, regarded as the main stimulant, purifier, and support of the self-improving? Yes; if self-improvement be understood in a very full sense, then religion must be regarded as a very main thing. . . . Improving under the influence of religion, as you begin to direct yourself to the attainment of good ends, ends of morality and mercy, the quality of your thoughts will improve, you will apply yourself in the most accurate and useful way to the study of books, science, and affairs; and invigorated capacity will obtain new advantage from secondary and subordinate matters. While, then, the clever fellow wants no religion for the object he pursues, the wise self-improver cannot do without religion. It will help him much in that discipline of the mind on which he is intent. For he seeks not only valuable knowledge, but the power of concentrating and methodizing thoughts, and to become of better habits, of selecter tastes, of higher and more comprehensive aims. Religion will—assuredly it can—vivify and glorify all his studies. Without it, all intellectualism is but ‘toast and water’ intellectualism. . . . Wine-coloured water, without any wine in it, is a figure, and but an inadequate one, for ‘self-improvement’ that knows nothing of the destinies and hopes of man’s responsible soul.

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## Monthly Retrospect.

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SURELY there could not be offered an apter illustration of the old English adage, ‘Much cry, little wool,’ than the sounding brass of English diplomacy measured by its peddling results. It is now nearly twelve months since the Cabinets of Western Europe received the first official notification of the probable invasion of the Turkish provinces by the Czar. Couriers were at once despatched to all the Courts, and morning after morning we

were informed by the 'leading journal,' 'that all the efforts of diplomacy were being exhausted to bring about a pacific solution of the 'great difficulty' of Europe. Several 'crises' of diplomacy followed—a crisis at Constantinople, a crisis at Vienna, and a crisis at London—each accompanied by the same confident assurances conveyed in mysterious nods and winks from wise or cunning heads—each followed by a general precipitation of diplomatists to the bottom of the old hill of Sisyphus, up whose sides they begin again to roll the fatal stone.

Meantime, opportunity is furnished the two belligerents for preparing for a more fearful struggle; the trumpet of war and the cry of battle have reached the furthest limits of the two empires; the nations swarm like locusts to the vast field of encounter, and before diplomacy can report a single tangible result of all its mountain labours, the battle has been partly fought, though the victory remains to be won. Its last effort in connexion with the affairs of the East was the sending of a joint note of the four Powers to the invader of the peace of Europe, offering to renew negotiations, and treat for an honourable settlement of the dispute. If the wings of rumour—swift as ever to bear ill news—have brought their tidings faithfully, the Czar has rejected the offer with scorn and contumely, not declining but ignoring the existence of any third party to his self-sought quarrels. And what, nine months ago, might probably have been settled by one decisive step, or by the mere assumption of an attitude of firmness and sincerity on the part of our own Government, now takes the inevitable form of a necessary war.

On the theatre of war itself the aspect of affairs has considerably improved since we last wrote. Two circumstances have mainly contributed to this result—the tardy entrance of the allied fleets into the Euxine, and the decisive defeat of an important section of the Russian army before Kalafat. The last occurrence took place on the 8th ult., after a struggle which lasted four days, in which the dogged stubbornness of the Russ was at last compelled to yield before the fanatic heroism of the Turk. The complexion of the next succeeding act in this great tragedy will depend more upon France and England, than on Russia or Turkey.

The actual position of the great powers and their allies now possesses much interest. Russia is reported as half panic-stricken by the notification of the entrance of the allied fleets—the people's breasts are heaving with ill suppressed discontent at the forced exactions for the war—the Czar in public blating of religious zeal and the unconquerable prowess of the Northern Eagle, in private is taciturn, gloomy, and anxious, for—he has been beaten on the Danube; Schamyl threatens his fine Circassian army, and money is obtained if not with difficulty, by means that are as surely weakening his prestige and influence, as would the loss of a province or a campaign.—Turkey, strong in 'the right,' brave and resolute, has hitherto coped successfully with superior numbers, supported by traditional reputation. She has lined more than two hundred miles of sea and river with her own forces; has efficiently protected her northern frontier; has twice worsted the enemy, and is now better prepared for war than she was even six months ago. But that she could long maintain even her present position, should Russia belch forth her thousands of Cossacks from their

desert steppes is very doubtful, while it is certain that she could never without assistance drive the invader from her soil.—Persia, the foot-ball of Europe—and as yet the sole ally of her Northern neighbour—has been subsidized to march, it is said, simultaneously on India, Circassia, and Turkey. Nadir Shah has forgotten the last march of his greatest ancestor on Europe. Shall Cyrus turn and fly, and a potentate, who can scarcely call Teheran his own for four-and-twenty hours together, be successful?—Austria playing the favourite game of the House of Hapsburg, openly sides with the three Powers—secretly with her master. It remains to be seen whether she has the wisdom or the courage to act out the threat of Swartzenburg. If not—Italy, Hungary, and Poland, will surely rise and wreak their vengeance on a Crown diamonded by their tears and rubied with their blood.—France prepares to send her troops to the field of action, to wipe out the disgrace of Moscow and the humiliation put by the Czar or her present Emperor. England is manning her navy; building floating castles for its use; prepared, we hear, 'to sweep the fleet of Russia from her seas' with the vigour of a Bronté or a Blake—and as usual, to supply the sinews of war. If thereby Hungary can be lifted from its ashes, Italy be redeemed, and Poland reinstated amongst the nations of the earth, we believe her people will never regret the cost. *If* the forthcoming struggle is to be a 'war of principles,' such should be its first fruit. A change of dynasty for other nations will be but a change of officers.

How does the 'God of Battles' look on the impending contest? A solemn thought! 'Scatter thou the people that delight in war,' is a prayer suited to every emergency of human affairs, but it is a prayer that may be misapplied. Just now we should hardly feel warranted with Mr. Cobden and Dr. Guthrie in applying it to any nation but one—the one that threatens the peace of the world for the sake of its own aggrandizement. The gods of other nations may not be of much higher rank in the hierarchy of the political Vishnas, but they are of a decidedly more respectable character. The Turks, Political Existence; the Persians, Fear; France, Glory; England, the 'Balance of Power'—these are the Lares and Penates of statesmen and rulers, some of them chimerical enough, but all more or less reputable or necessary. What nation now will march to the grand battle song of our own struggle for freedom?—

'Let God arise, and scattered  
Let all his enemies be;  
And let all those that do him hate,  
Before his presence flee.'

It has needed the full stimulus of a Manchester Banquet to recall the attention of the people to the question of Political Reform. The meeting held on the 24th did more than express the opinions of the Manchester party on this question; it served to show that there is very little division of opinion amongst reformers as to what should be the character of the new measure. The embryo bill of the Government is supposed to provide for such a redistribution of the representation of the smaller boroughs as will effectually limit if it do not entirely counteract the influence of private and family compacts, but we hear nothing of an extension that is likely to counteract the more corrupt influence of wealth. The bill may prevent the Marquis of

Blandford being sent, session after session, from his ancestral manor of Woodstock; will it prevent Mr. Fitzgerald being returned for Horsham and Mr. Mackinnon for Rye? If not it will be practically worthless as a measure of Reform. The contemplated extension of the £10 borough qualification to counties will be a step the wisdom and worth of which will probably secure for the bill, as a whole, the active support of many who would not otherwise care to identify themselves with it. Any mere extension of the suffrage, whether to all householders or £5 tenants, we should regard as, of itself, of no importance, if it be not accompanied with the ballot. We were glad to find Mr. Cobden urging this point with unusual emphasis and strength at the Manchester banquet, while the presence at the meeting of a deputation from the Ballot Society served to point especial attention to this necessary feature of any measure for the effectual reform of our representative system. Pluto himself or a dozen incarnations of the worship of wealth, were better sent as delegates to St. Stephen's, than corruption festering in the nation and poisoning the spring of morality and self-respect. On the Turkish question, which engaged a considerable portion of the attention of the orators on the evening of the 24th, the Manchester leaders are certainly, as Mr. Cobden remarked, in a minority. Mr. Cobden's own sentiments seem themselves to resolve into the very questionable principle of a selfish and commercial utility. The Turkish empire is falling to pieces—I say so, and I wrote a pamphlet to that effect in 1835—then let it fall. What is the use of maintaining it? Russian supremacy is a bugbear. What! Fear the Goths in an age of steam and electric telegraph? More pertinent was the question—Why are we going to war to assist Turkey, or cut the nails of the Northern bear? Mr. Bright consistently deprecated any intervention, and was of opinion that a firm remonstrance—a *little sacrifice by Turkey*—would long ago have settled the matter. Certainly a safe opinion. Will the deputation of Friends, who seem to consider themselves endowed with Thomas Shillito's mission to crowned heads, make any such remonstrance?

In speeches on education, on the platform of the National Public School Association, at Manchester, both Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright have attempted, by laboured arguments and illustrations, to prove the sole practicableness of secular education, and the inefficiency of the voluntary system—just at the time, fortunately, when the census returns can be quoted in proof of the unexampled workings of Willinghood. It is easy for Mr. Cobden to point to what Voluntaryism *has not* done, and then to say it is a failure. The question is, Did it ever profess to do it? Voluntaryism never pretended to educate every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, or to be able, under the present system of patronage and pay of State-church schools, to accomplish a moiety of such a work. Nor can it compel unwilling parents to send their children to school, or pay for all who might be sent. It has, however, built and furnished schools that will accommodate nearly double the number of actual attendants; it has furnished all, or nearly all, the appliances and instruments of education; and it ever, on the true principle of benevolent economy, helps those only who help themselves. Free-trade would be a failure, if we were to judge of its results by comparing the present price of corn with the quotations of January, 1846; but Free-trade never professed to

be able to keep the price of corn at 46s. a quarter, and, therefore, is not responsible when, from scarcity of supply, the demand gradually forces the market price to 80s.

Notwithstanding the severe strain upon the social system of a people when the necessities of life almost approach war and famine prices—when coals, in a winter of Siberian severity, are at fifty shillings a ton—when meat cannot be bought at less than eightpence-halfpenny a pound—and when bread is a shilling a quartern, England rides calmly the waves of temporary adversity—not a creak to be heard that may indicate weakness or decay.—The result of dissatisfaction amongst a portion of the manufacturing population, are giving way before stern necessity, or a conviction of mistake and unpopularity.—A shade of grief is now passing across the face of the nation—grief for the suffering and the dead by storms and shipwreck. It awakens a cry to the Almighty Father for Heaven's help to the suffering, consolation to the bereaved, and blessing to all who hear of its mysterious dispensation.

Need we add a word to the obituaries of Wardlaw, Jay, and Collyer? In one, the Church has lost a man of fine Athenian intellect, cultivated powers, varied learning, and high moral courage, whose name and labours have long been written on the religious history of his country; in the second, a preacher of righteousness, of large and real success, a faithful Christian pastor, a devotional and practical writer of much reputation, and a man of high purity of character and name; in the third, one whose fame has been handed down to the present generation as once of large and brilliant repute—the fame of an accomplished scholar, a winning preacher, and the favour of a 'Christian gentleman.' So depart the men of a past age,—the skilful dialectician, the successful preacher, the refined and courteous pastor,—each his grey head a crown of glory, each gathered in peace to his fathers and in happiness to his HOME.

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### Record of Christian Missions.

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WE cannot better continue the *resumé* commenced last month, than by the following quotation from Neander :—' In reference to Christian missions, it is necessary to distinguish the various stand-points of the people to which the missionary agency is directed—whether they are altogether a rude people, or such as already possess a certain marked culture; but the principle of Christianity will be always able to prove its transforming power—whether, through the Divine life which is engrafted on the rude stock of the natural man, the seed of all human cultivation is at the same time imparted, or whether a new transforming spirit is infused into an already existing cultivation.' The thought of this passage was present in our minds as we glanced through the various missionary periodicals—a summary of whose contents we are again about to lay before our readers, here and there interspersing such remarks as agreement or dissent may naturally suggest. Keeping much to the order of our first 'record,' we begin with the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer.' Amongst its papers is a careful and ably-written summary of the Krishnagurh and Tinnevely missions,



written by the present Bishop of Victoria. Amongst its salient points of interest that strike the ear strangely, when all the past is remembered, we quote the following. At Krishnagurh 'between two and three hundred native youths receive an English education of a high order; but any direct attempts to communicate Christian instruction are excluded. The youths in the higher classes evinced great intelligence, and a highly respectable acquaintance with the leading facts of ancient and modern history, and the principal systems of ancient philosophy which have prevailed. The mathematical tutor, late of Caius College, Cambridge, mentioned that three of his pupils, in respect to mathematical attainments, might fairly be rated as equal to a subordinate place among the Cambridge wranglers. The rajah's son was standing in one of the junior classes, distinguished only by his superior dress from the rest of the classes. There was apparent among the senior pupils the same superiority to Hindu prejudices, mingled with an indifference to the Christian religion, so generally perceptible among the educated men in the neighbourhood of Calcutta.' Still this does not seem to us very much like evangelizing the heathen; and we question the philosophy of attempting to insinuate Christianity in this manner. It is not very Pauline, and when the results are thus summed up, not very like the triumphs of the gospel. 'As a body,' the bishop adds, 'the missionaries do not form an exalted estimate of the past, nor cherish very sanguine expectations of the present generation of converts.'

And now a cautionary word about Tinnevely revivals, about which, as about all such things, we entertain a strong distrust. We have seen many things called 'revivals,' but have never seen one not followed by far more disastrous consequences than the evils it attempted to remove. The bishop adds, 'The visit of the archdeacon, and subsequently of the diocesan, contributed to augment the temptations of the native converts. When these two venerable servants of Christ addressed, through the missionary, these crowds of sable-skinned converts, (?) and when in their warm sympathy and joy, they gave expression to the emotions of love, which were excited by the view of hundreds in each place confessing the name of Christ, and willing to break caste; the poor villagers were confirmed in their belief that the profession of Christianity was a sure road to subsistence and protection. When the bishop, or "lord sahib," addressed them as "dear brethren and friends," the poor ryots deemed themselves henceforth secure against the oppression of zemindars and the future incursions of want; and so long as these impressions lasted, the native population, to the number of three thousand, continued to seek and to receive baptism.' We remember nothing equal to this. So much for Tinnevely revivals; if the 'lord sahib' Jesus Christ had been there, 'meek and lowly,' it might have been otherwise, far otherwise,—but that's a speculation. The bishop gives afterwards a long and eloquent account of Serampur (Serampore), in which, so strong is ecclesiastical caste, as strong as brahminical, and much less justifiable, we have ample laudation of his 'clerical brethren,' and ample eulogies on 'the Martyns, the Thomasons, the Corries, and the Grants;' but not a word, not even an allusion, to Carey, Marshman, Pearce, Thomas, &c. &c.

The 'Missionary Chronicle' of the London Missionary Society is wholly occupied with an account of the meeting held in November last at Exeter Hall

on behalf of the contemplated extension of the society's operations in China, to which we need not more fully refer, the public papers having reported the same. To those who read the history and philosophy of the present movement in China, Archdeacon Paley's remark will be sure to occur: 'The more direct consequences of political innovation are often the least important; and it is often from the silent and unobserved operation of *causes set at work for different purposes that the greatest revolutions take their rise.*'

The 'Missionary Herald' of the Baptist Society, has a brief sketch of one of their West African mission stations. Much as we fear that this mission to the savages of this coast is an error, and a divergence of energy we want to see concentrated on central heathen towns and cities, no one can help admiring the labour and self-denial of the noble few in that forlorn band of hope. Painful as it is to say it, we believe the West African mission to be a mistake, and the penalty of the error in money and life is being rigorously exacted; the children of Africa must evangelize Africa, and for this we must be content to wait some two or three generations. Some miscellaneous papers, and a few brief notices of missionary operations, both in the East and West Indies, make up the contents of this number.

The 'Missionary Record' of the United Presbyterian Church contains encouraging accounts from Jamaica of the progress of education and religion at two of the society's stations. There can be no doubt that the people of Jamaica, and indeed of all the West Indies, require the efforts of Christian missionaries fully as much now as in the darkest days of slavery. As it is, religion is barely 'holding its own' in these colonies; and this is greatly to be attributed to the exaggerated style that has been adopted by some missionaries. A most mischievous statement of this kind was made the other day at a meeting at Leeds; a Mr. Jones, lately a missionary in Jamaica, declared, amongst other absurdities, that 'immorality was unknown in the island.' We have before us other evidence; 'several members have been suspended since the commencement of the present year for various immoralities; sin is not looked upon as sinful, and hence professors are not afraid of it; social duties and obligations are ill understood, and but partially performed; thus is also a general want of conscientiousness and liberality towards the support of the gospel; a few exceptions exist, but only a few.' And so it will be for a long while to come; only we religious people don't believe in waiting and having long patience. We want blade, ear, and full corn in the ear, the very moment after sowing.

From Jamaica we turn to Africa, and observe with satisfaction the progress of religion and of social virtues in its train at Calabar, a most interesting station of this society, superintended by able and prudent men, one of whom, the Rev. Hope Waddell, has had long experience of the negro character in Jamaica, and has left behind him there a name not soon to be forgotten. 'Honour to whom honour.'

The 'Colonial Church Chronicle and Missionary Journal' is a valuable record of the exertions of the 'Church of England' in our colonies. The present number is full of suggestive matter. Touching South Africa, we have an article of much interest, containing the following from Archdeacon Merri-man: 'Amongst many things to be grateful for, I have felt some disappointment in not meeting more clergymen ready to devote themselves to the conversion

of the heathen; all of them shrink back from direct mission work among the heathen.' We very much rejoice in witnessing 'the magnitude of voluntary exertion of which the Church is capable,' and have felt special pleasure in the careful perusal of this ably-edited journal. The following is good; we are not surprised when we read it, to find the Bishop of Cape Town describe the archdeacon as 'one of the most heroic, self-denying, and devoted of the sons of the Church.' (Christianity?) The archdeacon is describing a Sunday at the Zwart Kei, where was a trader station: 'I was greatly shocked to find that neither of the Englishmen at this station had any idea that the next day was Sunday, though I afterwards learnt that some of the heathen around were aware of it.' He starts for the Kafirs, to whom he is about to preach, and says, 'At eleven o'clock I set out, and having tied my trowsers and drawers round my neck, and huddled my cassock round my waist, with Bible and Prayer-book under one arm, and in the other hand my long umzinbiti nob kerie, with shoes and socks fastened to the top, I waded the Zwart Kei.' And again: 'My military friends offered me all kinds of assistance, but I preferred my own way of acting, and declined their kindness, for I said to myself, if this mission is to succeed, the seeds of it must be sown in sweat and labour and not in luxury, or even comfort. The craftiest, and perhaps the most hardened chief in Kafirland, is not to be won by a dainty approach in kid gloves; and if I am not honoured to commence this great work I will at least endeavour to prepare the way, according to the best of my notions. Accordingly a canvass haversack, containing a blanket, a few sticks of tobacco, with two or three hard boiled eggs, and four threepenny pieces in my pocket, was all the provision I thought it necessary to make.' This was something like heroism; we should think it would find favour even in the eyes of our modern Diogenes, Thomas Carlyle.

In the 'Particulars of Intelligence respecting the Missions of the United Brethren, commonly called Moravians,' we have accounts of similar heroism in the regions of thick-ribbed ice. It may not be known generally that the 'Brethren' in Labrador and Greenland are wholly dependent for the necessities of life, and for intercourse with England, upon the annual voyage of the 'Harmony' to the mission stations. This year, for the second time in the long term of eighty years, the 'Harmony' failed to reach the three northernmost mission settlements, and the labourers there for twelve months to come will have to suffer 'great privations of all the comforts and conveniences of life.' From 'Dealy Island,' off 'Melville Island,' we have intelligence from a missionary who had heard nothing, and of whom nothing had been heard, for three years. He had been acting as interpreter to the Arctic expedition, and makes honourable mention of Captain McClure, the discoverer of the North-West passage; and of Captain Kellatt, from whom he 'received the kindest attentions and the best treatment.' It is pleasant thus to witness Christianity and science walking hand in hand. As we write this sentence, the words of Archdeacon Hare come freshly to our memories: 'So imperfectly do we yet understand the redemption wrought for us by Christ, and so obstinate are we in separating what God has united, as though it were impossible for the tree of knowledge to stand beside the tree of life. Yet, in the redeemed world, they do stand side by side, and their arms intermingle and intertwine, so that

no one can walk under the shade of the one, but he will also be under the shade of the other.'

The 'Home and Foreign Record of the Free Church of Scotland claims more than a brief word; but our space is exhausted. The last number is full of interest and large details, some of which exhibit that remarkable energy and perseverance so characteristic of the Scotch. The Free Church has its agencies in Madras, Bombay, Africa, Jamaica, Antigua, Constantinople, Australia, and New Zealand, besides one or two continental churches. We cannot, however, join in the regret expressed by one of the 'Free Church's' agents in Jamaica, that 'it is very doubtful whether the House of Assembly will appropriate any more money for religious or educational purposes.'

With a brief notice of 'The Monthly Record of Church Missions in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts,' we conclude. Apart from personal views of the society itself, we can cordially notice this twopenny serial as written and edited with much care; and scarcely anything has impressed our minds more forcibly in running through this monthly list of missionary intelligence, than the comparative superiority, in every respect, of 'Church' missionary intelligence, as compared with our Dissenting papers. It is high time we ceased to make ourselves ridiculous in the estimation of men of taste.

## Intelligence.

### PROGRESS OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

THE current number of the 'Ragged-school Union Magazine,' in an interesting review of the 'Work and its Workers' in the ragged-school movement, furnishes the following summary of the progress of these institutions:—

In the report furnished at the annual meeting in May, 1850, we read—'The following table will show the rapid increase of the society from 1845 to 1850:—

|                                 | Schools. | Teachers.                     | Children. | Amount Collected. |
|---------------------------------|----------|-------------------------------|-----------|-------------------|
| 1st year, ending May, 1845..... | 20       | 200                           | 2,000     | £61               |
| 2nd year, ending May, 1846 ...  | 26       | 250                           | 2,600     | £320              |
| 3rd year, ending May, 1847..... | 44       | 450                           | 4,700     | £637              |
| 4th year, ending May, 1848 ...  | 62       | { 822 Voluntary<br>80 Paid }  | 7,000     | £696              |
| 5th year, ending May, 1849..... | 82       | { 929 Voluntary<br>124 Paid } | 9,000     | £3,652            |
| 6th year, ending May, 1850..... | 95       | { 1,392 Vol.<br>167 Paid }    | 10,900    | £2,636            |

In the following year the increase reported was not proportionately so great as in former years. 'The Committee did not anticipate that it *would*, for they expected, that as the various low districts became supplied with schools, as Christian visitation proceeded, and as the city missionary and the Scripture reader laboured to raise the masses to a better condition, the necessity for the ragged school would not be so great.' It is, however, highly gratifying to find the latest official intelligence as to the extent of the ground occupied by our special work as under:—

In day schools ..... 8,008 | In Sabbath schools..... 11,733  
In week evening ditto ..... 5,892 | In industrial classes ..... 2,040

'The number of paid teachers is 221; of voluntary teachers, 1,787. The number of schools is now 116, and 13 new schools have been opened.'

Refuges are connected with many ragged schools. These are intended to supply food, clothing, lodging, education (based on Scripture), together with industrial training, for homeless and friendless children of both sexes. 'Of the results achieved,'

says the writer, 'we have seen enough to satisfy us, from personal examination, that if these refugees be vigorously maintained, and largely increased, the first sheaves already gathered will, in due time, be followed by a full harvest. That children, who, but for shelter like this, would undoubtedly have swelled the numbers of juvenile criminals, already so large as to perplex our magistrates and our statesmen—that such children have been saved from ruin, and are now being sent forth into the world with fair characters, educated minds and consciences, and with industrial knowledge sufficient to open their way to comfort and independence, is one great and undeniable fact. Nearly 400 *emigrants* have been sent out under the auspices of the Ragged-school Union, at an expense of 8,000*l.* for food, outfit, passages, and gratuities. *Industrial Classes* for elder scholars are being successfully associated with ragged schools. The *Shoe-black Society* is an offshoot of the Union. According to the last Report of this society, it is now more than self-supporting:—

'The Shoe-black Society continues to prosper. The average of boys employed for the year ending Lady-day, 1853, is thirty-seven; the amount earned by cleaning 182,537 pairs of boots and shoes, or, 3,510 weekly, 760*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.*; of this sum 450*l.* was paid directly to the boys for food, &c.; 160*l.* towards expenses of depot, superintendent, &c.; and 150*l.* to the boys' credit in the Savings'-bank. The average earnings of each lad per week have been 7*s.* 11*d.*; of this, he has had 4*s.* 8*d.* to himself at once, 1*s.* 8*d.* for expenses, and 1*s.* 7*d.* to his Savings'-bank. The sum at the end of the year to the credit of the lads is 81*l.* Eighteen have gone abroad, the greater number paying for a portion of their outfit out of their own savings: twenty-nine of the schools have recommended boys to this society.'

#### SOME RESULTS OF VOLUNTARIISM IN EDUCATION.

In the last of a series of letters on Education, addressed to the 'Daily News,' Mr. Baines has summed up the general results of the Voluntary principle in education in a series of moral and educational statistics, highly interesting, and strikingly conclusive. Many of our readers are now familiar with the following statements, but they can hardly be too often quoted. *Sunday schools* are ranked first in Mr. Baines' summary. 'In 1851, they were found by the Government census to number 23,498 schools, with 2,407,409 scholars. Compared with the population of the respective years, the Sunday scholars were as one in 24.40 in the first period, one in 9.28 in the second, and one in 7.45 in the third. Considering that the children of the upper and middle classes do not attend the Sunday schools, it may be said that the whole of the children of the working classes attend them (with very few exceptions), and remain there on an average eight years. What is scarcely less gratifying than the number of scholars, is the number of gratuitous teachers, who may be estimated at from 250,000 to 300,000.' *Day-schools* owe their origin to a Dissenter, Joseph Lancaster, from whose efforts arose the 'British and Foreign School Society.' In the schools of this society it is supposed that 200,000 are now being educated, while the National School Society educated in 1846 nearly one million scholars. *School associations* exist in nearly all denominations—Wesleyan, Roman Catholic, and Congregational, as well as the State Church. In five years, from 1843 to 1848, the Congregationalists raised 130,000*l.* for the extension of education, and have since spent 12,000*l.* in establishing an efficient normal school. The Voluntary School Association has done much in the same direction. *Infant schools* exist in considerable numbers. *Ragged schools* are entirely the result of Voluntaryism. Their position and progress may be judged of from the preceding paragraph. 'The sum and crown, however,' says Mr. Baines—'after referring to the valuable auxiliaries to popular instruction in mechanics' institutes, Bible and tract and missionary societies, and benevolent institutions'—'the sum and crown of the evidence in proof of the sufficiency of the Voluntary system to reach our educational wants is found in the census of 1851, compared with the earlier (but certainly less complete) returns of 1818 and 1833. From the Parliamentary Paper, No. 487 of the last session, we learn the following most gratifying comparison:—

#### DAY SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND AND WALES.

| Years. | Number of Schools. | Number of Scholars. | Proportion of Scholars to Population. |
|--------|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1818   | 19,230             | 674,883             | 1 in 17.25                            |
| 1833   | 38,971             | 1,276,947           | 1 in 11.27                            |
| 1851   | 46,114             | 2,144,377           | 1 in 8.36                             |

'Since 1818 the increase of day scholars has been four times as great as the increase of population; and the increase of Sunday scholars nearly eight times as great.

'When it is remembered (says Mr. Baines, in conclusion) that Sir James K. Shuttleworth admits the proportion of one day scholar to eight inhabitants as that agreed upon as desirable by "most writers on the statistics of education," when it is seen that in 1851 we had reached the proportion of one to 8.36, and when it is observed by what a splendid amount of voluntary agency our great educational improvements have been originated and carried on, I know not how it is possible to resist the conclusion, that the Voluntary system is amply sufficient, as well as in its moral nature and influence incomparably superior to any governmental agency.'

#### THE NATIONAL UNIVERSITIES.

'A rumour,' says the 'Spectator' newspaper, 'is abroad that the English Dissenters are hesitating as to the course of conduct to be adopted by them in reference to the measure of University reform expected from the Government in the coming session. It is said that their political leaders are in doubt whether they should not oppose any measure of University reform brought forward in Parliament which does not include the removal of subscription to theological articles, or declaration of membership of the Church of England, as conditions of a degree.' Our contemporary, though strongly in favour of the removal of theological tests of every kind and degree, doubts the policy and rectitude of such a course as the above. The 'much-wanted re-organization of our highest education,' when completed, would aid the movement for admitting Dissenters to the degrees, while, it is maintained, that to insist upon the latter policy, at all hazards, would very likely put a stop for the present to University reform. 'We do not intend (says the writer in conclusion) in warning the Dissenters against the possible results of opposing the Government measure, to advise them to abstain from attempting to amend it. On the contrary, we hope all supporters of the admission of Dissenters to our national universities will be ready to vote for an amendment to any bill that may be introduced without the desired emancipation. All we say is, take what you can get, and get all you can.'

#### THE MILTON CLUB.

A meeting of the friends of the 'Milton' Club has been held at Radley's Hotel, at which the Provisional Committee made a statement as to their position and progress. 'At the outset, it was estimated that the sum of 50,000*l.* would be required for completing the whole design. In the judgment of the Committee, however, the site has been purchased on terms virtually reducing this calculation to 40,000*l.*, 10,000*l.* of which is outstanding upon mortgage to the vendors, and may, from the nature of the securities, be regarded as permanent, at the option of the Club. Towards the 30,000*l.* thus ascertained, in the opinion of the Finance Committee, to be all that, under present circumstances, might be required, the Committee had, in May last, succeeded in disposing of debentures to the amount of 16,000*l.* This, it is believed, would have been amply sufficient for either part of the design—the Hall or the Club separately considered. Deeming it most desirable, however, to accomplish at once the twofold purpose, and sustained in this view by the public meeting held in the spring of 1853, the Committee resolved to make new efforts, which have resulted in the addition of 10,150*l.* to the former amount, leaving not more than 3,850*l.* now to be made up. A part of this small deficiency, there is reason to believe, will be supplied by individual friends and local committees in the country actively at work for the purpose; but the Committee hope that they may depend upon the present meeting for by far the greater portion of the sum. Of the 600 debentures which must be taken in order to raise the estimated capital, 523 have been disposed of,' leaving, therefore, 77 only on sale. Dr. Foster, Mr. Miall, Mr. Chambers, and others, addressed the meeting in support of the scheme.

#### MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted:—

BURNLEY (Bethesda Congregational church).—Rev. J. Stroyan.

DEVONPORT (Congregational church).—Rev. P. A. Hampson, late of Warrington.

EDINBURGH.—R. B. Sanderson, Esq., as successor to the late Rev. Christopher Anderson.

HURSTMONCEAUX (Congregational church).—Rev. J. R. Smith, late of Chester.

LANCASTER, High-street (Congregational church).—Rev. J. Sugden, B.A.

OAKHAMPTON (Congregational church).—Rev. W. Jackson.

RICKMANSWORTH (Baptist church).—Mr. Robert Tabbs, late of Bristol.

WALTHAMSTOW (Congregational church).—The Rev. S.S. England, late of Mill Hill.

THE MONTHLY  
CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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MARCH, 1854.

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*The Mental Claims of Young Men.*

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ONE of the most melancholy proofs that man is a degraded being, is furnished by the manner in which he estimates the human mind, which from being the highest species of property that can belong to a mortal, we should expect would be regarded with almost idolatrous affection. How unlike the actual valuation of mind on earth! Yet it is from the possession of mind alone that man can deduce his glory, for he can never claim the lordship of the world from pre-eminence of animal powers. Mind in animals is but a subordinate agent, evidently designed to work the bodily organization, to perpetuate its race, and to expire when the body *dies*. In man, the animal part is as evidently designed to be the mere instrument of the mind, and the greatest intellect depends on its flesh and blood for all its destiny. This is one of the true grounds of education. Childhood is therefore the most important period of being, considered as the commencement of the mental life, which depends like everything else for its issues on the nature of its beginning. Next in importance to childhood, is the mind of the young man; partly because it is more influential, and partly because as it is not fully developed, there is yet hope that its defects may be counteracted, and its susceptibilities of virtuous change are also greater. The development of mind through physical agencies is one of the mysteries of being. An atom may contain the life-giving impulse; and that atom may not come into contact with the mind until comparatively late in this life. The fall of an apple once determined the immortality, by developing the marvellous powers of one of the most capacious and humble spirits that ever dwelt in flesh. Generally speaking, the mental development is not complete much before the seventh septennary of life. Now the simple circumstance

that most minds do not obtain an adequate education, and that a young man may be yet seriously influenced in the maturity of his mind, is certainly one of the strongest claims on all who are interested in the mental history of the species.

Some of these remarks apply with even more force to the character of young men, which for the same reasons may be said to be yet unformed. As a proof that such is the actual immaturity of the character of most young men, we have only to appeal to the multitudes, who, between the ages of seventeen and forty, undergo an entire transformation, even when religion does not intervene. Affliction may check the debauchee, and chase him to the gates of death, and if he have been distinguished by taste, or possess the power of reflection, may bring over him for a time the beautiful but transient morality of sorrow. A favourite sister, or a beloved wife, may collect the whole menagerie of bad passions, and for a time confine them within the husband or brother to sleep, as if they were dead indeed. A project of ambition may make the miser prodigal, or the volatile grave. These changes are occurring hourly in young men, and it would be an impressive review if we could make all the youth in the kingdom at any given time pass before the eye, who are thus sustaining hypocritical characters, which are indeed but airy structures, fragile and gay as the spider's house, gemmed with the dew, and retained for their brief space, against all the tastes of the heart and the natural law of the mind. Perhaps, indeed, every character on earth would be found among these masqueraders, for it is to be feared that the dominion of mental hypocrisy is vastly greater than that of the moral man. Not less interesting would be a review of the young men who, between the ages of seventeen and forty, have undergone an entire transformation. This would exhibit a lamentable proportion of apostates from juvenile virtue, and many cheering specimens of the metamorphosed lion and wolf. All these classes illustrate the alterative condition of the character of young men, which becomes a serious claim on the efforts of the mental philanthropist. They show that the capacities of the mind to change, even in the absence of religion, are great in young men. Habits are in them not inveterate; the mental plant is yet herbaceous, and may be bent. The seeds of natural virtue are not effete. The love of novelty is yet strong, and may be converted to a labourer in God's vineyard. Memory is elastic, and may, at the stamp of conscience, bring back to the mind early instructions and the resolutions of nobler days, and restore to the heart the resolves of virtue and the flush of hope. At least, young men are not in deep and manifold league with the spirit of the world; the coil is yet loose upon them, and by skilful and resolute effort they may be disentangled. It is not too late to learn; motives are yet powerful; virtue's prize may be yet appreciated, and resolution may be roused to attempt it. On the other hand, the mind of the aged, like his limbs, is set; his suppleness is lost, the flesh is cartilage, the muscle is changed to bone, and the bone to iron, and the sinews are become brass. Nothing but the supernatural power of religion can liquefy such a mind and restore



it to its right properties. Vice has become a minor necessity to the aged. Consciousness is weak, and the power of self-retrospection is utterly damaged. To change now would be a revolution, and the aged love quiet even at the expense of life ; and as vice is the mother of scepticism, it has long since become a question out of which the wretched heart extracts a poisonous sedative, 'May not religion after all be false?'

Young men are, perhaps, more than any other class, subject to the power of opinion, and this we would cite as another of their claims. It has long been believed that opinion rules the world. What a confession of the power and accountability of speech ! Childhood is incapable of appreciating most of the opinions of life, and from not seeing their necessity, it has no taste to understand them. Age is indifferent to the opinion of others ; either because it feels itself entitled to dictate, or from its aversion to admit anything new, or because it imagines that all that it does not know, is not worth the acquisition. Youth is inquisitive, has been taught to value knowledge, and from the conviction of its intellectual poverty it is avid to learn. This avidity ranges through all the degrees of desire, sometimes merely existing in passive receptiveness, but in nobler natures it is the craving for information, and will sacrifice nights and rest, or even health itself, for its attainment. This makes the young man the easy victim of bad opinions, or the grateful recipient of what are true. The power of foreign opinion is one of the causes why young men so often change their own ; whereas the aged seldom effectually adopt a new sentiment, or discard an old one after fifty, even though they should live to see their second jubilee. Over the character of childhood opinion has little power ; toys and sport absorb the soul ; while in age, a new opinion is the seed on stony ground. In the first class the fecundity of the soil has not yet come on ; in the second it has departed. But the receptiveness of the young man is not greater than is the influence of received opinions on his manners, style, pleasures, speech, companions, pursuit, and even on his most recondite motives or subtlest feelings. True, he is often confounded with the contradiction of the opinions of others who appear equally qualified to judge, but even that is only a concentration and double proof of the power of opinion over him. He may be moved by this power to hostile courses ; to change all his plans ; to seek the ends of the earth ; to dare the tornado's blast, or the shipwreck's hazard in pursuit of baubles. In short, if opinion falls with the softness of the shadow on childhood, and only parts into harmless spray on the cold head of age, it is the electric fluid in the soul of the young man which alters every fibre, and vitalizes every pore.

The attractions which the opinions of others have for the young man, joined to his communicative temper, make him an eminently suitable vehicle for their circulation. Enter into a society of 500 persons with a moderate proportion of young men, listen to the conversation, and

while you hear the aged repeating for the hundredth time the tale of his youth, and his young auditors responding with a complacent smile, which is a mixture of pity, you will hear the young man criticising the recent news, the last speech, the most original book, the beauties of the favourite author, the newest fashion, or the last discovery. Into the report he pours all his ardour, and speaks with the zeal of a proprietor; it is a proof of his own skill, and he augments the emulation of his auditors. We have seen this frequently, and have often felt that the true circulating medium of the intellectual world is the soul of the young man. He is not indifferent to the abstractions of the metaphysician, nor insensible to the crystal beauties of the poet. The facts of the historian and the models of the mechanic are interesting to him, for in his imagination the universe moves in miniature; there the battle is re-fought, and the voyage is made again. He lives in the mental 'day-spring,' of which every beam warms, and every dew-drop is imbibed; and while he freely receives the thoughts which circulate to him, he breathes into them the new life of his own spirit, and radiates them again with fresh impulse. What would be the press without its coadjutant circulator, the mind of the young man? To how great an extent do knowledge and error, virtue and vice, depend on the mind of youth? It carries opinions from rivers to the end of the earth, utters them in cavern deeps, or in unmeasured deserts, amidst storms and plagues, in the sick-room and in the market; turns them into jest, songs, and tales, and diffuses them where the press is proscribed, and at a time when they strike with all their gravity; and if, according to the beautiful hypothesis of one of the great spirits of the present age, the air retains all the impression it has ever received, what a charming tapestry has it become, where the young man's voice has inwrought for ever the opinions that had first circulated through his own spirit, and then left it with rubescent light to visit others. Have philosophers and divines, teachers and philanthropists, made the noble use of this attribute of the youthful mind of which it is capable?

Another reason for attempting to convert the minds of young men into a salient source of general instruction, is the relation it occupies to childhood. Boyhood, the period intervening between those of infancy and virility, thus becomes immensely interesting to our theme.

Influence naturally falls with more force on inferiors, and particularly on those of a junior age; the consciousness of superiority and its affectation, also generally make the senior classes unpropitious subjects for the influence of young men, while their own modesty prevents its exercise. The influence of young men falls, however, with the weight of an undivided stream on the junior classes. They are the inferiors of the young man; they feel it, and are even ambitious of his notice, though he does not acknowledge them as equals. The ambition of the boy is to be considered a man, and as all approximations to the aged as companions are out of the question, the boy naturally courts the company of the youth who is on the border land of manhood. Their

mutual warmth of heart and love of pleasure often bring them into apparent equality, and the boy looks forward to the young man as a future companion, as well as a pattern, while the young man feels himself flattered with the deference of the boy. They are moral neighbours, and all the lace-work of life bind them together. The young man is disposed to act the superior; the boy is flattered with the notice. The one is beginning to learn; the other wishes to try his powers to teach. The natural love of distinction drives its possessor where the chances of gratification are the most numerous. This inclines the young man to be satisfied with the stripling's company, where he can dictate without contradiction; where his wit is considered the best, and his example is law. Here, then, is a new aspect of the power of young men. The national boyhood moves in constant subordination to them, considers them its standard, courts their company, defers to them as superiors, receives their opinions without examination, and copies their peculiarities. So that young men are boyhood's actual schoolmasters. How many thousand youth every day are emboldened to disobedience or fraud by the young man's bravado? With how few blows will he understrike the work of the school, or fell the authority of home! What lessons does he inspire within the limits of a saunter! Into what mysteries of iniquity may the young man initiate the youth in the course of a night! With what advantage he explains, and with what authority! How needless to repeat the lesson on the appetites! How quick the details are imagined to be forgotten no more! How apt at allusion are both parties! How expeditiously may the ruin of the virtues be effected! This is done every day, and angels and men, afflictions and providence, religion and time, are all the subsequent life of the juvenile auditor in eradicating the taint; and the work is often undone at last! And yet the pestilence which riots 'at noonday,' and falls heaviest on the youngest trees, is scarcely lamented.

The love of companionship is another of the mental attributes of young men which illustrates their importance as members of society. Age is solitary. The lots of death have fallen on nearly all its friends, and it has neither the aptitude nor the opportunity of filling up their place. In childhood, friendship is not yet budded from the social root; the love of amusement unites and dissolves all, and joined to its ignorance and innocence, makes the children of the greatest foes friends, and those of princes and paupers equal. But the young man is ruled by the love of society, and companions to him are as necessary as light. This disposition is the cause of friendship, and its sanctuary, explains why most of the ardent and long friendships in life originate in youth, and illustrates the power of the young man in different perspectives, all which proves the necessity, by the elevation of his character, of converting him into one of the prophet's 'living wheels,' which shall track the 'way of life' wherever it moves. All the generosity and ardour of youth melt into its friendships; while they nourish its communicative temper, and cause a ceaseless commerce of thought, and a perpetual iteration of ideas, the least of which finds

its place somewhere in the cement which is indurating about every young man into moral petrifications. The conduct of the prophet, who, when about to raise the son of the Shunammite, 'put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and stretched himself upon the child—until the flesh of the child waxed warm,' was an image of youthful friendship, and of the service which it should receive from its superiors. Analogous parts of the character are brought close to each other, and regulate their mutual states; some properties are borrowed and lent; others are quickened into preternatural action, while it always happens that the virtues receive the least assistance. There is the mental wedlock in which the individuality too often expires. Young men are the wax and seal to each other; and the impressions of the moment are thus transmitted with wonderful fidelity through the succeeding life, and copied as they are conveyed by all who admire. This love of companionship makes the young man easy of access, and expert in acquiring new associates, when the same process is repeated. So that two young companions by the age of thirty-six, have often established themselves in ten different circles, whose shapes they incorporate with their own.

How different is age! You converse with it, and are forgotten in a week, if not in a day! If you expostulate, you are repelled; if you instruct, it is reputed dogmatism; if you persuade, the will of age reveals its lordship, and intimates that all counsellors are dismissed, and you are left to feel that companionship of the young with the aged is mere juxtaposition! You might as well soliloquize with statues; for there is in neither case radiation nor admission of the human fire. The character of age has lost its power of suction, and therefore imbibes little from example; and as it has little emulation, it seldom copies. Such a character may be said to have all its complement, there is no room for more, except in the hold of prejudices which virtue abhors, and where truth is neither respected nor allowed; or, to change the image, every character of age has long since gained its settlement, and must not be disturbed. But the characters of young men are yet in their diluvial state; the future rock is yet soft; assimilation is advancing, but is not complete; the currents of life may yet displace the strata; the incipient gold mine may be changed into one of lead, or the bed of clay into one of silver, while what might hereafter be called the 'eternal granite,' may be now moved and shaped with the airy fingers of imagination. The application of all this is self-evident. The character of the young man may be made almost what 'the former thereof' pleases, but in his absence it must be as it actually is, generally abandoned to chance, and it ought not to excite surprise if it resemble the fossil bed which more frequently presents the visage of the frog, the newt, or the serpent, than that of the human foot divine. The power with which this love of companionship operates on young men might by suitable means, to which we shall hereafter advert, from a mischievous energy which punishes society that disregards it by forcing on it its own imperfect image, be changed into the social plastic nature which in its passage from

infancy to age would leave in circulation a leaven that would in three generations superinduce a new form in the national countenance.

Congenial with this subject is another which may be thought not less illustrative of the mental claims of young men. The period to which our term youth refers, is that in which there occurs the final formation of most of the opinions and habits for the rest of life. All our previous remarks have gone to show that the character of young men is in a moveable state, depends for the form it finally takes on the influences to which it is exposed, while it is in motion; that, in short, it is the heated iron, and may either be beaten into the ploughshare or the sword, and that this state of the juvenile character is a noble invitation to the benevolent wisdom of society, and an imperative call on all who come within the comprehensive class of superiors.

We are now to anticipate the close of this moveable state of the youthful character, and to examine the course of its vitrification. Till the young man is approaching the fifth octave of life, he is all movement. The world performs the annual, and he the diurnal motion. The passions are on the migration, flitting from one resting-place to another, depending on casual supplies, but they are homeward bound. The imagination is predominant. It makes the perspective of life, varies its scale as it pleases, shades every object, varnishes the dung-hill as well as the palace, and applies its myriad power microscope to every shining atom. It 'levels the rough places, and makes the crooked straight,' in the prospect of the young man, while it intoxicates his hopes with nectar, hides the real difficulties of the world, and easily persuades the youth, that if he do not conquer the world, he is destined to act no unobtrusive part on its stage. Through all this period the judgment is a minor, and moves about in the company of the fancy, imbibing part of its enthusiasm, and receiving its dreams as the verities of experience. The heart is not yet galled with its yoke of care, and it vainly persuades itself that it will be always cheered with songs, and ever find abundance of pleasure, or that by the elixir which it imagines itself to have extracted out of the failures of other men, it hopes to calm the storm, or to avoid its bolt. The juvenile will has hitherto been but the mind's pendulum, which has fallen in mere play between the objects of its choice; and its oscillations, therefore, were comparatively of little consequence. The affections have been the mental graces which have indeed ministered much to the pleasure of former life, but have yet never been led from the enchanted ring, to discharge their serious duties among the shops and gaols, the mines and sorrow-haunts of real life. Opinion had been only a toy which was changed at will, relinquished without remorse, and adopted without care. Motive was a mere passion-blast, and principle was imagined to be a bond unexecuted; an obligation without the final sanction; or a charter without the seal, and its relinquishment on that account was thought to be a very pardonable fault. Memory thus far in the life of the young man had only been a tributary to amusement, and its work lay among pleasure and poets, sunlight scenes and wit, anecdotes of racy humour or of classic taste.

The scene is now, however, about to change—the apprenticeship to pleasure is soon to expire. The youth must enter on the world to act his own part, and to risk all on his own throw. He is soon to feel himself in the midst of the world's stream, with ten thousand rivals, yet without the domestic corks, and he must either sink or save himself! The prospect of this sobers all the mind; not instantly, indeed, but by a sure process of unintoxication. Opinions are now to be the levers of life, and the young man has had time to make his choice. The habits are now condemned both by nature and necessity to make a settlement. Character must hereafter be the bullion of capital, and an ill report may turn it into the 'sounding brass.' All the mind henceforth is to be called to labour; no faculty can be allowed to linger in the pleasure-grounds of youth. Memory must leave her groves and bowers, and become the keeper of the coarsest but necessary things. Even imagination must now change office, and wait on the judgment. Conscience, the individual's magistrate, is now to combine both the character of lawyer and judge, and to pronounce a thousand verdicts in a day, where no law explains nor jury enters. Changes may occur again, but they will be only partial. Pleasure may return, but it will only be to make a short parenthesis to toil. The individual may change his abode through all the meridians of the earth, but he must continue substantially the same. All the difference between being 'provided for,' and the provider for others, will press upon the spirit, which instead of having the parent's shadow near to be a covert from the heat and a refuge from the storm, will often find itself the sole point on which it strikes with no comforter at hand. The young man will now, therefore, need real armour, for he *must* fight; and the experience of age, or he must be filled with the sleepless eyes. He may not be satisfied with his opinions, but he has no time to examine others. His habits might have been better, he *now* thinks; but they are fixed; and as the legion of cares move in everlasting evolutions about him, he thinks himself forced to continue what he is. His companions, he is overheard confessing, are not such as he would rechoose, for they check his taste and sink their own; but he thinks he might elect worse, and retains them from fear. There are many subjects he would have studied, but the opportunity is now gone! The ambition of man, the love of children, the dominion of home, the tyranny of trade, the game of chance, the gathering cloud, the active foe, the diminishing sands of life, the loss of health, and the great uncertainty of all, doom the young man to choose his station in the world, and abandon all thoughts, for he will have little ability for further change. *Then Christians, educationists, governors*, what you leave this young man he will be probably found at the balance of the universal stewardship, and much of the evil that he may have done, or the good omitted, will be carried to your account. He might have been a more efficient labourer for God and man than an angel could have been on earth, and you abandoned him to himself, or suffered him to join others seven times more wicked.

The age of the young man is of great consequence to the world,

considered as the period of imagination. In age fancy is but the dowager queen ; her pageant is faded, her halls are nearly deserted, except by sombre-hued images ; the music has left her voice, the fairy grace of her step is gone, and over her dwelling waves memory's flag of desolation, written within and without with lamentation and woe, joined with symbols of forgotten friends, lost battles, disregarded honours, and broken schemes.

But in youth imagination is in full empire, and keeps all the soul's capacities in her service. What a mysterious power is imagination ! at once a proof that man belongs to spirit tribes and the connecting chain which brings the eternal electricity from afar, down into human bosoms. It is to him as the condor wing which now carries him to elevations, whence reason maps the world ; and then, far forth into untrodden wildernesses of thought, where it finds celestial aromatics and original flowers, which but for imagination would have wasted their sweetness on the desert wind unadmired. This power, combined with memory, is the nearest image of creative energy that is known to man, and would of itself have justified Revelation in describing him as 'the image of God.' The classic ages, when the groves were vocal with the illustrious men whose mistakes even have immortalized their generations, come up in visions at the call of imagination and memory. At the same command, 'the Urim and the Thummim' return to Judea ; the mockerous oracles restore their steam-moved tripod at Dodona and Delphos ; the battering rams of Rome ply their thousand arms of brass to the walled cities of Parthia, ringing their sonorous thunders loud in the ears of the historian ; or the first colonies taking farewell of the vale of Shinar come. The exode, with its cloud captain and its camp wall of fire, appears settling after the day's march ; the halted universe breathing the horses of the sun over the valley of Gibeon ; the strange philosophers from Egypt and Corinth glimmering into the law of the Lord at Jerusalem, purloining the precious stories of truth, which they pretended afterward to have derived from Apollo ; and the martyr army by which the world was distinguished, and with such a power to control, who does not see the importance of the young man ?

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## The Preachers—A Modern Tale.

### PART II.

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MANY were the references which Mr. Rigorhood and his wife made during that week to the remarks which Charles had offered in the garden, and especially to his strictures on the sermon of Mr. Sentiment. The more they thought upon the high Christian tone and dignified bearing, as well as on the intelligence of Charles's criticism, the more disposed were they to question the transcendent superiority

of the Fluxibles' pastor, and the more anxious they felt, lest on the coming Sabbath evening the discourse of the Rev. Arid Creedman should not come up to the occasion.

'Shall I write to Mr. Creedman to inform him that I have persuaded Charles to accompany us to his church next Sabbath evening?' suggested Mr. Rigorhood to his wife. 'This, perhaps, will induce him to prepare a little more for the service, and to select some train of thought peculiarly suitable, for you know he is thoroughly acquainted with Charles's views.'

'I really don't know what to say, dear,' replied his wife; 'I don't think Mr. Creedman would consider it a liberty; although, perhaps, it may make him a little nervous; or, what would be worse, induce him to offer observations which Charles might consider too personal.'

'Well, on the whole,' said Rigorhood, 'perhaps it is better not; let things take their course. By the way, I have just remembered that he will preach but once next Sabbath; and therefore he will, I hope, be better prepared than usual. The Rev. George Allfroth, of London, preaches in the morning on behalf of Foreign Missions, and a very eloquent man I understand he is.'

Accordingly, it was considered by both parties better to leave Mr. Creedman in entire ignorance of Charles's intention to give him another hearing.

Charles started by the first train on Monday morning, for Devonshire, intending to return at the end of the week. It may not be uninteresting to state that some six months before, Charles, in a tour through this 'garden of England,' in the course of his peregrinations, being wearied and thirsty, called at one of those fine old farm-houses, the mementoes of primitive simplicity and scenes of cleanliness and plenty. There was no one within but the good old farmer's wife and eldest daughter; some of the servants were gone to market, and others were at work in the fields. The mother asked the stranger in, and spread the table with fare which none but a farm-house can supply, and with warm hospitality bade him welcome. The daughter soon entered the room, bowed, blushed, and sat down. Charles felt as if, in that moment, a new element had entered the atmosphere he breathed; his pulse beat faster, and his blood moved quicker in his veins. Without poetry, the entrance of that country lass to the room was the incoming of a new life to him. He had never felt anything like it before. At social parties, on college walks, and fashionable parades, he had met and spoke with many a 'fine lady,' but none moved his soul like this rural girl. He asked her questions about the particular places and persons of the neighbourhood; found her communicative and intelligent; he referred to music, and soon ascertained that she not only knew its art but felt its poetry; spoke of religion, and discovered her to be genuinely devout. Though well-educated, intelligent, and religious, the charm of Eliza (for such was her name) was *naturalness*. In her dress there was no finery, in neither her voice nor gait was there any affectation; she talked without lisping, sang without warbling, and walked without mincing. Art had



clipped nothing from, and stinted nothing about, this noble daughter of nature. Though she sang more over her pastry, her ironing-board, out in the quiet fields, in the garden sowing seeds, and in the orchard gathering apples, than over the piano, her voice was not the less sweet for that. When she sang it was music; every cord of her bosom contributing to swell the volume of sweet sounds. Charles had never met such a beautiful piece of woman-nature before—so intelligent, refined, and devout, yet so thoroughly unsophisticated. Hence his new feeling. During the two hours of his stay in that house, there was woven out of the looks, thoughts, and feelings, which he exchanged with Eliza, that tie of souls which is mightier than adamant, but finer than the finest web,—too weak to fetter, but too strong to break. They soon mutually pledged themselves to each other.

We have thought it well thus to whisper this little secret about Charles, not only because it explains the reason of his going into Devonshire, but because it explains a great deal about himself. A man is not a man until he finds some one of the other sex to love with a pure and all-confiding affection, whose interests and destinies he blends with his own.

According to promise, Charles reached home on the following Saturday, and to his surprise found that Mr. and Mrs. Wiseall had come to Park-lodge, the residence of his parents, to spend a few days. Though they were very old friends of the family, Charles had a dislike to them which he felt it often very difficult to repress. Indeed, so opposite were the feelings and habits of Mr. Wiseall and Charles, that there were very few subjects on which they had any common sympathy. Wiseall was the senior deacon of a Baptist chapel in a neighbouring town, and in many respects he was a fair type of a large class of that order of ecclesiastical functionaries in rural districts; we say in rural districts, for in large towns such men, instead of becoming deacons, keep their own level. He thought himself a little lord in the conventicle; he sat in his pew, not as a learner, but as a judge; he considered himself to be the guardian of orthodoxy in the place, a great admirer of the 'simple gospel,' and a great talker about baptism. He valued his minister, just so far as he would consult his views and accede to his wishes. He could not bear to see him act in any way independent of him; and hence, to keep him as much as possible in a state of subserviency, he took care to keep his income down; indeed, he thought that ministers ought never to be rich, lest they should become worldly and proud, although no man was more anxious to get what he called 'cash' than himself. He had obtained a reputation for striking hard bargains, and was frequently known to go beyond truth, in order to serve his commercial ends. By the way, 'lay people' denounce craft in the 'clergy;' but is there any craft so deep, sinister, and baneful, as the market craft? All other crafts pale their fires before it.—Now this crafty money-loving deacon, who had managed to amass a large fortune for each of his eight children, thought ten pounds per annum an ample remuneration to his minister

for all his labours on his behalf. For this he occupied one of the largest seats in the chapel, and in the best situation; moreover, he expected a deal of service. For this 10*l.* he expected religious instruction provided for himself and family, twice on every Sabbath, and once in the week. He expected frequent pastoral visits to his house. If Mrs. Wiseall had a headache so that she could come out only once on the Sabbath-day, or if Miss Wiseall felt a tendency to a swooning-fit (which tendency she often felt), and left her seat before the service was over, a pastoral visit was expected on the Monday. Or if he had a party of friends, he expected his minister to be present and use his genius and prayers to add to the interest of the entertainment; in fact, he expected his minister to console his family in sorrow, to convert those who were unconverted, and to make them all good saints for—10*l.* per annum—a smaller sum than he paid his scullery-maid—less than his wife expended on perfumery.

At the supper-table that night, Mr. Wiseall, who was always very loquacious, talked much on churches and chapels, sermons and ministers. He spoke much about the 'good cause,' and particularly lamented that young ministers were so tainted with 'German philosophy.' Here Charles, who had been unusually taciturn all the evening, asked as calmly as his full tide of contemptuous feeling would allow, 'Pray, Mr. Wiseall, what do you mean by German philosophy?'

'German philosophy! German philosophy!' repeated Mr. Wiseall, 'why—why, ah,—why those new notions that are come up.'

'But what new notions do you mean, sir?' asked Charles.

'What new notions! what new notions!' uttered Mr. Wiseall, scratching his bald head, 'why—why—ah,—why the new notions that are come up from Germany, to be sure.'

Here Mr. Wiseall felt himself, as our New England friends say, in 'a fix.' Had he not been his father's guest, Charles would have shot from the righteous bow of his noble intellect arrows of rebuke that would have wounded him to the heart.

After supper, Charles retired into another room with his two sisters, and there he expressed himself pretty freely about Mr. Wiseall. 'The idea,' said he, 'of that man being a deacon—being an officer in the most enlightened righteous and benign system in the world. His minister is not just to him, I fear. He is afraid of losing the paltry 10*l.* per year.'

'Well, you know, Charles,' answered one of his sisters, 'his minister cannot afford to lose it.'

'Afford it,' said Charles; 'better for him to eat one loaf of bread less a week, than tolerate such a man as a deacon. The man who has not sufficient moral independency of soul to strip such men as this Wiseall of their miserable pretensions, and to bring upon their consciences such a flood of Divine light as shall make them sink into nothingness, crying, as they fall, "Woe is me! woe is me!" is not fit for the pulpit in this age; no, nor of any other age.'

Charles now bade good-night to his sisters, and retired to his chamber, thoroughly tired with his journey. After reading a few verses from

Christ's last discourse, he prayed—prayed for himself, parents, sisters, and friends, nor was Eliza forgotten in those devotions. He commended her to the Great Father, and besought him to make their mutual affections sacred and lasting. The evening prayer sweeps from the mind the anxious thoughts of the day, as the winds bear away the mists that overhang the hills. He who prays rightly may sleep sweetly. Charles slept well that night, nor did he awake until the sun had filled his chamber with broad daylight. He remembers it is the Sabbath, and hastens to join the family at the breakfast-table, and in family devotions. All now prepare for public worship. Charles wends his way alone to School-street. The other portions of the family, accompanied by the Wisealls, are driven in the carriage to Polemical-square.

There is a great charm about an English town on a fine Sabbath morning, especially in the summer season. Instead of the rattlings of machines, the strokes of workmen, and the din of commerce, the bells of different churches peal their music into every street, alley, and house. We like those old bells! There is a poetry in them; or, at any rate, they fill us with the poetry of the days that are gone. The people you saw yesterday hurrying with business, speeding through the streets, each man for himself, you see to-day all clean and well attired in social groups, walking with stately step to the house of God. Ideas about God, responsibility, death, future life, which more or less slumbered through the week, are called up to-day, and they give an air of reverence and solemnity to everything around.

The Rigorhoods and Wisealls had not long entered the church before Mr. Allfroth ascended the pulpit. He was middle-sized, with light hair, and grey eyes. There was not a line of thought on his brow, not a spark of genius in his look, but there was an unseemly smirk of self-satisfaction upon the lip. Still he must be a great man, thought we, because he comes from London, and is a deputation from a society for evangelizing the world! No sooner did he commence reading the scriptures, than we felt that he had the power of expression—his voice, though not of much compass, was musical and clear, and his elocution was good. His text was, 'Go into all the world and preach the gospel.' He entitled his subject, 'the great commission.' He gave us an hour and a half of eloquent common places, interspersed here and there with a verse from Dr. Watts, and two or three gross anecdotes about heathenism, and concluded with a vociferous peroration, in which he denounced German philosophy and Puseyism as the great evils of the age. Though there was not a single idea in the whole discourse which indicated the slightest effort of individual thought, he nevertheless made an impression. The large congregation appeared for the most part attentive throughout. Let us hope good was done!

The Rigorhoods and Wisealls returned equally delighted with the sermon. Mr. Wiseall was 'so delighted' with Allfroth's remarks about 'German philosophy,' although evidently neither the preacher nor himself understood what it meant. Thus, as the Scriptures

say, we make 'fools' of ourselves; to feed our vanity, we talk of things of which we know nothing; use words without meaning; worse than fools—hypocrites. Mrs. Wiseall, too, 'was extremely delighted with the sermon;' she said she 'felt inclined to go into the 'westry,' and thank Mr. Alfroth for his beautiful remarks.' Indeed, impressed were they all with the great work of evangelizing the world, so affected were they with the thoughts that millions of heathens were going to hell, that Mr. Rigorhood and Mr. Wiseall gave ten shillings each to the collection; and their ladies were so wrought into commiseration, that we observed them to put no less than half-a-crown on the plate as they left the sanctuary.

Charles had engaged to dine with Alfred Baily that day. Alfred was Charles's most intimate friend. Their views and sympathies were remarkably coincident. Although Alfred had a stronger taste for abstract studies than Charles, yet their hearts were equally warm, and each could trace the intellect of his friend through the most winding labyrinths and tremendous ravines of speculation. After the morning service at Mr. Broadthought's—for both worshipped at the same 'place'—they went into the fields before dinner. They had not long walked over Nature's green and flowery carpet, before they caught the inspiration of the scene. Every blade and flower, plant and tree, were robed in the finest dress. Corn-fields waved on either side, and looked like shaded velvet, as the balmy winds breathed over them; a beautiful well wooded hill rose before them, and Charles, bursting with poetry, addressed his friend in the language of Festus :—

"Come, let us to the hills ! where none but God  
Can overlook us ; for I hate to breathe  
The breath and think the thoughts of other men,  
In close and clouded cities where the sky  
Looks like an angry father frowningly.  
I love the hills, and I love loneliness ;  
And oh ! I love the woods, those natural fanes,  
Whose very air is holy ; and we breathe  
Of God ; for he doth come in special place,  
And while we worship, He is there for us."

The friends commented upon some of the ideas which Mr. Broadthought had enunciated on the 'laws of soul-training.' They spoke of the religious influence of nature.

'I wonder,' said Charles, 'how any man can be ungenerous, false, or irreverent, or carry a sinful feeling in his breast, under such genializing and sanctifying influences as these.'

'So do I,' responded Alfred ; and struck out in a beautiful tune—

'My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights ;  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.'

Never was that hymn more appreciated than now, and never did its sentiments mingle more thoroughly in the music of the heart.

Having dined and taken tea with Alfred, the hour arrived for service.

‘Alfred,’ said Charles, ‘I am going to hear Mr. Creedman to-night.’

‘Never!’ exclaimed Alfred, with a look of surprise.

‘Yes, I am,’ responded Charles. ‘I have promised my father to go.’

‘You are not dissatisfied with Mr. Broadthought, I hope,’ said Alfred.

‘No, no,’ returned Charles, ‘you know better than that. I will explain to you the reason another time. Good night.’

‘Good night!’ echoed Alfred. ‘I would go with you, were it not for my sisters.’

Charles was soon in the church of Mr. Creedman; there he saw his parents, sisters, the Wisealls, and Fluxibles.

The edifice had a very antique appearance; several monuments of departed worshippers met your eye along the walls. There were two to the memory of distinguished men who had preached the gospel for many years under that old roof; one on each side of the pulpit. We admire those memorials in sanctuaries; they spread a solemnity over the scene; their cold marble tongues speak the sentiment of awe into the bosom of the thoughtless and the gay; they help to link the spirits of the living with the dead. No one was more alive to the solemnizing influences of those monuments, and of the sombre air of antiquity that seemed to overhang the place, than Charles. To his sensitive and creative imagination, this old temple assumed various aspects. Now it seemed like the meeting-place of generations, and he fancied himself in company with the dead; and anon it appeared like the thoroughfare of souls to eternity. No one in the living throng that was gathering around him was more prepared to receive the gospel now than he. His critical faculty retired for a period; all captious feelings, if he ever had any, were gone; his whole nature was under the sway of those sentiments that ever give the soul a deep craving for truth. As ‘a new-born babe’ he now desired the sincere milk of the word.

The introductory devotional services being conducted by a stranger, Mr. Creedman ascended the pulpit. He was a tall man, grave, and somewhat imposing in form. He had evidently passed the noon of life, and time had furrowed his cheeks and whitened his locks. His small eyes deeply socketed, almost hid; his forehead, based on broad perceptive faculties, receded into a cone-like form. We have seldom seen a more non-emotional face. Did those compressive lips, thought we, ever quiver with laughter; was that hard countenance ever bathed in tears?

He selected his text from Psalm lxxxix. 3—‘I have made a covenant with my chosen; I have sworn unto David my servant.’ He introduced his subject by offering a few remarks upon what he called two *monster evils*—Popery and Arminianism. These were always his Apollyons. Though he had grown old in battling with them, yet he never kindled into such enthusiasm as when he was about dealing to them a theological blow. Having disposed of them, he went on to call the attention of the congregation to three covenants:

I. The covenant made with Adam. This was a covenant in which

the Almighty engaged to give Adam eternal life; if he would only be obedient. But Adam disobeyed, and forfeited the boon. And in his disobedience the whole human race sinned. He insisted on the fact that every human being was a sinner in Adam; and here he expatiated upon what Rigorhood had called 'the glorious doctrine of original sin.' He then proceeded to notice—

II. 'The covenant made with Christ. This was a covenant in which Jehovah engaged to rescue a certain number—the elect, provided Jesus Christ would become the surety, stand in the place, and endure the punishment which they deserved.' Here he showed how the sufferings of Christ were necessary to appease the vengeance of an angry God, to harmonize the Divine justice and mercy. He spoke a deal about the contention between Justice and Mercy. He showed that Jesus did fulfil this condition, and that this covenant took place in the 'counsels of eternity.'

He passed on then to notice—

III. 'The covenant made with the believer.' He showed that the *security* was immutable, and that they had the righteousness of Christ 'imputed' to them, and that they were predestinated to eternal life.

He concluded a sermon of an hour's length by calling upon the people of God to adore his sovereignty, to triumph in their security, and to live up to their glorious privileges. He showed the sinner the hell to which he was exposed, and warned all against the dangerous errors of Arminianism.

Such is a brief outline of Mr. Creedman's discourse on that memorable evening. The one thing that impressed us during the delivery of the sermon was, that no idea enunciated seemed to be the utterance of individual conviction. Though the strong bass voice of the preacher rose at times to thunder, and though his actions were most violent and varied, sometimes beating the Bible as a blacksmith his anvil; sometimes expanding his arms like the pinions of an eagle in its flight; sometimes receding as if struck with horror at some shadowy spectre before him; and sometimes advancing and bending his gaunt figure over the pulpit, as if to plunge into the unknown, still there seemed to be a sad lack of genuine feeling. His actions were more like those of a galvanized corpse than a man who was moved by the inward impulses of the soul, wrought into high excitement by the Divine breathings of truth. In a conventional sense, the ministry of Mr. Creedman would be called 'an earnest ministry.'

But earnestness is neither action nor voice; the deepest earnestness sometimes whispers, it trembles on the tongue, nay, is oftentimes speechless. It is when the tide of feeling rises high, and chokes the voice, that the speaker's eloquence becomes most mighty.

The sermon, however, was approved of by the great bulk of the congregation. Mr. Rigorhood considered it to be one of Mr. Creedman's best attempts—one of his 'masterpieces.' He called the sermon a glorious synopsis of true theology. The Wisealls and the Fluxibles, too, participated in this feeling.

But Charles felt the sermon had done him more disservice than

good: It had swept from his mind those deep and mellow sentiments of devotion which he had before the service began, and which were heightened by the introductory worship. His soul that night looked up to Mr. Creedman in all simplicity for the 'bread of spiritual truth:' but instead of that he had received the 'scorpion' of theological discussion, to sting all who differed from the preacher's opinions.

Charles gave no utterance to his views of the sermon, until after supper he was compelled to do so. He heard the various complimentary remarks. Mr. Fluxible said 'it was a rich gospel sermon; he never saw Mr. Creedman so earnest before; it was wonderful.' Mrs. Fluxible considered him 'to be next to Mr. Sentiment as a preacher, only he had not his *winning* manners.' Mr. Wiseall said 'it was a deep sermon; it was as much as he could do, although he was very fond of argument, to follow Mr. Creedman all through. I should like 'mazingly,' added he, 'to see it in print.' Mrs. Wiseall felt a little sleepy during the service, but she thought it was 'a werry nice sarmon,' and hoped it would be 'own'd.'

'Well, friend Wiseall, and brother Fluxible,' said Mr. Rigorhood, a little elated with the numerous compliments that were pronounced on his minister, 'I call that *preaching*—I like to hear those *covenants* explained. Some ministers, I am sorry to say, seldom mention them in their discourses. I spent three Sundays last summer at a watering-place, and I particularly observed that in neither of the six sermons that I heard was there any mention of the *covenants*.'

Charles had taken no part in this conversation; and all felt a little surprised at this. They expected that he would have been foremost in his remarks. They were all anxious to hear his opinion. Seeing that there was no likelihood that Charles would volunteer an opinion, his father appealed to him:

'Charles, what did you think of the sermon of Mr. Creedman to-night, my boy?'

'Well, father,' replied Charles, 'I would rather not express my views on the discourse. Pray excuse me.'

'No, no,' exclaimed Mr. Fluxible, 'we cannot excuse you, Charles.' It was a little revenge that made Mr. Fluxible anxious for Charles's utterance. He thought it probable that Charles would pronounce a criticism as severe upon Mr. Creedman as he did upon his own dear minister, and thereby bring against him the entire mind of the whole party.

'I think,' said Charles, 'that as soon as sermons become the subjects of criticism they have lost their power. I believe that a true sermon works itself so thoroughly into the tenderest parts of our nature that you would as soon think of cross-questioning the dearest friend of your heart as to submit it to a critical ordeal. The habit of church-going people, to talk about sermons and ministers, which is fearfully prevalent, is only another proof to me that they are not what they ought to be.'

'What! are sermons to make us speechless, eh?' asked Mr. Wiseall, with an air of vulgar sarcasm.

'You pervert my meaning, sir,' replied Charles. 'Still you need not dread speechlessness; in many cases it would be a great blessing; so much tongue is an intolerable nuisance—its babblings confound one.'

Mr. Wiseall felt this stroke, and scarcely spoke again all the evening, but occupied his time in playing with his gold rings, and with a bunch of seals of portentous size.

Here Mrs. Rigorhood, whose nervous nature began to tremble lest her son and old friend should proceed to unkind personalities, said: 'Charles, dear, why don't you give us your opinion of the discourse this evening; we all expected you to do so.'

'Come, cousin,' urged Miss Fluxible, 'do oblige us.'

'Well, as I am thus pressed to it,' answered Charles, 'I will. In doing so I know that I shall come in painful collision with all your views. For this, however, I shall not be responsible. I shall speak my honest convictions.'

'What, Charles,' said Mr. Rigorhood, 'surely you do not mean to say that you did not approve of the sermon to-night.'

'Yes, father,' replied Charles; 'and I will tell you in a few words why. In the first place, it gave a wrong interpretation of the text. Let any man read the psalm, and I will defy him to show that it contains any reference to any of the covenants he spoke of. In the second place, he gave a wrong idea of God. He represented the Almighty as contracting with his Son in the 'counsels of eternity;' as having Justice and Mercy at war in his heart; and as having such indignation against man as could only be appeased by the death of his Son. Such representations I hold to be derogatory to the Divine character. In the third place it gave a wrong idea of man—a wrong idea of his character—for he spoke of man as being a sinner on account of *another's* sin, and as becoming righteous through the imputation of *another's* righteousness. His idea of character is that it is transferable. An absurdity. And in the fourth place, it gave a wrong idea of the ministry. His sermon would lead one to infer that the great end of the gospel ministry was to fill the intellect with crude metaphysical notions about the Bible, rather than to bring its great moral principles to bear upon the heart and life of man. If Mr. Creedman's intellectual system of theology was correct, which I deny, to preach that system would not answer the end of the ministry. You call these sermons gospel; I don't. Doctrinal theology is *not* the gospel, any more than geology is the earth, botany the vegetable creation, or astronomy the stars. It is but a few human notions about the gospel. As the great earth has depths that geology has never penetrated, vegetation myriads of plants that botany has never taken into account, and the sidereal universe suns, stars, and comets that astronomy never has dreamt of, so the gospel contains strata, germs, and bright stars of truth that the broadest of your "evangelical



systems" know nothing about. What we want, is not our few ideas of God's great gospel argued into an objective form, but those ideas argued into the reason, heart, conscience, and common life of existing humanity.'

Mr. Fluxible's carriage here arrived to convey him and his family home, and the conversation was interrupted. In parting, however, Harry Fluxible got Charles to promise to accompany him next Sabbath to Fog-lane to hear his minister, the Rev. Ariel Mistmind.

## Census Returns—Religious Worship.

### ARTICLE II.

IN continuing, through a few pages, our review of the Census Returns on Religious Worship, we shall do our best to avoid that spirit of self-glorification, the prevalence of which, in the literature of Nonconformist bodies, we have frequently been compelled to regret. It seems that pride must always, more or less, accompany a bold stand made for truth. Righteousness is self-conscious, and therefore not seldom compromises and degrades itself by self-adulation. Conviction is generally jealous of its own honour in proportion as it is deep and sincere. Hence it becomes bigotry; and conceit and bigotry, in reference more especially to religious matters, are synonymous terms. Our readers, we are sure, will not suspect us of any distrust of, or irreverence for, our principles as Dissenters; but we must be truthful, and confess that we have often felt that the dignity of those principles has been humiliated by the self-praise in which those who profess to hold them have indulged.

One of the most interesting portions of the Report before us consists of the very succinct and impartial sketch of the progress of religious opinions in England, with which the more specific contents of the volume are introduced. It is not our intention to reproduce, even in the form of the barest analysis, that sketch; but we refer our readers to it as suggesting several considerations which, by way at once of stimulating their enthusiasm and restraining their vanity as Nonconformists, it may be very useful to have brought before them.

Nothing is more imposing than the growth of a religious movement. Every reformation requires not only the tact of wisdom, the courage of devotion, the perseverance of deep and earnest purpose, and steady resistance to organized and established antagonism, but, also, the attraction and the sanctity of a *great principle*, to command for itself success. Accident may sometimes give *présteige* to a sham; and a corpse, by galvanic inflation, may be made to represent the mechanical activity of which a man is capable; but there must be a felt dissatisfaction with existing systems, and a consciousness of the truth of some new or neglected doctrine, before the world will lend to any

apostle its confidence. It naturally happens, also, that in proportion to the grandeur and profundity of the new or neglected doctrine, is the contempt with which it is regarded, the vigour with which it is opposed, and, consequently, the slowness with which its triumphs are achieved. But, in all such cases, the struggle is inspiring according to the degree of inequality between the contending parties, and the final result is glorious, according as the conflict has been protracted, unequal, and severe. Growth always proves vitality; but the energy of the vital principle will be tested, not so much by the rapidity and floridness of the development, as by the uncongeniality of the soil in which the germ has been deposited, the absence of continuous and appropriate cultivation, and the various disadvantages of adverse weather, neglect, and oppression, in spite of all which resisting and crushing influences the seed has taken root, expanded, and become a strong, healthy, and beautiful plant. British Nonconformity is such a plant. Its origin was wonderfully obscure. No kings nursed it. It had no exalted parentage. It was patronized by no princes. It was opposed by political authority and by religious intolerance. The great trampled upon it with their heavy feet. It was condemned to exile from all open society. The fresh, pure air of Freedom was denied it. It was born in sorrow, and nursed in gloom. Its fathers were simple men, whose only distinction was their integrity, and the prophetic valour with which God inspired them. Yet it has lived, flourished, and triumphed. It has survived the shocks of bitter persecution, and the flames of a thousand martyrdoms. It laboured when hope gave no promise of reward; and sang sweet psalms as it committed its bravest heroes to premature graves. It blushed not beneath the world's proud scorn; it was not cowed by the fierce anathemas of a dominant and exclusive church. And now, not only is it recognised as a respectable reality; it is courted and revered as a mighty power in the State! Nonconformity is a gigantic and splendid monument of the power of simple faith in any particular religious principle; it may be, also, said to be an august demonstration of the power of that particular principle which it has struggled to establish, and for its adherence to which it is most widely known and most sincerely honoured—the principle of Christian Willinghood. Its history has been worthy of its character, and its character worthy of its history. It has not been faultless, but it has been noble; inconsistencies have shaded its lustre and postponed its triumphs, but its struggles have been intelligently undertaken and serenely borne. It deserves the eminence in which this Report has shown it to stand.

But, in this respect, it is like all other results of religious reform. The great Protestant Reformation itself, though it burst forth with a more sudden vehemence, and created at once a more wide-spread consternation, and a more distinguished support, may be said to have passed through all those phases of obscurity, contempt, conflict, suffering, and success, which Nonconformists sometimes seem to imagine have been their lot alone. The Church of England, regarding itself as a child of the Reformation, therefore, might, not consistently we admit,

appropriate to itself the eulogiums we have pronounced on English Dissent! Certainly, the first Christians deserve them on the highest possible grounds. Nor do the circumstances referred to prove anything positively as to the truth or falseness of the principles which, through them, are pushed into eminence and dominion. To the shame of Christians in the nineteenth century be it spoken, the distinction of persecution, and the consequent distinction of triumph, have been given to the advocates of Mormonism; and they may write a history parallel with the Acts of the Apostles, as far as these features of their mission are concerned. So that, the principles which a sect is known to hold must, after all, be brought to the test of reason and of truth, and not accepted out of respect to any historical dignity or attraction which the malevolence, ignorance, or impatience of other sects have unwittingly lent them. And the true honour of a great religious body is, not the consistency with which it endures persecution; for human nature finds in its native obstinacy a sublime guarantee of this; but in the consistency with which it can wear success, and exercise the authority of great public power. The Christian Church, taken in its entire compass and history, has the attraction of its earliest misfortunes, and the merit of its earliest virtues, but, alas! these are sadly obscured by the subsequent defection into Catholic corruptions. If Nonconformity shall, as it seems probable, one day become the most influential religious power in this country, what will be its ultimate history? We fear to anticipate. We think we discern in some quarters already symptoms of concession to gilded wrongs, and of ambition for inglorious honours, which, if not checked by wisdom and piety, will bring down upon us the tears of heaven, and the reproaches of posterity.

It seems to be generally supposed that the Voluntary principle is a safeguard against the evils we dread. But is the Voluntary principle so clearly appreciated and devoutly loved by Dissenters, as we are too apt to imagine? We confess great misgivings. The first triumphs of Christianity were triumphs of Voluntaryism; they ended in the fiercest religious despotism the world ever groaned under. Protestantism was, more or less, a result of religious independence and Christian willinghood, but what are its present associations? It is hardly fair, in our judgment, for Nonconformists to claim their present eminence as a proof of their consistent adherence to the Voluntary principle. Let the whole truth be told on this matter. Much of the efficiency, numerical and moral, of the Established Church, is owing to the degree with which its members practise Voluntaryism. Is it then fair to contrast the Established and non-established Churches, and call the one compulsion, and the other willinghood? Especially, is it fair to do this, when it may be safely asserted that many of the unestablished churches would take State pay to-morrow if they could get it? And what sort of willinghood is it that, for the most part, Nonconformists exemplify? True, they have no church-rates; no forced contributions; no system of direct taxation. They use not weapons of carnal oppression; but do they not sometimes resort to carnal craft? Do they not gather people together

to hear a great preacher, and then thrust the plate upon their notice? Have they not such things as bazaars, and *soirées*, and concerts, and an innumerable series of cunning agencies for getting money out of people who never think for a moment of how their contributions are to be applied? Now, if we understand ourselves at all, this is anything but *Christian willihood*!

In fact, disguise it as we may, the Voluntary principle is oftener the child of necessity than of intelligent conceptions of duty. It was so among the early Christians. It was so with the first Nonconformists. They left an Establishment, not because it was an Establishment, but because it maintained theological or ecclesiastical error. The Voluntary principle, when accepted for its own sake, is the most generous and celestial of all principles, but its acceptance on such a ground implies a disinterestedness and benevolence of soul very uncommon in the world, and not very frequently illustrated in the Church. In these days a few seem thus to comprehend it. It is being taught in this light. We have a faint hope that this party will succeed, not only in removing the injustice of the Establishment, but in providing an intelligent and hallowed obstacle to all repetitions and extensions of that injustice.

Having unburdened our conscience of these feelings (urged thereto by the extravagant panegyrics with which Nonconformity has, since the appearance of this Report, continued to glorify itself), we will now plunge once more into the great ocean of statistics that lies before us; and we hope that some valuable facts and reflections may be picked up by us before we have done.

It has always been contended against the absolute doctrine of religious freedom, that it would soon bring religion into contempt by the vast multiplication of sects—the divisions and antagonisms which it would create. At first sight, the figures of this Report would appear to lend that theory an unqualified confirmation. The number of distinct sects having formal organization and government is thirty-eight. Then, besides these, there are, coming under the head of ‘Isolated congregations,’ no less than sixty-four other bodies having places of worship, varying in number between ninety-six and one each. Reckoning these as so many sects, we have, on the one hand, an Established Church numbering one-half of the religious population; whilst, on the other hand, we have 102 sects into which the other half of the religious population is divided. This is a fine nut for the bigoted Churchman to crack. Let him crack it fairly, however, and he will find a more bitter kernel for his mastication than he anticipated. We cannot but mourn that such trifling differences of sentiment and policy should occasion dissension of spirit, and division in action; and, as the world shall grow more enlightened, we have much hope that these separations and rivalries will be avoided. But how does the matter actually stand, as regards the Establishment and Dissent? We will just mention three facts in explanation. First, the emoluments of the Establishment have a natural tendency to deaden inquiry and sap independence. Secondly, innumerable

differences of opinion prevail in the Establishment, but they are all covered over with a veil of common subscription. Thirdly, among Dissenters every earnest and honest conviction at once assumes a bold public attitude, gives itself prominent utterance, and wears a face of candour and individualism. If the Churchman will prefer to have hypocrisy for the sake of the emolument that induces it, let him: for ourselves, we prefer the ingenuousness of unbribed and unenslaved conviction.

But it would be unfair to pass over a remarkable feature of these 'Isolated congregations,' which much modifies the description given them above as 'sects.' The fact is, most of them are attempts to mitigate the evils of sectarianism, and include within themselves great varieties of religious opinion. We will just mention a few instances of this. Of Baptists and Independents (who might, we think, without any compromise, be soon brought into general co-operation) there are sixty-one congregations. Of 'mixed' believers, without any creed, save a general recognition of evangelical Christianity, there are fifty-four congregations. Of 'Christians' who disown every other distinction, there are ninety-six congregations. Of other varieties of anti-sectarianism, which we need not more particularly specify, there are fifty-two congregations. Here, then, we have 254 congregations of Christians whose union is a protest against sectarianism, and who are gradually overcoming the disuniting element. In our days there is a strong tendency in this direction; and with every regard for the purity of our faith and discipline, we cannot but wish the movement success. It will deliver us from a reproach, which, however empty, has been of great practical discredit to us.

Only for the sake of communicating information do we place before our readers a comparison of the present state, as to numbers, of some of the principal denominations.

| Denominations.            | Buildings. | Fittings. | Attendance.† |
|---------------------------|------------|-----------|--------------|
| Scottish Presbyterians*.  | 160        | 86,692    | 80,510       |
| Independents .....        | 3,244      | 1,067,760 | 1,214,059    |
| Baptists* .....           | 2,789      | 652,343   | 930,190      |
| Society of Friends.....   | 871        | 91,599    | 22,478       |
| Unitarians .....          | 229        | 68,554    | 50,061       |
| Wesleyan Methodists* ...  | 11,007     | 2,194,298 | 2,417,353    |
| Isolated Congregations... | 539        | 104,481   | 104,675      |
| Irvingites .....          | 32         | 7,437     | 7,542        |
| Jews .....                | 53         | 8,438     | 6,030        |

From this table it will be seen that the Wesleyan Methodists

\* It should be understood that this includes all the particular divisions which come under the general denomination.

† Total, including morning, afternoon, and evening.

constitute the largest body of Christians not connected with the Establishment—a wonderful fact, when it is recollected that this is the most recent development of Christian life in this country. Were it not that the despotism of the Conference had necessarily resulted in continued and large secessions, and thus in the great weakening and humiliation of the Connexion, Wesleyan Methodism would have constituted the most extraordinary phenomenon in our ecclesiastical history. But the indefiniteness of the authority, and the harsh imperiousness of the proceedings of that body, have spoiled the glory of this most marvellous outburst of religious life. The consequence is, that instead of the followers of John Wesley being a united and vast phalanx, overwhelming in numbers, and sublime in social influence, they are the most divided, the most explosive, and the most anarchical and factious body of Christians under heaven. Constituting seven different sects, they might be powerful, but for the most part, these different forms of a common movement have been the offspring of the most deadly intestine strifes, and seem now to exist chiefly for purposes of mutual destruction.

After Wesleyans, the Independents stand first. Truth being spoken, it must be admitted that this denomination, for the number of its supporters, for the intelligence of its ministry, for the respectable demeanour it has been wont to display in the national controversies of modern times, for the spirit of union which prevails in its counsels, and, all things considered, perhaps for the purity and freedom of its discipline, stands far above any other denominations of Protestant Dissenters. Perhaps Unitarians have a more learned and accomplished ministry, and may boast the support of a greater average of wealthy families; the Baptists are undoubtedly equal in religious enthusiasm, moral excellence, and superior in liberality of general principles; but the Independents have succeeded beyond others in combining careful discipline and free bases of fellowship, with compactness of organization, and great cordiality and confidence of missionary co-operation.

Turn we now to the subject of spiritual provision and destitution, a topic of immediate importance in these days, when there is a great rage for church and chapel-building.

The population of England and Wales is 18,070,735. But it is quite obvious that a great proportion of this number, under the best possible circumstances, will not be in a condition to attend any public place of worship. The question is, how shall we reckon the legitimate absences, and thus how calculate the sufficiency or insufficiency of our accommodation? Mr. Mann has gone into this matter with his accustomed clearness and deliberation, and, without disputing his positions, we shall simply place the results of his investigation before our readers. These will be seen in the following short table:—

|                                     |              |                  |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|------------------|
| Young children absent               | . . .        | 3,000,000        |
| Invalids and aged persons           | . . .        | 1,000,000        |
| Engaged in household duties         | . . .        | 3,278,039        |
| Employed on public conveyances, &c. | . . .        | 221,961          |
| <b>Total</b>                        | <b>. . .</b> | <b>7,500,000</b> |

Consequently, sittings cannot be required for more than 10,427,609, being rather more than 58 per cent. of the whole community; for the sake of convenience, say 58 per cent.; viz., 10,398,013. Now the total number of sittings reported to the Census Office was 10,212,563, showing a deficiency of accommodation for the entire population computed capable of attending of only 185,450. And this calculation does not include the important fact that, whilst most places of worship are opened *twice or three times* in the day, many persons believe that they have discharged their religious duties when they have been to church or chapel *once*. So that we may safely conclude, that on an average calculation, there is adequate religious accommodation for every person willing to avail himself of it.

But there arises at once a most formidable difficulty. The distribution of accommodation is immensely unequal. It is impossible for us to develop the details of this circumstance, but we will give tables containing a selection of the most impressive instances.

| Counties.            | Population. | Places. | Sittings. | Proportion per cent. to Population. |
|----------------------|-------------|---------|-----------|-------------------------------------|
| Cornwall .....       | 353,558     | 1,104   | 279,230   | 78·7                                |
| Dorset .....         | 184,207     | 563     | 144,207   | 78·3                                |
| Lincoln .....        | 407,222     | 1,501   | 315,044   | 77·4                                |
| Wilts .....          | 254,221     | 754     | 196,594   | 77·3                                |
| Yorkshire, N. Riding | 215,214     | 843     | 187,081   | 87·0                                |
| Rutland .....        | 22,983      | 91      | 18,530    | 80·6                                |

Here we have six counties where there is a great excess of accommodation; and it may be remarked that these are purely agricultural districts, and that they are precisely those districts where the Church of England has such extravagant sway.

We now specify six counties where there are corresponding deficiencies of accommodation:—

| Counties.           | Population. | Places. | Sittings. | Proportion per cent. |
|---------------------|-------------|---------|-----------|----------------------|
| Kent .....          | 615,765     | 997     | 327,268   | 53·1                 |
| Lancaster .....     | 2,031,236   | 1,627   | 813,335   | 40·0                 |
| Middlesex .....     | 1,886,576   | 962     | 592,716   | 31·4                 |
| Northumberland .... | 303,568     | 488     | 148,283   | 48·8                 |
| Stafford .....      | 608,716     | 863     | 304,292   | 50·0                 |
| Warwick .....       | 475,013     | 593     | 218,112   | 45·9                 |

Here, we have six districts, covered with large towns and thick

population, where there is a great destitution of spiritual accommodation. Indeed, the fact is notorious that, whilst the country is cultivated beyond its capacity and requirements, the towns are proportionately neglected. The following statement will speak for itself on this point :—

COMPARATIVE ACCOMMODATION IN URBAN AND RURAL PARISHES.

| Parishes.        | Population. | Sittings.  | Proportion per cent. |
|------------------|-------------|------------|----------------------|
| Urban parishes . | 8,294,240   | 3,814,215  | 46·0                 |
| Rural parishes . | 9,633,369   | 6,398,348  | 66·5                 |
| Total .....      | 17,927,609  | 10,212,563 | 57·0                 |

Thus, whilst there is an excess of accommodation in rural parishes of 10½ per cent., there is a deficiency of 12 per cent. in the urban parishes. Perhaps this difference may be in part explained by the greater prevalence of scepticism, and the more numerous and attractive opportunities of secular enjoyment in the latter. We will not speculate on this point; however, we cannot depart from this branch of our survey without commending the practical lesson with which it is pregnant to the serious consideration of all our Home Missionary Societies. How is it that they will continue to make the mistake of appointing their agents among a thin and scattered population, already overtaxed with religious accommodation, and neglect the large towns, where there is abundant of material close at hand, which needs the most careful and persevering culture? Animosity to the Church of England is an unworthy excuse for such a fatal and obvious blunder.

But, there is still another difficulty attaching to this question of providing for the spiritual wants of the people. Supposing there were abundant accommodation for the entire community, is there a single denomination that would be content? Is there no propagandism amongst us? Do we simply desire that the people should be religious? Have we not ulterior purposes, it may be very conscientious and honourable, that can only be described as sectarian? We fear, if every sect could be correctly represented, the truth would be that no one sect would be thoroughly content until it had accommodation itself for the whole population. The Jew would have all Jews; the Christian, all Christians; the Catholic, all Catholics; the Protestant, all Protestants; the Baptist, all Baptists; the Unitarian, all Unitarians! The Quakers, being pledged to the support of their own poor, can hardly be expected to desire so heavy a consummation. We must leave, therefore, this question of accommodation just where it is; time and circumstances will show of what developments it is capable.



We put down this Report with a feeling of inexpressible sadness. True, it has confirmed many of our most hallowed hopes, and vindicated many of our warmest convictions. But can we help comparing the vast machinery of which it is a description with the actual moral and spiritual condition of the people among whom that machinery is working? What a Paradise ought England to be, so blessed with all the agencies of religious culture, and all the resources of religious blessedness! But, is it a Paradise? We never so deeply felt the inadequacy of mere mechanical appliances to accomplish the world's redemption, as we now feel it. How ramified, and multifarious, and strong are our instruments! How poor and inefficient is our use of them! Life and Love—the two Divine ingredients of all pure devotion—are mightier without any organic appliances, than a whole universe of machinery without them. It is these we want. For a season we may cease to vex ourselves with care about chapel-extension schemes; there is no need of them; but of the religious spirit, the practical zeal, the radiant virtue, the sincere and sacred piety, the disinterestedness, which constitute the Christian character, of these there is infinite need. Let us seek them, thankful that as soon as their revival shall be accomplished, the adventitious opportunities for their enjoyment and manifestation will not be wanting.

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## Glimpses of the Western Indies.

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### No. III.—DESCRIPTIVE.

We have dwelt at some length on the 'Physical Aspects' of Jamaica, and with the exception of British Guiana, which is every way worthy of a similarly extended notice, shall merely glance at our other West Indian possessions. There is *Barbadoes*, or 'Little England,' as its inhabitants proudly term it; and proud they may be of possessing the healthiest and most richly cultivated island in the West Indies. This Montpelier of the West is about the size of the Isle of Wight, and contains a population of 125,000, or 740 to a square mile, a proportion greater, we believe, than even that of crowded China. In 1796, Dr. Pinkard says, 'I made a visit to Bridge Town this morning with the intention of having some books to be bound, but was surprised to find that no such person as a bookbinder could be found in Barbadoes.' At the present time, no large town in England surpasses this island in refinement, in good society, in domestic comfort, and in the leavening of its masses with the spirit of Christianity. True, the Barbadians are proud: 'I am no Indian, nor an Englishman, but a true Barbadian born,' is their frequent boast; and during the late long European war, so true was Barbadoes to 'King, Lords, and Commons,' that one of its legislators in the House of

Assembly avowed it as his 'proud conviction,' that King George needn't fear Buonaparte, as long as Barbadoes stood firm. Barbadoes has one great drawback; more than the other islands it is subject to hurricanes; and though they are few and far between, yet when they do come, they sweep with terrific wildness over the whole island. In 1780, there was one which raged with unabated fury for forty-eight hours, and when it ceased, it was found that 4,326 persons had perished, and upwards of a million of pounds worth of property had been destroyed. In 1831, another of these rotatory storms occurred, of a still more frightful character; on the spot we have heard merchants, planters, and negroes, describe this fearful visitation, and our blood has run chill at their details. It commenced at sun-down, continued throughout the night, and ended in the morning with a tremendous deluge of rain that lasted two hours. There were upwards of a hundred and fifty vessels of various sizes in the harbour over night; in the morning those that survived the hurricane were dismasted and crippled, while many had become total wrecks, and in such cases all hands had perished. The sugar cane 'breeze mills,' that form so conspicuous an object on the Barbadian hills, had all been swept away; seven churches were lying in ruins, and two wooden ones had been literally blown away, and broken into fragments; the large custom-house was a heap of debris, and nearly every house in the city was unroofed; the Governor, with his family, crept out of an underground cellar, where they had passed a night of horror amidst the appalling war of the elements above; and, miserable to relate, in that brief twelve hours of darkness and 'stormy wind and tempest,' upwards of 5,000 persons had perished. Surely, 'with God is terrible majesty; great things doeth He which we cannot comprehend.' The old Hebrew writers must have seen, though probably on a small scale, some of these great disturbances of nature (though, perhaps, what we call disturbances, is but another name for restoration of equilibrium in the atmosphere), and hence the frequent introduction of the 'whirlwind' into the imagery of their sublime poetry.

Close by Barbadoes is the pretty little island of *St. Vincent* (eighteen miles long and eleven broad), with a singularly bold outline of coast, full of irregularly formed hills and dales, and probably owing its origin to volcanic and subterranean agency. In the centre of the island stands a volcanic mountain, called the 'Souffriere,' of a most singular form; it rises abruptly to the height of 3,000 feet, and there it has a crater fully half a mile in diameter; and then, grotesquely enough, like 'Pelion on Ossa piled,' out of that crater rises a sugar-loaf hill of the height of 300 feet and upwards; like a little St. Paul's cathedral rising out of the crater of a volcano. There has been no eruption of this mountain since 1812, when the Souffriere showed what it could do, and what doubtless it will do yet again, when its pent-up fires shall need another such a safety valve. The whole island was then shrouded in nearly total darkness, occasioned by a thick cloud of dun-coloured dust, which covered nearly all Barbadoes, though at the distance of sixty miles, and which proved the greatest

blessing to the impoverished soil of that island, although it scorched and nearly ruined St. Vincent. When the great cauldron of the Souffriere began to simmer, streams of lava poured down into the sea, accompanied by successive shocks of earthquake; and when this 'hurly-burly was done,' having lasted some eight hours—hours of suspense, and fear, and fright, to all, but especially to the Caribs\* and Negroes—the Souffriere ceased its deafening noises and its destructive cinder-showers, and has rested in unbroken silence since. Should it be a clear day when St. Vincent is 'made' (to use a nautical phrase), the traveller will not soon forget the impression made on his mind by the appearance of the Souffriere, this giant mountain with his infant hill upon his shoulders, and wrapped around both a white mantle of silver mist glittering like liquid sunbeams in the azure light of a tropic sky.

Close by St. Vincent is the volcanic island of *St. Lucia*, thirty-two miles long and twelve broad, the most unhealthy of all the West India islands, and we fear the most irreligious; the people are wholly French† in language, manner, and feeling, and of course Roman Catholic, while the few English Protestants in the island have nothing but that mere name to distinguish them from the low, coarse, sensual habits of the others. Here is another Souffriere, smaller than that of St. Vincent, and with its lime-pit crater, is a fit emblem of a miserable piece, that would be all the better for twenty-four hours' washing in the caves of Neptune.

*Dominica*, a long, straggling island, was so called by Columbus because he discovered it on a Sunday. It is the most mountainous, and therefore the best watered (in the valleys) of all the West Indian Islands. Roseau, the capital, is a fine town, tropic and French at once, and nearly the whole population are Roman Catholic; and though it belongs to us, with the exception of some unconnected efforts by the Methodists, and some Church and State ones by the Episcopalians, little has really been done for the intellectual or spiritual betterment of its people. It has belonged to us definitely since 1783, though of what use it is to us we know not, except as a proclamation of our ambition in acquiring colonies, our haste to give them bishops and governors, and our neglect of their substantial and vital interests. As a tale of old times, out of which a capital hero might be made, a kind of cross between Parson Adams and Dick Hatterick, the following is worth the telling: and it is all true. The first Protestant clergyman in Dominica was a reverend of the name of Audain;‡ his mind was never troubled by any distinction between things secular and things sacred; pastor of a church and owner of a privateer, it cost him no scruples to suspend his service on the Sunday, when in its

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\* The Caribs or Indians lingered in St. Vincent longer than in any other island. They are now extinct even there.

† It was restored to the French by the peace of Amiens, but re-captured by the British in 1804.

‡ These facts are stated on the authority of Bishop Coleridge, first bishop of Barbadoes.

very midst he saw his vessel coming into harbour with a good prize in tow; his second privateer was taken by a Spanish merchantman, with whom, however, he had a desperate fight; his manners, nevertheless, were fine and gentle, his appearance venerable, and his power in the pulpit considerable; but as he became a *poor man*, through repeated losses of privateers, &c., the Dominicans became a *little scrupulous*, and he was compelled to vacate his time-honoured pulpit. Such men, however, seldom reach the end of their wits; they always fall upon their feet; he now commenced trading in corn, and removed to St. Domingo; there he shot two of the Emperor Christophe's generals in a couple of duels, and fled to save his life, and as the last scene of all took up his abode in the Dutch island of St. Eustatius, where in the morning he celebrated mass, in the forenoon read the liturgy of the Church of England, in the afternoon performed service for the Dutch Lutherans, and at night preached for the Methodists. Certainly no man could charge *him* with sectarianism. *Labor omnia vincit.*

*Montserrat* lies to the north of Dominica, its jagged and craggy look having gotten it this name (*saw-mountain*) from Columbus. Part of the island is volcanic, and part coral reefs, and thus, though on the north side there is deep water close in shore, on the south there is no approach for ships of any description. Here also is another small Souffriere; or sulphur basin, and in the interior ravines and woods, in which are many points of interest to the explorer. But we must not linger thus on each island; we will just sketch the others briefly. There is to the north of Montserrat, *Antigua* (an island without a single river, and with only *one* drinkable spring), ever to be honoured, small as it is, for being foremost of all the Antilles to mitigate the sufferings of the slave, and the first to grant unconditional emancipation on the 1st of August, 1834;\* then there is little, tiny *Barbuda*, with its 'high land' (!) only eighty feet above the level of the sea, the exclusive property of the Codrington family, and held by them, as its proprietary government, under the British Crown; and *Nevis*, only containing twenty square miles, a lovely isle of beauty cultivated to the water's edge, with a dark shawl of tropic trees around its neck; and *St. Kitt's*, to which the great Columbus gave his own name, so enchanted was he with its beauty, with its Mount Misery rushing up into the air, a black, volcanic crag, 3,700 feet; altogether a lovely island, full of virtue and intelligence; but in which, until very recently, the stipends of the State clergy were paid in sugar: and beyond St. Kitt's lies *Anguilla*, the snake island, thirty miles long, but only three in width, a miserable place in itself, but very important otherwise, for it is the great salt depôt of the windward and leeward isles; its large salt lake in the centre yielding between three and four millions of bushels of salt a year; and then lastly, towards the north, lie a hundred isles and islets, twenty-five

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\* This act was passed by the Antigua legislature in the previous February, six months before the Emancipation Act was passed in England.

only of which are inhabited, called the *Virgin Isles*, of which *Tortola* is the principal.

Returning to Barbadoes, and sailing, or rather as we did steaming south, we come to *Grenada*, probably the most romantic and beautiful of our West India colonies; of volcanic origin, as is evident from the abruptness of its hills, the depth, and, now they are covered with verdure, the beauty of the mountain gorges, the precipitous cliffs that bound the island, and the deep water that is found close to the land. This little island is the great coaling station of our West India steamers, and no one who knows what coaling a large steamer is, likes to remain on board during that crucial test of patience and of cleanliness.

Passing by *Tobago*, for the best of all reasons, that it was too rough and blew too hard for us to land, twice having laid off in dirty weather, the Admiralty agent hoping to deliver his mails, but hoping in vain. There is one thing to be said, however, in compensation for the Tobago people not getting their letters regularly, they never have hurricanes there. A hurricane map will show that it lies outside of the mysterious and fatal circle in which these wild tornadoes travel. Obeying a higher law of arrangement than the classic poet dreams of, these most fearful of all tropical visitations are 'under authority'; a law, stern and unalterable, guides even *their* apparently lawless courses, and in the progress of events, the time may come when the laws and times of these fierce wind-driven coursers will be so understood as to furnish another reason for profounder veneration of God, and thankfulness for the progress of humanity in all that makes him truly great as the interpreter of the mysteries of nature.

'Celsa sedet Æolus arce,  
Sceptra tenens; mollitque animos, et temperat iras.  
Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlumque profundum  
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.'

Last of the islands to be noticed is *Trinidad*, a glorious place, twelve times as large as Barbadoes, and separated from the South American coast by the Gulf of Paria, which forms one of the largest and finest harbours in the world. To steam up this gulf on a bright, cloudless day, with the almost vertical rays of the sun rendered enjoyable by the refreshing sea-breeze or 'doctor,' with the palm-covered coast of Paria on the west and the low coast line of Trinidad backed by towering mountains, on the east, is one of those tropical delights we look back on with intense pleasure. On such a day we entered this noble gulf in the R. M. S. 'Thames;' and as we dashed through the quiet waters, the prow of our vessel turned up the flying fish in shoals; above us sailed in majesty the vulture\* of the West Indies, with a wing for the sublime, but an eye still downward bent, his sweeping circles and his motionless poise high in the mid air, arresting the gaze of all who see this useful scavenger for the first time; troops of chattering parrots were screaming their peculiar scream, and throwing

\* A remarkable bird we hope to introduce to our readers in the course of time.

off the sun in dazzling colours from their green backs and crimson wings; above was the more solitary and awkward shaped mackaw with his gaudy plumage; and below the big pelicans skimming the water, and then plunging suddenly to seize some incautious fish, and soaring aloft with the meal struggling in the membranous pouch. But whilst charmed with these symbols of tropical life, you near the capital (Port Espano), one of the finest towns in the West Indies; its lighthouse, its government-house, its cathedral, the Protestant church embosomed in trees, the repose of the shipping in this sheltered harbour, the crowds of boats that surround the now anchored vessel, and the Spanish, French, English, and negro vociferations, disputes, competitions, &c., about luggage, &c., all these are pictures one can revive at pleasure, for they are ineffaceable from the memory. Trinidad also lies out of the reach of hurricanes, but not of earthquakes, and we noticed in the old Spanish cathedral, built in the times of Columbus, a huge rent in the wall from top to bottom, the result of a recent one. Trinidad owes much to the zealous labours of a few Baptist and Presbyterian ministers, who, amidst many discouragements arising from the apathy of the people, and the opposition of the Roman priesthood, joined to the demoralizing effects of Coolie immigration upon a people just emerging from darkness into light, have been honoured to witness the establishment of good schools, the erection of substantial places of worship, and the growing attachment of increasing numbers to religious instruction.

Thus rapidly have we sketched the chief of our West Indian possessions, with the exception of our noble and little-known continental colony of British Guiana, which yet remains to be done. Our objects in this brief survey are various. We have said that the people of the West Indies are fragmentary; so are the islands; fragmentary and dissimilar; some are thoroughly English and Protestant, as Jamaica and Barbadoes; some are French and Catholic, as Martinique and St. Lucia; some are Spanish and Catholic, as Trinidad; some are English, Dutch, and all religions, as British Guiana, with its political divisions of Essequibo, Demerara, and Berbice; and these things must be understood, before we know how commercially, politically, or religiously, to hold wise intercourse with these diversified fragments. Hence the absurdity of proposing any one West Indian remedy for supposed or real evils; what would be food to Guiana, would be poison to Barbadoes, and useless to Jamaica. Hence, too, the unwisdom of removing missionaries or magistrates (we beg pardon, we mean magistrates or missionaries), from one island to another: our Government does the first, and some missionary societies do the second; it is just a mischievous absurdity, for all the results of former experience must be nearly useless, and the man has to begin again *de novo*, and that, most probably, with impaired vigour. Hence, too, we see the impossibility of confederacy or solidarity among these people; and hence the common curse of the West Indies, the utter absence of care or interest in any one island for the welfare of another. These facts, too, will serve to illustrate

the inevitable difficulties with which educational and religious movements have had so long to contend in these Western Indies—difficulties that were stupendous, but uniform, during the existence of the slave-trade and slavery; and difficulties wholly unanticipated, equally stupendous, but most multiform and complicate, that have supervened since the removal of those abhorrent Molochs of all goodness, truth, and virtue. Into these difficulties we hope to enter, in order that we may, if possible, account for the great and deplorable declension in religious matters\* that has taken place in several islands, and to prove that our past labour and expense will have been to little purpose, unless we are prepared honestly to sustain the men, of all denominations, who are now encountering evils of appalling magnitude in the habits and character of the emancipated people never dreamt of in the dark days of slavery. At any rate, we shall try to be honest.

W. G. B.

## The Church and the Nationalities in their mutual Influence upon each other.\*

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. J. P. LANGE, ORDINARY PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ZURICH.)

THE Arabian national spirit, as it is prefigured in the person of Ishmael, the son of the patriarch Abraham and the Egyptian bond-maid, and has stamped its most peculiar fundamental feature—a genial wildness—upon universal history, seems at first sight to have wrought upon the Church only in the way of antagonism, viz., in the rise of Mahometism. As in the Old Testament Isaac and Ishmael mutually repel one another, so in universal history Christianity and Mahometism mutually repel one another. In the meanwhile, we ought not to overlook the fact that there was an Arabian Christian church before the rise of Mahometism. And the influence which Mahometism itself, in its *rapport* with Christianity, has exercised upon the shaping of the Church in the East, and in Spain, but more especially at the time of the later Crusades by means of the Crusaders, the Templars in particular, is no less indisputably an important one. The land of Arabia unites the opposite features of burning deserts and odoriferous oases, or of wilderness and natural gardens. In this country, Nature herself seems to play the fabulist, with her atmospheric illusions, in the *Fata morgana*. In the like *antitheses* the life of the Arab himself proceeds. He is hospitable and a robber; temperate and given to women; legal-minded and yet undisciplined. And in like manner he

\* But this week we heard of one of the Jamaica churches that once contained 1,400 members, having now only 150.

† See vol. iii. p. 617.

combines together the most opposite things in mythical style. In an ideal point of view, he blends religion and poetry so as to make a nursery tale; and in a real point of view he imparts to his share in universal history itself the character of a great adventure.

If now we take a comprehensive survey of the influences which the Arabian national spirit has exerted upon the Church, we see that, looked at on its bright side, it has, in its Christian form, given an important stimulus to national life, and poetical art in Christendom at large. Christian Romanticism, in its good sense, stands in close connexion with Arabian influences. In its later Mahometan form, the same national spirit has greatly promoted not only Romanticism, or the fanciful sense for the ideal, but natural science also, the beginnings of which reach back to the Spanish-Arabian culture. Even the opposition of Mahometism against the doctrine of the Trinity was of service to the Church; she was driven back thereby from straying into a frozen Tritheism upon the path of the ideal apprehension of the Trinity. Claude, of Turin, the reforming antagonist of image-worship in the ninth century, came out of Spain.

Meanwhile, if we look to the prejudicial influences which have proceeded from the Arabian national spirit, we see that in its twofold form, alike as Christian and Mahometan, it has especially fostered, on the one hand the spirit of formalism in the Church, and on the other hand that visionary temper, which led her to forge so many lying legends, her bigotry, and romantic lawlessness. As concerns the spirit of formalism, it is to be remarked that the Jewish-Christian Ebionitism, the ultra-legal Jewish Christianity, developed itself in Peræa, which bordered on Arabia, doubtless in *rapport* with the beginnings of the Arabian church. Especially do the views of the Elcesaites betray, besides the legal feature of the Arabian spirit, its fantastic as well. The mechanism of legal devotion, the use of the rosary, in all probability passed over from the Arabians into the Church. The Mahometan spirit of legality, which sundered the Deity as the highest sovereign authority, not only from the incarnation of Christ, but also from the Trinity, exercised an influence upon the Church at many points. The corresponding Deistic view had much to do with the rise of Adoptianism in Spain in the eighth century—a type of doctrine which would apprehend Christ, as, according to his human nature, only the adoptive Son of God. It had much to do also with the absolute rejection of images, not merely of their worship, but of their use in the churches in any way, a tenet for which during the same century, Leo, the Isaurian in the East, secured the mastery for a long time. In like manner, we cannot but recognise a spiritual relationship between this view and the modern ultra-supranaturalism and Deism. With the latter, the Arabian natural science, the growth of which was favoured by the strict separation between God and the world, forms the historical link of connexion.

Next to these legal aspects of the Arabian national spirit, let us now glance at its fantastic and romantic moods. In the first place, the Arabian national spirit appears to have given an important impulse to



the forgery of legends and apocryphal scriptures in the Church. The Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus, and the History of Joseph the Carpenter, are extant in the Arabic language. Mahomet's notices of the life of Jesus (in the Koran) bear a decidedly apocryphal stamp. The apocryphal gospels plainly aim at the especial glorification of Mary. Now we know from Epiphanius on the other hand, that it was first in Arabia, in the fourth century, that fanatical women appeared, who rendered divine honours to the Virgin Mary, by offering to her consecrated cakes upon a white table-cloth; whence they were called Collyridians (from a Greek word, signifying 'a little cake or wafer'). It is true that the authors of this delusion are said to have passed over to Arabia from Scythia and Thrace. Then in Arabia, also, that view came into vogue, which Mahomet so warmly opposed, viz., that Mary represents the Holy Ghost, and that God the Father, by union with her, produced the Son, an idea which is plainly adumbrated in the Mariolatry of the Middle Ages. That hankering after sense which lay at the foundation of these ideas, already manifested itself at an earlier period in the doctrine concerning the resurrection taught by certain Arabian false teachers, whom Origen withstood in their opinion that the human soul must necessarily die with the body, and will not be recuscitated until it awakes again at the resurrection of the body. They have been named Thnetopsychites (from two Greek words, signifying 'mortal' and 'soul'), and their doctrine has cast its shadow upon the Church in still later times in the dogma of the sleep of the soul in the intermediate state. Again, it is hard to tell the amount of wild romanticism which the settlement of the Arabs in Spain, and the intercourse of the Crusaders with the Arabs in Palestine and Syria, brought over into Christendom. At all events, we believe we may recognise the wandering Bedoweens in the Quixotes of the Middle Ages; the waylaying sheiks of the desert in the marauding knights of the same period; and even the harem itself in the regimen of women which prevailed at the courts of the Catholic princes, and which was a main source of the revolutions of modern times. We have only to call to mind the reproaches to which the Emperor Frederick II. was exposed on this account. This prince contributed, upon the whole, very much to the importation of Arabian influences into Christendom.

Thus the Arabian national spirit has exercised a sufficiently powerful and fatal influence upon the Church, and we still encounter its shadow everywhere. To be sure, we ought not to make any particular nation alone exclusively responsible for any one fundamental failing of Christendom; and accordingly we have no right to set down to the account of the Arabian national spirit solely those obscurations of the glory of the Church which are most akin to it. But at all events, it has played a chief part in the manufacture of legends, in Mariolatry, in formalism, in the different Deistic systems on the one hand; as also upon the other, it has in a great measure to answer for the remnants of a wonder-loving and fantastic disposition, still to be found in Christendom.

With the Arabian national spirit we may fairly place the Persian in special relationship. The Persian, also, is bred upon a soil which unites within itself the most striking contrasts; viz., cold, rugged mountain heights, and benign and blooming valleys. And accordingly the most opposite qualities blend in his character; pride and pliability, energy and effeminacy, ideal activity of mind and sensuous repose. In richness of fancy he may compete with the Arab. And yet the antithesis between the two is obvious. The Persian possesses great capacity for life in society and the state, whilst his sense of personal dignity is very apt to retire into the shade; with the Arab, it is just the reverse. But the Persian can stoop to falsehood and thievishness under police and juridical forms; whilst the Arab, even in his robberies, still keeps up the character of a noble and straightforward man. The former is more wild inwardly, and genial without; the latter turns the wild side of his genial and imaginative nature outwards. It will of course be understood that in both cases we can speak of a partial geniality only, as also of a partial wildness in reference to this combination. The Arab is confused; the Persian is shallow, clear, and off-hand.

In accordance with this character, the Persian as a heathen, transferred the spiritual opposites, Light and Darkness, Good and Evil, from the religious and moral sphere to the sensible and material universe. The bright figures—Truth, Righteousness, Light, Sun, Fire, Gold, Glory, Life, Bliss, and Splendour—he regards as in a great degree synonymous; and in like manner the dark figures—Falsehood, Sin, Night, Evil, Misfortune, Poison, and Death, upon the other side. Upon this radical separation is based the well-known mythology of the Persians; and according to it, matter, as far as regards the grosser conception of it, ranks upon the side of the Evil; and on the other hand, the character of Goodness is ascribed more or less to Spirit as such. Ormuzd and Ahrihman take up their separate abodes in the dualistically divided universe of Light and Darkness.

It is obvious to remark that the Persian particularly would necessarily feel strongly repelled from the doctrine of the Cross, on account of his deification of good fortune and glory. But with proportionate force would the doctrine of the eternal kingdom of the glorified Christ attract him; and, besides, the deepest religious instincts and needs are the same in all nations. Enough, a Persian church was already in existence at a very early period. Here we may first occupy ourselves with the question, as to what benefits the Persian national spirit has conferred upon the Church. To answer this question is no easy task; it is far easier to point out the extent to which it has influenced the Church prejudicially. But, nevertheless, where there is so much shade, there must also be some light. We must here, then, mention at once to their praise that the Christians of the Persian kingdom glorified the faith in Christ, amidst the most fearful persecutions, by splendid acts of martyrdom, in an age during which the Church in the Roman empire was exalted to the rank of the ruling religion of the State. Under the Persian king, Sapor II., the Archbishop of Seleucia

and Ctesiphon, with a hundred of his clergy, died the death of martyrs, about the year A.D. 319. The persecution lasted, with some interruptions, through a century. Thus, at the very time when at Constantinople the germs of a servile State-churchism were being developed, the idea of free faith and of the free church was being revived anew through the heroic courage of the Persian believers. But this was nothing more than Christian; a specifically Persian colouring is not discoverable in the general phenomenon of this martyrdom. Nevertheless, in Nestorianism, which fixed its head quarters in Persia, and from this country spread in all directions, especially to Arabia and India, the Persian national spirit comes prominently to view. To be sure, Nestorianism (*i.e.*, the exaggeration of the antithesis between the divine and human natures in the person of Christ, which Nestorius had first insisted upon in opposition to the incipient Mariolatry of his time) was not originally of Persian growth; but it is easy to understand that this exotic would necessarily find the most favourable soil in the Persian mode of contemplating the universe, which made so definite a separation between spirit and matter. Undoubtedly, Nestorianism, according to its main features, presents itself to us in the light of an ecclesiastical heresy. But Nestorianism, by virtue of its opposition to the Mariolatry, to the lofty hierarchy, and to the excessively numerous ceremonies, and other like corruptions of the Oriental Church, has also its light side. It is the Protestantism of the East, and represents, although in a somewhat defective manner, purity of belief and simplicity of worship in opposition to the superstitious corruptions of the Oriental Church. This, therefore, must be placed to the credit of Persian Christianity. And if the Nestorian Protestantism is especially wanting in inwardness, it is precisely this element which is incorporated, in a remarkable manner, with that most genuine product of the Persian Church, Manichæism. Manes, also, who appeared about the year A.D. 270 in Persia, with the pretensions of a reformer, asserted it to be his mission to quicken into life the Church of the Spirit, just as Montanus did, a century before, in Phrygia. Still, more definitely than Montanus, did he apply to himself the promise of the Paraclete; he himself wished to be regarded as the Paraclete. He transferred the antithesis of the Persian mythology between Ormuzd and Ahrihman to the antithesis between God and Satan. He devoted the Christian life to an almost epic struggle to be maintained by the believer with the kingdom of darkness. Animated by a richly figurative and fantastic mode of apprehending the great universal conflict between the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness, the Christian was to keep his ground by the exercise of an inspired gift of teaching, and by an exaggerated asceticism. But if Persian Christianity, even in this mis-birth of Manichæism, afforded the Church an incitement to Christian inwardness, life, and moral earnestness in the spiritual warfare (which becomes so manifest in the instances of the later transformations of Manichæism, *viz.*, in the Priscillianists, the Paulicians, and others, that these sects may be said, in a manner, to have consisted of the awakened men of the times, in opposition to a

moribund churchism), a still more important influence in this respect is to be ascribed to Persian Christianity at large. The Persian Church has stirred up, in the same way as the Phrygian, the spirit of inwardness, of moral earnestness, and of spiritual discipline in Christendom. Even the profound apprehension of the antithesis between sin and grace, which has reformed the Church, stands, by means of Augustine, and by virtue of his religious development in the school of Manichæism, in a certain relation to the Persian Church.

But, then, how much, too, has the Persian national spirit influenced the Church in an unfavourable sense ! As we have said, Nestorianism is only in part to be put down to the score of the Persian Church ; the Syrian and Greek Churches are originally responsible for it. Nestorianism is, doubtless, allied to Manichæism in this respect, that in its harsh separation between the divine and the human natures, which, even in the person of Jesus himself, appear only historically combined, it partially copies the Manichæan opposition between spirit and matter. And in so far as it does this, the two play into one another's hands in many ways, even in the later church history. So much the more are we justified in pausing a little over Manichæism. The blow which proceeded from it shook the Church, and the sound of it reverberates in a long, manifold echo through the centuries. The original Manichæans moved from the East to the West in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries. The system undergoes its first modification in the party of the Priscillianists in Spain, which maintains its existence from the end of the fourth, till far into the sixth century, in spite of the execution, at Treves, of Priscillian and several of his co-religionists, as the first heretics condemned to death in the Church (A.D. 385). Scarcely was this modified Manichæism extinguished in Spain, when it blazed forth afresh in the East under a new form, viz., in the shape of Paulicianism, and that, too, in Armenia, close by the cradle of the first form of this ecclesiastical dualism, or system of absolute separation. The history of Paulicianism is of much greater significance than is ordinarily wont to be attributed to it. A very remarkable blending of life and death, of light and darkness, is exhibited in this system, which, nevertheless, aimed at the material separation of light and darkness, life and death, in the universe. From about the middle of the seventh century, the Paulician revivalists shook the Eastern Church to its centre for centuries together. After a frightful baptism of blood, which the Empress Theodora had inflicted upon them ; after desolating wars between them and the Eastern Roman empire ; the Emperor Basil at last broke their power, towards the end of the ninth century.

But, after the Emperor, John Zimisces had transplanted the remnant of them to Thrace, towards the close of the tenth century, and Alexius Comnenus, towards the close of the eleventh, was already flattering himself with the supposition that, by craft and violence, he had exterminated the sect, it sprung to life again as fresh as ever in Bulgaria in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, in a once more renewed shape, viz., in the sect of the Bogomiles, amongst the Bulgarians. And even

the employment of death by fire could not destroy the new seed, which maintained its existence throughout the whole of the Middle Ages, in the region of Philippolis, and in the valleys of the Hæmus. But just as the original Manichæism crossed over particularly to Africa and Spain, and here gained a new life as Priscillianism, so, also, we see the scattered seed of Paulicianism, and the doctrine of the Bogomiles, soon springing up in the West. Already, in the twelfth century, these spiritualists, these revivalists, or Cathari (the pure), as they called themselves, appear here and there in the West. In Germany, they were nicknamed Ketzler (after the name Cathari); in Italy, Paterini for the most part; in France, Publicani. On these sporadic appearances follows the formation in masses of the sect of the Albigenses, in the south of France, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; to cope with whom was the task for which Innocent III. summoned the Inquisition into existence. It is true, that the connexion of the system of the Albigenses with the ancient Manichæism has been called in question. And thus much must be granted, that Manichæism everywhere finds its general presupposition, its receptive soil, in that dualistic mode of contemplating the universe, which, in stronger or weaker degrees, is common to all heathens; as also in that cloudy way of apprehending the opposition of spirit and flesh, sin and grace, the kingdom of heaven and this world, which is always reproduced afresh in the popular notions of repentance and revivalism. Nevertheless, when we take into consideration the infinite activity of the dualistic revivalists, and the striking resemblance between the different systems of this sort, the historical connexion between the mediæval systems of dualistic heresy in the East and in the West, and the derivation of the latter from the former, can hardly be denied to any purpose. The fundamental features are everywhere the same; viz., the stress laid upon the spiritual life in opposition to the dead ceremonial worship of the Church, and upon the hidden Church of the elect as opposed to the outward Church, seemingly abandoned to the service of the world; both founded upon the doctrinal antithesis between the good God and the world, which as material belongs to the Evil One; as also between Christ as the prince of the kingdom of God, and Satan as the prince of the world (and of the outward Church itself), in a literal sense. These views were reduced to practice in an enthusiastic, exaggerated conflict of the spirit with the flesh, by means of bodily mortifications, and with the help of the good guardian spirit whose office it was to destroy the corrupting influence of the evil genius. Even after the apparent suppression of the Albigenses, this spiritual tendency maintained its existence in the most manifold shapes, and does to the present day in modern philosophy. Precisely, in the proudest systems of this philosophy, its dregs may be traced more palpably than anywhere else.

Yea, even the Church, which has endeavoured to ward off from herself with all her might the Persian dualism, has nevertheless been secretly bitten by this serpent, in a manner which has wounded her to the quick. No sooner had the Church begun to experience this in-

fluence, than the antithesis between heaven and the world assumed a more rugged form. On the one hand, the doctrine of the immateriality of the Divine and of all spiritual natures became exaggerated; even the angels were changed by the scholasticism of the Middle Ages into purely bodiless beings. On the other hand, the idea of creation was obscured; in the first instance, by the arbitrary assumption of pure creatureliness, which was referred to the human spirit. Men almost cease to speak of the Divine breath, which the Creator breathed into the nostrils of the man taken from the earth. But the stature of Satan waxes in the ecclesiastical imagination far beyond the Biblical standard, and a power of magical operation upon nature is ascribed to him of which the Holy Scripture knows nothing. It is an over-daring confusion when men, as is often done in modern times, want to identify the *Biblical* form of Satan with the Persian Ahrihman. But it is not to be denied that Satan, as he is depicted in the ecclesiastical schools and traditions, resembles Ahrihman, *i.e.*, an evil deity, in many respects. How unduly prominent is this figure even in the writings of Luther, particularly in the book 'On the Bondage of the Will,' which makes man seem, in all cases, a mere involuntary tool, governed either by God or the devil. In like manner do we meet with exaggerations of the antithesis between spirit and body, between grace and sin, between elect and non-elect. As respects the corporeality of man, the Middle Ages and the later (Roman) Catholic Church have taken delight in degrading it as low as possible. That the Augustinian doctrine of the 'fall of man' goes far beyond the Pauline, is easy to see from a careful comparison of the Epistle to the Romans with the doctrinal maxims of Augustine. Nevertheless, the knowledge of this fact has not as yet proved nearly sufficient to lead to the purification of the views of believers and revivalists among ourselves. In like manner the doctrine of predestination, which already before the rise of Manichæism was a favourite one with the Gnostics, and his hostility to which decidedly confirmed Origen in the opposite extreme, *viz.*, in the hypothesis of the pre-existence and antecedent fall of souls (to which notion Platonism had likewise conducted him) has by no means, as represented in the Church doctrine according to Augustine, been brought into complete harmony with the Biblical. It is still infected with the virus of the Manichæan idea.

Accordingly the Church still requires, in reference to the burden of the Persian national spirit which she has taken upon herself, an important purification. Nothing is so desirable as that the community of awakened Protestant Christians might now, once for all, purify and renovate its views according to the ideas contained in the Scriptures. In the Romish Church, alas, the evil is incorporated with the entire Church organization; it has exercised a decisive influence upon the antithesis between priests and laity, between celibacy and marriage, as well as between Church and State.

## Parables.

### II. THE SICK CHILD.

It is a cold winter forenoon. The mother has gone out for the greater part of the day, and the children are amusing themselves in the nursery—building ships with chests of drawers, chairs, and tables; and then, changeable as their own fancies, turning them into tents and caverns. But there is one among them (usually the directing genius of every invention, though he seldom succeeds in carrying out any idea, from the difficulty he finds in managing the younger portion of the community) who to-day can join in their amusement only by fits, as something occurs in its progress that arouses him to momentary interest. He looks pale and restless, yet inactive. He is not well. His fretfulness and pettishness can make no allowances for the wilfulness of his brothers and sisters; therefore their confusions carry confusion into his heart and brain. At length a brighter noon entices all the others out into the snow. There, with freer scope for their individual vagaries, there is less collision and more peace. Glad to be left alone, their brother proceeds to restore the room to order; for, especially when unwell, he cannot endure disorder and quiet together; and then, having swept up the hearth, he seats himself by the fire to read. But the book he was so delighted with yesterday is dull to-day, and he looks up at the clock and sighs, and wishes his mother would come home. Again he betakes himself to his book, but the sun-light has left the great icebergs on the polar sea, whither the story has transported his imagination; and they no longer gleam and glitter and sparkle, as if spangled with all the jewels of the hot tropics, but shine cold and threatening as they tower over the ice-bound ship. He lays the tale down and takes up a poem. But it too is frozen. The rhythm will not flow, and the sad feeling arises in his heart that it is not so very beautiful after all as he thought it. 'Is there anything beautiful?' at length says the poor boy; and he wanders to the window. But the sun is under a cloud; cold, white, and cheerless, like death, lies the wide world out of doors, and the prints of his mother's feet in the snow all point towards the village and away from home. His head aches; and when dinner-time comes, instead of joining his brothers and sisters, he creeps up stairs to the parlour. It is empty, though the fire burns brightly, and through the window falls a ray of pale dying winter sunlight. The very sunlight is wintry and sad. 'Oh, when will mother be home!' He lays himself in a corner of the sofa amongst soft pillows, draws up his feet, and rests his head; but it is no nest for him; the covering wings are not there. The blue curtains look dull and grey; and the clock on the chimney-piece will not hasten its pace one second, but is very monotonous and unfeeling; just like the sermon read out of a book, one Sunday when the good minister was ill. Poor child! is there any joy in the world? O yes;

but it always clings to the mother, and follows her about like a radiance, and she has taken it with her. Oh, when will she be home? The clock strikes as if it meant something, and then straight-way goes on again with the old wearisome tic-tac—tic-tac.

He can hardly bear it. The coals burn up within, daylight goes down without; the near world fades into darkness; the far-off worlds brighten and come forth, and look from the cold sky into the warm room; and the sick boy stares at them from the couch, and measures the motion of one of them, like the flight of a great golden beetle, by the divisions of the window-frame. Of this, too, he is weary. Every thing around him has lost its interest. Even the fire, which is the soul of the room, within whose depths move strange forms and self-embodied images of beauty and terror, a boundless, changeful world, has ceased to attract his tired eyes. His back is towards it, and he sees its flickerings in the shining table. To any one else, looking in from the cold frosty night, the room would appear the very picture of afternoon comfort and warmth; and he, could he be described thus nestling in its softest, warmest nook, would be counted a blessed child, without care, without fear, made for enjoyment, and knowing only fruition. But the mother is gone; and as that flame-lighted room would appear to the passing eye, without the fire, and with but a single candle to thaw the surrounding darkness and cold, so is that child's consciousness to him, without the presence of the mother, without the soul of his soul, the life-giver. Worn out at length with loneliness and mental want, he closes his eyes, and after the slow lapse of a few more insane moments, reopens them on the dusky ceiling, and the grey twilight window—no; on two dark eyes near above him, and beaming upon him, the night-stars of a higher and holier heaven than that which still looks in through the yet unshaded window. They are the eyes of the mother, looking closely and anxiously on her sick boy. 'Mother, mother!' His arms cling around her neck, and pull down her face to his. His head aches still, but the heart-ache is gone; and when candles are brought, and the chill night shut out of doors and windows, and the children all gathered around the tea-table, laughing and happy, no one is happier, though he does not laugh, than the sick child, who lies on the couch and looks to his mother. Everything around is full of interest and use, glorified by the radiation of her presence. Nothing can go wrong. The splendour returns to the tale and the poem. Sickness cannot make him wretched. Now when he closes his eyes, he dares to go forth in spirit wandering under the shining stars and above the sparkling snow, and nothing is any more dull and unbeautiful. When night draws on, and he is laid in his bed, her voice sings him, and her hand soothes him, to sleep; nor do her influences vanish with his consciousness, but he wakes in the morning well and happy, made whole by his faith in his mother. A power has gone forth from her to heal and restore him.

Brothers, sisters! (and as I write the words, a vision of faces and eyes appears before me,) do I not know your hearts from my own?



Sick hearts that nothing will restore but the presence of Him who is father and mother both in one. Sunshine is not gladness, because you see him not. The stars are far away, because he is not near; and the flowers, the smiles of old earth, do not make you laugh, because although you retain the child's need, you have forgotten of *what* it is the need. The heart within you cries out for something, and you let it cry. It is crying for its God—for its father and mother, and home; and all the world will look dull and grey, till your heart is satisfied and quieted with the presence of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

G. M. D.

### Infidelity and Superstition.\*—Riddle's Hampton Lectures.

THE opposition against which Christianity has had to contend, though it has been offered in forms innumerable, has nearly always arisen from infidelity or superstition, and, strange as it may appear, has sometimes been the joint product of the two. In its first conflict with Gentile hostility, it was not simply idolatrous superstition which met it with a hostile front. The popular idolatry, under the attacks of Neo-Platonism, and through the revival of Epicureanism, had, to a very great extent, lost its hold. But this, though in some respects a favourable preparation for the preaching of the gospel, had on the other hand been so extensively followed by general scepticism, that the weapons of superstition had been merely transferred to the hands of infidelity; Celsus and Porphyry were not the least formidable of the opponents of the Church. So, also, in Judæa, the most direct and violent opposition, and that which most enlisted the sympathies of the people, was undoubtedly offered by the superstition of the Pharisees; yet the hostility offered by the philosophical infidelity of the Sadducees was not the less formidable because he was a more quiet and insidious foe.

These were the external obstacles. And within the churches the corruptions which so soon began to retard the progress of pure Christianity, assumed the same two-fold form. The antichrist of infidelity presented the same resistance on the one side, which was offered by the antichrist of superstition on the other. This double form of antichristian hostility is very prominently exhibited by the apostles Paul and John. 'The mystery of iniquity did already work.' It was under the form of superstition that it appeared in most of the churches founded by Paul, at least during his lifetime; though it assumed both shapes in that at Colosse. But before the death of John the antichrist of infidelity had begun to resist the truth with

\* The Natural History of Infidelity and Superstition in contrast with Christian Faith. Eight Divinity Lectures, preached before the University of Oxford. By Joseph E. Riddle, M.A. London: Parker. 1862.

great and growing power. The spirit of scepticism, which was afterwards developed in the various systems of Gnosticism, was already at work. Docetism had begun to deny 'that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh.' 'And this,' says John, 'is that (spirit) of antichrist, whereof ye have heard.' Of the two, the antichrist of superstition has been the most constant and most powerful enemy to the truth. During the many centuries of the Middle Ages its reign was almost undisturbed. But this is no proof that it is the only enemy to be feared; or that *the* antichrist with which the last great conflict of the Church is to be fought, may not, after all, be the antichrist of infidelity, the great opponent of the apostle John.

The greater danger, however, has always arisen hitherto from superstition; the reason of this is to be found in the fact, that it is always ready to maintain the form and subscribe the creed of Christianity; and that its power to minister opiates to uneasy consciences secures for it a more general welcome amongst the ignorant than can ever be obtained by infidelity, which always, to some extent, deals in argument, and therefore requires thought. And the latter, for another reason, contends at a disadvantage. It has always been the lot of scepticism to be excommunicated. Even a spirit of inquiry has generally been sufficient to ensure for any one the fate of being 'cast out of the synagogue.' And hence the attacks of infidelity have been from without, open, direct, and undisguised. But superstition has worked within, and worked in disguise. Corruption befits it rather than avowed hostility. And so successfully is its end secured, that often the church which exclaims most loudly with pious horror at the danger from infidelity without, is that in which Christianity has been most nearly destroyed by the deadly work of superstition within.

The 'signs of the times' show very clearly that both superstition and infidelity are putting forth fresh energy, and in some quarters gaining ground. The efforts of the Church are therefore summoned, both to maintain its own integrity and stay any further progress of these two great enemies of truth. To urge to such efforts, and to some extent to direct them, is the design of the work before us, *The Natural History of Infidelity and Superstition in contrast with Christian Faith* (W. Parker), containing the Bampton Lectures delivered by Mr. Riddle, who is well known as a lexicographer, and the author of several works bearing upon ecclesiastical history. A more appropriate subject could scarcely have been selected either for the time or the place.

The series consists of eight lectures. Of these the *first* is introductory, containing a psychological dissertation on 'the soul of man, its integrity and corruption.' A sketch of the powers of the human mind, and of their injury by the fall, constitutes the subject of the lecture. The *second* treats of 'The renewal of the soul by faith in the Redeemer.' The work of Christ objectively considered, is just cursorily hinted at; whilst the greater part of the lecture is occupied with the work of the Holy Spirit, in the preparation of the mind to receive a revelation, in making the revelation itself, and then applying inwardly the truth thus revealed.

In the *third* lecture we arrive at the real subject of the work. This

lecture contains an outline of 'infidelity in its various forms.' Of these there are, according to Mr. Riddle, six; viz., Rationalism, Spiritualism, Naturalism, Deism, Pantheism, and Atheism. The *rationalists* are divided again into two classes. The first comprises those who professedly hold Christian revelation as a whole, yet make their own arbitrary choice and selection of dogmas to be believed. This is incipient infidelity. The second consists of those who elevate reason above all the notices of revelation. Their first demand is that revelation shall not transcend their own mental powers, or be of such a nature that they could not have discovered it themselves. And as it is the very essence of faith to believe what reason cannot of itself discern,—all that is necessary being that reason does not contradict it,—the distinctive doctrines of Christianity are, for the most part, rejected. The *spiritualist* neither disavows revelation, nor denies the great truths of the Bible. But, by his theory, that inspiration is common to all who will seek for it, so that the inspiration of prophets was only higher in degree than that of Plato or Confucius, and that the divinity of Christ is but the perfection of that which every man attains in proportion to the development of his spiritual life, the doctrines of the gospel are in reality rejected, though admitted in name. The *naturalists* are those whose great stumbling-block is found in the miracles of the Bible. The various attempts made in past times to explain them away as merely natural phenomena, or the acts of clever men, whose acquaintance with science rendered it easy to deceive the mass, have now given place to the elaborate effort of *Strauss*, to exhibit all as an aggregate of myths and legends. The *Deist*, who denies the facts he is unable to disprove, belongs to the past century, being only found now 'among men of depraved moral habits, of low tastes and uncultivated intellect.' The *Pantheist*, conceiving that, in some way or other, either God is the universe, or the universe is God, admits of no such relation between man and God as renders a moral government possible. Whether he regards the universe as 'Intelligence, putting forth its energy, and manifesting itself in various appearances of design, and symmetry, and life, such as matter alone never could display;' or maintains 'that the great Intelligence itself is the original substratum of all matter and all minds, continually evolving and developing itself in the forms of creation, in life, and thought, and feeling, existing in all things, yet distinct from none;' in either case there is no recognition of 'a personal God, an intelligent Creator and moral governor of the universe.' He 'ignores all creaturely dependence, all moral responsibility, and all personal existence in a future world.' *Atheism* is sometimes content with the negative position of denying that there is sufficient proof that a God exists. It is now dogmatic and positive, seeking to prove that there is no God.

There is something faulty in this classification. It is evidently not intended as a chronological arrangement. But if it be intended to mark the various stages in the downward course to Atheism, the position assigned to Pantheism is badly chosen. For though the principle of negation is carried in one respect to a further extent, yet the recognition of the divine in the universe is an advance on Deism, which sees no divinity at all. Mr. Riddle has looked but at the one side, a fact that the useless god of

the Deist is no longer recognised by Pantheism. But he has overlooked the brighter side, that 'a deeper and more lively feeling of the divine in the world, though not sufficiently strong and pure to lead to the consciousness of the God in heaven who is everywhere present, may have first led to Pantheism in opposition to the false conceptions of the Deity entertained by the Deist.'

The *fourth* lecture treats of the 'causes, occasions, and effects of infidelity.' The causes are traced to the *will*, and not to the *intellect*. The influence of the will is of two kinds, direct and indirect. The will is the *direct* promoter of infidelity, when engaged in blinding men's eyes to the truths of Christianity; as when a secret wish that Christianity may not be true, makes way for the persuasion that it is false. For the same end, too, 'it is often sufficient that the will is not duly influenced by the truth which the intellect apprehends; so that a man's practical volitions are not in accordance with his speculative belief.' The *indirect* influence of the will is shown in its fixing or withholding attention. The former is necessary to any due exercise of the mental powers; and where the attention is not given, the corrupt will soon fosters a decision adverse to the gospel. Connected with this, Mr. R. attaches great importance to the fact that 'gospel truth is to a great extent at variance with the dictates of an *unenlightened conscience*.' We are obliged to acknowledge here, either our ignorance of the lecturer's meaning, or our dissent from his proposition. The phrase, '*unenlightened conscience*,' is a very awkward one. Mr. Riddle (pp. 28-9) has defined conscience to be 'not the moral perception and judgment which declares, this is right and that is wrong; but the *law within the heart* which says, what is right that you are bound to do, what is wrong that you must avoid.' Now, if we accept this definition, we are at a loss to discover what there is in the gospel adverse to its dictates, or what there is in such a law requiring enlightenment. Or, if we forget the lecturer's own assertion, and take conscience in another sense, as that which reads the law written on the heart, we dissent altogether from the assertion. The claim of the gospel to universal reception is based on the fact that men can 'even of themselves judge what is right.' And the apostle affirms without limitation, 'We commend ourselves to every man's conscience.' The preaching of the gospel would be a cheerless work if performed with the conviction that what we preached was at variance with the dictates of the consciences of half our hearers.

The *intellectual* vices, from which infidelity to a great extent takes its rise, are classed under the two heads 'pride of intellect,' and 'mental sloth.' Amongst the *occasions*, or secondary causes, are persecution and intolerance, the bitter controversies of Christianity, weak methods of defence, imperfect and injudicious teaching or preaching, formal and heartless preaching, defective education, and the abuse of literary studies and scientific research.

The two following chapters are devoted to superstition. This is defined to be 'an *unreasonable belief* of that which is mistaken for truth concerning the nature of God and the invisible world, our relations to these unseen objects, and the duties which spring out of those relations.

Amongst the forms which it has assumed, the most prominent have been, the undue elevation of the creature leading to his deification; the expectation of extraordinary effects from external rites and ceremonies; and erroneous views, leading to a dread of supernatural objects. Its progressive influence in the Christian church was marked by the multiplication of outward observances, the introduction of 'hero-worship,' the sensualizing of the mode of worship, and reliance on the agency of supernatural beings, the 'substitution of outward ceremonies for godliness and virtue,' and, worst of all, 'the doctrine of human mediation.'

Some of the predisposing *causes* of superstition are a 'disturbed and restless conscience, sensuous tendencies, and religious emotion misplaced;' whilst the real source of this misbelief is to be found in a wild imagination which, 'with its fictions, supplies the place of revelation with its truth.' Not that imagination necessarily tends to superstition; but when ignorance leaves it unchecked, this is the almost certain result. There are, however, proofs that ignorance is not a necessary attendant of superstition, but that it may also be traced to mental indolence, or to the excesses of a mind, which has not duly restrained its imagination.

Amongst the *effects* of superstition which form the subject of the *sixth* lecture, are a 'debased intellect,' a 'degradation of the moral and spiritual nature,' 'hard heartedness,' 'controversies,' a 'spirit of intolerance,' and

'*Spiritual despotism, priestcraft, and priestly domination.* Add the figments of superstition to the truths and institutions of the gospel, and instantly the Christian presbyter is changed into a sacrificing priest—a fancied intercessor or appointed mediator between God and men; he becomes a representative of Christ, instead of an ambassador for him—a delegate to exercise his power, instead of a minister whose office is to preach the gospel, and to rule and feed the flock committed to his care, commending himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. No sooner has this priestly transformation been effected, than the best friend of his brother men has been turned into the worst of tyrants. . . . The power of the mediatory priest on the one hand, and the influence of the Christian presbyter on the other, bear to each other precisely the same relation as that which subsists between superstition and religion; the one is false, the other is true; the one is an unwarranted substitute for the other, or a kind of spurious imitation.'—Pp. 211, 212.

A comparison of infidelity and superstition, which we have in the *seventh* lecture, shows us the following points of difference and agreement:—

'Faith in its essence or its fundamental idea is a *reasonable belief*. Infidelity is *unreasonable disbelief*; superstition is *unreasonable misbelief*. Hence, therefore, infidelity appears as the direct *contradictory* of Christian faith, opposed to its existence, whilst superstition is rather the *contrary* of that faith, capable of co-existing with it, but in a state of antagonism, hindering its development, and opposing its beneficial operation. Infidelity is *antichristian*, superstition is *unchristian*; infidelity, so far as it prevails, *excludes* Christian faith; superstition *thwarts or counteracts* it.'—P. 218.

This distinction seems to us to be carried too far. Superstition, when fully developed, is just as little capable of co-existing with Christianity as infidelity is, and the latter in its incipient form of scepticism is as little 'opposed to the existence' of Christian faith as the former. The chief difference is, that it has always been the fate of the most sincere sceptic to be excommunicated and anathematized the moment he was suspected of heterodoxy, whilst the most heartless superstition has been tolerated, or

rather from its cowardly and uninquiring acquiescence in whatever exists, has been even petted by 'the powers that be.' There is, however, an evident reason for this. Superstition can, and does co-exist, with subscription to any *creed* of Christianity, and is found most frequently associated with irreproachable orthodoxy. Hence it appears to be compatible with Christianity itself. But, on the other hand, from the very nature of infidelity, or even of scepticism in its mildest forms, such subscription is impossible, especially to rigid, dogmatic creeds. And, in consequence, that is often pronounced to be hostility to the gospel, which is but dissent from a human formula. So long, therefore, as it is thought more important to ask, What is his creed? than, What is his character? superstition may hope to be canonized, whilst even earnest inquiry, if it leads to doubt, can look only for excommunication.

The *last* chapter, which shows how these two evils are 'to be prevented and withstood,' contains many valuable suggestions, though nothing new. 'Attach due importance to sacred institutions,' such as the Bible, the Sacraments, the Church; 'seek the spiritual renewal of individual souls,' 'preach,' 'educate,' 'be more anxious for piety than lifeless orthodoxy;' such are the chief recommendations. To which we should add as the best defence against infidelity, let Christians put deeds in the place of words, let them do in the week what they profess on the Sunday, and the Christian (?) tradesman would at least not confirm the infidelity of his customers, nor Christian masters that of the working men, of whom they are now the lords and oppressors. It is, perhaps, not a fault that Mr. Riddle has not discovered any new remedies; especially as new suggestions for the removal of great evils are generally impracticable. If active opposition be required at all, it is against superstition rather than infidelity. The former, like a cancer, must be forcibly eradicated; the latter, on the restoration of general health, would soon lose its power. Let Christian men but faithfully put away every remnant of the leaven of superstition from within the Church, and seek by word and deed to spread the light of truth, and there would be little to fear from the growth of infidelity, and little need of direct resistance to its power.

The size and expense of Mr. Riddle's book will secure for it but a limited circulation. The lectures occupy 300 pages, and 200 more are filled with notes, or rather extracts from works on cognate subjects. But though not written for the mass, nor possessing any peculiar claim to be called a book for the times; yet for the completeness with which the subject is treated, and the liberal and evangelical spirit which pervades the whole, we commend the work as one which will be found instructive, and amply repay perusal.

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## Literary Notes.

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SOME 'Aphorisms' in our last number will have already introduced to our readers a new work from the pen of Mr. T. T. LYNCH—*Lectures in aid of Self-Improvement; addressed to Young Men and Others.* (Longmans.)—Lectures 'to'

young men are becoming now-a-days common enough—so common that there is reason to fear a plethora of lectures very ill adapted to their self-assumed vocation. This class, however, would seek only the ignorant and uninformed, and would find no audience amongst those to whom the book is especially fitted. Mr. Lynch addresses the intelligent and aspiring, who require *guidance* rather than information, a *friend* rather than a 'lecturer.' A lecturer will step upon any platform, and whatever the character of his audience, you will get everywhere the same quantum of facts and facetiæ. A friend will counsel those only whom he loves, or holds in honour. How much of this true and select love of friendship there is in this book, will soon be felt by those who go to it for aid in self-improvement. On Self-Improvement, and the Motives to it—on Religion as a Study—on Books, and on Reading them—on Conversation and Discussion—on Manners, and Social Responsibility—on Circumstance and Character—and on many relative subjects, he will receive counsels from practical experience, and thoughts from observant wisdom, with fruits of study and flowers of fancy so richly strewed in his road, that he would hesitate to say sometimes whether the book were most a book of intellectual pastime and pleasure, or for the soul's profit and strength, were it not that the flower and fruit grow always on the same tree, and that there is no blossom, howsoever fair, but containeth the germ of what shall prove to be both wholesome and nourishing food. On each subject streams, as through orient windows, the rich and varied colouring of a poet's imagination, warmed by friendship's love, and sanctified by religion's holiness. The book is one of all others that we should put into the hands of youth desiring powerful stimulus and aid in 'Self-improvement.' We have already quoted some of its practical teachings; we now subjoin an extract or two of a different character :—

## ON CONVERSATION.

'Here, then, is a primary view of conversation. It is a sign. If you be both gay and thoughtful, your conversation will bear testimony to you. If you be dull and ignorant, nothing bright will proceed from you, nothing instructive will you utter. But if you have read well, and looked about you, and thought on what you have seen, you will both show good quality, and be able to contribute something to that entertainment where each guest is required, not to bring his own provisions, but to bring an offering to the common supply. Such an entertainment is conversation. And if deficient, though you will not be left to feed just on the crumbs that fall from your richer friend's table, you may feel with pain or shame that you are an interloper unfit for their society. But if you are really occupied with objects of rational and pious interest, and are mentally active and busy, you need not be deficient. You may talk to good purpose; you will not talk much, not eloquently, nor even fluently, but on matters of real value, and in a discerning way. And so, if your words be stumbling and broken, the matter and the meaning redeem them from contempt. You may even go into a conversation party and say nothing, yet be both a benefited and a welcome guest. For, listening well—the brightening eye, the alert and open ear, may indicate you as "worthy," and that you are providing for power and store by which you shall one day regale others as now yourself regaled. It may be sad to have nothing to say, but it is much sadder to say a great deal with yet nothing in it.'

## SUGGESTIONS TO THE CONVERSEE.

'And now we may offer to the self-improving converser, as a small code of advices and suggestions, the following :—Be short. Learn to listen. Guard your temper. Take care for the main points. Try to agree; and to be agree-

able. Be always sincere, and always natural. Mind your manners, as well as your subject. Think of your company as well as yourself. And be a fair converser; for a man has no more right to all the talk than he has to all the meat. Such things as these may all be usefully said. But no one ever yet succeeded well in anything, who did not first and often fail—less or more. You must see your failure, be sorry for it, and try again. As we have said, every one has both some natural necessity, and some gracious natural aptitude for conversation. The tongue is little likely to be a true “glory of the frame,” unless, there being one glory of the tongue, and another of the heart, that of the heart is felt to be the greater. And a mouth not oftener shut than open is more likely to be an “open sepulchre,” or an “open shame,” than it is to be anything better.

And here is a poet's philosophy of tears, proving that not beauty's tears only are ‘pearls’—

‘For God has given the eye power of tears as well as of vision, that it may weep at the spectacle it beholds; but has made tears blinding, that it may not weep too much.’

#### GOD IN THE BIBLE.

‘He is in the Bible as the sun in the sky. Its very clouds glorify him: the gloom having peculiar awe because it hides him, just as there is a terror in a heavily-shadowed day, when the sun is above the horizon, that there is not in the night. It is the God whom we have known, who is hidden by the darkness of trial or of judgment.’

#### CHRISTIANITY IN THE WORLD.

‘Christianity is as plainly designed for a troublesome world, as a ship with its pointed front, bending sides, and towering sails is designed for the ocean. You cannot mistake the ship; it is not for the firm land, but for the boisterous water. And no Bible-student can mistake Christianity; it is not for a smooth, level course, it is for the sea. It is the ark-ship, the ark of safety, the ship of enterprise.’

The *Political Annual and Reformer's Handbook* for 1854 (A. and S. Cockshaw), into which the *Reformer's Almanack* of previous years has been merged, would claim notice under a political rather than a literary caption, but that we do not feel it necessary or desirable to exclude politics from the field of letters any more than we should feel justified in excluding them from the sphere of religion. The miscellaneous nature and closely packed character of the contents of this work, make it somewhat difficult to render it the justice it deserves, without large and various quotations. This will be evident from a bare enumeration of its principal articles, which comprise—a Review of the Parliamentary Session of 1853—Church and Dissent; or, the Census Sunday of 1851—The Reformer's Electoral Table—Electoral Facts—The New Reform Bill—A Plea for the Ballot—The Braintree Church Rate Decision and its results—List of Members of Parliament—Law of Partnership—Parliamentary Committee and Life Assurance—Pith of the New Statutes—Public Events in 1853—*et hoc genus omne*. In ecclesiastical politics, the article on Church and Dissent is the most elaborate. It presents the clearest and most readable analysis of the results of the recent census returns, in the briefest compass in which we have seen them treated, bringing into especial prominence the relative strength of the once great hierarchy, and its many-headed rival. The following is the writer's able and comprehensive summary of these results:—

‘From these statistics the following important conclusions are clearly deducible:—

‘1. That the State having taken upon itself the charge of the nation's spiritual interests by “establishing” a church—such church assuming to be the



only authorized religious instructor of the people—does not, in fact, provide places of worship for more than one half (about) of those for whom such accommodation is required.

'2. That twenty years ago this deficiency was much greater, and that the extension of the resources of the Establishment, which has taken place during that period, has resulted not from State-support, but, almost exclusively, from the spontaneous liberality of its members, and that, therefore, the Church of England has grown stronger as a church since it has become—in a pecuniary respect—less of an establishment.

'3. That notwithstanding all the supposed advantages—legal, pecuniary, and social—possessed for centuries by the Church of England, those who dissent from it, besides contributing to the support of the Establishment, and in spite of past persecution and of present social prescription, have erected a great number of religious edifices, and provided nearly as many sittings.

'4. That Dissenters, being unfettered by State restrictions, and not enervated by State patronage and wealth, display a greater amount of religious activity, and work their religious machinery more extensively than the members of the Establishment.

'5. That in the large towns, where there is the greatest amount of mental activity, and which have an increasing weight in influencing the national policy, dissent from the Established Church decidedly preponderates; the two most important counties, Lancashire and Yorkshire, manifesting that preponderance in the greatest degree.

'6. That Wales, while much poorer than England, is better provided with the means of spiritual instruction, and that as the result of voluntary effort—the "Poor Man's Church" being maintained by the poor man himself, and not by the State.

'7. That we have a national church to which two-thirds of the nation do not belong: and that the appellation "Church of England" is a misnomer.

'8. That this Establishment taxes all other religious bodies, and places them at a serious disadvantage, and yet that they do one-half its work at their own cost.'

'After such a demonstration,' continues the writer, 'of the power of the Voluntary principle, those who are seeking—whether on religious or political grounds, or both—to limit the functions of the State to the secular interests of the nation, by dissolving its connexion with the Church, will now be able to back their arguments with facts, on a great scale, strikingly adapted to produce conviction in the minds of a pre-eminently practical people.' The *Reformer's Electoral Table* is an admirably arranged compendium of Representative Statistics, presenting in a few pages the political position of each county, borough, and unrepresented town in the kingdom, so tabulated as at once to show both the positive facts and inconsistencies, and the possible improvements of the present system. It will be found invaluable for reference during the discussion on the new Reform bill. Other articles we cannot particularize, but at once refer the reader to the work itself, which he will find to be the most comprehensive, compact, and useful manual of its class. We believe, indeed, that is the only work in which a similar collection of facts can be found; it therefore neither has, nor need it fear, a rival.

Mr. BARNES's *Notes on the Book of Daniel* has, doubtless, already reached the hands of many of our readers, who will possess in it by far the most complete analysis and valuable summary of opinions on this sacred work that has yet appeared in the English language. If we did not know how much practice and method facilitate composition and the collection of evidence, we could not but express surprise at the voluminous character of these 'Notes,' and the indications they afford of the scope and thoroughness of the author's researches.

Useful, however, as able and skilful compendia of critical researches as are Mr. Barnes's writings, they bear marks on every page of the rapidity of their composition. They are altogether wanting in depth, solidity, and compactness. They are popular, for they are easily read, and they are easily read because they are easily written. We do not say this in depreciation of the real value of Mr. Barnes's labours, but to define their character and aim, which is not to speculate or theorize, but to exhibit, explain, and 'note down.' In his present work the writer has evidently spared no pains in examining the books of previous and contemporary commentators, and especially has he studied the works of the modern German theologians, though, it seems to us, with less impartiality than is usual with one who has himself been publicly evicted from the circle of the 'orthodox.' For the information of those who have not yet procured the present volume, we subjoin the Glasgow Editor's skilful summary of its argument from the preface to Messrs. Blackie and Son's edition :—

'We say nothing of the historical part, but pass at once to the prophetic. The vision of the colossal statue (chap. ii.) is interpreted in the usual way of the four great monarchies; and "the stone cut out of the mountain without hands," is the kingdom of the Messiah, superhuman in its origin, feeble in its beginnings, but ultimately supplanting all other kingdoms, and filling the earth. The vision of the four beasts, the lion, the bear, the leopard, and the nondescript animal, "dreadful and terrible" (chap. vii.), presents the four monarchies again, under another form or different set of symbols. The ten horns in the head of this last monster (which represents the Roman empire) are the ten kingdoms into which the Western empire was divided; and the little horn springing up among the ten, and destroying three of them, the horn with "eyes of men, and mouth speaking great things," is the Papacy, not Antiochus Epiphanes, as Eichhorn, Bertholdt, Bleek, Stuart, and others, maintain. The author's defence (vol. ii. pp. 76—82), of this interpretation seems to us not only able, but triumphant. The time of this little horn, or Papal power (vii. 25), is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  prophetic years, or 1260 prophetic days, that is, years, beginning A.D. 752 (vol. ii. p. 96), when Pepin, king of France, gave a grant to Pope Stephen of the exarchate of Ravenna, and the Pentapolis. The year A.D. 2012 is, of course, the termination of the period.

'We have next the vision of the ram and the he-goat, interpreted of the Medo-Persian and Greek empires, of which these animals were respectively the well-known emblems (chap. viii.) The "notable horn" (ver. 5) of the goat is Alexander the Great. The "four notable ones" that come up afterwards are his successors; and the "little horn out of one of them" is Antiochus Epiphanes. The time in this vision is 2300 days, which our author interprets literally of a period of six years and 110 days; and applies to the whole period of the Antiochian persecution, from B.C. December 25, 165, when the sanctuary was cleansed under Judas Maccabeus, and the persecution of course ended, backwards to B.C. August 5, 171, when the aggressions on the part of Antiochus began. It may not be practicable to make out the precise number of days, but this calculation brings us to the year which is necessary to make out the 2300 days. So Mr. Barnes. The two Newtons, on the other hand, in strict consistency with their Year-day principle, expound the little horn of Rome, and calculate the time from B.C. 334, the date of Alexander's invasion of Asia, or from the vision of the he-goat, and thus they make it end with the world's sixth millennium. Scott, following Faber, expounds of the Mahometan delusion, and dates from somewhere in the time of the ram or Persian empire: that is, somewhere between B.C. 536 and B.C. 330, and maintains, of course, the Year-day principle.

'Next we have the famous vision of the seventy weeks. This general period, explained of 490 years, is calculated by our author from the 20th of Artaxerxes Longimanus, that is, from B.C. 454; it is divided into three parts; first, a period of seven weeks or forty-nine years to the rebuilding of the city, which, counting from the *terminus a quo* as above, brings us to B.C. 405, the time when Nehemiah had completely finished his undertaking (vol. ii. p. 175); second, a period of

sixty-two weeks, or 434 years, *after* which Messiah would appear and be cut off, which brings us to A.D. 29; and third, a period of one week, or seven years, which was occupied in confirming the covenant with many, through the ministry of Christ and his apostles; in the midst of this week Jesus, in accordance with the prediction, died, and the sacrifice and oblation for ever ceased! (vol. ii. p. 182.) A more remarkable prophecy, and one whose fulfilment can be more distinctly traced, never was uttered; and our author's full and lucid exposition after his happiest manner, makes this one of the most interesting portions of his book.

The prophecy next passes, at chap. xi., to the wars between the kings of the north and the south, that is, between Syria and Egypt, or the Seleucidæ and the Ptolemies. The introductory part (vers. 1—4) presents an epitome of previous history—noticing the three successors of Cyrus, viz., Cambyases, Smerdis, and Darius Hystaspis; also the fourth and rich king, viz., Xerxes; and the mighty king, whose kingdom should be divided to the four winds of heaven, viz., Alexander the Great and his four generals, who, at his death, partitioned the kingdom among them. After this introductory part, the wars between the north and the south, or the long succession of hostilities between two parts of Alexander's dominions, Syria and Egypt, immediately follow (vers. 5—20). At this place (ver. 21) Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, is again introduced, under the character of a "vile person." Mr. Barnes applies the whole chapter from this verse onwards to the end, to him alone. There is, however, difference of opinion among interpreters in regard to the passage beginning at verse 31, where, according to many, the Romans or Antichrist must be understood. See the application to this last power ably defended in Elliott's "*Horræ Apoc.*," vol. iv. p. 7, 4th edition. The argument of Birks, Elliott, and others, in favour of a change of subject at verse 31, from the translation of the first clause, "arms shall stand up *from* or *after* him," seemingly indicating some *new* prince or power, has been overlooked by our author; and on other grounds the entire application to Antiochus seems not very tenable, though argued with very great learning and ingenuity. At verse 40 occurs another indication of change of subject. Certain events are said to take place at "the time of the end," that is, of the period to which the vision refers. But as no such events as those described happened towards the close of the reign of Antiochus, Mr. Barnes has recourse to a theory of recapitulation on the part of the prophet, which, to say the best of it, is but an ingenious conjecture. This enables him to find events in the history of Antiochus corresponding with the prophetic description.

The prophecy concludes with a sublime vision of the resurrection (chap. xii.) which is indeed but a continuation of the vision commenced in chap. x. According to our author, the primary reference is to the restoration of the temple worship, and deliverance of the Jews by Judas Maccabeus and his compatriots; while the mind of the prophet is supposed to rest ultimately, by the law of prophetic association, on the general resurrection at the last day. The various notices of time in this chapter are thus treated; the 1260 (verse 7) has a primary reference to the three and a half years' persecution under Antiochus, and an ultimate reference to the downfall of the Papacy, as in vii. 25; the 1290 and the 1335 are not to be known till the event, and conjecture is useless. Newton, Scott, and the school to which they belong, suppose that, when at the close of the well-known 1260, Antichrist shall be subverted—thirty years more may be occupied in *totally* extirpating that power, while forty-five years more still may serve to completely introduce the millennium.

Such is a very brief sketch of our author's work on Daniel. We add a sentence or two on his mode of interpreting the Danielic times. It will be seen, from the above analysis, that he does not rigidly adhere to the Year-day principle. He seems very much to adopt or reject it as the exigency of the particular passage under consideration may require. The time, times, and dividing of a time, in chap. vii. 25, is interpreted on that principle, and accordingly is explained of the 1260 years of Antichrist; while the 2300 days of chap. viii. 13, 14, are interpreted on the Literal-day principle, and explained of the duration of the

Antiochian persecution. Again, the Year-day theory is adopted in the vision of the seventy weeks in chap. ix. ; while in chap. xii. 7, the three and a half years are both literal and prophetic, in order to answer the primary reference to Antiochus, and the ultimate one to Antichrist. Possibly, this varying principle of interpretation may be the true one. It *may* be, that in many cases the shorter period is typical of the longer, and that, therefore, both may be understood in the same passages. Yet if this be so in many passages, or in any, why not in all? We could wish to see all interpretations of prophetic times preceded by some *clear* observations on the *principles* by which the author professes to be guided. We confess, therefore, a strong partiality for that system of interpretation which carries the Year-day principle consistently out; of course, the merit of consistency belongs equally to those who carry out any other well-understood principle. In the author's note on chap. vii. 26, and other places where notices of time occur, very able defences of the Year-day principle may be found, to which, as the "Notes on Daniel" were written first, there is constant reference in the "Notes on the times of the Apocalypse;" and we have only to regret the want of some hints to guide us in regard to the mode of its application.

Recent incidents have, we confess, disposed us to caution in the recognition of Italian converts from the Romish to the Protestant faith, and it has been under the influence of that feeling that we have perused the *Memoirs of an Ex-Capuchin, or Scenes of Modern Monastic Life* (Partridge and Oakley). Our satisfaction is, therefore, all the greater in being able to speak of it in very commendatory terms, as containing much striking and suggestive matter, put in a very attractive shape, and undisfigured by what we call 'no-Popery' rant and cant. The mode in which it has come before the public eye is somewhat circuitous, Signor Crespi, the hero of the work, having furnished the facts of his history to Signor Volpe, a converted priest, who vouches that he has scrupulously adhered to those facts, 'only endeavouring to impart to them the colouring, and invest them with the artifices of style, requisite to render them attractive to the general reader'—his work being written in Italian, and then done into English by, we believe, a female hand. To whomsoever the credit may be mainly due, the book contains some graphic and vivid pictures, and, in particular, certain of the episodal passages might be employed by the dramatist or novelist with thrilling effect. If any of our readers have a lingering feeling of respect for monks and monkery, and a disposition to regard both as but well-meant mistakes, or to surround them with a poetic halo which magnifies their virtues while it conceals their vices, they will have such illusions dispelled by the details here furnished, which strip the system of 'the tinsel and trickery of Roman Catholic effect,' and show its votaries to be not merely men of like passions with ourselves, but as displaying human infirmities, under circumstances calculated to excite indignation unminged with pity. Folly, fanaticism, and superstition, appear to be among the minor evils which have a home in Italian convents; jealousy and malignant hate, intrigue and bribery, vanity and ambition, treachery and cruelty, finding, even in the seclusion of the cloister, ample room for playing their foul parts—and this among the Capuchins—the order most respected and held in the highest repute in the Catholic world! Here, for instance, is a pair of pictures representing the ideal and the real of your Capuchin friar:—

'The Gauls, on entering the senate house in Rome, could scarcely have been more struck with the majesty of the august body assembled there, than a devout Christian would have been on entering the assembly room of the chapter, in the convent of A———, and beholding the holy Capuchins there assembled for the election [of Provincial]. . . . The long beards, many of them hoary from age, the rough tunic, the grave aspect, appeared to render the place itself venerable. The very air itself seemed filled with a mysterious dignity, as if it diffused over the spectator a sentiment of sacred fear. . . . No symptoms of internal perturbation appeared in their rigid faces. No contraction of a single muscle betrayed the agitation that was raging beneath that calm exterior. Their countenances were impassable as the grave itself. But oh! how great the contrast between the

state of their minds and their outward appearance. Within, all was agitation, trepidation, and fearful suspense. Under that inflexible aspect, the passions of envy and obstinacy raged with rending fury. What a medley of fear, hope, and ambition filled the bosoms of these monks!

The progress of the election being graphically described, what followed is thus sketched:—

‘The hatred of the monks, once roused, is irreconcilable, indomitable. When two of opposite factions meet, words are not required to interpret the fierce hatred which beams from the eyes of both. Could looks kill, the glances which they cast at one another must prove mortal: utter extinction must be the result. Each would gladly reduce the corporeal frame of the other to ashes, and scatter it to the winds! But looks do not kill, and the quarrel continued to rage, fierce as ever. Duties, usually performed in common, were omitted. The superiors had lost all control. The choir at night was deserted. Almost all devotional exercises were neglected. Claustral duties of every kind, with their various rules and penalties, were completely set aside. Nothing went on in regular course. Small groups were constantly assembling, talking, murmuring, and fanning the flames of discord. The only duty implicitly performed—the only observance rigidly maintained, was that of assembling in the refectory. Monastic discipline was entirely relaxed. No censure, no chastisements were inflicted. On their own party, the superiors refrained from inflicting them for fear of alienating their affections. Those of the opposite party were sometimes compelled to submit to them; but they were always administered in a mild form, in order to avoid raising a fresh storm of indignation. Indeed, irregularities of all sorts multiplied so greatly in the convent, that it would have been impossible to punish them individually, and many profited by this exemption from punishment to resign themselves completely to the indulgence of vice.’

Our space will not allow us to refer to the causes which operated to open the heart of Signor Crespi to the reception of pure Christianity, or we should have been glad to have quoted one pleasing incident occurring in that part of the narrative which, as a whole, will, we have no doubt, be read with great zest, and not without instruction.

*Sabbath Morning Readings in the Book of Exodus*, by Dr. CUMMING (J. F. Shaw), is published in continuation of the series, the first volume of which was noticed in a late number of this journal. *Sabbath Evening Readings on St. Mark* (A. Hall, Virtue & Co.), by the same writer, similarly treats of the New Testament. The practice of reading and commenting on the books of Scripture when publicly read, is a part of Sabbath-day services we have already referred to with commendation. As such reading both these works are of merit. Explanatory rather than critical, and explanatory of leading points rather than of minute details, they are extremely readable, and not altogether unsuggestive. We make these remarks judging them by what they profess to be. These do not pretend to minute or exhaustive criticism, nor to the character of ‘printed lore;’ they are reprints of popular public readings. As such we can speak in warm approval of their method, if not always in high praise of their matter and manner. The volume of ‘Readings on St. Mark,’ is embellished with an exquisite steel vignette of ‘Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee.’

*The Library of Biblical Literature* (W. Freeman), of which two numbers are before us—the ‘Story of Ancient Nineveh,’ and ‘Israel and the Pyramids,’—we are glad to state more than merits the favour which we bespoke for it from its prospectus. The two papers above enumerated contain solid results of careful reading and exact criticism of a character which may advantageously compare with some of the ablest review and cyclopædial writing. As a work of Biblical Literature for the people, it is altogether without precedent for cheapness of price and excellence of style.—The marvellously cheap issue of Dr. HANNA’s *Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers* (T. Constable and Co.), has reached the second quarterly part, completing the first of the two volumes, in which the whole work will be comprised.—The second part of the new quarto edition of the *English Bible*, published by Messrs. Blackader and Co., has also reached us.

It is issued without the appendix of notes contained in the first part. It is now proposed to publish these separately, principally, as we are informed, in an advertisement, that 'sufficient time may be afforded for the collection and arrangement of such thorough and exhausting criticism as the growing wants of the age may demand.' We have already spoken in praise of the design and execution of this work, the present instalment of which equals in every respect the first.—*The Congregational Year Book for 1864* (Jackson and Walford), contains the usual summary of denominational intelligence, with the proceedings of the Union, and the papers read before it. We regret to miss from these the highly commended essay on 'Young Men,' by Mr. Allon.—*The American Bibliotheca Sacra and Biblical Repository*, will, in future, we learn, be published simultaneously in England and the United States, Messrs. Trübner and Co. having secured the right of publication in this country. This valuable periodical is well known to many of our readers. It is by far the ablest Biblical periodical published, and we are glad to hear that a permanent arrangement has been made for securing its early distribution here. Amongst the new features of the present volume, we notice the co-operation of Drs. Davidson and Alexander as contributors. The other principal writers are Professors Robinson, Stowe, Barrons, and Smith; and the editors, Professors E. A. Park and S. H. Taylor.—*The Post Magazine Almanack and Court and Parliamentary Registrar* (W. S. D. Pateman) is of authority principally in the Assurance world, concerning which much of its information is entirely exclusive. Its statistics of assurance companies are copyright, or we might quote them. Its Parliamentary register appears to have gone uncorrected from the previous year, and is, therefore, grossly, and in some instances, ludicrously incorrect.

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## Record of Christian Missions.

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THE monthly tableaux of the various missionary societies have again passed under our notice; and, upon the whole, we find it a pleasant and a healthful exercise thus to study these unpretending records of Christian activity. From 'wars and rumours of wars' we pass to the contemplation of His triumphs who is the 'Prince of Peace,' and from Kalafat, Citate, Widdin, and the Bosphorus, we turn to the wilderness and the solitary place made glad through the presence and blessings of Christianity. Amidst the inevitable mistakes and mismanagements inseparable from a machinery created and sustained by human fallibility, the history of Christian missions forms no small part of that cumulative evidence that comes in from all quarters to testify that amidst the changing conditions of human existence, there is One Word which is not a 'cunningly devised fable,' and which is destined to a career of ultimate triumph over every form of error and sin. It is written in heaven, and is now fulfilling on earth, 'He must increase.' The history of the past is the prophecy of the future. Our present survey will illustrate these passing thoughts. 'The Missionary Magazine and Chronicle' of the London Missionary Society contains a remarkably interesting communication from Mr. Lacroix. Many of our readers will remember the philosophic character of his speeches when in England; and those who read his letter and journal in the February magazine will easily recognise the same enlarged mind. A curious piece of superstition is mentioned which is new to us. 'On the same day' (says Mr. L., who was then on a tour

up the Burhampootre river), 'we met a fisherman who had caught about a dozen of a fish called "Hilsa," highly prized by the natives, and which is obtained in Calcutta only during the rainy season. Wishing to put our crew into good humour, we purchased the fish and made them a present of them. But when they were engaged on the deck of the boat in preparing them for their meal, a kite, which was hovering over their heads, pounced down upon the fish, with a view to get its share of the feast. Its attempt was unsuccessful; but it seems that in making it, the bird had touched one of the fishes with the tip of his wings. This was enough to render the whole unclean, and they were all cast away.'

A portion of the evidence furnished by the 'Native Commission of Inquiry at Natal,' gives valuable evidence as to the manners, social institutions, and progress of the Kafirs. One of the gentlemen examined (T. Shepstone, Esq.), whose long residence in the colony has given him an intimate acquaintance with the past and present history of these modern Ishmaelites, thus speaks of missionary success among them:—'I should not say that the missionaries have been very successful among the Kafirs, nor, on the other hand, that they have failed in all their efforts. I have witnessed instances of a very perceptible change in the habits and character of individuals, the result of missionary labours in this district, and of residing on missionary institutions.' It appears that the Kafirs have deserted the mission stations, and ceased to confide in their old friends, the missionaries, in consequence of rumours circulated among them that the missionaries intended to subvert all their old customs, &c., and that every effort has been ineffectual to restore their former confidence.

The 'John Williams' has met, through the unskilfulness of a pilot, and the failure of the wind at a critical moment, her first accident. She has been on a coral reef, but got off again without much injury, and long ere we chronicle this is afloat again doing her good work in the Pacific. The 'Quarterly Review' for December last, in a noble article on Polynesian missions, speaks bravely for Christian missionaries 'as champions of the truth in Polynesia,' who have wrought great marvels there from 'the time of the good ship "Duff" to the present day.' We urge the perusal of this very able essay, and shall, at the close of this *resumé*, give a brief extract from it.

The 'Wealeyan Notices Newspaper' (which we regret to have overlooked last month), gives us information of its newly-formed mission in China. There is room in this vast empire for all good and true men of every name, and we do hope we shall see a wise distribution of the forces that may collect in the Celestial empire; we know enough nearly of the people at Canton, Shanghai, Hong Kong, &c., let the missionaries go up and possess the land; they can; Xavier did; so let them.

Wealeyanism thrives in Australia; the Victoria section of Australia has raised 1,600*l.* for passage and outfit of missionaries; and, as a proof of the earnestness of this zealous body, we observe that nine missionaries embarked on the 23rd of January for Melbourne, one of whom is Mr. Vanderkiste, so well known by his book on the 'Dens of London.'

In South Africa, we learn more with regret than surprise that war has made dreadful ravages both among stations and people. Half destroyed and aban-

doned kraals, mission churches in ruins, a people going back to darkness, indigence, hunger, and all the rough rudiments of savage life, with the revival, as a matter of course, of old superstitions, and relapses into heathenism; these are loud witnesses against the late South African war.

We regret the publication in the 'Wesleyan Notices' of a letter introduced by the editor as 'deeply interesting,' from a missionary at Natal. The substance of it is this: 'five unhappy creatures' are ordered for execution, one of them an Englishman, but all for murder. The missionary visits them, and prays with them, until they 'feel comfort,' and 'feel persuaded' (not from truth, but from their own emotions), 'that God will pardon their sins.' Then they all have the Lord's supper, and a 'more solemn remembrance' of it the writer never had; and they die, not humble, not overpowered with profound sorrow, not as murderers, even if penitent, ought to feel, but presumptuously saying, 'We are all going together to God; let this occupy our thoughts; don't trouble about anything else.' And so on—just the kind of thing to make our hard-headed but practically shrewd sceptics say, 'the short way of going to heaven is to commit a murder, and have the sacrament afterwards.' The mischief of one such letter as this is to our minds infinite: call it missionary *intelligence*, why it is anything but that, and ought not for a moment to be tolerated in civilised society. Fancy our wives and children edified by the last dying speeches and confessions of murderous wretches coaxed into false comfort.

Amongst the details of the 'American Board of Missions,' given us in the 'Missionary Register,' we find the following, which deserves a place in our Record as a good illustration of those 'perils in rivers' (ἀνδρόνι ποταμῶν), of which the great Gentile missionary spake. The scene is in the Zooloo country, in South Africa. Mr. Butler is one of the missionaries. 'Mr. Butler went on Monday to Amahlongwa. No natives being at hand to manage the boat, he ventured to cross the river Unkomasi on horseback. As he returned the next day, he ventured to cross in the same way. When about two-thirds across, his horse suddenly kicked and plunged, and the next moment a crocodile seized Mr. Butler's thigh with his terrible jaws. When he felt the sharp teeth of the crocodile, he clung to the mane of his horse with a death-hold. Instantly he was dragged from the saddle, and both he and the horse were floundering in water, often dragged entirely under, and rapidly going down the stream. At last the horse gained shallow water, and approached the shore. As soon as he was within reach, natives ran to his assistance, and beat off the crocodile with spears and clubs. Mr. Butler was pierced with five deep gashes, and lost much blood. He had left all his garments, except his shirt and coat, on the other side of the river with a native, who was to follow him, but he was afraid to do so after what he had seen; so that Mr. Butler had to ride without clothes seven miles in the dark, to reach Mr. Ireland's. A foot square of flesh was torn from the horse's flanks. For eight or ten days Mr. Butler seemed to recover; but was then seized with fever, which threatened to be fatal. There was a tendency to locked jaw. He has, thank God, since recovered.'

As an illustration of the civilising process that goes hand in hand with Christian missions, we quote the following from the Church Missionary



Society's report of a station in New Zealand, and it is thus we always find Christianity the pioneer of civilization.

'The native boarding-school has gone on satisfactorily. The industrial branch may be considered as that which has been the most successful. The girls have attended to all the work of the house. The elder girls can all work: four have learned to iron; three can get up linen in very good style; three have learned to milk; two to make butter and cheese. Two natives from the 'pa' have also learned to make cheese. The principal employment of the boys has been to work the land—digging, sowing, planting potatoes, fencing, &c., all of which they have done in an English manner; and were a prize to be given to the Europeans and native inhabitants of this place for the best farming, there is no doubt but that our natives would receive it.

'The great desire for clothes has ceased, and knives and forks, plates and spoons, pots, pans, smoothing-irons, and tea-kettles, have taken its place. The plough is in their hands, and is working wonders amongst them.'

The 'Church Missionary Intelligencer' is less interesting this month than usual; we have a long account of the Krishnagurh and Tinnevely missions, by the present Bishop of Victoria, of which missions (see last month) far too favourable an estimate has been formed by excellent people at home. The 'great want of Tinnevely is a bishop,' although last month we were told that the mere presence of a bishop greatly 'augmented the temptations of the native converts.' This month we read 'a bishop for Tinnevely would be no inconsiderable boon as a movement in the right direction towards a recognition of the duty the British Government owes,' &c. &c. Nothing like leather, even when leather does not answer.

The 'Missionary Record of the United Presbyterian Church,' contains an account of the claims of central Africa on Christian enterprise. Fully believing that as yet the whole of that vast field of labour is unoccupied, and that though Africa itself lies in the midst of the civilization of the world, it is still in the most abject condition of heathendom—the facts of the Niger expedition, of the Baptist mission, of the Sierra Leone mission, and of the mission of our indomitable and persevering Scotch brethren, compel one sorrowful conclusion—Europeans will not convert Africa, and we half doubt if they can be pioneers. We wish some of our best men in Jamaica would give themselves wholly to the work of training a native agency; leave off preaching, and school-keeping, and pastoral visitation, and everything else, and select half a dozen strong, hearty, well-disposed Christian men, and do nothing but train these up with one idea, that they are to cut down the jungle and open a way into the heart of savage Africa. Meantime we honour those who think otherwise, and wish our old friend, and now veteran missionary, Mr. Waddell, all success in his herculean and perilous labours in Calabar.

The 'Missionary Herald' of the Baptist Society is not now wholly a chronicle of foreign missions; it is assuming the form of a magazine of mission papers and essays—an alteration about which it would be premature to judge. Its foreign intelligence is necessarily brief; in India the successors of Ward and Carey are doing much the same work as they did with the same alternations of encouragement and depression; as yet, Hindu idolatry does not seem

'ready to vanish away;' in *Rangoon* the missionaries are successful, but there is a little too much talk about 'our tank' and the 'water' matter to please us. In Haiti and Trinidad the work progresses slowly but surely.

The 'Monthly Record of Church Missions' has passed from the editorship of the Rev. J. W. Colenso, now Bishop of Natal, into the hands of the Rev. R. C. Burton. The present month is occupied with a history of 'the Church in India,' written cleverly, but in the same High Church caste as characterises 'Church' papers. To those who are like-minded in bigotry we recommend again the admirable paper in the 'Quarterly' already referred to. He who can write a Church history of either Eastern or Western India, and come to the conclusion that all the good that has been accomplished has been by those who have received episcopal ordination, must be a strange philosopher and a stranger Christian.

To all such we recommend the following extract from this paper:—'But far better would it be for all to cease from such vain contests, and to acknowledge the truth, that no party has cause to exult in its missionary victories; and *that* for reasons which have never well been studied or explained—though far be it from us to set them down as mere inexplicable mysteries accorded to the 'foolishness of preaching' among the heathen in these later times which attended it in the earlier ages of the Church.

'In many quarters, zeal, self-devotion, and martyrdom, seem to have been expended for generations with little or no apparent result; in others, when the result has been great or sudden, it has shown but little sign of permanence.

'The tree, planted by modern missionary hands, though often fair and flourishing, has borne, and still bears, the character of a precarious exotic; multitudes, and even whole nations, have become Christians, and yet appear as if their Christianity could not live on without constant supplies of foreign teaching.'\*

## Monthly Retrospect.

HER Majesty met her 'faithful Commons' on the last day of January with a winning smile and gracious curtesy. 'I am always happy, my Lords and Gentlemen, to meet you in Parliament,' and with much propriety and dignity the 'happy' lady proceeded to lay before the assembled representatives of the nation, the programme of business for the ensuing session. The speech from the Throne was less redundant with words and phrases 'signifying nothing,' than the staid reserve of Majesty has on previous occasions thought fit to adopt. A 'state of warfare' was openly acknowledged, increased supplies boldly bespoken, and a distinct enumeration given of the proposed measures of reform. These comprised a bill for opening the Coasting Trade of the kingdom to the ships of all

\* 'Quarterly Review,' Dec. 1853. Art. 'Missions of Polynesia.'

friendly nations; a measure for University Reform; a plan for improving the system of admission to the Navy; a bill for transferring Testamentary and Matrimonial Jurisdiction from the sines of the Ecclesiastical Courts, to the open air of English Common Law; a bill for the Amendment of the Law of Settlement; one touching Bribery at Elections; and, lastly, a 'Measure for the Amendment of the laws relating to the Representation of the Commons in Parliament.' The debate on the address took place, as usual, the same evening, and was marked in both Houses by the voluntary mention, by Ministers, of the recent extraordinary charges made against the Prince Consort. The Earl of Aberdeen, with less dignity than spirit, defended the Prince against the most easily rebutted accusations, especially of undue interference at the Horse Guards. Lord John Russell took up the assertion, that the Consort used undue influence with Majesty by means of advice, and the necessary influence of position; and in manly tones supported the husband and subject of the Queen against the whispers of the anonymous calumniators connected with the disreputable portion of the English daily press, by whom the whole of these charges were invented. The noble lord received the support of all parties, in his defence and denunciation, and the matter dropped, leaving the Prince in higher favour and the papers in deeper disgrace than ever.

The order of business since this unpleasant and painful matter has been as follows:—On Wednesday, the 1st of February, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought in a bill to enable the Treasury to take charge of the expenses of the Inland Revenue, now paid by its own commissioners without responsibility to Government.—On Friday, the 3rd, the resolution for admitting Foreign Ships to the Coasting Trade, passed the House without division, thus 'striking off the last fetters from the free navigation of the sea.'—On Monday, the 6th, Lord John Russell again introduced the question of Parliamentary Oaths, this time in a larger and more catholic spirit than hitherto. For the four oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy, and Abjuration, and the Anti-Papal oath now required to be taken by members, the Government propose to substitute *one oath*, containing 'quite enough,' said Lord John, 'at least for the security of the Crown.' It recapitulates the leading provisions of the oath of Allegiance and the Anti-Papal oath, and omits all reference to the supremacy of the Queen in spiritual matters. In regard to the question of the Church Establishment, Lord John Russell remarked it appeared to him that those who are selected to make laws for the country, should be at liberty to make any alteration in any institution which might seem desirable, and he therefore omitted the old clause abjuring any intention to subvert the Establishment. This courageous declaration roused that extraordinary legal grub, Sir F. Thesiger, who announced, with characteristic pomposity, his intention to oppose the measure at some future stage.—An Irish purist movement, excited by aspersions on the character of certain Irish members, who are accused by the editor of the 'Dublin Freeman's Journal,'—an accusation repeated in the 'Times,' and sustained in the course of the discussion which followed by Mr. Lucas, the editor of the 'Tablet,'—of selling the patronage of the Crown for money, led to a sharp discussion on the 7th, which has subsequently resulted in the appointment of a numerous select committee of the House

to investigate the matter. What is the object of Mr. Butt in moving for the appointment of the committee is not precisely known. There is a general suspicion that the honourable member charitably hopes to convict some of his fellow-countrymen, of opposite politics, of the offence.—The Bribery Bill was brought in by Lord John Russell, on the 9th. Its leading provision is perpetual disqualification of the members and voters found to be guilty of closer intercourse than the law allows. It is therefore simply a bill of terror, which may tend to lessen the evil sought to be remedied, but will probably only lead to greater secrecy and hypocrisy, adding to the number of sins against morality, while it may serve to reduce the frequency of the primary offence. It is perhaps the last bill before the BALLOT.—Mr. Baines's bill on the Law of Settlement was brought in the same evening, but the able President of the Board of Trade had evidently not sufficiently digested his proposed substitute for the present acts, for he left the House in almost total ignorance of the details of his measure.

The next bill brought before the House was the REFORM BILL of 1854, which was introduced by Lord John Russell, on Monday the 13th, in a speech of little vigour, but characterised by precise and comprehensive statements, and fixed and determined views—fixed, that is to say, as to the limit beyond which the noble lord would not be willing to go, but altogether indeterminate in principle, and entirely wanting in large views of the relations of governing and governed—on which alone it would be possible to frame a just and self-consistent measure of representative reform. His lordship first preceeded to the melancholy work of demolition. Nineteen boroughs having had less than 300 electors, or less than 5,000 inhabitants, he proposes at once to disfranchise. Thirty-three other boroughs, with a constituency of less than 500, or a population of less than 10,000, and returning two members each, he proposes shall return in future only one member. By this means sixty-two seats are placed at his disposal, which, with four now vacant, on account of disfranchisement, makes sixty-six. These are to be allotted in the following manner:—

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Bedford; Chester, N. and S.; Cornwall, W. and E.; Derby, N. and S.; Devon, N. and S.; Durham, N. and S.; Essex, N. and S.; Gloucester, W.; Kent, W. and E.; Lancaster, N.; Leicester, N. and S.; Monmouth; Norfolk, W. and E.; Stafford, N. and S.; Somerset, W. and E.; Salop, N.; South Hants, N.; Suffolk, E. and W.; Surrey, E.; Sussex, E.; Warwick, N.; Worcester, E.; York, N. and E.; Glamorgan. Total .. | 38 |
| West Riding .....   | 4  |
| South Lancashire .....  | 4  |
| Three new boroughs; viz., Birkenhead, Burnley, and Staleybridge .....   | 3  |
| One Metropolitan borough—Chelsea and Kensington .....   | 2  |
| Nine boroughs, containing more than 100,000 inhabitants, one each additional; viz., Birmingham, Bristol, Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Wolverhampton, and Salford .....  | 9  |
| Inns of Court (London) .....  | 2  |
| London University .....   | 1  |
| Scotland (not detailed) .....   | 3  |
| Total .....   | 66 |

Concerning the revision and extension of the franchise, the following alterations in the existing law are proposed:—

## NEW FRANCHISES COMMON TO CITIES AND BOROUGHES:—

1. Persons in receipt of salaries from public or private employment of not less than 100*l.* per annum, payable quarterly or half-yearly.
2. Persons in receipt of 10*l.* per annum, derived from Government Stock, or Bank or India Stock.
3. Persons paying 40*s.* per annum to Income or Assessed Taxes.
4. Graduates of any university in the United Kingdom.
5. Persons who have for three years possessed a deposit of 50*l.* in any savings' bank.

## NEW FRANCHISE FOR COUNTIES:—

6. All occupiers rated at 10*l.* per annum, residing elsewhere than in represented towns.

## NEW FRANCHISE FOR BOROUGHES:—

7. All occupiers rated at 6*l.*, who have been resident within the borough two years and a half.

The eccentricity of the bill is what has been called the 'minority clause,' in which it is provided, that when more than two members are to be elected for a city or county, two only shall be voted for, and the third be adjudged to have been elected by the *minority*, when it exceeds two-fifths of the whole number of electors. Such are the leading provisions of this long-promised measure.

Looking at the bill, as it thus stands, from the high vantage ground of principle, it must be wholly and entirely condemned. It is simply an extension of the old Reform Bill. Strictly speaking, indeed, it is not a reform at all—it is simply what Lord Palmerston calls an 'improvement.' It recognises no leading principle of government, and is based on no great foundation of political ethics or human rights. Further, it is manifestly unjust in its exclusions. There are no less than *eighty-seven* towns in England alone with a population above 5,000, which, excluded hitherto from any share in borough representation, are, for this reason, and for this reason only, to be excluded for the future. The privileged are to remain privileged—the dishonoured to remain dishonoured—because, before the Revolution they had not the advantage of being nestled under the wing of aristocratic influence, and have not been sufficiently clamorous since to awake even the quick sense of Cabinet fear. A partial application of the principle of electoral districts to the many unrepresented, would have satisfied the reasonable demands of justice, and given an air of consistency to the measure of which at present it is utterly devoid. The other defects of the bill, as a measure of 'improvement,' are the omission of the abolition of the property qualification; of the ballot; and the payment of members. The savings' bank qualification is unobjectionable, when considered as a means of adding to the *number* of electors, but altogether objectionable in its conditions. The same may be said of the new 6*l.* franchise, which, if fettered with the required term of residence, will be, in a large number of instances, practically valueless; while the retention of the *rating* in place of the *rental* of a house, will add still further to the many injustices of the present system. The number and complicity of qualifications is a further objection to the bill as a whole. One simple principle of rental income, or taxation, or all combined, while it would have enlarged the foundation of the constitution, and thus added to the safety and

stability of the Empire, would have greatly strengthened the hands of Reformers in supporting it. 'Whatever,' remarks the editor of the 'Political Annual,' writing in anticipation of the probable character of the bill, as foreshadowed in the Liberal organs,—'whatever may be the qualification required in the electoral body, it should be characterised by simplicity and by obvious fitness. If the bill, instead of embodying broad and generous principles, forms experimental specialities, and makes new and nice distinctions, the result will probably be the creation of great anomalies, and the infliction of more injustice than now exists.' Such, we believe, will be its practical results, if carried into law; but, believing this, we nevertheless willingly and thankfully accept it as a first instalment of a just debt due to the people—payment of which must, sooner or later, be made in full, with heavy interest, if longer delayed or postponed.

The remaining prominent question of the month—the War in the East—needs scarcely to be largely dwelt upon, so much has it occupied the thoughts and roused the feelings of the people. The debate in Parliament, on the nights of the 17th and 20th, must have recalled to many minds the now historic times of Pitt and Fox—when the warlike minister stood up, amid the acclamations of the Commons, to declare that the world should know no peace till the military despot of Europe stood fettered in English chains, and guarded by her pikes and bayonets. The Whig now occupies the place of the Tory, but the scene that Friday night, when the leader of the House of Commons and representative of the Government sounded the first blast of the trumpet of war to the peoples of Western Europe, to prepare for the impending struggle with the over-reaching and absorbing despotism that threatens the common safety of the nations, was equally significant and suggestive. And this is the real danger, and this the answer to those who are asking, 'For what are we going to war?' For the safety of Europe, of which we form an integral part. And for the same reason that Society clothes itself with terror and arms Justice with physical force, against the burglar and assassin, who threaten its peace and safety, do the nations now rise against the invader of the customs, rights, and sworn treaties on which the peace of Europe and the compact of the nationalities, is based. To talk, as Mr. Cobden talks, of the internal state of the Turkish empire and the past abuses of its government, is to talk beside the question. We do not dispute the honourable member's facts or the soundness of his judgment, so far as the limits of his sympathies allow it to operate, but we very much question whether taking his own ground it would mend the state of things in Turkey to hand the Porte over to St. Petersburg.

While, however, we thus justify, on what appears to us sound principles, the entry of this nation as a belligerent power into the fearful battle-field of Europe, we cannot join in the ridicule with which the Peace party has been assailed. We honour its motives as well as its modes of action. And they honour also our common humanity. There seems to be in one section of the people just now, a horrible thirst for blood, which nothing but the realization of the consequences of war will cool. The 'Peace party' has done more than any other, to hold back Government as well as the lower classes from rushing heedlessly and unprepared into the boiling sea,

on which the vessel of State now appears to be launched. If the mission of Mr. Sturge and his friends has, as every one expected, failed, it deserved to succeed. It has commanded involuntary respect and homage from one who has bowed his head to no other embassy, and who would, we believe, more willingly put the settlement of the question into the hands of the Quaker deputation, than into those of any three kingly governors in Europe.

If the Spirit of Cabal and Intrigue prevail in the counsels of Parliament, the further conduct of the part we are to take in this war may be confided to other hands. There is rumour of an attempt to supersede the Earl of Aberdeen by Lord Palmerston—a change which, in the present juncture of affairs, would bode nothing but ill to the liberties of Turkey, or any other nation whose destinies may chance to be confided to the treacherous support of the famous Foreign Secretary. What he has done for other nations when placed in somewhat similar circumstances—for Poland, Portugal, Hungary, Italy, Sardinia, the reader may gather from the well-timed and able pamphlet of Mr. Wilks—‘Palmerston’—in three epochs,\* in which the character of the jaunting statesman is pointed out; and the results of his foreign rule detailed with an accuracy and fidelity as unfortunate for its subject as they are honourable to the writer who has assailed him.

Mere domestic matters are few in number, though not small in importance. Convocation has met and—adjourned—a result which warmed the Bishop of St. David’s into saying, that ‘when he once saw there was no hope that this form [Convocation] could become a substance, he should feel it a matter of duty to abstain from attending its meetings, in which the aid, the inspiration, and the actual presence of the Holy Spirit were invoked, to guide deliberations which were an avowed and empty mockery.’ The golden fetters are evidently chafing.—The ‘Liberation of Religion’ Society, with the avowed object of removing these fetters, has collected in London nearly 500*l.* towards the support of its great mission. It has also succeeded in organizing an efficient Parliamentary committee. A permanent committee of Dissenting Members of Parliament has also been formed, for the purpose of watching over the interests of Dissent within the walls of St. Stephen’s—a wise step predictive of none but gainful and satisfactory results, and therefore deserving large and energetic support out-of-doors. Thanks, principally, to the members of this Committee, and to unexpected assistance from Lord John Russell, the Manchester and Salford Education Bill has again been thrown out of the House.—A legal case, in which the character of Dissent is somewhat implicated, has been before the public during the past month, under the caption of *Ainslie v. Pratt*, publisher of the ‘British Banner.’ Our readers are, we dare say, familiar with the merits and details of this question, the decision on which was in the plaintiff’s favour. It is to be hoped that the Costs of the case, if not the melancholy exposure of the systematic and disgraceful course of

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\* London : W. Freeman. Price one shilling.

slandering pursued by the 'Satirist' of the Dissenting press—will have the effect of preventing any similar scenes.

More loss of life by sea and fire, and a fearful explosion at the Ince Hall colliery, with the loss of a hundred and twenty lives, have again roused public sympathy and feeling. May the sacrifice of the few lead to the salvation of the many, through the providence of Him of whom are all things, and may individual sorrow and suffering arouse the community of the people to the more constant practice of real and undefiled religion—attending the 'widow and fatherless' in their times of sore distress. For the safety of a nation is better guarded by the virtues of its people than by legions of armed men.

## Intelligence.

### THE CHURCH AND STATE QUESTION.

The Society for the Liberation of Religion from State-patronage and Control—that being the new name of the Anti-state-church Association—is preparing to carry on its work in the vigorous and systematic spirit which the state of public opinion in relation to it both justifies and requires. On the 1st of February last, the Executive Committee invited the society's leading friends to a private entertainment at Radley's Hotel, London, to which their plans were submitted, and measures for obtaining the 'sinews of war' were agreed upon. Mr. Samuel Morley occupied the chair, and amongst those present were Mr. Kershaw, M.P., Mr. Bright, M.P., Mr. Barnes, M.P., Mr. Crossley, M.P., Mr. Pellatt, M.P., Mr. Miall, M.P., Mr. Bell, M.P., Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wire, Mr. G. W. Alexander. It was stated that a standing parliamentary committee had been appointed, with a competent professional man—Dr. Charles Foster—as chairman, and that for the future everything of an ecclesiastical kind coming before Parliament would be vigilantly watched, with a view to the society's purposes, and to the organization of a compact Parliamentary party. Preparation would also be made for the next general election. A determination was expressed to raise 5,000*l.* a year for the next three years, and a long list of subscriptions, varying from 50*l.* to 5*l.*, was made up. This comparatively private effort is to be followed up by others on a larger scale, both in town and country. The speakers spoke with the utmost confidence as to the progress of their principles, in and out of Parliament, and regarded the revelations of the Census as greatly strengthening their case.

We understand that the committee of the society have in preparation two publications, by means of which they hope to bring out, and to widely circulate, all the facts contained in the Census illustrative of the inequitable character of our present ecclesiastical arrangements, as well as the potency of the hitherto despised Voluntary principle.

### CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL BUILDING.

At a soirée in connexion with the London Congregational Chapel Building Society, held during the month, it was stated that during the five years of its existence, the committee had received little short of 20,000*l.* for the carrying out of the object in view; but it ought to be generally known that this sum had been contributed by less than twenty individuals. The report read by Mr. Davies, of Lambeth, stated that in the same period the society had built, or helped to build, or preserved, no fewer than thirteen places of worship.

Of these, nine are now opened for public worship, and four are in process of erection. The chapels which have been completed and opened are Horbury, Haverstock-hill, City-road, Bedford New Town, New College, Portland, Southgate-road, Notting-dale Potteries, and Sydenham chapels. The history of all these has been, thus far, one of encouraging progress; in nearly all of them numerous congregations have been gathered, churches have been formed, schools established, and various agencies of Christian philanthropy have been put into operation. Upon a rough but moderate computation, it may be estimated that from 5,000 to 6,000 persons have the



gospel preached to them every Sabbath; that many hundreds of persons are associated in Christian fellowship; that from 1,600 to 1,800 children receive instruction in Sabbath schools.'

Mr. Davies said that within the time over and above the operations of this society, eight large and handsome chapels have been erected at an expense of not less than 52,000*l*. The aggregate amount which has been thus expended, inclusive of the operations of the society, and of those whom it has aided, could not be less than 80,000*l*.

#### ENGLISH CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL BUILDING SOCIETY.

The quarterly meeting of the committee of this society was held in Square Chapel, Halifax, on Wednesday morning and afternoon, February 1. A public meeting was held in the same place of worship in the evening. The amount of contributions promised in aid of the operations of the society, and spread over five years, now exceeds 11,000*l*. Applications for advice and pecuniary assistance in the erection of forty chapels in different parts of the country, exclusive of the metropolis and Lancashire, have been presented to the committee. Of these cases, thirty-seven appeared to the committee eligible to the assistance of the society. Specific conditional grants have been voted in aid of fourteen of the cases thus presented. In respect to the other cases, the decision of the committee is suspended till more definite conclusions be reached—in the localities themselves, in respect to the site, the plan, accommodation, and cost of the proposed buildings, the amount of local contribution, the provisions of the trust-deed, &c.

#### CRIME AND THE DENOMINATIONS.

By a curious coincidence, almost at the same time that the Census returns have made it evident that not more than half of the religionists of the country belong to the Church of England, a Parliamentary return (No. 908) informs the public that of 21,626 prisoners (in England) on the 25th September, 1852, no less than 18,077—or about three-fourths—avowed themselves to be members of that Church.—*Political Annual for 1854.*

#### SUPPRESSION OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

Important meetings, in aid of the new reformatory school movement, have been held in various parts of the kingdom during the month. In the early part of the month a deputation of the promoters of the movement waited on Lord Palmerston, as Secretary of State for the Home department. In reply to the statements of the deputation, the noble lord said, 'he was quite convinced that this matter was one of the most important that ought to attract the attention and excite the action of the Government. It was manifest, that unless they could devise some method of reforming youthful delinquents, they would be driven further and further in the course of punishment, and it was well known that punishment inflicted in mature years seldom produced the reform desired. With respect to the change which had taken place in secondary punishments, he observed that, in consequence of the colonies having refused to receive any more convicts, it was imperative on the Government to endeavour to stop the source of crime. He quite understood that a measure of this sort could scarcely be brought forward with any hope of success by independent members of Parliament, especially in the present session, which already presented a large bill of fare. But he was ready to admit that it was the duty of Government to undertake the question. At least, he should feel it his duty to do so, and he would give his best attention to it. He hoped to receive the advice and co-operation of the other members of the Government, relying on the cordial support of those gentlemen present, as well as many who were absent, who had turned their attention more practically to the subject. He hoped that in the course of this session that they should be enabled to pass into a law some measure which would put a stop to this growing evil.'

#### THE CLERGY RESERVES, CANADA.

We see it stated that the executive of the Liberation of Religion Society have received information of a kind calculated to excite fears that the hopes indulged in on the passing of the Clergy Reserves Bill of last session, will not be realized, and strikingly illustrating the tenuous vitality of State-churchism. 'After the agony and bloodshed which has marked the warfare of the last thirty years,' it was supposed, that so soon as the Canadian legislature was invested with the power of dealing with the reserves, the known wishes of the people would be met by the introduction of a bill for their secularization. Not a doubt existed at the close of its last session that such a bill would be the great measure which the Administration would bring forward on its re-assembling—an impression which was strengthened by the declarations made by members of the Ministry at entertainments given to them in the recess. Now, however, Mr. Hincks and his colleagues announce their intention to dissolve Parlia-

ment, and appeal to the people on the question, avowedly on the ground of the acts lately passed for the reform of the representation; but, as is believed, really that there may be an opportunity for a last and desperate attempt to perpetuate the reserves by a new division of them among all sects that choose to participate.

#### ECCLIASTICAL INTOLERANCE IN SWEDEN.

By letters from Stockholm, says the 'Christian Times,' we learn that the persecutions in Sweden of Protestants by Protestants still continue. Between three and four hundred persons are under sentence of imprisonment, on bread and water, for twenty-eight days, for exclusively religious causes. From some unaccountable reason, these sentences have not yet been executed; but we can only suppose that the delay is attributable to the apprehension of indignation throughout Europe, which the execution of such an atrocity would evoke. The subject of religious liberty has apparently taken strong hold on the public mind. The minister of public worship, Mr. Reuterdaahl, has entered the arena of the press, inveighing against the religious movement, and throwing out insidious remarks as to foreign influence. His pamphlet has been answered by Dr. Thomander, who speaks most decidedly against the Conventicle Act, and against either the imprisonment or banishment of any person for obeying his conscience in matters of religion, though he does not go so far as an Englishman would in his arguments.

#### MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted since our last :—

**BARBICAN CHAPEL.**—Mr. Charles Green, from New College.

**CHARLESWORTH** (Congregational church).—The Rev. C. Bateman, late of Abbott's Roothing.

**EAST RETFORD** (Congregational church).—The Rev. R. Stephens, late of Todmorden.

**LYNN** (Congregational church).—The Rev. W. L. Brown, of Bolton.

**PECKHAM** (Hanover chapel).—The Rev. R. W. Betta.

**ORANGE-STREET, LEICESTER-SQUARE** (Congregational church).—The Rev. E. Jukes, of Blackburn.

**SANDWICH** (Congregational church).—The Rev. Dr. Hillier, of Tonbridge.

**SOMERLEYTON.**—The Rev. C. Shakspeare.

#### FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

Devonport New Baptist Chapel, Fore-street.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'E. G. C.' writes as follows :—'I have read with great interest an article in your Magazine for January, on "The Relation of the Death of Christ to the Forgiveness of Sin." I do not agree with the writer, but I am glad to see the paper in your Magazine, because I believe it gives expression to the doubts, and half-formed opinions, of many minds. I think, however, that very little good would be done by the insertion of the paper, if the question were allowed to drop where the writer has left it.'

[In reply to this and some similar communications, we wish to state that while we shall be willing to insert papers on the subject above referred to, taking different views from those advanced by the writer of the article, inserted in our January number, we do not wish to open the pages of the Magazine to any discussions taking the shape of a literary duel. Our friend's paper we must decline inserting, but not for this reason.]

'G. C. M.'—Accepted.

'JAMES TIDMARSH.'—The editor has no control over, or interest in, the advertisements inserted in this journal.

'J. J. JUN.'—'Not up to the mark.'

'H. BRIDGON.'—1. For 'combine,' read *constitutes*—a correction of a printer's blunder. 2. The expressions referred to were not expressions of abuse, but of sober, serious conviction, and, therefore, we opine, not amenable to our friend's criticism.

'J. B.' (Manchester).—We will take an early opportunity of saying something upon the subject, and also, if possible, of putting our correspondent in the way of obtaining further suggestions in aid of his inquiries.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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APRIL, 1854.

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*Christian Benevolence.*

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READER! have pity on us. Exercise towards us the grace on which we are about to discourse to you, and commiserate for a moment the position of the man who sits down to write upon a theme which is wide as the world—many-phased as man—which excites in quick succession all the moods of mind—now glowing admiration that would fain outpour itself in loftiest panegyric—and now cynical contempt which lacks words keen enough in their satire, withering enough in their indignation—which tempts one into the loveliest philosophy that the world presents, and quickly leads one into the humblest, most homely, and petty details of the life of man. Which throws up before us, as we attempt to think about it, an interminable series of pictures,—gentle faces beaming with universal smiles—walking centres of sunlight for the saddened world—manly hands outstretched in generous forgiveness and oblivion of the past; strong arms held forth for myriads of the weak to lean on; soft features bedewed with tears of sympathy; genuine humility stealthily distributing a perpetual store of substantial charities; baskets laden with more than the crumbs of the rich man's table; the postman's bag laden with far-reaching love; huge institutions, working with mechanical exactness, and in great multitudes, over the entire surface of a kingdom, and projecting their result to both the poles; printing presses vomiting forth their shoals of books and tracts; crowded meetings thundering their sentiments of approval of the orator's burning words; timid but true-hearted girls taking their weekly round with the Bible and the collecting card; agents hurrying to and fro, and crossing each other's paths at every possible point, on the business of 'the society;' conclaves of ever-toiling men in

committees; missionaries preaching under scorching skies, and on perpetual snows, and in sunny isles, and in seas of sand; respectable and lordly men in the midst of groups of ragged boys; magistrates acknowledging *St.* notes 'through the medium of our reporter;' masons and carpenters busy in erecting model cottages, and parish school-rooms; cooks concocting boilers full of soup; doctors and nurses flitting through the wards of hospitals; temperance men marching as captains to bands of tottering drunkards to 'sign the pledge;' tens of thousands of hard-worked youths and maidens finding their Sabbath rest in the midst of little knots of stupid, troublesome, quarrelsome, dull, inattentive children; widows with tearful, thankful joy, dropping their little mite into the collector's box; pious grandees dropping their lesser mite into silver plates; dying men bequeathing to their executors the task which in their own hands had been infinite joy; or else crowning a life of constant charities with a worthy climax of munificence; and lastly, spite of all this, the huge world of misery crying still, and wringing its hands still, and groaning still; myriads of slaves still in cruel bonds; mighty empires still cooped in brooding pestilential darkness; crowds of brothers and sisters every moment dropping down fainting and dying, starving and writhing, and shivering and moaning; some cursing, and some despairing, and with desperate hand ending a life too miserable to be borne; to whom all the charity of the church is as if it were not, because it reaches not to them. Pity us, reader, at the thought of the perplexity of having to find a commencement for such a theme as this.

Something, however, needs to be said upon this point. There are lessons that urgently demand to be inculcated. The task is one that ought to be attempted, and an entrance must, therefore, be forced, if it cannot be found.

The most cynical sceptic who has ever attempted to illuminate and edify the world, cannot deny, if he have any regard for the reputation of candour and common sense, that there does exist a thing of which the title of this paper is the true name. That it is, moreover, a very passable, practical, massive thing. One of the great marks of the present times. As great a fact of the English life, as our railroads, our manufactures, anything on which we are accustomed to pride ourselves when comparing ourselves with our ancestors, or our contemporaries in other parts of the world. One might safely challenge him to the disproof of the assertion that there never was a time, there is not now a country in which benevolence—active, earnest, helpful sympathy for man—has assumed so wide, so noble, so true, so manifold a form; where it has expressed itself *in all the modes* proper to it on so extensive a scale. Granted that there are multitudes of defects both in its spirit and its embodiment; that you may clearly detect meanness, and selfishness, and bigotry, and sectarianism, at the core of a great deal of it; that you may, on comparing it with the motives from which it professes to spring and the grandeur of the space it professes to fill, convict it of huge inadequacy. Granted that

benevolence is one of the instincts of humanity, and is not, therefore, the peculiar product of Christianity; that many of the supporters of the multiform charity are not, in the strictest sense, Christian men. Eliminate all this if you will from the sum of the whole, there still remains an overwhelming mass that is not spurious, though it be defective in some points; that wells up from pure fountains even if it get into tortuous and turbid channels; that is costly and self-sacrificing—the whole offering of the giver—bestowed without a regret, nay, with real joy—without thought or desire of reward—although painfully inadequate to make any sensible impression on that which it aims to relieve. Moreover, we distinctly claim the whole as a result of Christianity. That larger portion of which we have just spoken is its direct and immediate point. It is connected with a Christian profession; it is done from Christian motives; it is regarded as a debt due to Christ; as a freewill offering of love to him; as that service of him with which he is especially pleased; which is most truly walking in his footsteps, and keeping his commandments. It is the gospel of mercy which has taught the practice and given the spirit of mercy to these myriad souls. This has given them nobler, truer thoughts of their own manhood, and thus made all manhood a worthier thing in their esteem: a thing to be cared for, and toiled for, and wept for, and prayed for, without ceasing. This has anointed their eyes growing dim with the disease of selfishness, caught from the infection which the world so plentifully supplies, and made them *see* the miseries that surround them. This has expanded their hearts for unselfish, unflinchingly love to commence its mighty action there, and heave with throbs that would suffuse a world. This has taught them the worthiness, the bliss of self-denial and sacrifice, and so withdrawn them from the common herd of whom it may be truly and without malice said, ‘they live unto themselves.’ It is this which has taught them to ignore the distinctions of race, and colour, and speech—has enunciated for them with irresistible emphasis the great truth of the brotherhood of mankind, and so caused the natural and hereditary antipathies of nations to become nothing in their esteem, the very word enemy to be a sated term, and the only horizon of their beneficence the line that bounds the world. This has so enhanced to them the value of a single life, and of every influence that can touch it, as to make the meanest unit of the whole a brother with a brother’s claim.

It is through the medium of Christianity that this benevolence, which we grant is part of humanity as it is of religion, has become the virtue that it is in the world’s present esteem. In fact, the gospel has brought no new virtue into the catalogue of humanities. It has added not a single item to the list of pieties or charities. This is not its province. It is not a new law—but the iteration of the old law in new form and with augmented force. It is not a revelation of new truth, but a new revelation of the old truth—of *the truth*. As an agency, as a power, as a mode of revelation, and a means of influence, Christianity is a new thing. It brings additional

motives to bear on man. It echoes and intensifies the voices of the universe and of conscience. It unfolds a new charter of glory and blessedness for humanity. But it adds no new faculty to it, nor brings with it one additional duty. Every act and every spirit proper to the Christian and enjoined on him by the gospel is proper to man, simply as man. Christianity, therefore, has taken up this grace of benevolence, and given to it new force as a duty, new charm as a possession. Has developed it in varying proportion in her true converts and believers. By their means has thrown it out both in its obligations and its attractions before the eye of the world—has made its dull eye to detect the loveliness, to see the obligation, and so infected many others besides the truly Christian with the same spirit; has supplied some check to growing selfishness—some stimulant to native, instinctive kindness and love. Christianity has thus educated to some extent the benevolence of the world, as well as of the church; and may, therefore, take to herself the credit of much that does not connect itself with her name.

In all this, our design has been merely, in the most general manner, to set before you distinctly *the thing* about which there is a great deal needs to be said. We must now, with whatever of abruptness, plunge at once into its interior, and look more narrowly and carefully at the inward source from which all that exists has sprung; and from which it may appear much more ought to be resulting, and may, ere long, be expected to manifest itself.

Benevolence we have said is one of the native qualities of man. Just as the corporeal embryo, ere it has uttered its first cry of life, contains within it tendencies to develop into that wonderful, glorious structure which we call 'man'—to grow into all the members which are necessary to perfect physical manhood—so we believe is there a true structural type for the soul towards which in its perfection there is the same tendency to develop. There are manifold *parts*, all of which are necessary to the perfect spiritual being—man. There is no need to point out here the great reason why these do not as readily and fully attain their maturity as does the body and its members. We merely wish to assert that benevolence—love of one's kind in various degrees proportioned to their relations to us—is a thing of which the germ is in all of us, and does manifest itself in childhood to some extent, though with many imperfections, apart from any religious influence. That soul tendency—that spiritual member, if it may be so termed—is the thing upon which Christianity comes to direct its influence in a mode which we shall now endeavour to point out.

The first process to which the soul is subjected when it comes thoroughly and really under the influence of the gospel is to be made to know and feel the love of God. Out of its darkness and sorrow it is urged to look up to its Father with hope, and to receive the assurance of its acceptance and forgiveness through the mediation and propitiation of Christ. As it obeys this voice, the character of God assumes an entirely new aspect. It has begun to make a new

and most blessed experience, to learn a new and unspeakably happy lesson. The truth that God is love, known before, but never thoroughly believed, never truly seen, now begins to write itself most deeply there, to corroborate and iterate itself by daily experiences, ever cumulating in force, ever augmenting in intensity, to illustrate itself by everything on which the mind turns itself. The universe, man's history, assume new aspects—are radiant with the light of this truth. A great atmosphere of love envelopes all. A mighty force of love is working in and through all. Inward peace, confidence, content, begin to take the place of restlessness, fear, irritation, discord. By a law of mind, the inevitable effect of all this is to soften the ruggedness of nature, to rebuke and weaken selfishness, to induce gentleness and amiability,—to touch the native spring of benevolence, and make it act with a freedom and a force till then unknown. The atmosphere of thought and feeling into which it is now lifted imbues and suffuses it, and a life of love has commenced its blessed action within him. It is impossible but that the most churlish, selfish nature shall experience this, to some extent, if it have truly received, in its simplicity, the gospel of Christ. Further: bound thus by a new link to God, the man begins to inquire more closely after his will—to desire to serve and please him. The answer is the old grand law for humanity which the gospel has not abrogated, but only urged with greater force—‘thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself.’ ‘Wouldst thou serve me in all thy life, my child?’ is God's reply to his inquiry; ‘go out into the world of men; there is thy sphere; there thy work. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be a comforter and a helper. Forgive and love your enemies. Pray for your persecutors. Be an almoner of the bounties I have bestowed on you. Be a true brother of all mankind. Care for all their needs. Let the widow and the orphan know that in you they may find a friend. Let the sorrowful hail your step as that of an angel of comfort, and find in your voice a heavenly balm. A mighty world of wretchedness, physical, mental, moral, is ever around you. Do your little part to relieve and remedy it. Amid ceaseless contention and strife, be thou a presence and power of peace. Heaven is love; earth may be like it. Go thou, and, by thy example, thy word, thy deed, help to make it so. Here is a huge chorus of discord, and wrath, and woe, and discontent, rising perpetually unto my ears: there is also a lesser strain of harmony, and love, and peace: the two are struggling painfully together as yet; but the lesser shall become by and bye the greater, if my children will faithfully do their part. Sing thou thy little lay with all thy might, although in the commotion thou canst hardly hear thine own voice. Let thy life be in its measure a musical song of love. Some hearts shall be soothed by it. Some shall learn the strain from thee. And thus shalt thou be the child of thy Father, who is in heaven.’

And then, still further to help the man to receive this most happy law, he is pointed to Christ—the glorious and gracious incarnation of

Deity—the Saviour by whom he has been lifted up into the embrace of Divine love, and urged to study, to imitate, to follow him. A life is before him, which he is urged by a loving voice from without, and impelled by a grateful love from within, to make his model, which all men have confessed to be most admirable and inimitable; by whose means God anticipated and answered beforehand all the cavils which men would raise about Christianity, and which is such a perfect lovely ideal of man that all unpleasantness or offence in the doctrine ought to weigh as nothing beside it. That life is his law. He never can, he need never wish to rise above that. If he can reach that, he may know himself to be the possessor of the highest beauty, the noblest grandeur, of spiritual being in the eyes of God and of men.

And then, to crown all, he is told that such a life is the truest fore-taste, the real preparation, for heaven—that love is the great crown which decks the brow of seraph and archangel, martyr and saint—that each diadem is a copy of the great imperial crown of God—that it is a life of love, and deeds of love, which regulate the number and the lustre of the jewels that adorn the principalities of heaven—that the range of realm, the grade of kingdom and of priesthood, amongst the glorified is apportioned with strictest reference to the loving character of the life here—that even in the place where Grace displays all its mightiest results, Justice finds full and unfettered scope—and that when free, unsought Mercy places on the bended brows of saved sinners in the palace of God, Righteousness and Justice put them in her hands. This, we say, is how the gospel—Christianity—acts upon that native spiritual germ of humanity—benevolence.

It is quite true that this is an ideal picture;—that the man who is the representative of it all is not often to be found. We have merely pointed out what is the tendency of the gospel—what is the influence it ought to exert on all of us who come under its power. Oh! would that there were nothing in any of us to hinder its influence! That it had unhindered access to us, and unlimited sway over us! But it has to do battle with leagued powers of sin. The ray of love falls upon a diseased and darkened eye that often shrinks from its light as from a touch of pain, and whose full glory dazzles rather than delights. Other the meaner powers are at work upon us in different directions. Icy selfishness often collapses the heart that glowing love had begun to expand. The gospel itself often comes to us in such a garb as to hide its glory and cut off its power. We begin to quarrel with one another about which is the best side, and the true light in which to look at this grand ideal of man and unfolding of God, until we forget to look at it at all, so busy are we in darting our angry glances at each other, and in endeavouring to bring each other to his own side; and, in the end, because it has become our subject of contention, we cease to admire or love it—it ceases to be a power with us. But though this be true, what we have before said is also true, and we have chosen the ideal rather than the manifold actual, for a purpose which will presently appear.

But now regard for a few moments what stimulus and incitement



to the spirit of benevolence is supplied to the *Christian* man by the world which, with his newly gotten eye and heart, he is sent to survey, and in which he is to find his sphere of divine service and work.

We will suppose him full of the ardour which the reception of all those influences just pointed out would necessitate. He turns to the world to find his work there, determined, by God's help, to do some loving service to his brother men, whether they thank him or not; having his reward independently of them, in his work and in his God. He does not thoughtlessly rush to the first opportunity that presents itself, but will regard the whole field, and choose some portion of it suited to his talents, time, and powers. What does he see?

We will suppose him first directing his regards to the spiritual and religious condition of the world. Of the circle with which he is intimately acquainted how small a proportion can he reckon as amongst the sanctified! How few of his friends, it may be, are sharing with him the hopes and joys of true religion. The rest, whatever their native amiableness and virtue, whatever their general goodness and freedom from grosser vice, he is compelled to pity and sorrow over, as those that are blind to their true welfare and their highest duty, as 'enemies of the cross of Christ,' neglecting or refusing the deliverance which is their only hope of escape from future and dreadful doom. They are 'dead in sin,' because they are not 'alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Outside of the circle is a yet more numerous class, appalling in their multitude, who are occupying all the grades of moral and religious guilt; many of them openly, shamelessly, profligate and vile; 'drinking in iniquity as the ox drinks in water;' revelling in profanity and libertinism and fleshliness; 'heaping up iniquity;' filling to the brim a cup of wrath which hereafter they must drain to the dregs, yet never empty nor exhaust; placing themselves hourly further from hope and salvation; multitudes more, mere worldlings, lavishing 'out their lives to gather empty wind;' dragging down their spiritual being to an earthly drudgery out of which in vain they strive to extract a true and happy life; dooming themselves to a horrible surprise and a terrible and vain remorse when the truth shall burst upon them in the hour of death. The Church itself, though he does not suppose it to contain *all* the true religion of the world, he sees to be no accurate measure of what is hopeful in the religious aspect of the world; for he cannot deny the unwelcome conviction that within it is a great deal that is hypocritical, spurious, and delusive. The prospect darkens as he widens his field of view. Guided by criteria on all hands considered just, he is compelled to look yet more gloomily on the larger portion of Christendom. He sees huge delusion and impiety, calling itself Christianity, working with deadly effect in two opposite directions,—fostering on the one hand a spirit and a hope the opposite of Christian in nearly every particular, and bringing forth the evil fruits of superstition and self-reliance to the exclusion of a good hope in Divine grace, and a cheerful, happy life of preparation for heaven; and on the other hand, by its puerility, its mummery, its tyranny, its shameless profligacy, encouraging the growth of the most

daring and blasphemous infidelity, or throwing men into the sole grasp of present and secular influences, in the utter neglect or contempt, if not denial, of all religious obligations. And then spanning this, a wide, vast, awful desert of darkness, where all the heathenisms hold their crushing, depraving, damning sway. And the gospel, which he believes, of whose power he is so happily conscious, which makes no distinction, recognises no distinction of man save that which is spiritual, is for *all these*. Waits to be spread to them all by the agency of those who believe it. Commands them to carry it into all the world.

And now still further imagine the same man bending his regard to the other section of the woes and wants of mankind—the temporal and secular; which if *really* less afflictive, terrible, and vast, are *apparently* greater both in their degree and magnitude. With eye and ear acutely sensitive to every evil that has its seat and sway in the great human world he seems to behold a seething, boiling, raging sea of sorrow tossing about in its foamy surges an innumerable multitude of every age and grade, and with every expression of woe depicted in their countenance, or escaping from their lips—from the shrieking cry of despair with which some are dashed against the black rocks, to the mute agony, the inarticulate wail and groan with which some float on the awful tide. In the great daily struggle of social life where millions are toiling for subsistence, he sees a vast multitude as it were sifted, filtered through to the bottom, whose continued existence is a miracle from day to day; picking up little crumbs of subsistence; waiting for the scraps which winds of chance or hands of charity may drop at their feet; joy of life, pleasure of life, a thing long forgotten; aims, ambitions, purposes of life all crushed within them for want of scope; paralyzed, palsied, enervated hangers-on upon existence. Widows suddenly bereft of the arm on which they had leaned for years, and seeing no help at hand; orphans looking over the crowded plain of life and discerning not the face of one to speak to as a friend; toiling men who had climbed the hill manfully for many years and had nearly reached the summit they desired, but who by one false step, or the perfidious and selfish act of one who should have been a brother, have slipped and rolled back again to the base—the work of a life undone, and the hopes and energies exhausted. In another spot he sees masses of men huddled together in disgusting habitations, the disgrace and curse of that civilization of which they form the dregs; enveloped in a dense cloud of most deplorable ignorance, with its usual concomitants, poverty, misery, and crime; dwelling in an atmosphere of moral poison; born into a region of vice; educated amid example and influences of vice of every kind; handed over to the dominion of the senses as soon as they are born. Looking higher in the social scale he sees the same evils in lesser extent afflicting every class. Ignorance, crime, disease, sensuality, are working in all the strata of the body politic; sin and its fruits in all the walks of human life. He casts a rapid glance at the thrones and empires of the world, and instead of finding wisdom, goodness, justice, humanity, enthroned there, he sees in many of them

incarnate demons of selfishness, tyranny, and folly, wreaking their despotic pleasure, working their mighty mischiefs upon whole realms of people, making myriads their dupes. Great masses are descried plunged still in all the degradation of low savagism. Whilst from another spot, a professedly Christian land, there comes a mighty sound of clanking chains, and cracking whips, and brutal oaths, and responsive wails and cries; and more terrible still to behold, on the faces of these swarthy captives he sees scarce a trace of indignation, scarce a token that the instinct of liberty is alive within them, so horribly has slavery done its work alike on body and on soul.

And now he recollects for a moment a bright dream he once had of a world which he deemed it possible to realize in fact. It was a world of health and happiness for all. In every eye shone the divine spark of wisdom, though with differing intensity of brightness; on every face played smiles of various joy. Sorrow was there, but it was a sweet melancholy, a loving sorrow that had its antidote ever at hand. All men met in brotherhood and amity, whatever they had to transact. Rays of righteous and merciful rule streamed from the jewels of every crown and sceptre in the world. The mighty and sad contrasts of man had all but disappeared, and the heaven of civilization and humanity had wrought resistlessly on every family and tribe. A wise and prudent course of life had nearly extirpated the bodily and mental miseries of the world. Knowledge contributed its share of pleasure and force to all. Politics and religion were no longer the arena for passion and party spirit, the sphere in which selfishness became educated to its maturity and blinded to its disgrace. On the contrary, they had become the field where the noblest faculties of mind and heart found development and scope. And the progress of humanity became under the influence of all this a march, peaceful but grand, rapid but pleasant, laborious but musical, towards the great goal of a perfect social life. The remembrance of this dream makes him intensely sad. It seems like a vision held before his eyes by some spirit of malice, in mockery of the actual around him, how far, alas, from the ideal he had dreamed. Not being of the despairing sort, however, he forces his thought back again to the painful reality to ascertain what may be attempted and hoped. He sees that with regard to the more individual and personal wants and woes, all that is required is a little passing *help*. Many that have fallen only want a hand to grasp to set them on their feet and on their way again. Many that are rapidly sinking into despair and apathy, to become absolutely dependent or utterly lost, might be saved by a few kind words, and a little genuine sympathy at the right moment. And in this way he sees that *one man* may do an immense amount if thoroughly in earnest to do it. One man may in this way be the temporal saviour of thousands, without ever being drained of his sympathies or crippled in his resources. By the daily overflow of heart and purse he may fill a channel at whose life-stream hundreds may drink.

Again, with regard to many of the more complex evils which afflict greater multitudes, and need combined and associated effort, he sees

that a few true men, with sturdy persistence, with religious earnestness, may accomplish all. Or, if not that, in some yet wider instances, that they may generate a movement to extend its influence through a decade or a century, which must grow until it becomes mighty enough to accomplish its task. He says to himself—surely the mightiest wave that ever wrested its rocky trophy from the cliffs is made of drops—and the force it wields, of separate velocities. I may, therefore, start such a force which shall increase as it goes, until its work is done. In this way his rising despair is checked and cured, and he sees no woe in the world so huge that its removal may not be thought of nor attempted. A sublime faith in God corroborates all this, and encourages his strongest hope.

This, again, is perhaps the picture of an ideal, rather than an actual man. There may be few Christian philanthropists who are, also, so much Christian philosophers as to take such pains to think about the work they have to do, or the claims the world presents in this careful, studious way. But this is how every such man *may* think of it. And it is, moreover, a correct, though inadequate description, of how the claims of the world do present themselves, although less methodically, to all the philanthropists it contains.

We have thus sought to point out how the gospel, on the one side, and the necessities of mankind on the other, direct their several influences upon the heart of the Christian man. The gospel taking the native germ of benevolence, whose function is to sympathize with others—to care for and help them—subjects it to a process which ought to make it an emotion and a principle of profoundest, widest, most practical love; it then sends the man into the world, to find there his work—the sphere where he may express his gratitude, prove his devotion, gather his joy, and reap his reward. Arrived there, he discovers that which may yet more intensify all that he feels and desires. Pity, sympathy, generosity, are all appealed to in tones which a heart of flint could scarce resist—and his is not now a heart of flint, but a heart of flesh. Heaven has tuned it to its proper pitch. A myriad earthly hands now sweep its strings in rapid succession, and make their wild or melancholy music there. It must vibrate—or he is not a Christian man.

Our purpose in this has been to found upon it some questions of immense import to the Church and to the world in these days, and which every professing Christian ought to seek most faithfully to answer for himself.

What results may fairly be anticipated in the life of the Church at large, from the action of these divine and human powers upon it? And is the Christian benevolence of our day an adequate result?

In seeking to answer these questions, it will be needful to observe again, and with a little more care, those forms which it has assumed, of which a rapid and general summary was given at the commencement of this paper. It must be acknowledged, in the first place, and we acknowledge it with hearty gratitude and gladness, that it is occupying itself in *all* the departments of labour proper to it. It has overlooked none of the evils which lie within its province and power

to remedy or remove. It cannot be charged either with neglecting the lesser for the greater, or the greater for the less. We are quite prepared to defend it from the accusation sometimes ignorantly made (and made, for the most part, by those whose right to make it is certainly not grounded on the superiority of their active beneficence to that of those whom they condemn), that it is so romantically affected by the condition of copper-coloured heathen and swarthy slaves, as to have no spare sympathy for the unromantic, the common-place woes of men of like skin and speech with themselves. Our most generous supporters of foreign missions are not the least munificent patrons of schools and institutes for the poor—of clothing clubs, hospitals, and dispensaries. The religious section which has been for the longest time, and with greatest ardour, labouring for the emancipation of the black slave from the white man's cupidity, has also been the most widely active for the emancipation of the drunkard slave from the bondage of his own habits and lusts. Our collectors for missions and Bibles are, for the most part, *the same persons* who may be seen every Sunday in the midst of a class of children, and in the week at the bedside of the sick and dying. The men who speak at the meetings and work at the committees of the former, are, in the great majority of cases, the most constant and earnest supporters of all philanthropic movements for their neighbours and fellow-countrymen. Missions and anti-slavery efforts have not absorbed the attention and energies of Christian benevolence. Take any large town as your sphere of inquiry, and search out all its benevolent institutions, and you may easily verify this assertion. We will attempt the catalogue of one, believing it to be a tolerably fair specimen of all. There are places of worship built for the accommodation of a larger number of persons than are ever found to occupy them. There are Sabbath-schools and teachers enough for twice the number of children that attend them. Connected with each of these is a library, to which the scholars have free access. There is a Dorcas Society, which distributes its gifts—the result of days of real personal toil—irrespective of attendance at the place. There is a fund for the support of the poor and the relief of the sick. There is a Christian Instruction Society, for the evangelization of the district around. There is, perhaps, a “band of hope,” a reading-room and library for young men (open every night), and a Mutual Improvement Society, conducted by the pastor and the most able of his hearers; and, lastly, there is a collection, at the least twice in every month, for the whole circle of the objects of Christian philanthropy. At the side of many of these churches and chapels you will find a day-school for the poor, built and supported by voluntary contributions. In another place, a Mechanics' Institute offers a first-rate education to all who choose to accept it at a trifling cost. There is a hospital for general purposes, and a dispensary—perhaps two or three in different localities. There are additional institutions of the same kind for special departments of medical skill and human disease—for the eye, for the ear, for fever, for small pox. As you walk along and cast your eye upon some great glaring desert of posting-bills, you are sure to see alongside of the barefaced lies of some puffing advertiser,

a notice of some meeting whose purpose is a beneficent one. For seven or eight months of the year not a week passes but one, and sometimes several meetings, are held, at which hundreds of Christian persons meet to support the action of some religious or charitable society. In its suburbs is a calm and comfortable retreat for the aged and widowed, and unfortunate. Of the crowds you pass in the streets on any day there are scores who are on errands of mercy—whose whole time, or else their whole leisure, is spent in deeds of costly and precious charity. Scattered over the country, and supported by contributions from its entire surface, are asylums for idiots and orphans, sailors' homes and institutes, strangers' benevolent societies, institutions for unfortunate tradesmen and merchants, guardian asylums and refuge homes, and voluntary penitentiaries. Thus vice and ignorance, poverty and misery, destitution and helplessness, are met at every turn with proffered help. And, whilst in rural districts our gentlewomen and clergymen and ministers are voluntary overseers and relieving officers for all the individual and isolated woes, in more crowded districts the greater mass of the evil calls forth at once an association for its relief. Never was a charge so manifestly ignorant and untrue in the general as that which accuses the Christian benevolence of our times of forgetting the near in the distant, and of doing its work only where romance may throw its charms around that work.

Further, let it be acknowledged with equal readiness, that in the more strictly religious part of all this work of Christian benevolence, there is much that is gratifying. The immense and increasing subdivisions of this portion of its labour is a most interesting token. Each special symptom of spiritual necessity has, or is beginning to have, its own special institution, whilst the great Missionary, Bible, and Tract Societies, with their princely incomes, tower from out the midst of them all, the first, and worthily the greatest monuments by which the life of true religion, of Christ-like piety, attests itself to the world.

Regarding it, then, in the general—looking at its results in their totality and in their separateness—and comparing it with all that we know in the fact—we acknowledge, again, that the Christian benevolence of our times is a grand, glad, grateful thing, and we recognise, with devoutest thanks to the source of it all, that that same spirit which, working in men's hearts, made martyrs by hundreds when martyrs were needed, is now working to an equally glorious result, although in a different way.

But a great deal more remains to be asked, ere our questions are answered. We need to know how all this is produced—to what causes all is to be ascribed; whether it be in its infancy or its decline; and then to measure it by some higher standard than the history of the past—viz., the demands and necessities of the present—the means at its disposal, and, above all, the nature of the influence and conviction from which it all professes to spring. The consideration of these questions we must reserve for our next number.

## What Advantage hath the Dissenter?

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IN a certain country town, whether upon the northern or the western road little matters, there lived a very amicable and attractive man named Dr. Differ. If he was not both soul and brains to the society of this his native town, soul and brains would have alike much missed him. Dr. Differ had two daughters, and no two young ladies could be more dissimilar or more delightful. Ellen Differ thought Mary was beautiful; Mary thought Ellen was. Probably they both were; but, at least, they were very sensible and good humoured. They sang hymns at home, as well as at church; and read many good books, as well as the best one. Dr. Differ, indeed, was accustomed to say, that if any one reads the Bible aright, he is sure to read other books too; and yet, however far his reading may travel, will return to the Bible as to a home.

The Doctor was deacon of an Independent church, and secretary to a mechanics' institute; and we have heard that he remarked one evening, when the book-club met at his house, that he thought these were two branches of the same business—that business which his mother, who had taught him the elements of it, called soul-saving. Edward Spruce, a young minister new in the town, was a little shocked that the Doctor should connect mechanics' institutes and Christian churches thus closely. But if he was shocked at the Doctor, there were people who were shocked at him. Dame Potter, for instance, who had been used to the not very wise, but still racy, preaching at the Antinomian chapel, having put on her spectacles to read a bill, announcing sermons, by Edward Spruce, A.B., expressed herself thus: 'A.B.' said she, 'well sartainly the young man has not got far; I hope he may come to C. by-and-bye, for it's very little he sees into the Lord's word at present.' Dr. Differ, however, by no means put libraries and knowledge-institutes on a level with churches. Indeed, he said, that, taking young men as you ordinarily find them, till you can convert a youth, you will hardly make a reader of him; and that in a wise church, piety is a sure precursor of intelligence, and that intelligence then strengthens and protects piety.

The book-club of which we spoke was supported by some of the best heads and characters in the town. There was Mr. Dry, a retired brush manufacturer; Mr. Quits, the proprietor of some saw mills in the neighbourhood; Mr. Chuckle, a rather humorous bachelor, a member of Spruce's church, but suspected of leanings towards the Establishment; and of him the Doctor said there was a 'law in his members working against the law of his mind, and bringing him into captivity;' Mr. Fast, a very busy, rather extreme, quite honest, but not quite wise man. He was an ironmonger. Henry Baxter, too, Dr. Differ's minister, was an active member. And so genial and pleasant, and why should we say *and yet* Christian, was the society

that Mr. Works, the curate, whose family the Doctor attended professionally, had thoughts of belonging to it. But the Rev. Mr. Pecune, the rector, hearing of this, as he was on a visit to the town about his tithes, 'admonished' him. I am sure I wish it was only a scandal, but it is a fact, that Mr. Pecune got 500*l.* a year, and did nothing (except spend it), and Mr. Works got 100*l.*, and did a great deal, both with it and for it. And yet Mr. Works was thought very well off for a curate in that part of the country.

Now it happened one evening, shortly after this affair of Works's, that the club met at the Doctor's house again, and, curiously enough, the question for the evening—for they had friendly discussions on these occasions—was, What advantage hath the Dissenter? The society was so informal, that conversation actually began whilst tea was going forward. There was none of that punctilio about these friends, which induces some societies—so it is said—to appoint a sub-committee, to take into consideration the propriety of snuffing the candles. So just as Ellen Differ had served the Doctor with a fresh cup of tea, Mr. Fast said, 'Well, Doctor, give us your opinion: What advantage hath the Dissenter?' 'None, any way,' at once said the Doctor, and was greeted with 'Oh! oh!' from all sides of the room. Even Mary Differ, who was one of the quietest of creatures, said, 'Oh! papa.' Mr. Chuckle, however, seemed pleased, or at least amused. Now, the fact is, that 'none any way' was not the Doctor's full answer, but was only the beginning of his answer. He had taken a sip of tea just as he began his reply—perhaps to help the argument—and could neither take more nor speak more, for the tea was most indiscreetly hot, and scalded him. However, though he could not take the tea coolly, he took the clamour quite so. 'This is the way of the disputatious world and church too,' said he. 'You go at a man in such hot fashion, that he can only give you half an answer at a time, and then you take the half for the whole. You ask, What advantage hath the Dissenter? I repeat, None any way—unless he be a religious man.'

'Well, Doctor,' said Mr. Fast, 'we will give you time to recover, and will ourselves throw out some seeds of opinion, which, if you will receive them into your fertile mind, will, no doubt, yield us flowers of discourse presently. For my part, I think we, the people—I'm one of the people, you know, sir—have the great advantage as Dissenters of managing our own affairs. And so it can never be said of our ministers, that they are all Nimrods, Ramrods, and Fishingrods, as has been said of certain ministers in the Establishment. The people won't suffer this.'

'They suffer a good deal,' said Mr. Dry. 'The very horses would not hear horse-language neighed forth so abominably as our people sometimes allow, what ought to be human and Christian discourse, to be dribbled and drawled to them.'

'Nevertheless,' said Mr. Quits, 'it is true that we are not patronised into imbecility and extinction. We are not, as Dr. Johnson has it, "encumbered with help."'



'No!' cried Mr. Fast, 'we are a free people; we have no patrons, and no alliance with the civil power.'

'I think,' retorted Mr. Dry, 'we have a very considerable alliance with the *uncivil* power. There is a deal of brag in our camp. We shout at the enemy capitally. And as to patrons, ask Baxter about that.'

'I, at least, have found none,' said Henry Baxter, quietly.

'No, of course not,' said Chuckle, with a laugh, and yet with a slight flush of feeling in his face. 'If Baxter had been in the "Church," he would have had a good nest ere now, though, I admit, he is too wise to have been a very likely man for a bishopric. He would have had a chance, though not the best chance, in the Church. But what chance has any man who will tell you Dissenters the truth in a manful way? Among you a shepherd takes a flock, and finds all the sheep geese. However, whether sheep or geese, they turn every one to his own way, and leave the good man lamenting.'

'*You* Dissenters,' exclaimed Ellen Differ. 'Why, Mr. Chuckle, that is not fair. If you are not of us, why are you with us? And if you are of us, you must do more than laugh at us if you would mend us.'

'Mr. Chuckle should read,' said Mary, 'what Haydon, the artist, said of Wilkie and himself, that when they had found out and praised the excellences in one another's pictures, they could then bear to hear each other's criticisms on the defects. Say something in our favour, Mr. Chuckle, if we are to take in good part and to profit by what you say against us.'

'Certainly,' said Mr. Chuckle, with a bow that Mr. Fast declared was like a churchwarden's, which official, so he affirmed, Mr. Chuckle meant some day to be; 'the Dissenters are very happy in having amongst them such young ladies as the Misses Differ. I only hope that if at any time their tastes incline them to the Church, the Doctor's principles will be able to keep them at the meeting-house.'

'Tastes! Mr. Chuckle,' cried Dr. Differ, in a loud but not overbearing voice; 'some of our Nonconformist grandsires, aye, and grandams, too, more than tasted of the world's disdain, and tasted very little else—of a nourishing kind—but that good word of life which they both tasted and handled and felt. It is a true saying, that, "Whoso would be a man must be a Nonconformist." And if I were to strike a medal for a Dissenter's badge, these words should be on one side; and on the other, "Whoso would be a Nonconformist must be a man." There is no manhood, and especially no spiritual manhood, without we will nonconform to custom and discourse, that we may conform to truth and God. And assuredly any particular kind of nonconformity, such as ours, the Dissenter's, requires strictness, and real conviction of it is to be steadily maintained. There has been a culture of things tasteful that we Dissenters could not regard, because of the claim, so urgent, of things true. If a man must wander in a goat-skin for very life, you do not expect him to be well up in his knowledge of broadcloths, and his judgment of

tailors' patterns. But, believe me, the man who has conscience enough to wander for Christ's sake upon a hill-side, and sleep in a cave, will generally have taste enough to admire a flower plucked as he wanders, and to feel the beauty of the dawn as he says his prayers to the God of the morning.'

'Good, yet perhaps a little heroical, if our friend Dr. Differ will allow me to say so,' remarked Mr. Dry; 'we Dissenters, though we don't belong to the Establishment, have got into an established state, one too firmly established I fear, and a very bad state it is. I fear we have much more to do with sheep-skins than goat-skins now; with parchments, that is to say, that fix what is partial and punctilious as mischievously fast as they can. The difference between us and the Churchman you must admit is often but this, that he wears his chains outside and we wear ours within.'

Here Mr. Fast called out, we confess almost roared out, 'The Churchman, sir, wears his chains both outside and in; he wears them both out and in.' At which there was laughing, that like a shower on a warm day gave a refreshing coolness to the atmosphere of conversation, now becoming a little too hot.

'Well, but,' proceeded Mr. Dry, 'is it not at your peril as a Dissenter to become any wiser than you are? And if any of our ministers are bold enough to attempt teaching their people in the best and most thorough way they can, do we not shoot down their reputation with arrows of calumny, and then fix them up with nails of contempt in our magazines and newspapers, as scarecrows for "our dear young brethren?"'

'Indeed,' said Mr. Quits, 'I am sorry to say that I agree with our friend Dry,' at which Chuckle smiled, possibly at the expression 'sorry to agree,' as if he thought it like Mr. Quits to be sorry to agree with anybody. 'Our societies are very like Babel except in one particular. We are very busy building something big and earthy, but we don't even try to reach heaven. And as to the language of our Israel, as there is a High Dutch, so there is a Low Zion; and if you talk in language doubly sacred, good English and good Christian, the language of your Bible and of your mother, why, there is no orthodoxy and unction in you. You must talk Low Zion, or you had better not talk at all, if you want to be a good popular Dissenter, a safe society-man, and an evangelical diner out.'

'Mr. Baxter,' now interposed Mary Differ, 'Ellen and I are getting quite bewildered. Pray say something for us Dissenters. Please put in the loose screw, or find the lost one if you can; and then our patient papa, with his way of turning things round and round, shall fasten it for us.'

Thus appealed to, the quiet Baxter was obliged to say a little. 'I wish,' said he, 'to dissent from no man except that I may agree with a better; and from no church, except to agree with Christ's. And I ask relief from no law except such as contravenes the law of liberty, prescribed by a wisdom that ever newly adapts itself to men and to their wants. All dissent is for consent. We differ

from men and Churchmen, to agree with God and his angels and his people. I have not much hope of the man whom Wrong drives from a position, if Right does not draw him towards a better one, or prompt him to seek for a better. Wrong drove our fathers out of the National Church, many of them still heartily wishing that there should be a National Church, but Right drew them across a wilderness towards a Canaan. Free prayer, free preaching, and a free people, alive to the worth of both, and alive "abundantly" by the means of both; for these they yearned and they strove. And still are there, I think, grievous wrongs in the Established Church of our country to-day. But a protest against the wrong may not involve a zeal for the right, and you may get rid of the one without embracing the other. A man may throw off the burden of the Church; but unless he takes on him the yoke of Christ, the stoniness of his own heart may remain, becoming an intolerable weight within him, and perhaps soon to sink him even to perdition. I have never moved a foot to enter the Church, nor, as I think, ever shall. There are good men in it who are now rubbing the rust from their chains, and passing these off for irons necessary to strengthen the bonework of weak frames. But I see that the chains are chains; and to brighten them is not to break them. No! let me be free. I can be so among the Dissenters I know, though too few of the modern Dissenters are so. Let us not then conform even to the Nonconformists. It is true, as Mr. Dry remarked, that we have got into an established state. And our big societies seem to me much more like funguses that waste our strength than like fruits that testify thereto. But I would remember, that from no church can you keep out the corruptions of human nature. As soon as young zeal becomes middle-aged respectability, some inherent weakness or vice of constitution is pretty sure to show itself. The best church is that in which, when the spoiler and his corruptions are discovered, he may be the most easily ejected, and the effects of his intrusion most speedily remedied. That is an unhappy kingdom where there can be no reform without a rebellion; and that an unhappy church where no great improvement can be made without risk of an anarchy. I fear the 'Established' Church of this country is such a one. Sometimes I look upon her as a noble vessel in imminent hazard of wreck, and wish, if she go down, that we may save some of the precious things that are aboard of her. As for me and our own little Independent church, we are, perhaps, but a mean-looking craft; but we are free men upon the free waters. And as 'fishers of men,' we have our success. True, sometimes the weather is so rough, that we have work enough to keep afloat, leaving care of the fishing. But in good weather we enliven the old sea with our songs, whether we drop the nets over or haul them in.'

So spoke Henry Baxter, with an occasional sadness in his tones, but with a firm voice; and except a little sound that Mr. Fast made by rapping his own knuckles on Dr. Differ's library table—for they were at tea in the library—there was silence for about a minute. And then

Dr. Differ said, 'Well, girls and gentlemen, the parson has spoken stoutly, and has so put in his screw, that he scarcely needs my driver. But as he has said something of boats, and he and I are in one boat together, he will allow me perhaps to put in my oar.'

'I think, papa,' interposed Miss Mary, 'that we have been using one oar at a time all the evening, and so the boat has been going round and round, instead of getting on. If you and Mr. Baxter can pull together, perhaps we shall find out at last what advantage the Dissenter hath.'

The Doctor resumed, and was just saying, 'If the modern Dissenter, in some forms of him, had been here to-night, he would at least have had the advantage of becoming more wisely aware of his disadvantage,' when Edward Spruce entered. Though so late, he was kindly welcomed, with something, however, like a grimace by Mr. Chuckle, for Mr. Chuckle hinted that he came to the book-club not because of the books, but because of the young ladies, and had told him as they walked home on a former evening, that if he was locked up in Miss Mary's locks, he might remain a prisoner all his life, for that the key to her heart was her mind, and *that*, he feared, *he* had not found. It was curious that Edward Spruce should come in just as they were talking of the modern Dissenter; but so it was. Edward was a good scholar, and a good fellow, and a Christian, if not a very deep one. Dr. Differ had some hope of him; and so had Henry Baxter, who, though much the solider man, with yet much the smaller congregation, was very just and unenvious. However, Mr. Edward was a guest of very limited privileges, for in all matters pertaining to his daughters, the Doctor was as wise as Solomon and as wary as a dragon. But as we were saying, Edward was very well received. And now let the Doctor proceed. 'I repeat,' said he, 'what I said at first. I count the Dissenter's advantage nothing unless he is a religious man. Our privilege, if any, is the fuller possession of Christian truth, with the freer position for the effective use of it. We have opportunity for free spiritual development. The Independent is an *individual* Christian, or ought to be so. And our teaching and services may be—would that they always were—adapted to those who are carrying forward the work of self-education in things spiritual. If we differ honestly and thoughtfully from others, our very suffering for this difference may make us both stronger and happier. But even if we differ justly from men wrong in main things, who are also right in various other and important ones; unless we are as wise as we are honest—and honesty may be real where wisdom is small—we may reject what we should keep or should afterwards resume, because it is associated with that from which we are compelled to dissent. We may become narrow-minded, unimprovable bigots about our own small schemes. We could only build a shed to worship God in when we first went out into the wilderness, and now we count it wicked to build him a temple, and would have all churches as like sheds or stables as possible. At first, say, we sang through our noses, because there was nobody to teach us better; and now that there is, such singing having become usual, we count it holy. The elements only of

religion having been once required, and these to be taught in the most rousing repetitious way, we will now have no other thing but the elements; no fulness, no finish, no intellectuality of religion will we allow in our churches. Men in all states must be harangued in the same way, which is just as wise as if one who had used the bellows successfully to blow up the fire, should then try them upon the candles, blowing these all out, and leaving the room hot, indeed, but dark too, or to become dark as soon as the flame of the fire sinks. That is we—such Dissenters, I mean—will have nothing but fervour and ignorance in the church; whereas I would have a lamp *and* a fire, a fire *and* a lamp. As to what has been said of our churches getting into an established state, I would wish this if only we can give predominance to wise methods and a full rich doctrine. But we must always be prepared for declensions, as a physician is for diseases, and a soldier for surprises and for wounds; and I think our own time is one in which a peculiarly low fussy and unwholesome religion prevails among Dissenters generally, or at least among a very considerable number of them. If there be not life among us, deep life and wise life, the very simplicity of our forms, and the popular voluntarism of our methods, will cause a death-like bareness, and a chaotic confusion in our churches. But what is to hinder Independents from being independent? Surely their name should stir them to arise and to shake off their shame. As long as living Christianity works in the heart of a people that wears no ecclesiastical fetters and owns no foreign ecclesiastical rule, the happy result of Dissent will be vigour, fervour, and truth of individual character. But if we fall, we fall very low; if we die, we are as it were dead “abundantly.” The formalist Dissenter is an iceberg that will let nothing near live, or he is an unburied corpse, obtrusive, offensive, pernicious; or a fruitless fruit-tree, sapless, shapeless, an unsightly and disappointing cumberer of the ground.’

As the Doctor said this, and in the tone neither of one who had exhausted what might be said on the subject, nor of one who had finished all he himself could say, the books that were for sale that evening came in on a tray, and the discussion was adjourned, if the reader pleases, to his own fireside.

C. C. I.

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## The Rulers of the Primitive Church.

### LATER CYCLE.

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#### INTRODUCTORY RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

‘*Respecte ; Aspicie ; Prospice !*’

THE momentous revolution in ecclesiastical polity which, unless the manifold indications pointing to that conclusion have greatly deceived us, Victor of Rome was the first to introduce into the historical

church, took deep root. It was quite in accordance with the leading tendencies of the age, so that, as we have seen, his contemporary, Hippolytus, although anything but a hierarch by nature, fully acquiesced in it. It is only against the *abuse* of prelatical power that his energetic protest is directed, not against its *existence*. The new era in the constitutional history of the primitive times has begun, and the Church has struck into the bye-path along which she will have to grope her way for many a long and weary century, but every step of which she must ultimately retrace. May the hour when Christians everywhere shall wake up to this stern necessity soon strike! To undo the work of Victor is the problem of the present hour. Popery can never be destroyed so long as Prelacy remains. They were born together, and they will die together. The first prelate had his see in *Rome*, of all spots on this habitable earth, and there, in the queenly city of the world, he was already a pope—if not *in esse*, at least *in posse*. The conception of the Papacy is as ancient as that of Prelacy; although of course the *realization* of the monarchical idea in the lower sphere would necessarily precede by centuries its actualization in the higher. The assertion, however strangely it may sound, is not theory; it is history. We have in our hands the original programme of both in the Clementines, published at Rome in the very age in which Victor lived. Our readers shall presently see with their own eyes a translation of this curious and inestimable document, and will then be able to judge for themselves whether or not the godly instinct of the Puritans misled them when they insisted that Prelacy and Popery are in principle the same. This instructive historical voucher for the strict accuracy of their view it is certain they had never seen, since the Clementines were not printed until Cotelierius—who had discovered the work in a Paris MS.—appended them to his edition of the Apostolic Fathers, in 1672; and it is only of later years that this interesting production has begun to attract the attention which it so richly merits. The principal portions of the Clementine forgery which relate to the polity of the Church are the Epistle of Clement to James, the Lord's brother, prefixed to the work, and the account of Peter's inauguration of Zaccheus as his successor in the cathedra, or prelatical throne at Cæsarea. In the latter passage we have a complete ordination service, consisting of the Introductory Discourse on the constitution of the Church and its various offices (from which we gave an extract in the article on Clement of Rome); the Charge to Zaccheus, with the Sermon to the people, in which the exhortation to provide liberally for his temporal wants is not forgotten by the apostle; and, lastly, the Ordination-prayer, accompanied with imposition of hands. This account of such a service is the most ancient thing of the kind in existence, and we should have presented it to our readers in preference to the Epistle of Clement to James, especially since it is much shorter, could our present purpose of pointing out the *simultaneousness* in conception of the Prelatical and Papal systems have been as well served thereby. This startling phenomenon (which, by-the-bye,

the ablest modern advocate of prelacy, Rothe, was the first to put us on the scent of) becomes intelligible only when viewed amid the radiance of the city to which both systems, and the forgeries which gave them currency, may be traced—imperial Rome. *There*, as nowhere else would have been the case, the mind which first thought out the hierarchical idea as the norm for the narrower circle could scarcely fail to push it further until it grasped the globe. The key to the entire hierarchical system, with its pyramidal gradation of ranks, is very simple. It is the falsely conceived relation of Peter to the rest of the apostolic college. There is a true sense in which all ministers of the gospel are successors of the apostles, viz., as dispensers of the word and ordinances, and as rulers in the Church. In like manner, there is a true sense in which the primacy of Peter amongst the Twelve may be granted, viz., that he had been the greatest sinner, had had most forgiven, and, therefore, according to Christ's rule, loved most. Accordingly, it was after his thrice-repeated assurance of love to Christ, in answer to the thrice-repeated question of Christ, so forcibly reminding him of his thrice-repeated denial, that he received the special charge to feed Christ's sheep and lambs. And just as his last denial had been accompanied with oaths and curses, so his last assurance was required to be more emphatic and solemn than the rest, 'Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.' Peter's primacy, therefore, was a primacy of humility and charity, and hence the last place in the world in which to look for it is that slaughter-house of Christ's sheep and lambs, haughty Rome. But it is precisely there that from the beginning the most fuss has been made about it. All was perverted when Roman ambition began to rummage with its swinish snout the holy pearl of inspiration. The only words it could see, in reading the catalogue of the apostles, were, 'First Peter —.' There was then a prince amongst the apostles, it argued. And rightly, save that it made all awry by thinking of a 'prince of the Gentiles'—a Roman *princeps*, or emperor, instead of one who, by love, was servant of all. A Petrine primacy in a congregational presbytery, considered as 'the college of the apostles,' which is the standing comparison in Victor's manifesto, the forged Ignatian letters, as well as in the Clementine literature,\* this, we say, is the fundamental type of the hierarchy. And from this, in *Roman* logic, it was but a step to the ultimate application of the principle; from the monarchical organization of a presbytery to that of Christendom at large. In the Clementines that step is already taken. It is true that *seemingly* the primacy of the whole church throughout the world belongs, according to the system developed in these pretended Petrine traditions to James, the Lord's brother, whom they expressly style the 'Bishop of the Bishops, and Ruler of the holy church of the Hebrews at Jerusalem, as well as of all the churches founded everywhere by the

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\* The number of presbyters ordained by Peter in the various cities where he established churches is *always twelve*, including the prelate, who again is always spoken of as the *locum tenens* of Peter himself.

providence of God.' In like manner they represent Peter himself as sending annually to James a written report of his acts and sermons, and as acting under his orders. But the main thing is, that the *idea* of a universal primacy is here clearly unfolded for the first time in history, and that it stands in organic and synchronous connexion with that of prelacy. Moreover, we not only find in the Clementines the new-born twins side by side in the same cradle, but we see also, when we call to mind the *Roman* origin of the forgery, that they, too, were the fruit of an unblest union between the great tutelary dæmon of the eternal city, and a consecrated virgin. Oddly enough, the name of the foster-father of the two foundlings in the myth of Pagan Rome, viz., Faustus, is nothing but the diminutive of the name of the father of Clement, Faustus, in the equally fabulous *origines* of prelatical and papal Rome. And truly, whoever was the 'gentle shepherd,' who stood *in loco parentis* to the first prelate and pope of the metropolis of the world, and to the system which his literary offspring, Clement, represents, he has played a great part in the history of the world. *His* nurselings, too, have given proof of their having been suckled by a wolf! But quitting this vein, it is more important to remark that the Clementine glorification of Jerusalem, as the original seat of the primacy, is only a fetch of Roman policy and  *finesse*. At the time when the forgery was produced, there *was* no 'holy church of the Hebrews' in existence anywhere, certainly not 'at Jerusalem.' Till the reign of Hadrian, such a church of the circumcision had maintained itself in being; but on the suppression of the great Jewish revolt under the false Messiah Barcochbā, it was then finally dispersed (A.D. 136), and no 'Hebrew' was permitted to come even within sight of the walls of the holy city. Hence, Rome dreaded no rivalry in that quarter. It is, therefore, a master-stroke of Italian subtlety in the Clementine forger, to extract, at the outset, the sting of the objection which would so naturally occur to every reader, by ostentatiously deducing the full reservoir of ecclesiastical power at Rome from a fountain long since dried up. Rome stoops to conquer, and will even let Peter be the lacquey of James, if she can only thus secure her favourite's recognition as the Apostolic Prince of *Gentile* Christianity, the plenary source of authority for all the existing churches, and the legitimization of her bishop as his heir-at-law. The unhistorical transformation of Peter into the Apostle of the Gentiles, to the prejudice of Paul (whom, on the other hand, the Clementines bring on the stage in the character of Simon Magus), receives its explanation from the Judaizing standpoint of the author of the forgery. Who that author was it is difficult, if not impossible, to determine with certainty. The only conjecture hitherto thrown out upon the subject is, that he may have been that (Cæcilius) Natalis, who was prelate of the Theodotian or Roman Ebionite Church of Rome in the time of Victor.\* Concerning this Natalis, an old author who describes himself as his contemporary, and is said by Photius to be the celebrated Roman presbyter Caius, tells

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\* See Christian Spectator for 1853, p. 489.



the following story, which Eusebius has extracted from his lost work : ' There was a certain Natalis, who lived not in remote times, but in our own. This man was seduced on a certain occasion by Asclepiodotus, and Theodotus, the money-changer. Both of these were disciples of Theodotus the currier, the first that had been excommunicated by Victor, then bishop, as before said, on account of the insane opinion that Christ was a mere man. Natalis was persuaded by them to be created a bishop of this heresy, with a monthly salary of 150 denarii (about 60*l.* per annum, but equal to twice that amount now). Being connected, therefore, with them, he was frequently brought to reflection by the Lord in his dreams. For the merciful God and our Lord Jesus Christ, would not that he who had been a witness of his own sufferings (i.e., a martyr in the ancient sense of the word, which included confessors, as well as those who sealed their faith with their blood), should perish, through being out of the Church. But as he paid but little attention to these visions, being ensnared both by the desire of presiding among them and that filthy lucre which destroys so many, he was finally scourged by holy angels, through the whole night, and was thus most severely punished; so that he arose early in the morning, and putting on sackcloth and covered with ashes, in great haste, and bathed in tears, he fell down before Zephyrinus, the bishop (Victor's successor), rolling at the feet not only of the clergy but even of the laity, and thus moved the compassionate Church of Christ with his tears. And although he implored their clemency with much earnestness, and pointed to the weals of the lashes he had received, he was in the end, although not without much hesitation, admitted to communion.' It can hardly be accidental, that in the Clementines, a Roman document of precisely the same date, this very characteristic pious fraud of the flagellation by angels throughout a whole night, meets us again. The bright thought is there suggested by Peter to Clement's father, Faustus, whose face Simon Magus has changed by magic into an exact counterpart of his own, to stand in the market-place or forum at Antioch, and to revenge himself on the conjuror for his villanous trick, by making Simon cry *peccavi* before the assembled multitudes in the person of his self-appointed proxy—if one to whom Simon had really (although not for this purpose) *given his countenance*, can properly be so styled. To explain his sudden recantation of all his charges against Peter, and the high-flown panegyric now pronounced by him upon the former object of his abuse, the magician's *alter ego* is to say that he has been whipped all night by the angels of God. The parallelism must be admitted on all hands to be striking and curious enough; although we know the proverb, that two great minds can think alike. If we might assume that the Clementines could only have proceeded from a prelatical, nay, a papal mind—and of this the reader will be able to judge for himself from the specimen about to be given—then there could not remain a doubt as to the authorship of Natalis. For we should then only have to choose between him and Victor, and the latter is out of the question. It is

greatly to be wished that the problem were taken up in earnest by the scholars of this country and the continent. It is one certainly as interesting as, and infinitely more important, than the great Junius question. All who have studied the Clementine literature, are agreed that it was produced in the latter half of the second century; and a very large majority of the votes, including those of both the writers, to whom we are indebted for works expressly devoted to the subject, viz., Schliemann\* and Hilgenfeld,† is in favour of its having been composed at Rome. Surely, then, the attempt to identify the author, or authors, if several hands were engaged, need not be given up as an insoluble problem. The man who with one creative breath called both Prelacy and the Papacy into existence, ought not to remain for ever a great unknown. But we are here reminded that we have promised the proof of this position, which accordingly must now no longer be withheld. It deserves not only to be read, but also to be carefully pondered and remembered in these days, when the hosts of hierarchy on the one hand, and of the free Church on the other, are marshalling themselves afresh for the decisive battle.

#### THE EPISTLE OF CLEMENT TO JAMES.

‘Clement to the Lord James, the Bishop of the Bishops, and ruler of the holy church of the Hebrews at Jerusalem, as well as of all the churches founded everywhere by the providence of God, with the presbyters and deacons, and all the other brethren, peace be always.

‘Be it known unto thee, my Lord, that Simon, who on account of his true faith, and the infallible steadfastness of his doctrine, was appointed to be the foundation of the Church, and for that reason was named anew by the unerring mouth of Jesus himself, Peter; the first fruits of the Lord’s ministry; the first of the apostles, to whom first the Father revealed the Son; whom Christ rightly pronounced blessed; his called and chosen bosom-friend and companion in his journeys; the good and tried disciple; he who received commandment and authority, as being abler than any other to enlighten and rectify the dark western side of the world—but how much longer shall I lengthen out my speech in my unwillingness to break the sad news which I must needs tell at all events, however gradually? Peter himself, I say, after coming as far as Rome, to proclaim before the whole world, through his immeasurable affection towards men, distinctly, publicly, in spite of the Wicked One, who now reigns, the future King of Goodness, and so to save men by his divinely-inspired doctrine, has exchanged by a bloody death this present life for a better.

‘But shortly before he died, he gathered the brethren together, and suddenly taking me by the hand, rose up and spoke thus in the presence of the church:—“Hearken unto me, my brethren and fellow-servants. Since, as I have been apprised by Him who sent me, my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, the days of my death are at hand, I ordain for you Clement here as your bishop, to whom I commit my chair (cathedra) whence to teach; who has been my companion from the beginning even unto the end, and has thus heard all my teachings; who, to speak briefly, has shared in all my trials, and has been proved steadfast in the faith; whom I have experienced to be, above all other men, religious, humane, chaste, learned, temperate, benevolent, just, patient, and able to bear

\* Die Clementinen, nebst den verwandten Schriften (The Clementines, and the other literature of the same class), 1844.

† Die Clementinischen Recognitionen und Homilien nach ihrem Ursprung und Inhalt dargestellt (The Clementine Recognitions and Homilies investigated as to their origin and contents), 1848.

with the ungrateful temper of some of the catechumens heroically. WHEREFORE I GIVE TO HIM THE POWER OF BINDING AND LOOSING, THAT WHATEVER HE SHALL ORDAIN ON EARTH SHALL BE DECREED IN HEAVEN. For he will bind what ought to be bound, and will loose what ought to be loosed, as one who knows the canon of the Church. Hear him, therefore, as knowing that whoever shall grieve the presiding oracle of truth, sins against Christ, and provokes the Father of all to anger; wherefore he shall not live. Moreover, the president himself must maintain the dignity of a physician, and not yield to passion like a wild beast."

"As he thus spoke I fell down at his feet and besought him, deprecating the dignity and power of HIS chair (cathedra). But he answered: "Do not ask me to release you; for I have decreed unalterably, that it shall so be, and so much the more in that you decline the post; since this chair does not require one who is rashly eager to occupy it, but a man holy in his morals, and erudite in doctrine. However, find me another more excellent than thyself, who has travelled with me and listened to my discourses more than thyself, and has learned of me the art of governing the church, and I will not compel thee to do good against thy will. But you cannot show a better than thou art thyself. For of all those from amongst the Gentiles who have been saved by my preaching, thou art the first and best fruit. But take into consideration another thing—that if, through fear of the peril of sin, you refuse to undertake the helm of the church, be assured that your sin will be the greater, as one who, though able to afford succour to the worshippers of God in their perilous navigation, art unwilling to do it, looking only to thy private ease, and not to the common good. But that, since I cease not to ask it in order to the succour of all, thou art bound to run this risk, thou art very well aware. The sooner, therefore, thou signifiest thy assent, the sooner wilt thou ease my mind of its burden.

"But I also myself know, O Clement, what griefs and discouragements and dangers and reproaches on the part of the ignorant multitudes I am making you a present of; which, however, you will be able bravely to bear, looking to the immense reward of thy patience to be rendered to thee by God. But ponder well with me this also—When has Christ need of thy help, *now*, when the Wicked One has proclaimed war against his spouse, or *in the future age*, when having gained victory, he shall reign, no longer requiring any assistance? Is it not clear, even to a simpleton, that it is *now*? Therefore, hasten, with all the powers of thy mind, to ally thyself with the good King, in this time of present necessity, since it is his nature to render splendid rewards after the victory. With joyful mind, then, undertake the episcopate, which will be a benefit so much the more seasonable, inasmuch as you have learnt from me how to govern the church to the salvation of the brethren who have fled to us for refuge.

"Still I wish, in the presence of all, and for the benefit of all, to put thee in mind briefly of the things which concern the government of the church. For thy part, it is necessary that thou shouldst live blamelessly, and shouldst shake off, with the greatest care, all occupations of a secular nature, neither being bail or advocate in a lawsuit, nor entangled in any worldly business. For Christ does not wish to make thee a judge and decider in cases of money or in businesses and matters relating to this present life, lest, through being hampered with men's present anxieties, you should not have time to sift good men from the bad by means of the true doctrine. Rather let the disciples discharge these offices for one another, and let them not call you off from delivering those doctrines which are able to save men's souls. For, as it is unpropitious in thee to undertake these worldly cares, and to leave that which you are commanded to do, so is it sin in every layman, if they are not ready to afford one another help as worldly necessities arise. But, again, if they do not one and all take thought to put thee in a position to be without carefulness as to your wants, let them learn their duty from the deacons, in order that thou mayest have nothing to think of but the church, how to govern it well, and to dispense to it the words of truth.

"For if thou art occupied with worldly anxieties, thou wilt both ensnare thy-

self and thy hearers. For, through inability to provide profitable supplies for them on their journey in consequence of such occupation, thou wilt receive punishment as not teaching them what will do them good, and they who are not well taught will perish through ignorance. Wherefore do thou preside over them free from such pursuits in order that thou mayest afford them discourses able to save their souls according to the requirements of the times. And thus let them hear thee, assured that **WHATEVER THE AMBASSADOR OF TRUTH SHALL BIND UPON EARTH IS BOUND IN HEAVEN ALSO, AND THAT WHAT HE SHALL LOOSE IS LOOSED.** But thou wilt bind what must be bound, and wilt loose what must be loosed. These things, and the like, are what belong to thee as president.

“ But the things which pertain to the presbyters are these. In the first place, let them early couple the young in the bonds of marriage, thus providing against the snares to which the strong passions of youth expose them. But let them, likewise, not relax care concerning the marriage even of those who are already more advanced in years; for in some, even when they are no longer young, passion prevails. Be on your guard, therefore, lest sin, having gained an occasion of spreading, bring the plague amongst you; and search diligently lest the taint have secretly infected any of you. For unchastity is a grievous sin; such that it brings down the second degree of punishment—for the first is due to those who live in heresy; although their lives may be pure. Wherefore do ye, as the presbyters of the church, train the spouse of Christ to purity. By the spouse, I mean the body and organized fellowship of the church. For if she be presented a chaste virgin to her husband the King, she will obtain the highest honour, and ye will enjoy exalted pleasure, as being invited to the wedding. But if she be convicted of sin, she indeed will be cast out, but ye will be punished, if, haply, the sin has been committed owing to your neglect.

“ Wherefore, before all things, be concerned about modesty. For unchastity is a very grievous sin in the sight of God. But the forms of sin are numerous, as Clement himself will explain to you. But the chief is adultery, when a man is not content with his own wife, and a woman with her own husband. If any one be chaste, it will be possible for him to become a lover of his species, in reward for which he will obtain eternal mercy. But as adultery is a great evil, so philanthropy is the greatest good. Therefore, love one another with holy and compassionate eyes, performing to orphans the part of parents, and to widows the solicitude of husbands, affording them sustenance with all liberality; providing nuptials for those who are in the flower of their age, and to those of them who have never learnt a trade, the means of livelihood by seeing that they are instructed; finding work for the artizan, and showing mercy to the sick and infirm.

“ But I know that ye will do these things, if ye fix charity in your minds; in order to the fostering of which there is one sufficient means; viz., the participation in the common meal. Wherefore be careful to hold common lovefeasts amongst yourselves as often as you can, lest ye lose charity—for charity is the cause of beneficence, and beneficence of salvation. All of you, accordingly, share your food with all your brethren in God, knowing that by giving temporal things you will acquire eternal things. Much more be ready to feed the hungry, and to give drink to the thirsty, and clothing to the naked, to visit the sick, to succour those who are in prison, showing yourselves amongst them as far as you are permitted, and to receive travellers with all cheerfulness into your own homes. But lest I should particularize too much, charity will teach you to do every good thing to men, just as amongst those who refuse to be saved hatred prompts to every kind of injury towards men.

“ Let not brethren who are at variance resort to the secular powers for judgments, but let them be reconciled somehow or other by the presbyters of the church, rendering to these ready obedience. Moreover, shun covetousness, as a vice which, on pretence of temporal gain, may easily cause the loss of eternal benefits. Scrupulously keep to just balances, measures, scales, and weights. In matters committed to your guardianship, discharge your duty well and faithfully. Moreover, these and the like things ye will patiently do unto the end, if ye retain in your hearts a constant remembrance of the future judgment of

God. For who would sin if he were fully persuaded that a judgment in the end of time has been decreed by that just God, who is now long-suffering and kind, in order that those who shall be found righteous may enjoy thenceforward unspeakable benefits, and that those who shall be found sinners may reap as evildoers an eternity of unutterable torment? And that such is indeed the fact it might perhaps be allowable to doubt, had not the Prophet of Truth affirmed it with an oath.

"Therefore, seeing ye are disciples of the true Prophet, lay aside all wavering in your minds, whence evil works proceed, and take upon you with cheerfulness every benevolent duty. But if any of you be in doubt as to the things which we have said are to come, let him not blush to confess it, at least if he have any regard for his own soul, and let him have his doubts set at rest by the bishop. But if any one have a right faith, let him live in good courage, as one who will escape the great fire of condemnation, and will enter into the eternal kingdom of the good things of God.

"Moreover, let the deacons of the church be eyes to the bishop, keeping a sharp look-out in every direction, scrutinizing the conduct of every man belonging to the church to find out who is on the verge of sin, in order that, being prevented by the admonition of the bishop, he may not carry out his sinful purpose. Let them correct the deserters from the church, so that they may not leave off hearing sermons, whereby they may purge away with the word of truth that defilement which ever and anon cleaves to the mind in consequence of worldly circumstances and evil communications; for if for any length of time they remain without culture they become fuel for the fire. Moreover, let the deacons search out those who are sick in body; and let them inform the people who do not know the facts, that they may visit them, and may afford necessities at the discretion of the bishop. But even if they discharge this duty without his privacy they will not commit sin. Let these and such like things be the care of the deacons.

"Those who initiate men into religion must be themselves instructed before they instruct others. It is necessary that he who ministers and teaches the word of God should adapt himself to many of the sentiments and tastes of the learners. It is, therefore, imperative that the catechist should be very learned and irreproachable, much experienced and plain of speech, as ye know Clement to be, who is to succeed me as catechist. For it would be tedious for me now to enter into detail. But if ye preserve concord, ye will be able to reach the harbour of rest, where stands the peaceful city of the Great King.

"For the whole estate of the church resembles a great ship which carries through a mighty tempest men of different localities, but all desirous of dwelling in the one city of the kingdom of goodness. Regard, then, God as the shipmaster, and let the pilot be likened to Christ; the understeersman to the bishop; the sailors to the presbyters; those who have charge of the bulwarks and banks of oars, to the deacons; those who marshal the passengers, to the catechists; the multitude of the brethren, to the passengers themselves; the world, to the sea; the contrary winds, to temptations. Again, let the persecutions, the perils, and the afflictions, of all kinds be compared to the waves mountains high; and the drenching land-storms and hurricanes to the babblings of deceivers and false prophets. But let the tempestuous seas and rocky places be likened to the judges in high places with their fearful threatenings; and places where two seas meet, and gulphs raging like wild beasts, to men without reason, and to those who are tossed hither and thither by doubts as to the promises of truth. Let the hypocrites remind us of the pirates. Moreover, deem the different kinds of sins alone to be the mighty Tartarean whirlpool of Charybdis and the bloody crags and deadly shipwrecks. Therefore, in order that ye may be borne scudding along without danger under a fair wind into the haven of the city of your desires, pray in such a manner as will secure you a hearing. But such prayers are offered only when accompanied with good works.

"Therefore let the passengers remain quietly and steadily seated in their proper places, lest by violating order they cause a concussion and lurching of the vessel. Let those who marshal them remind them to pay their fares. Let

the deacons neglect none of the duties which are entrusted to them. Let the presbyters, as sailors, diligently carry out the orders addressed to each respectively. Let the bishop, as the understeersman, give his wakeful attention to the word of him who is at the helm alone. Let Christ, as the Saviour and steersman, be loved, and alone believed in what he says. Let those on board expect all kinds of affliction as those who are sailing over a great and stormy ocean, the world : sometimes being disheartened, as enduring persecution, scattered abroad, hungering, athirst, naked, sore pressed ; and again, at other times reunited, gathered into the fold again, unmolested. But, besides, let them reckon on being sea-sick, suffering from headache, and vomiting, *i.e.*, confessing their faults as morbid bile ; I refer to their bitter sins, and their misdeeds accumulated in consequence of their disorderly lusts, which vomiting, as it were by confession, you will be relieved of your disease, obtaining health and safety through the care taken of you.

" But know all of you that the bishop is burdened more than all the rest, since every one of you suffers his own tribulation, but he bears his own and that of each amongst you. Wherefore, O Clement, so rule that you may be a helper to every one according to your ability, bearing as your burden the cares of all. Hence, I well know that I receive and do not confer a favour, in that you undertake this stewardship. But be of good courage and bear up manfully, as knowing that when you reach the haven of rest, God will award you the best of his good things, a recompense of which you cannot be deprived, because, to promote the salvation of all, you have undertaken greater labour. So that if many of the brethren shall hate you on account of your strict integrity, their hatred will not harm you in the least, whilst the friendship of the just God will benefit you much. Therefore, endeavour to shake off the applause which accrues from unrighteous actions, and to secure the praise of Christ on account of a righteous administration of your office."

' When Peter had spoken these and many like things, he again lifted up his eyes upon the multitude, and said : " And as for you, my brethren and fellow-servants, obey the president of truth in all things, knowing that HE WHO SHALL GRIEVE HIM, DOES NOT RECEIVE CHRIST, WHOSE CHAIR HE OCCUPIES ; and he who does not receive Christ, will be deemed a rejector of the Father, and so will be cast out from the good kingdom. For which cause endeavour to come to all assemblies, lest through the displeasure of your commander, ye receive the brand of sin, as deserters. Therefore, before all things, lay to heart all of you his anxieties, knowing that the devil wages more deadly war against him alone on account of each of you. Endeavour, therefore, to remain steadfast in love towards him, and in good will one towards another, as also to render him obedience ; in order that he himself may be more at ease, and that you may obtain salvation.

" Moreover there are certain things which ye ought to understand of yourselves, and which he himself cannot tell you plainly, on account of the snares of the adversaries. For example, if he be on bad terms with any one, do not wait for him to tell you ; but refuse to take the part of the marked man. On the contrary, wisely follow the will of the bishop, becoming enemies to those who are his enemies, and not holding converse with those with whom he holds no converse ; so that every such person who is desirous of the friendship of all, may make his peace with the bishop, and be saved by obedience to his words. But if any one continues friendly to those to whom the bishop is hostile, and speaks with those with whom he holds no converse, he is himself also one of those who want to destroy the church. For though his body abides with you, yet not being with you in heart, he is against you. He is much worse than those enemies without, who are openly such, since with a show of friendship he scatters those within."

' And so having said these things in their midst, Peter in the presence of all laid his hands on me, and compelled me blushing to sit in his cathedra. And when I was seated, he immediately addressed me as follows : " I charge thee, in the presence of all my brethren standing by, that after, as must needs be, I have departed this life, thou send in an epitome to James, the Lord's brother, a

description (introduced by an account of thy youthful days and thoughts) of the manner in which thou hast been my companion to the present hour, keeping in view the discourses delivered by me throughout the various cities, and my acts; then at the end thou must not shrink from declaring the occasion of my death, as I foretold it. For this tidings will not overwhelm him with grief, since he will know that I have suffered religiously the death which I must needs die; and it will greatly assuage his sorrow to learn that after me a man not unskilled, or ignorant of the words of life, or unacquainted with the canonical discipline of the church, is entrusted with the chair (cathedra) of doctrine. For the discourse of a deceiver destroys the souls of the listening multitudes."

'Accordingly, my Lord James, having responded to his words by my promise, I have not delayed to make a summary, as I was commanded, of a great part of the discourses delivered by him in various cities (which have been already reported in full, and forwarded by himself to thee), with this superscription: *Clement's epitome of the discourses of Peter during his travels*. I will now begin to narrate as I was commanded.'

B. D. C.

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### The Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.\*

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IF the Christian Press has one function more sacred than another, it is to conserve, as far as its influence can accomplish this object, the public morality of the country. We have not any objection against the freest criticism of contemporary statesmen: we think, rather, that the efficiency of our national policy, both foreign and domestic, would be greatly promoted if the people had every opportunity of forming a clear and intelligent appreciation of the character and capacities of those by whom it is officially conducted. But even if, in general, such criticisms are of questionable utility, cases will occasionally arise in which a distinct conscientious judgment must be pronounced; and in which, therefore, investigation is not only legitimate as a privilege, but is incumbent as a duty. If we mistake not, such a case is now before us. The gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article, is so utterly a phenomenon in the political world, that, under any circumstances, an examination of his history, and of his claims to popular confidence, would be pardonable. We fear it will be found that the means by which he has achieved his position, and the motives by which he appears throughout his public life chiefly to have been actuated, entitle him, not only to the notice of astonishment, but to the rebuke of disapprobation. To this conclusion we have come with great reluctance. His race, his ancestry, his popular origin, his obvious abilities, and his most unquestionable success, would all urge us to a more favourable conclusion. But we must compare him with higher standards, and judge him by higher

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\* 'The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P. A Literary and Political Biography. Addressed to the New Generation.' London: Bentley.

laws than these. In all that we say, however, we beg our readers to give us credit for freedom from political prejudices. Ours is not a service rendered to faction, but to patriotism and to truth. In our severest censures we shall avoid all harsh declamation. In our review of a career which we must regard as most unscrupulous, we shall guard our judgment from impetuosity, and our denunciations from passion. And we shall strive to press so much of *evidence* into our critique as shall shield us from every suspicion of malice, and secure the concurrence of our readers in all the decisions to which, by that evidence, we may be ourselves impelled. This will be strictly evidence, not history. We must suppose that those who read these pages are already familiar with the principal incidents in the life of Mr. Disraeli, and with the works which have issued from his pen.

Our estimate of Mr. Disraeli's genius is much lower than that generally confessed. His personal admirers, who are chiefly his political disciples, have claimed for him attributes of almost unrivalled splendour, and many of the severest censors of his policy as a senator have conceded the fairness of this claim. As we have intimated above, it would be absurd to deny to him considerable cleverness. His works have been widely read, not only in England and America, but also on the Continent. Though we accept this as proof of some kind of power, we do not admit it as proof of the highest form of genius. It sometimes happens that the paltriest books, from adventitious causes, have the widest circulation. Now we cannot despise Mr. Disraeli as a literary man; but we cannot follow in the ranks of his worshippers. Perhaps, with the exception of 'Henrietta Temple,' every work he has produced must be pronounced a decided failure. If the morality is not reprehensible, the art is most impotent and false. The first part of 'Vivian Grey,' whilst loaded with that blatant bombast which its author even now has not overcome, is destitute of all consistency of plan, and its morality is execrable. It has no good characters, and its bad characters are badly drawn. The second part is a mere prolongation of fashionable gossip, and heartless flirtation. It has no conclusion. It fails to awaken any pure or honourable sympathy; it inspires no excited curiosity; it has a certain fascination of brilliance, or rather of glare; but when you have finished you have the very unhappy feeling, that whether regarded as an exercise of intellect or an indulgence of heart, its perusal has been a waste of time. 'Contarini Fleming' was a ridiculous failure. It professed to be 'a psychological romance.' It has not a strain of psychology or of poetry from beginning to end. Less artistic than 'Alroy,' it is equal in its extravagant swell of rhetoric; its nonsense is as prolific and as 'sublime.' His political novels have the merit of loftier characters, and of occasional interesting situations; but they abound in inexplicable paradoxes, loose and wrangled theories, and, what is worse, in personal caricatures that render them burdensome as books, and worse than useless as attempts at political instruction. 'The Revolutionary Epic' we need not pause to characterise. It died when a child, and is buried in contempt, with no prospect of a resurrection. 'Venetia'



had another object. To explain the wild impulsiveness of Byron's character, and to vindicate Shelley's refinement and purity of nature, were, to say the least, difficult undertakings. Neither was accomplished. What of criticism there is in this tale was stolen, word for word, without acknowledgment, from the 'Edinburgh Review.' Its heroes are necessarily great and its records interesting. The heroine, supposed to be Shelley's daughter, is the best lady Mr. Disraeli has ever drawn, but, even in this case, we do not get a ready and clear conception of any individuality of character. She is sweet and reverent, and devoted, as a thousand other girls in the same circumstances would be; but she inherits none of her father's genius—or, at least, she displays none—and her alliance with Byron is remarkable for no evident propriety, either from contrast or from sympathy. 'Henrietta Temple' is more perfect in construction, and has a more satisfactory completeness of design, than any other of Mr. Disraeli's works. It is a 'love story.' But its sentimentalism is most common-place in its nature, and supremely tiresome in its development. The courtship is a series of revelations of mere human softness. The parties have no new luxuries of eloquence with which to amuse one another. They invent no original compliments. Their devotions are like worship from memory. 'Darling' is the best name the hero can find for his bride; and the highest ecstasy into which fellowship with her elevates him, is a vigorous repetition of this and still smaller apostrophes. His soliloquies of passion have the extravagance without the splendour or the pathos of insanity. They are furious, empty, and merely magniloquent. So that, upon the whole, our applause is very qualified. We meet with occasional flashes of real genius; vituperation is always able; sometimes contempt is great; the conception of theme, and the arrangement of design, are generally excellent, but the realization of the latter is always lost, and the grandeur of the former seems never to be extended beyond the mere conception itself. Mr. Disraeli has no humour; his smartness arises from the prevalence of paradox; his brilliance is forced and gaudy; his pathos is cold and artificial; his personalities are coarse and ungentlemanly; and his morality is often of the very worst kind, and, at the best, can only claim a neutral or passive excellence. He has created nothing great, beautiful, or good; his representations are superficial even when interesting, and hollow even when they dazzle with their deepest glitter; his characters are in no sense inventions, but are depictions from life, in which, moreover, only the most obvious features are appreciated, and these are extravagantly drawn; so that the general picture is either a caricature or a misrepresentation.

Turning now, after this necessarily brief notice of his chief literary achievements, to Mr. Disraeli's political character, we have more positive elements with which to deal. The most obvious infirmity of Mr. Disraeli's disposition, and the most baneful influence which has been contributing to the evils with which we shall be obliged to charge him, is a deep, unresisted, and swollen conceit, which has roughly

overridden the genial, and absorbed the corrupt tendencies of his nature. Self-worship is the lowest and impurest of all the forms of idolatry; and it generates a series of analogous and inevitable vices. There is a manly pride which is never anxious to conceal itself, and which no manly soul will reprehend; but there is also a sinister and slavish vanity which is cunning without ingenuity, and ostentatious without candour. It sits in state, king of the soul. Sympathies are the instruments of its avarice, and conscience, which should always be the monarch of the man, is made its meanest slave. It is as presumptuous in its appropriation of great qualities, as it is debased in its enjoyment of small. It has no reverence for the sacred, no contempt for the profane. It will defy heaven and court hell with equal readiness. It will confront Deity without dread, and ally itself with sin without shame. The sanctity of law commands no reverence, and the corruption of iniquity inspires no disgust where this disposition has acquired supremacy. It is supreme in Mr. Disraeli's character. Evidently recording his own experience he makes Vivian Grey to exclaim:—

‘Mankind, then, is my great game. At this moment how many a noble wants only wit to be a great minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence. When two persons can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together? Shall I, because my birth baulks my fancy, shall I pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old chateau? Supposing I am in contact with this magnifico, am I prepared? Now let me probe my very soul. Does my cheek blench? I have the mind for the conception, and I can perform right skilfully upon that most splendid of human instruments, the human voice, to make these conceptions believed by others. There wants but one thing more—*courage*, pure, perfect courage; and does Vivian Grey know fear? He laughed an answer of bitterest derision.’

Now, who does not feel that that ‘bitterest derision’ is Mr. Disraeli's own?

Vanity has often a lofty inspiration of its own—a mighty spell, which fills its victim with gorgeous dreams of greatness and of glory. It becomes a sort of link with destiny. Its satisfaction is a faith; its raptures are prophetic. It glows with a hallowed splendour, teems with pictures of dominion, and revels in anticipations of fame. Sometimes it settles down into a calm, yet enthusiastic fatalism. It tells of a wondrous mission that is to be accomplished; it urges to deeds that reason would forbid as madness, and conscience rebuke as crimes. I am born to high ends; what is there that I should revere? from what need I shrink? Thus even the fanaticism of conceit can make a weak man strong, and a contemptible man sublime. It is heroic, and it makes a hero of him who indulges it. But there is nothing so painfully ridiculous as a mistake of this sort. Even Napoleon, who had a glorious conception of himself as the favoured child of destiny, was sometimes amusing in his magnifi-

cence; but to see a pigmy strut and stamp, and frown, and clothe himself in robes of royalty, and move with august assurance, and give dreadful commands with his little, shrill, and squeaking voice—this is a rich treat, not only for the gods but for the children. If, as everybody says, Mr. Disraeli's works are considerably auto-biographical, he seems to have acquired the conviction that he is intended for noble stations and immortal service. At any rate, it is very strange that he makes all his principal characters men of this heroic, divine breed. They all feel as though they are going to revolutionize the world; as though they were the agents of an omnipotent genius, the exploits of which should be infinite, and its fame everlasting. Take the soliloquy of Alroy, when a helpless fugitive, in sudden love with Schirene, the caliph's daughter:—'Why, what is life? for meditation mingles even with my passion—why, what is life? Throw accidents to the dogs, and tear off the painted mask of false society! Here am I a hero, with a mind that can devise all things, and a heart of superhuman daring; with youth, with vigour, with a glorious lineage, with a form that has made full many a lovely maiden of our tribe droop her fair head by Hamadan's sweet fount, and I am—nothing.'

'Out on society: 'twas not made for me. I'll form my own and be the deity I sometimes feel.'

'We make our fortunes and we call them fate. Thou saidst well, Honain. Most subtle Sadducee! The saintly blood flowed in my father's veins, and they did nothing; but I have an arm formed to wield a sceptre, and I will win one.'

'I cannot doubt my triumph! Triumph is a part of my existence. I am born for glory as a tree is born to bear its fruit or to expand its flowers. The deed is done. 'Tis thought of, and 'tis done.'

Here we have the confession of a vain, mystic fatalism, in words which are not only Mr. Disraeli's own, but which are historically associated with his career. We have still directer evidence of the same characteristic, however. He has never attempted anything the import of which he has not most extravagantly exaggerated, and his peculiar qualifications for the performance of which he has not noisily vaunted before the world. He called 'Contarini Fleming' a '*psychological romance*,' and announced his belief that it would be '*virgin in the imaginative literature of every country!*' Still more preposterous is the arrogance of his preface to 'the Revolutionary Epic.' He says, in allusion to meditations indulged on the plains of Troy:—'And while my fancy thus struggled with my reason, it flashed across my mind, like the lightning that was then playing over Ida, that in those great poems which rise the pyramids of poetic art amid the falling and the fading splendour of less creations, the poet hath ever embodied the spirit of his time. Thus the most heroic incident of an heroic age, produced in the "Iliad" an heroic epic; thus the consolidation of the most superb of empires produced in the "Æneid" a political epic; the revival of learning and the birth of vernacular genius presented us in the Divine Comedy with a national epic; and the Reformation and

its consequences called from the rapt lyre of Milton a religious epic. And the spirit of my time, shall it alone be unrepresented?

'Standing upon Asia, and gazing upon Europe, with the broad Hellespont alone between us, and the shadow of night descending on the mountains, these mighty continents appeared to me, as it were, the rival principles of government that at present contend for the mastery of the world. "What!" I exclaimed, "is the revolution of France a less important event than the siege of Troy?—Napoleon a less interesting character than Achilles? *For me* remains the Revolutionary Epic.'

Not so inflated, but quite as ridiculous, was his first political pamphlet. After the contest at High Wycombe, Mr. Disraeli heard that Earl Grey had had his attention drawn to the election, and had asked, concerning the strange Tory-Radical candidate, 'What is he?' Mr. Disraeli immediately sat down to the composition of a pamphlet, to which he gave the title, 'What is he!' Afterwards, when he had established himself, in some sort, as a politician, he was not content to ally himself with any existing party, but must needs embody the paradoxes and the pride of his life in a new sect, known by the ambitious name of 'Young England.' His political novels are addressed to the 'new generation.' Writing to Mr. O'Connell, who had taunted him with failure in his election contests, he says, 'I have a *deep conviction* that the hour is at hand when I shall be more successful, and take my place in that proud assembly of which Mr. O'Connell avows his wish no longer to be a member. I expect to be a representative of the people before the repeal of the Union. We shall meet at Philippi; and rest assured that confident in a good cause, and in some energies which have not been altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will make you at the same time remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon BENJAMIN DISRAELI.' In this proud threat we see his belief in destiny, his immense conceit, and his extravagant estimate of the things he did and intended to do. We all know how this threat was carried out. He had only been in Parliament a fortnight, when he attempted to administer this dreadful castigation. He was laughed at. He betrayed his conceit in the appeal he made for indulgence. 'I stand here,' he said, 'not formally, but virtually as the representative of a considerable number of members of Parliament. Then why laugh? Why not let me enjoy this distinction at least one night?' They laughed more contemptuously still; until his vanity assumed at once the serenity of resignation and the confidence of prophecy, and he said, 'I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced. I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will listen to me.'

But if it is obvious from all these facts and confessions that he has a sort of faith in his destiny, it is equally obvious that his conception of the honour is selfish and ignoble. He has none of that sacred fixed-

ness of purpose and majesty of virtue which result from a religious consciousness of being a necessary and important agency in the great economy of Divine Providence, but rather a self-complacent desire for present distinction, an impatience for dominion and applause, a total distrust of the future, a servile compliance with humiliating expedients, an unscrupulous use of the means of progress, and a beggarly acceptance of all the degrading conditions of immediate notoriety,—these are the inspirations of his fatalism. Hence, his audacity never grows imposing; it is always petulant, malignant, and supercilious. His confidence in himself is not a holy recognition of responsibilities that are measured by capacity, and thus becomes the bases of fame, but is a shameless and audacious conceit that can conspire or swagger; crouch in mean servility, or defy with rude presumption; pray with the cant of hypocrisy, or blaspheme with profanest awlessness, as the interest of the moment may demand. He not only blows his own trumpet, but follows the indecent blast by an open supplication of the concurring applause of others. How pitiful—how utterly small and unmanly is the conclusion of that bombastic preface to the ‘*Revolutionary Epic*,’ from which we have already quoted! ‘I am not,’ says this great genius of our day, ‘one who finds consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of a more sympathetic posterity. The public will decide whether this work is to be continued or completed; and if it pass in the negative, I shall without a pang hurl my lyre to Limbo.’ Now to us this is worse than disgusting; our lowest soul is distressed by it. To open an explanation of the most responsible experiment a literary man can make, in terms of extravagant hope and complacent rhapsody, and then to close with this abnegation of all divine impulses, and of even common self-reliance, is a melancholy exhibition of the twofold weakness of Mr. Disraeli’s nature. Because the little souls (and to a *seer* they are always little) of his own age would not flatter him with their compliments—or because they could not comprehend the mystery of his inspiration, he would hurl his lyre to Limbo! a lyre which he had arrogantly declared God had strung for his hands especially—hands that, with the irreverence of pride, had impatiently seized the singular prize! He, who was one of those pyramids ‘that rise amid the falling and fading splendour of less creations’—the last and greatest of all the poets (Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, *Disraeli*!) would sell the Great Spirit that overshadowed him with his deep glory, and abandon a mission which might surpass in grandeur and utility the services of kings, for the paltry gratification of the ignorant adulation and prejudiced sympathy of the common souls of his own age! And this is by all but general consent a man of unusual genius—a man who has hurled a lyre, by himself proclaimed to be divinely strung, to Limbo. We complain not of this act; for, in our estimation, it was the most appropriate one Mr. Disraeli ever performed; but we do complain that the world has accepted the rant of this gentleman as inspiration, and has never shown the capacity to detect, or the honesty to chastise, his barefaced profanity.

When the qualities which we have ascribed to Mr. Disraeli are admitted—when it is seen that he is the slave of unbounded conceit and unscrupulous ambition, it is not difficult to account for his political inconsistencies. Such a life, surely, was never lived before! Let the outline thereof suffice to exhibit its disloyalty and unsteadiness. Courting the suffrages of the electors of High Wycombe on the plea that he was patronized by Bulwer, Hume, and O'Connell; a candidate for the borough of Marylebone, where he advocated triennial parliaments, vote by ballot, economy and retrenchment, &c. ; at Taunton a few months later in the embraces of the 'Blues' of that Tory town, and denouncing O'Connell, his former friend and patron, from whom he had received no personal or political provocation, as a 'bloody traitor;' the extravagant panegyrist of Sir Robert Peel, in his letters signed 'Runnymede,' to whom he ascribes all heroic attributes; as the member for Maidstone, declaring himself 'proud to follow Sir R. Peel,' and, on the motion of 'want of confidence' with which that Parliament was terminated, repeating these panegyrics in the most exalted terms and with ostentatious obsequiousness; representing Shrewsbury, he cordially supports the first Free-trade measures of the same great statesman, and repeatedly insists that the old Tories were the advocates of free commercial intercourse, whilst the Whigs were the natural upholders of restriction; after these years of slavish flattery of the Conservative leader, he suddenly turns round and becomes his bitter and unrelenting assailant, eulogizing the Whigs, whom, till now, he had always denounced; after a parenthesis of irregularities, he is a malicious foe of the Free-trade minister whom he was 'proud to follow,' and the vindictive, factious, and unscrupulous champion of Protection; as Chancellor of the Exchequer, when Free-trade had proved itself a generous and successful experiment, he abandons Protection without magnanimity, and adopts the principles of the Opposition without grace.—Such is the skeleton of his political career. Ugly enough, all our readers will allow; but let them clothe it with the minuter incidents, the fuller details of life, and the features will appear more repulsive, and the construction more deformed.

There are, however, faults from which we recoil with even deeper abhorrence than from that of political inconsistency. Intuitively do we remember the force of circumstances, the stern necessities of the practicable, in reviewing the public life of a statesman. We have no such instinct of mercy when we regard the *individual character* of the same person. A change of events may change opinions; changed opinions will dictate a change of policy; but no combination of incidents can justify ingratitude, cool-hearted revenge, wanton cruelty, and, less than all these, falsehood. We can excuse honest and constitutional hate, or the reckless cruelty of passion; we cannot pardon sinister malice, and deliberate truthlessness. If our readers are anxious to test the fitness of such terms in a criticism of this kind, let them recall the attack which was made on Sir Robert Peel, shortly before the melancholy accident which robbed the country of its favoured minister. The charge that he had wantonly caused the

death of Canning, was brutal; the evidence adduced in support of the charge indicated a thoughtfulness of spite, and an unscrupulousness of conscience, which we could weep over. More petty, but not less suggestive, were the denials uttered by Mr. Disraeli in the calmness of the study, first that he had never been connected with the Reform Club, and, second, that he had never visited Joseph Hume; both of which statements are refuted by the clearest and most indubitable evidences. We are painfully reminded of Mr. O'Connell's severe and ungentlemanly castigation when we think on these things:—'he is a liar; his life is a living lie.'

No merely personal feelings have urged us to the utterance of these sentiments. Mr. Disraeli is a public and a representative man. His name is associated with the history of the nation. He has been the responsible and acknowledged minister of the Crown. He is even now recognised as the leader of an important party in the State. The nobility have no more accomplished an apologist; the Government know no enemy so influential. In a sense, therefore, the Crown, the Aristocracy, the Parliament, and the People, are involved in his disrepute, and are compromised by his immoralities. And though it should happen that history and the outstanding world will not urge the identity—though posterity may exonerate the State from the responsibility of the crimes of an individual minister—yet is there so much danger to the glory and virtue of the nation from the ignominy and vices of those who conduct its affairs, that we are bound, as a preservative from disgrace, if not as a vindication of honour, to protest against the enthronement in office or power of any who have proved themselves destitute of the attributes of a faithful conscience, and a disinterested patriotism. Political quacks and adventurers are the bane of nations. Simplicity is as essential to all prosperous statesmanship as sagacity; and, if the two cannot be combined, it would be far better that the radiance of purity should hallow the ruins of an empire, than that its greatness should be blackened by remorseless and unpunished iniquities. We recommend no rude outburst of retribution. We pray for no curse. The people may be magnanimous even in the infliction of their just displeasure. An august contempt will be a severer judgment than any ebullition of national anger, however justifiable, or however deep. When Mr. Disraeli speaks let not his former words be forgotten. When he asks again for 'a cheer,' let silence be again the reply. This discipline may do him good. The future, we hope, will prove that he has not lost all moral sensibility. If he shall evince that measure of integrity, hereafter, that will fairly entitle him to *confidence*, he will on all hands see indications that his abilities are *respected*; but

'Strength from truth divided, and from just,  
 Illaudible, naught merits but dispraise  
 And ignominy.'

## The Universities—Shall they be National or Exclusive?

THE sword of reform which has so long trembled over Oxford and Cambridge, is at length about to fall. A bill is now before Parliament effecting changes in the constitution of the first-named university of a comprehensive and fundamental character. It creates a new governing body—extends the basis of the institution, by admitting other students than members of colleges—provides for an increased number of professors and of students, by a new appropriation of college revenues—throws open fellowships to general competition, and puts a limit to the possession of them—and abolishes ensnaring oaths, together with restrictions in favour of founder's kin and certain localities. Good—very good; but, unfortunately, the proportions of an otherwise handsome measure are spoiled by the absence of a single proviso. It does not abolish religious tests. It gives a new lease to the monopoly of a sect. It 'extends and improves a great national institution for the exclusive benefit of one-third of her Majesty's subjects.\*'

The antecedents of the measure, the nature of its provisions, and the mode of its introduction, all assume that the universities exist for the benefit of the people, and require to be reformed in order that they may be brought into harmony with the spirit of the age, and the educational advantages they are capable of affording may be enjoyed on a wider scale. All objections based on existing statutes—intentions of 'pious founders,' and the inviolability of oaths, are struck at the root, and Parliament is asked to legislate on the principle that these august institutions are under its control, and may properly be modified and regulated at its pleasure, with a view to the public good. The census returns have opportunely demonstrated that until they are put upon a new ecclesiastical basis, they will be as useless to a large section of the community, as though the besom of reform had never crossed their threshold. It is known that the reform proposed cannot be effected without the support of Dissenting representatives; and yet they are expected to afford that support in the absence of the slightest concession to the wishes of those whom they represent!

If this be meekly borne by the Nonconformist body, they will receive their reward in the well-merited contempt of politicians of every class. But such a contingency need not, we venture to think, be contemplated. Their parliamentary forces, joined by a band of generous Episcopalian allies, have already, unsolicited, taken the field on their behalf. The necessities of a Coalition Cabinet have placed the point of debate in the category of open questions,† and the Whig champion of religious liberty has pledged himself to vote on the Dissenting side. Outside the walls of Parliament the *Society for the*

\* Mr. Miall, on the introduction of the bill.

† Since the above was written, information has reached us that the Government have revised their decision in this respect—an indication, we suspect, of their fear that Mr. Heywood may carry his amendments.



*Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control* is appropriately employing its new parliamentary machinery, and putting forth its increased strength, in eliciting such a demonstration of feeling as is needed to sustain the movement within. Dissenters, therefore, are not now called upon to ventilate on abstract opinion, but to carry a practical measure, which, if it be not pressed now, may, as far as a hope of success is concerned, be indefinitely postponed. We believe that the battle not only cannot with honour be avoided, but that it may be won, and won by an effort trifling in comparison with the importance of the victory to be gained.

Such a change as that which is now demanded would, in our judgment, exercise a potent influence on public opinion in respect to another and much larger question. The universities are the head quarters of State-churchism, and give tone to the upper classes of society, as well as hold out almost irresistible attractions to those who may be described as being near the line of the Establishment. But break down the barriers of exclusiveness, leave the Churchman and the Dissenter to struggle together in the same intellectual arena, and let the latter, if victorious, come forth into the world with the academic honours which for centuries have obtained for Churchmen social status and professional advantages; and it will be strange indeed if the exclusive prestige of Churchmanship be not lowered, and, as a consequence, one of the heaviest penalties paid by Dissent materially mitigated.

But the prospect of yet more substantial advantages may be held out to those who are disposed to deal with the subject on the *cui bono* principle. The revenues of the various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge are enormous, those of the former alone being estimated at from 140,000*l.* to 200,000*l.* a-year. These, if honestly and wisely applied to the educational purposes for which they were designed, will furnish facilities for the acquirement of the higher branches of learning unknown in this country in modern times. A university education now presents itself to the majority of Dissenters as a luxury as much beyond their reach as the costly establishments of the Belgravians; but the ministerial reform may be made the means of so cheapening the intellectual facilities enjoyed on the banks of the Isis and the Cam, as to render them available for our sons, though they were denied to ourselves and our sires. Why, indeed, should not the splendid provision made for 'poor scholars' be restored to those for whom it was designed, but from whom it has been unscrupulously filched?

We are quite aware that this mode of reasoning may, on some Dissenters, have the opposite effect to that which it is intended to produce. We have in private heard hints thrown out that the friends of the London University will act unwisely to open the doors of Oxford and Cambridge for those who now find a refuge only within its walls. But a view so narrow and selfish as this will surely not be allowed to mould Dissenting policy; nor are they the best friends of the junior, but not undistinguished University who would avert competition with

older institutions, so heavily weighted by statutory and traditionary restrictions. Besides which, when the general educational standard of the country has been raised, the expansion of its educational resources will be likely to be within, rather than beyond, the limits of the public need.

In other quarters, hesitation may be induced by a fear that the entrance of Dissenting youths within the charmed circle of Church influences would prove fatal to their Dissent. In some instances, and for a time, this would perhaps happen, especially where neither parents, ministers, nor teachers, have made the slightest effort to implant in the minds of the young a knowledge of, and attachment to, Nonconforming principles. But the temptations to apostasy, or to trifling with conscientious conviction, would be greatly diminished. For how stands the matter at present? We reply, in the words of a writer in the 'Nonconformist,' who, we suspect, is in a position which enables him to speak with the confidence arising from knowledge:—

'One of the most prolific sources of the loss of ability and power to Dissent is, that many of its best youth, if they seek a higher sphere than trade, or a learned education without being specially designed for the Dissenting Ministry, are attracted to the old seats of learning; and there finding all honours and emoluments to be the portion of Conformists, they, in the absence of distinct and settled principles—seldom formed at such a period of life—yield to the really fascinating and powerful temptations by which they are surrounded, and enter within the pale of the Establishment—without any sacrifice of conviction, but simply by the surrender of such early associations, and perhaps family friendships, as seem more than compensated for by the attainment of a high degree, the enjoyment of the literary society afforded by the University, or the possession of a fellowship with good emoluments and easy repose. More losses than are known thus occur to us. . . . Names which have been illustrious in the history of the Establishment, the names of scholars, professors, and even of prelates, would have adorned other sections of the Church, but for the early perversion induced by University restrictions, at a time when opinions were crude at the best, and conscience gave no very clear pronouncement on the course about to be taken. Anyhow, the sap of Nonconformity has long been thus extracted by the National Church; and thus it could not have been extracted if the public right to the Universities had been practically recognised, and ecclesiastical tests, as the conditions of learned and professional life and advancement, had been non-existent.'

Nor are the moral aspects of the question limited to the supposed influence of the present University system on the position of Dissent, for the Oxford Commissioners express their conviction, that the imposition of subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles at matriculation, 'in the manner in which it is now imposed in the University of Oxford, habituates the mind to give a careless assent to truths which it has never considered, and naturally leads to sophistry in the interpretation of solemn obligations.' Our space is inadequate for a homily on so suggestive a text, and we therefore close with a practical suggestion.

If, as is likely, an opinion prevails in the House of Commons that Dissenters in fact care little about the Universities, and would take very quietly a denial of the request made on their behalf; so injurious an impression must be speedily removed, as being fatal to success.

The value of trusting professions of attachment to 'the principles of religious liberty,' must now be tested. Every member who chiefly, or to any important extent, owes his seat to the votes of Dissenters should distinctly understand that a hostile vote on Mr. Heywood's proposal, or avoidable absence, will not be forgiven. For this purpose, in addition to the presentation of congregational and other petitions, let Dissenting electors, both individually and in concert, at once write to their representatives to elicit their views, and also take advantage of the Easter recess to put themselves in personal communication with them. We lay great stress upon this recommendation because it points to the most direct and effective agency that can be employed, and because the subject is one which renders public meetings and some other of the ordinary means of agitation inappropriate. The energy and determination of a few individuals in every borough town may, without much outward agitation, and without any expense, suffice to secure a sufficient number of votes to carry our point, and when carried, who will not rejoice in having been instrumental in achieving one of the most signal triumphs of the cause of religious equality which the present generation has witnessed?

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### Protestant Persecutions on the Continent.

WE beg to direct our readers' attention to a small pamphlet recently published under the joint editorship of Dr. Steane and the Rev. T. R. Brooke, Rector of Avening, detailing the results of an investigation into several gross cases of Protestant persecution on the Continent.\* We are given to understand that the investigation was undertaken at the instance of the Executive Committee 'for the Vindication and Promotion of Religious Liberty, recently constituted by the Homburg Conference' (held at Hesse Homburg, on August 26th, 1853). By direction of the committee, the editors of this publication were requested to visit as many places in which persecution had been experienced, as they might be able, 'with a view to verify the alleged facts, to obtain further information, and to express the sympathy of the committee with the persecuted.' Furnished with influential credentials, they accordingly visited the principal towns in Switzerland and Germany, where such persecutions had taken place. The results of their inquiries prove that a systematic course of intolerance is being pursued toward Dissenters in nearly all the States where the Lutheran religion is established. They ascertained that in Zurich a Baptist minister—the Rev. Ferdinand Bues—had been banished from the Canton for life, by an arbitrary proceeding of the police authorities, for simply preaching

\* Protestant Persecutions in Switzerland and Germany, &c. London: Partridge and Oakley. 1854.

the gospel, on an invented charge that his passport was not regular, that he was not regularly ordained, and that he preached the observance of the Sabbath.—In the town of Hilburghausen, in the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, a Baptist congregation had suffered under severe restrictions, a decree having been issued by the supreme Government absolutely prohibiting their meetings, and interdicting the visits of their pastor.—At Hersfeld, in Hesse Cassel, the members of a Baptist congregation had been forbidden, under penalty of fine or imprisonment, to meet any of their friends for religious purposes.—At Ludwigslust, in Mecklenburg Schwerin, Mr. Wegener, a missionary, was, in 1853, sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment, every other day on bread and water, for having administered Christian ordinances.—At Buckeburg, in the Principality of Schaumburg Lippe, in consequence of a decree of the Council of Government, several members of a religious congregation were, in February, 1853, arrested and cast into prison.—At Bayreuth, in Bavaria, all meetings of a Baptist congregation existing there had been prohibited.—In the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, strict orders had been issued interdicting assemblies for religious worship among the Baptists, and several persons had, for attending such assemblies, been imprisoned on bread and water.

The whole of the above cases were personally examined into by the deputation, who, in the pamphlet before us, give the original State and other documents connected with each charge. The details furnished by these gentlemen are, in every instance, deeply and painfully interesting. For ourselves, we confess to having at first entertained a reluctance to believe that they could be true—more so, to believe they could be boldly and openly justified by Ministers of State of Republican and Protestant Governments. We find that in no fewer than seven Protestant States religious liberty is a thing unknown. The mouth is muzzled—personal liberty is fettered—the right to meet for religious worship is denied—the reading of certain books is prohibited—the marriage rite refused—in short, liberty of belief and conscience, totally denied to hundreds, if not thousands of persons, because they entertain conscientious scruples concerning the single ordinance of baptism.

These events will bring forcibly to the memory of Dissenters the days of the Stuarts, or of Louis XV., and should excite for the persecuted abroad just that sympathy which is accorded to the sufferings of Johnson, Greenwood and Barrow, in our own country, with such expressions of regard as may be calculated to strengthen conviction and purpose. Whether Dissenters or not, a regard for Protestantism will, we hope, excite others also to decisive action. 'In the flagrant inconsistency,' says Sir James Mackintosh, 'of all Protestant intolerance, is a poison in its veins which must destroy it.'—We commend the proceedings of the deputation which has exposed these instances of modern persecution to the earnest attention of our readers, and especially to the Executive of the Liberation of Religion Society—which, though it has undoubtedly work enough of its own to perform, would take action on such proceedings with peculiar fitness and propriety.

## Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

‘There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversy, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth more firmly established. Being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true.’—MILTON : *On True Religion*.

‘Nor is it at all incredible, that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscovered. For all the same phenomena, and the same faculty of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before.’—BISHOP BUTLER : *Analogy of Religion*.

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### ON THE PUNISHMENT AND FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

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WE propose in the present paper to offer some remarks on a theory of the punishment and forgiveness of sin which to us seems open to objection; and in order that the subject of our strictures may be distinctly before our readers, we shall introduce a few short extracts in which it will be found embodied.

‘Future punishment is not an infliction, but a result; not a thing added to sin by external power, but flowing out of it by inevitable necessity. The pardon of sin, therefore, is not merely oblivion of offences, but annihilation of consequences.’\*

‘I, too [Christianity], teach that the punishment of sin is in the sin itself, from the first, and by inevitable necessity; that God has not to add it to the transgression by external power; that he has to do nothing to inflict it.’†

‘The Christian idea, then, of the forgiveness of sin, is, that it is something which required a direct interference with a previously fixed system of law. This system having been established, sin, or the violation of it, must, according to the natural course of things, be followed by punitive results—*by way of necessary consequence*. For these results, to be evaded, that is, for positive facts belonging to a man not to be followed by what they would naturally and inevitably produce, something must be done; the connexion between sin and the consequences of sin, which are bound together by the order of the universe, must be reversed; in other words, there must be a direct interference with the regular, uniform, and proper action of all previously fixed laws; a miracle, in fact, or something equivalent to a miracle, which can only proceed from Him who is Lord of the universe itself.’‡

‘By your mixed constitution as human beings, you are placed under three great systems of law—the Physical, the Social, and the Spiritual. Each of these is fixed and inflexible. They can all be transgressed; and if, in any, things take their course, breaches and transgressions

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\* Tower Church Sermons, p. 113.

† Ibid. p. 146.

‡ Is it possible to make the best of both Worlds? By T. Binney. P. 237.

cannot but be followed by punitive results. Violations of physical laws injure the body; of the social the character; of the spiritual the soul. For the punishment of transgressions, as just intimated, it is not necessary for anything to be actually done, or directly inflicted, by God. Things take their natural course, and they work out by necessary consequence, suffering, sorrow, and death. Vice, or the violation of physical order, destroys health; crime, or the violation of social order, ruins reputation; sin, or the violation of spiritual order, separates the soul from God. The first may end in an early grave; the second in disgrace, in exile, or on the gibbet; the third in future irremediable condemnation.\*

'Conceive this state [of sin] to be eternal. Suppose men to enter the unseen world with this moral character unchangeably stamped upon them for ever; intelligent creatures knowing no law but passionate selfishness; each seeking his own gratification at the expense of the happiness of the rest; refusing to submit themselves to the law of God; preferring the government of their corrupt nature, and given over to the government they have preferred; at perpetual war with infinite holiness and goodness, sustained as those attributes are by Almighty power; the knowledge of those attributes creating despair, that despair rendered more agonizing by reproaches of conscience; and the awful result is selfishness, passion, enmity to holiness, growing daily and for ever more intense. Such is the destiny for which, if Divine grace prevent not, men are preparing.'†

'The law we have broken is righteous and beneficent, eternal and immutable. The penalties it inflicts are involved in a great degree in sin itself, punishment being but the unavoidable perpetuation of sin, and requiring for the removal or prevention of it miraculous interposition.'‡

In proceeding to subject to examination the extracts above given, it cannot be necessary for us to make a formal declaration of the high and cordial estimation in which we hold the able and distinguished men from whose works they are taken. They and the public will be well satisfied that no unkindness or disrespect will be shown towards them in our pages. And, on the other hand, not less sure are we that they lay no claim to infallibility, and that they would be the last to wish that their high standing should screen their views from criticism, a process which, in truth, becomes only the more necessary in proportion to the public confidence which they enjoy.

We commence our strictures by observing, that it is by no means with everything contained in the passages we have quoted that we find fault. An attentive reader of them will remark that they embody a distinct and peculiar conception of the nature, both of the punishment and the forgiveness of sin; now it is this which we wish to separate from whatever else the extracts may contain, and to submit to a candid but searching examination.

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\* Is it possible to make the best of both Worlds? By T. Binney. P. 265.

† Christ our Life. By Joseph Angus, D.D. Pp. 26, 27.

‡ Ibid. p. 253.

'Future punishment,' Mr. Binney well instructs us, is 'a result' of sin: but if we ask what kind of 'result' is intended, we are guided by this writer's pointed negative, that it is 'not an infliction,' nor anything done by God; but a result 'flowing out of sin by inevitable necessity,' or by 'natural consequence.' Dr. Angus exhibits the idea in clear and unmistakeable expansion: 'Conceive,' says he, 'sin to be eternal, and you have the destiny for which men are preparing, punishment being nothing but the unavoidable perpetuation of sin.'

Now, we are not about for a moment to insinuate a doubt that sin does produce an immediate and (unremedied) a permanent effect of a most painful kind on the character of the sinner, or that a portion—perhaps a large portion—of the sufferings of the lost will arise from this source. In the nature of things it must be so. But what we should question would be, whether this class of sufferings could properly be held to constitute 'the future punishment of sin?'

We are not going to charge on such a conception an absolute incongruity with the nature of things. We have in recollection the language of Bishop Butler, where he says: 'There is no absurdity in supposing future punishment may follow wickedness of course, as we speak, or in the way of natural consequence from God's original constitution of the world, from the nature he has given us, and from the condition in which he places us; or in like manner as a person rashly trifling on a precipice in the way of natural consequence falls down—in the way of natural consequence breaks his limbs, suppose—in the way of natural consequence of this, without help, perishes.'\*

What it may not be absurd to suppose, however, is not necessarily that which really is, and to us it appears that some light is thrown upon this matter by Holy Scripture, of which it is both proper and important to avail ourselves.

In the first place, it seems to us that such a conception of 'the future punishment of sin' must err by defect, inasmuch as the sufferings comprehended in it, however numerous or severe, do not apparently constitute the whole of the evil to which the sinner is, by transgression, exposed. Thus, for example, we are assured, on the highest authority, that '*the wrath of God* is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of men' (Romans i. 18). Familiar as this, and other passages of a similar tenor, must be, to both the writers under review, we are led to suspect that they have found some way by which, with satisfaction to their own minds, they can regard '*the wrath of God*' revealed from heaven against sin, as one and the same with the fearful results which sin, in fulfilment of universal law, works on the sinner's heart. We, however, are quite at a loss to divine the process by which this identification can have been arrived at, and should be very glad to hear it explained.

Mr. Binney anxiously, and somewhat vehemently, reiterates the assertion, that it is not needful that God should do anything in order to punish sin, punishment following sin by a necessity of nature. The

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\* Butler's Analogy, part ii. chap. 5.

apparent design of this laboured distinction is to give to the system under which punitive results attend on transgression a kind of impersonality, so that no one shall be responsible for them. It might seem little honourable to the Divine government that the punishment of sin should be thus taken out of the hands of the Great Ruler, and given to Nature; but we do not think the attempt can be in any way, or in any degree, successful. 'Some good men may perhaps be offended,' says Bishop Butler, in continuing his argument, 'with hearing it spoken of as a supposable thing that the future punishment of wickedness may be in the way of natural consequence; as if this were taking the execution of justice out of the hands of God, and giving it to Nature. But they should remember that when things come to pass according to the course of nature, this does not hinder them from being His doing who is the God of nature; and that the Scripture ascribes those punishments to Divine justice which are known to be natural, and which must be called so, when distinguished from such as are miraculous. But, after all, this supposition, or rather this way of speaking, is here made use of only by way of illustration of the subject before us. For, since it must be admitted that the future punishment of wickedness is not a matter of arbitrary appointment, but of reason, equity, and justice, it comes, for aught I see, to the same thing, whether it is supposed to be inflicted in a way analogous to that in which the temporal punishments of vice and folly are inflicted, or in any other way.' Thus, in so far as any contemplated saving of the character of God, by excluding him from any personal share in the origination of punitive results, is concerned, we think nothing is, or can be, gained by the distinction attempted.

With respect to the punishment of sin, however, the language of Scripture seems altogether to prohibit such an attempt being made. Even if all other departments of universal administration might be so regarded as proceeding by fixed laws as to allow of our excluding the idea of God's personal action, insuperable difficulty seems to attend the introduction of a similar conception into his moral government. In the passage we have already quoted, the personal element is manifest, and so in others. Take, for example, the following:—'God will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who, by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, and honour, and immortality, eternal life; but unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath' (Rom. ii. 6—8). It would be easy to multiply passages of a similar tenor, but they must be too familiar to our readers to render this necessary. The question is, How is it possible, with these passages before us, to exclude from the punishment of sin the personal action of God?

Secondly, if the conception of future punishment which we are examining errs on the one hand by defect, and fails to include what is at least one part of the punishment of sin, it seems to us to err no less on the other hand in affixing a punitive character to the element which it assigns. It is true that sin works dreadful havoc in the sinner's heart, and that, yielding himself to its influence, he becomes more,



'daily and for ever' (to use a phrase of Dr. Angus's), an enemy to himself, his fellow-creatures, and his Maker; we should hesitate long, however, before we could consent to regard this process as the punishment of sin. Whether personally inflicted by God, or resulting from fixed laws ordained by him, it would, in our minds, be an objection to such a view, that God is a holy God, and this is a wicked process. It is, in the words of Dr. Angus, 'the perpetuation of sin;' and if this be, either by God's act or decree, the selected and allotted punishment of sin, it is to us as fearful a mode of charging sin upon our Maker as we, in any walk of theology, ever encountered.

It is true that, in point of fact, such moral depravation does follow from habitual transgression; and we may be asked whether this result, which takes place by a fixed law ordained by God, does not equally implicate his character, whether considered as punitive or not? With a glad heart we answer, No; because, in denying it to constitute either the whole or any part of the punishment of sin, we remove it from the only position in which this consequence could follow. The fixed law which determines that indulged sin shall deprave the heart we take to be a part of a probational moral system, and in no respect penal. It is, in truth, but one half of the law which it indicates, and comes itself under the more general expression, that all indulged sentiments, whether good or bad, tend to perpetuate and augment themselves. This law belongs to all human nature, probably to all intelligent nature, and is a fit element of a probational system; it operates all through the present life, where sin is not punished, and operates alike in aiding the virtue of the righteous, and accelerating the corruption of the wicked—at once an incentive to holiness and a warning against sin. In this position, the law in question exhibits, to our view, nothing inconsistent with the holiness of God, or unworthy of his wisdom.

If, then, we are asked, What is the nature of the punishment of sin, since the eternal 'perpetuation of sin' is not so? we answer, in plain scriptural terms, 'The wrath of God.' We do not mean, by this phrase, to turn the attention of our readers to any of those fearful scriptural metaphors (for as metaphors we regard them) in which future punishment is represented by the action of fire and other destructive elements—although we may say in passing, that we think it would be hard to explain some of these metaphors of the mere perpetuation of sin by universal law; but we take the word 'wrath' in the sense of a moral emotion of displeasure, or disapprobation. We need not here, we suppose, trouble our readers with either vindication or illustration of the analogy between human and divine existence, on which the use of this, and a large class of kindred terms, is founded; nor need we spend much time in showing how congruous such an element is to the moral administration of God over mankind. The human heart is endowed with a wonderful sensitiveness to the correlated sentiments of approbation and disapprobation, whether cherished within itself or expressed by others; but towards no being is this sensitiveness so delicate or so intense as towards God. It is not

too much to affirm that the wrath and love—the approbation and the disapprobation of God, have been the sources respectively of incomparably the greatest pleasures and pains this world has ever witnessed; or to add that some of these have acquired an intensity highly illustrative of their competency, under a final and judicial development, to constitute the adequate elements of future happiness and woe.

But then, it will be complained, here is something, as Mr. Binney says, to be ‘added to sin by external power,’ something ‘to be done by God.’ Yes, it is even so. We will not endeavour to escape from this dilemma, however, by re-adding our former argument, that fixed laws as truly implicate the Divine Being as personal acts; we will rather take different ground, and ask at once, What is there in this which God need be ashamed to do? If, indeed, we were ascribing to him such an operation as would be implied in the literal acceptance of some scriptural descriptions of his judgments—such as casting the wicked into a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, whence the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever—one might find reason to hesitate, inasmuch as little moral congruity can be found between such a mode of punishment and human transgressions of the divine law; but if, as to us is quite clear, these terrific pictures are but illustrations by metaphor of the forcible and awful manner in which the human mind will be wrought upon by a sense conveyed to it of Divine disapprobation proportioned to its criminality, all difficulty of this kind vanishes at once. The elements which we have to bring face to face are perfectly congruous, and adapted the one to the other; and they are in addition so familiar to us in the conduct of the present life, that little mystery ought to attach to them as constituents of the future. It is characteristic of human conduct, for the most part, to deserve praise or blame, and the awarding of praise or blame to it is not only a natural and inevitable process, but one highly honourable, and, whatever suffering it may occasion, not at all to be complained of, provided only it be effected according to justice. Now this realizes our conception of the future punishment of sin. It will, we think, consist of a sense of God’s disapprobation of human conduct, meted out with absolute justice, in proportion to human criminality. A punishment for man’s transgression either fitter in its nature or more equitable in its amount, it is impossible to conceive; the infliction of it, so far from being in any way dishonourable to God, will be an act eminently glorious, inasmuch as it will be a signal expression of his holiness, and an irreproachable fulfilment of one of the grandest, and, by many degrees, the most awful functions of his government. We may go further, and say that such an expression of God’s disapprobation against sinners is a necessity of the case, since, if it were not given, a blot would lie on the purity of his nature; while it redounds to the highest honour of his moral government, that nothing beyond this necessary and most equitable manifestation of his purity is required or announced, in order to constitute sin’s most awful penalty.

The supposition that the punishment of sin consists in the ‘unavoid-

able perpetuation of sin' itself, or in its naturally resulting depravity, appears to us to throw considerable embarrassment on the scriptural exhibition of the Redeemer's expiatory office and work. 'The Lord hath laid upon him,' says the prophet, 'the iniquity of us all' (Isa. li. 6); he 'bore our sins,' says the apostle, 'in his own body on the tree' (1 Pet. ii. 24). It has been usual, we believe, among evangelical divines, to understand that our sins were laid upon Christ, and that he bore them, in the sense that he was required to bear, and did bear, the penalty due to them. This, at least (which is enough for our present purpose), is the principle laid down by Dr. Angus, who says expressly that our Lord 'suffered the penalty of human guilt,' and that 'the penalty of human transgression was placed upon him;\*' and Mr. Binney's language, in his sermon entitled 'The Law our School-master,' although less explicit, conveys, as we understand it, the same sense.† But if the punishment, or 'penalty' (for we presume the words are synonymous) of sin, consist in its morally degrading effect, how can this have been either laid upon our Lord, or borne by him? Such a thing is utterly inconceivable. If, however, the punishment of sin consist in its merited measure of Divine disapprobation, this it is easily conceivable Christ should bear in fact, and that, when standing, through Divine mercy, as the sinner's substitute, he should fitly bear.

There is, undoubtedly, much point and pith in the way in which the matter has been put by Mr. Binney; but we cannot suppress a suspicion that he deals more with words than with things. Thus, his aphoristic dictum, which was, if we recollect rightly, applauded by the Eclectic reviewer as 'eminently felicitous'—'Future punishment is not an infliction, but a result'—will scarcely bear examination, since, if the punishment of sin were an infliction, it would still be a result, the real question lies between a result of one kind and a result of another kind, between a result which does imply personal action on the part of the Deity, and a result which does not.

The same writer's captivating exhibition of threefold law and its consequences is equally open to criticism. We 'are naturally placed,' he tells us, 'under three great systems of law—the physical, the social, and the spiritual. They can all be transgressed; and if, in any, things take their course, transgression cannot but be followed by punitive results. Violations of the physical laws injure the body; of the social the character; of the spiritual the soul. Vice, or the violation of physical order, destroys health; crime, or the violation of social order, ruins reputation; sin, or the violation of spiritual order, separates the soul from God. The first may end in an early grave; the second in disgrace, in exile, or on the gibbet; the third in future, irremediable condemnation.' Now, it may really be questioned with what propriety 'social' law is made one of this imposing trinity, inasmuch as it is of human origination rather than divine, and is far from standing on a par with either the physical or the spiritual. It is also far from certain

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\* Christ our Life, pp. 260, 261.

† Tower Church Sermons, pp. 101—112.

that transgressions of social law will, in all cases, be followed by punitive results; while in those results as exemplified by Mr. Binney—'disgrace, exile, or the gibbet'—there appears at least as much of an arbitrary as of a natural sequence. Society, at all events, has 'something to do' in them all. As to the 'great systems' of physical and spiritual law, the terms which Mr. Binney finds himself obliged to use demonstrate that no close or clear comparison of them existed in his own mind. 'Vice,' he says, 'or the violation of natural order, destroys health; . . . sin, or the violation of spiritual order, separates the soul from God;' the former 'may end in an early grave;' the latter 'in future irremediable condemnation.' With whatever propriety 'the violation of spiritual order' may be called 'sin,' we think the justice very questionable with which 'the violation of physical order' is called 'vice,' inasmuch as many violations of physical order are not only conceivable, but are constantly occurring, in which there is no 'vice,' or culpable element. It is, we suppose, a part of 'the great system of physical law' that fire should burn, and if I disregard this law by an incautious handling of fire, I shall accordingly suffer for it; but here surely is no 'vice.' With as little justice is it laid down that 'violations of the physical laws injure the body,' since they may just as easily injure our property as our persons, or, indeed, as easily injure others as ourselves. Between the results of the physical and spiritual laws, again, there is no strict or accurate antithesis. 'Vice, or the violation of physical order, destroys the health; . . . sin, or the violation of spiritual order, separates the soul from God; the first may end in an early grave;' the second 'in future irremediable condemnation.' In the last clause we have a contingent issue put against a necessary one; while the 'punitive result' ensuing on violations of spiritual order is expressed by the term 'condemnation'—a process in which it is scarcely possible but God should have 'something to do,' and one so far from being involved in the nature of the case, that it is a distinct feature of that part of the Divine administration known as his moral government. The word we should have expected here would have been, not condemnation, but depravation, as Dr. Angus has frankly told us; and we are not sure that we could assign a satisfactory reason why Mr. Binney has not done so likewise.

We can hardly acquiesce in the statement that violations of physical law are 'followed by *punitive* results.' That they are followed by results more or less painful, there can be no doubt; but it may be fairly doubted, we think, whether they are punitive. If we should be told that the word punitive is here used with some degree of latitude, and in a way that has somewhat of the metaphor in it, we should not be strict in our objection to it; but if otherwise we should be disposed to say that the object of 'the great system of physical law' is disciplinary rather than judicial, and that the character of the painful results which ensue on the violation of it is corrective rather than punitive. Should it be said that there may be corrective punishment, we should reply that such an element could scarcely be put into comparison with the future punishment of *sin*, which is not corrective, but final and destructive.

Were we to express our views on the general matter, we should, we think, proceed as follows. There is, undoubtedly, a great system of physical law, or a close concatenation of causes and effects in the physical world, so arranged, that to act in harmony with it will promote our physical welfare, and to violate it will entail physical results more or less injurious. Whether we regard this as one, so as to comprehend all the phases of human existence, or divide it into parts, so as to bring out its applicability to each phase of human existence in particular, is of little consequence; alike as relating to the body and the mind, the intellect and the affections, the system is one of physical—that is, of natural—law. Now this system of universal and inflexible law, regarded in relation to man's present existence, must be held to constitute a benign probationary system, and to be punitive in no other sense than that of corrective punishment, or discipline. In addition to this great system of universal law, there is also, in our judgment, a system of moral government under which God has placed the human race in particular, in which he has connected all moral actions with a certain but distant retribution, the element of such retribution consisting in an expression of his personal approbation or disapprobation, meted out in equitable proportions at the judgment of the great day.

Assuming the correctness of the view we have here given, our way is clear to the few remarks which we shall find occasion to make respecting the forgiveness of sin. The writers whom we have made the subject of our strictures, holding that the punishment of sin consists in its consequences as depraving the character of the sinner himself, naturally hold also that the forgiveness of sin consists in detaching those consequences from it—that is to say, in making a wicked man holy. Now, far be it from us to insinuate anything against the importance, the blessedness, or the necessity of a wicked man's being made holy in order to his being made happy; but we really cannot help objecting to this being called the forgiveness of sin. This, we must think, is to confound things that differ, and to overlook—we had almost said, to blot out—one feature of redeeming mercy. Most readily do we acknowledge that the expiatory sacrifice of Christ, and the love of him who offered it, are adapted to exercise, and in every sincere penitent do exercise, a purifying power; but we judge that this purifying process follows the act of forgiveness, and presupposes rather than constitutes it. On the supposition we have advanced, that the allotted punishment of sin consists in the equitable expression of Divine disapprobation against the sinner, thrown forward by a solemn anticipation from the day of final judgment, the forgiveness of sin must be held to consist in a change of the Divine sentiment towards the sinner; a change provided for by the institution of a mediatorial system, and corresponding with a change in the attitude assumed by the sinner himself. Such, we confess, is our view. There is surely need for some change in the condition of a sinner, as well as in his character; and it is the elements which are at work in effecting the change in his condition, which, in our judgment, become

afterwards the efficacious renovators of his heart. It is the love that pardons sin which embitters it. The language of the gospel to the penitent is, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee; go, and sin no more.'

Considering the forgiveness of sin as an interference with the order of nature, or as an immediate Divine interposition by which a cause is withheld from producing its normal effect, both Dr. Angus and Mr. Binney are led to speak of it as 'miraculous,' 'or as requiring a 'miraculous interference' of Divine mercy. It is, we think, one of the infelicities of their conception of the punishment and forgiveness of sin, that it should have led them to such a use of this term. Mr. Binney calls 'the redemptive work of the Christ' an 'interference with the system of *natural law*,'\* in which case, no doubt, it was, as he also calls it, 'miraculous;' if, however, as we conceive, it was an interference with the system, not of natural, but of *moral law*, the term miraculous is, we think, not properly applicable. This we should rather say was supernatural, a term which Mr. Binney also uses in the same page as synonymous and interchangeable with miraculous, which we think in strictness it is not. As our remark relates merely to the use of a word, we would not seem to lay much stress upon it; but it may be as well, perhaps, to make precision of language minister as far as it may to precision of thought. We see nothing to be gained by the use of the word miraculous in this case; but, on the contrary, a confusion of terms at once undesirable and unnecessary.

Mr. Binney is reported to have entertained his brethren at the last half-yearly meeting of the Congregational Union, by telling them that he wrote such good books for young people by means of 'hard thinking,' and we are far from saying that his writings generally are not characterised eminently by this quality; but we cannot help our opinion that, in the passages we have now taken, both from himself and Dr. Angus, this is precisely the element which is in some measure wanting. An occasional looseness of language betokens, to our minds, a corresponding looseness of thought. So when Dr. Angus tells us that 'the penalties it [the law] inflicts are *involved in a great degree* in sin itself,' and Mr. Binney that the forgiveness of sin requires 'a miracle, or *something equivalent to a miracle*,' we ask ourselves, why this indecision of language? If Dr. Angus perceives that the depraving influence of sin does not constitute the whole of its punishment, why does he not pursue the glimmering idea which is before him, and give us the entire constituents of so important a matter? And if Mr. Binney discerns that what forgiveness of sin requires is not really 'a miracle,' but only 'something equivalent to it,' why should he not insist on more clearly defining to his own mind the conception with which it labours? We suspect that a little more 'hard thinking' would, in both these cases, have been very useful, and have attained a combined accuracy and fulness, both of perception and of diction, of which many thousands of persons would have reaped the advantage.

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\* Tower Church Sermons, p. 113.

## My Young Mistresses ; OR, LOVE AND LABOUR.

### CHAPTER I.—MY HOME.

MY last dear mistress came to me a few weeks since, and said, 'Alice, dear old Alice' (so she always calls me), 'do write me the story of your life; I wish to let my children see what servants feel. I want them to learn that which in our lives of ease and luxury we are so apt to forget, that the hearts of our dependents are much like our own; that they rejoice and suffer as we do; and that we who have so much in our power, ought to be very careful that we add not a feather's weight to the burden of their servitude.'

Something like this she said (I cannot be sure of the very words); and so I am going to write down my story, not that there is anything very wonderful in it, but simply to please my dear mistress.

I think I had better begin at the beginning, and tell you where I was born. It was at a pretty small white farm-house in Suffolk, not many miles from Ipswich. I shall call it Lee. I never did see such a bright looking whitewashed house as my old home—never. I never saw such honeysuckles as grew over the porch; nor tasted such pears as were trained over the gable; nor smelt thyme and lavender so sweet as those which grew in my mother's little garden. Father was a small farmer, and when I was a child, he was 'well to do' in the world. He had several acres of land, and several cows and sheep; and mother had plenty of fowls, which it was my business, when I was old enough, to go and feed.

We had a maid, named Martha, who used to milk the cows, and make the butter and cheese, and do a great deal. She was a clean, rosy girl, but rather hasty in her temper. When she answered mother a little short, mother was always silent; and she was very particular never to put Martha out, nor to allow us to do so. She said when we knew a person's failings, whether a child or servant, it was very cruel to provoke it.

I had one sister, named Lizzy, the next in age to me, and three brothers, all younger than myself. Mother had never very good health, and the work for her large family was no trifle.

Lizzy and I used to go to the parish clerk's every afternoon, to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic; and mother used to tell persons we were good scholars; and perhaps we might be, for the time and place we lived in; but I believe little children now-a-days in infant-schools, have more real knowledge than we had at ten or twelve years old. We had few children's books in those days. The clergyman's lady gave me Barbauld's Hymns, and to Lizzy Mrs. Trimmer's Scripture History, and as they were thought great treasures, they were sewn up in brown canvass, and kept in mother's top drawer. We were busy children, and did a great deal of needlework for our

father and brothers of an evening. One week was much like another, with only such changes as the seasons brought. On the cold winter days we kept much to our knitting and sewing. In spring there were the busy joys of seed-setting and planting; care for tender lambs and young chickens. In summer the delicious days of fruit-gathering for the market, preserving and pickling, and cheese-making. Autumn with its duties in the harvest-field, and its gala day when we used to sing a sweet song in the moonlight:—

‘The harvest moon is in the sky,  
The west is all on fire;  
The corn must all be housed and dry,  
Before the light expire.’

But our merriest days were market-days. Mother did not often go. She was frequently ill, and Martha and I used to take the beautiful fresh butter, new-laid eggs, and fine fat chickens and ducks, to the town, where they met with a ready sale; and the delights of shopping and the shops were to me inexhaustible.

When I was about sixteen, and my youngest brother nearly four, little sister was born. The happiness of my heart when I was first trusted with that baby I have never felt surpassed; and when, owing to my mother's illness, it was committed to my care at night, I thought I should not sleep for joy.

It was a dear, delicate, pretty baby. Too sweet and too pretty to live, every one said.

I seem to have been quite a woman ever since the first night that baby was with me. The mysterious delight of having it to feed, and to tend, reconciled me to broken rest and long watching, and the love of the darling little Letty more than repaid me for my trouble. I left off going to market now; Lizzy went with Martha, and just at this time I remember the beginning of troubles.

Father often looked very grave, and used to talk of bad times and short crops. His rent had been raised, and he said he could not meet his expenses. Mother's illness after little Letty's birth had been a long one. James, my eldest brother, who was out-door servant at the Hall, had a bad fever. And besides the loss of his wages, a long doctor's bill came in early in the new year, which made father say he was a ruined man; and set poor mother off crying very bitterly. Of all the six children, not one but James brought in a penny. The boys still went to school; and neither Lizzy nor I ever thought of such a thing as going to service.

One cold night at the end of January, I remember I had been nursing little Letty all day, for she was cutting a tooth, and was feverish and ill: the cart was not home from market, father was gone to the town too, and mother began to grow very anxious; and said she never knew them so late before. I went to the garden gate more than once, with my apron thrown over my head, to listen, and at last I heard the sound of wheels coming very slowly, but I did not wonder at this, as a sharp frost had set in, and the roads were like glass. At length the cart stopped, and I saw, to my surprise, that father was in



it. He had fallen down in the cattle-market, had broken his leg, and had been conveyed to the inn where we usually put up in Ipswich.

It was a sorrowful time for us. The doctor came, and was not out of our house for many and many a day. Bills came in, too, and we could not pay them. Our cattle did badly; and nothing seemed to prosper.

People used to come in and say we ought not so many of us to hang on our parents. So Edward, my second brother, was sent to a brother of my father's in Ipswich, to learn shoe-making. We parted with Patty, too; and mother, and Lizzy, and I, did the work between us, but we missed Patty very much. Our butter and cheese were never like hers, and our eggs fell wonderfully short. So we went down-hill every day. Meanwhile, Letty drooped. She was just turned eighteen months old, and father had been confined seven weeks to the house, when, as I was putting her to bed one night, I saw a blue tinge on her pretty mouth. I called mother, and she knew the sign too well.

Harry ran for the doctor; and we got a bath, and did all we could, and so did the doctor, when he came, but in twelve hours more, after the convulsions had ceased, she closed her mournful blue eyes, and sighed out her little life on my arm. I never shed such tears before. My heart was so bound up in my little sister—not the less firmly that she was the child of our sorrows, and that clouds had ever hung over her cradle.

I laid her myself in her tiny coffin, and wept on in all the bitterness of grief, for I knew nothing of Him who had told of his love to little children, and I thought it hard that my Letty should be taken.

One bright Sunday afternoon in March she was buried, and after service, an old lady, who lived in the village, and had been very kind to us in our troubles, came, as she said, to give us comfort. It was a pity, that with a kind heart she should so often have made little hard speeches, but so it was. She told mother, that with so many mouths to feed, it was ungrateful and selfish to mourn for the dead child; that she was, doubtless, taken from the evil to come, and so on. But mother wept all the more at these words, and my heart was very sore. I had watched Letty through many long days and nights of suffering; nay, I had watched the body ever since the little spirit had fled, and was even then thinking of my solitary pillow and lonely chamber that night, against the window-panes of which the old apple-tree lashed its yet leafless boughs; when she turned to me, and said, 'You can be spared to go to service now, and I have heard of a place for you: an old friend of mine in Ipswich is quite willing to try you, and I've promised you should go and speak to her to-morrow.'

A bitter feeling again; it was as though my darling sister's death was to be a welcome event. I thought it all very cold and cruel, and rushed straight up stairs to my little bed-room, and there I knelt down and cried, as though my heart would break. Letty was gone to heaven; oh! that I could have followed her. Perhaps it was pride. I cannot say; yes, I think now it certainly was pride, for we had

never thought of going to service, and just now, with my heart torn by the parting from baby, it seemed a doubly sad prospect. So I sate, trying in vain to bring my mind to it, when I heard the little gate open, and uncle Ben came in.

He was to have been with us at the funeral, but had mistaken the hour, and had walked all the way from Felixtowe to find himself too late to see the earth put over the body of the dead, but not too late to comfort the hearts of the living.

In a moment I was in his arms. He was a rough sailor was uncle Ben, and had been always a favourite with us. He had left the sea now, and lived with an old housekeeper in a little cottage close by the sea-shore at Felixtowe. He had a pension, for he had seen much service. He owned a fishing boat, and was comfortably off; many a kind little act he had done us in days when kind acts were not so precious as now, and we all hailed uncle Ben's visit. He was a good man, my mother was used to say, and so he was. She herself, dear simple creature, little knowing in what light he most truly deserved the word. In an hour's time he had spread something of his own peaceful, hopeful spirit around us; and when father was in bed, and the others all in bed, too, I still clung to uncle Ben, for I felt he had some sort of medicine that I needed. He sate folding me in his arms a long time, as I would have folded Letty, his grey hair floating reverently on his broad shoulders, and his large coarse hand passed fondly on my head again and again for some time silently.

At length he said,

'I think, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; is it not so?'

I could not apply it to myself, and I told him this, and he patiently talked to me in his own kind simple way of the love of God and his willingness to receive all who came to him; and how, sometimes, sorrows were only messages of love to bring poor wanderers home.

I shall never forget that night. But the bitterness of bitterness was, that I must go to service, and I told him my trouble. He looked very seriously at me, when I spoke of the hardness of my lot, but he was too tender to reproach, so he simply told me that service was no disgrace; but that those who did their duty in any station of life to which God called them, were always to be respected. A great deal more he said, by way of reconciling me to going to service, trying to point out that God had made different classes in society for a wise and good end; not that the poor might try to emulate the rich, nor that the rich should oppress the poor; but simply that the one should protect, and rule in gentleness and love, the other should serve in meekness and in fear. He read me, too, that good advice of Paul's to servants, and by and by I felt a little more reconciled. But oh! when I went to my solitary room, and saw the pressure of the little head in the vacant cradle, my wound broke forth afresh, and I wept till the day dawned.

The next morning important matters had to be settled. The farm must be let. We must leave our old home; and where better could my poor mother go than to Felixtowe, to be near her kind, good brother,

our uncle Ben. So it was all planned; James was to stay in his old place at the Hall; Edward was to stay with uncle at Ipswich; and I was to be under-housemaid at Mrs. Maxwell's, the situation of which the old lady had spoken so highly on the Sunday night.

I might fill pages with an account of that sorrowful packing up. There was not much of that, however; a great part of the furniture was to be sold.

I begged mother, among a few household treasures, to keep Letty's high-backed chair and cradle. They were accordingly safely packed on the waggon; and everything being over, the whole family, some in the cart, which was to be sold the next day, and some in the stage coach, drove off to Felixstowe on Lady Day, and I stood at the door of our deserted house alone.

I was to leave the key at Mr. Rendell's, the auctioneer, between Lee and Ipswich; and as I locked the door, and took the key from its place, I felt that all joy was locked out of my heart for ever; for I little knew then that God could make the rose bloom in the desert, and could give me greater peace in the wilderness world than I had ever known in home shelter.

My path lay through the church-yard, and you may be sure I stopped and bade good bye to the only grave of our household; and as I stood there, mournfully enough in my lonely grief, a bright-eyed little girl came up. She might be ten—she could not have been more. I never saw her before, nor have ever seen her since. I think she was visiting at the Parsonage.

'Why do you cry?' she said.

'I've lost my little sister, my dear; she lies buried here.'

'Her body, you mean,' said the child; and, taking up her black frock, said, 'See, I have lost some one too—my mamma; but I shouldn't like to think of her in a grave. Her voice does not sound there; her heart does not beat there. All I knew and loved of mamma is in heaven.'

I looked at the child in surprise, and said, 'Very true, my dear; and if we are good, you shall see your mamma, and I my little sister again one day.'

'Not *because* we are good though,' said the child. 'If we go to heaven, it will be by feeling that we are not good, and want a Saviour. That's what mamma taught me; but good bye,' she said, and lifting up her rosy lips for a kiss, she bounded away to a lady who was reading the epitaphs, and I never saw her more.

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## Record of Christian Missions.

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THE progress of Christianity is the progress of man. In a profounder sense than the poet meant, 'a Christian is the highest style of man!' Under the debasing influences of superstition, whilst worshipping idols of the cave and

idols of the dan, he becomes a dwarfed and stunted man. Nor does philosophy supply the needed motive power for the full and free development of his whole nature as such. The histories of Greece and Rome, those embodiments of the ideas of art and of power, teach us emphatically that the present condition of the Germanic countries of Europe is mainly attributable to the silent but all-subduing processes of Christianity.

We in England should lose much of our most healthful influences and motives for good, if we were deprived of the reports of our various Missionary Societies. It is something to go into a warehouse and see the cases of Bibles that are going to the antipodes to a people who, the other day, possessed no written language; it is something to see talented manhood and woman's worth and power of self-endurance volunteering to lead some forlorn hope amongst miserable Fejees or sunken Kafirs; and it is a godly power that comes upon our hearts as we find, that amidst all the wails and lamentations pronounced over the Christianity of the nineteenth century, it is pre-eminent in works of heroic self-devotion, and of world-wide force. For eighteen centuries Christianity has been no inoperative creed; nor is it likely to die out in the nineteenth. We bate no jot of heart or hope in anticipating the future conflicts of great principles, because, as hitherto, though truth may be beaten in the battle, it will conquer in the war.

Let us take the first illustration that comes to hand. Here is the 'Missionary Herald' of the Baptist Society. What would the fathers and founders of this vigorous society have said to the following:—'The people of the Sandwich Islands are a Christian nation, and may rightfully claim a place among the Protestant Christian nations of the earth.' 'Such,' says the 'Herald,' 'is the language in which the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions announce the result of their labours in the Southern Seas. Not but that there is much weakness and an imperfect civilisation yet existing. Nevertheless, its government, constitution, laws, institutions, and people, are Christian in the same sense in which they are such in our own country; and the appropriate work of a foreign missionary society, that of propagating the gospel among the unevangelized, has been completed. *The mission is dissolved.*' Let the reader of this consult the 35th volume of the 'Quarterly Review' for an able *résumé* of all the facts connected with Hawaëin idolatry as it existed thirty years ago, and he will then be able to appreciate the following noble words of John Quincy Adams, uttered ten years since in reference to this people:—

'It is a subject of cheering contemplation to the friends of human improvement and virtue, that, by the mild and gentle influence of Christian charity, dispensed by humble missionaries of the gospel, unarmed with secular power, within the last quarter of a century, the people of this group of islands have been converted from the lowest debasement of idolatry to the blessings of the Christian gospel; united under one balanced government; rallied to the fold of civilization by a written language and constitution, providing security for the rights of persons, property, and mind, and invested with all the elements of right and power which can entitle them to be acknowledged by their brethren of the human race, as a separate and independent community.'

We notice with great satisfaction the progress of the Calabar Institution in Jamaica, for training native young men for the gospel ministry. Its anniversary

has recently been held, at which various searching examinations in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and theology, took place. 'Sixteen young men had been educated,' the report says, 'in the college from its commencement, nearly all of whom were occupying important spheres of labour in the island as pastors and teachers.' This is as it should be; this is the work of the European and although often tempted to say much, as the result of observation, on our failings in past years in this respect, we cannot help earnestly expressing a hope that some arrangement may yet be made, so that the comparatively weak and languishing stations of the London Missionary Society in the island of Jamaica might be transferred to the Baptist Society, by which there would be a consolidation of workable energy, an economy in machinery, and a reduction of expenditure, that would be of equal service to both societies.

The 'London Missionary Society's Chronicle' continues Mr. Lacroix's interesting narrative of his Bengalee tour, from which we can make no extracts with anything like completeness. Generally speaking, missionaries appear to be as welcomed by the people as they are hated by the priests; this is a good sign, and ominous of quick success, for once let a priesthood, Brahminical or Christian, array itself against the people, and it must, in spite of all accidental advantages, soon topple headlong into the bottomless pit of all falsehoods.

The 'Book of the Religious Precepts of the T'ae Ping dynasty' (of the revolutionist leaders in China) has been translated by Dr. Medhurst, and copious extracts are here given from it. It contains points of strange and strong similarity and dissimilarity to our received version of New Testament teachings, but it is a most interesting document, and alone well worth the price of the 'Chronicle.' Take the following as an illustration:—'A prayer to God for morning or evening: 'I, thy unworthy son or daughter, kneeling down on the ground, pray to thee, the great God, our heavenly Father, that thou wouldst grant me thy merciful protection, and constantly bestow upon me thy Holy Spirit, to change my wicked heart, and never more allow me to be deceived by demoniacal influences; but perpetually regarding me with favour, that thou wouldst for ever deliver me from the evil one, through the merits of our Saviour and heavenly Brother, the Lord Jesus, who redeemed us from sin. I also pray thee, the great God, our Father in heaven, that thy will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven, and that thou wouldst look down and grant this my request, is my heart's sincere desire.' And this from China! Surely, these are not far from the kingdom of heaven. We are glad to see that the subscriptions in aid of the Chinese enlarged mission have nearly reached 9,000*l.*, and that the sacramental collections for the widows and orphans of missionaries have realized nearly 1,000*l.* Let us not be generous even to the Chinese before we are just to prior claimants.

The 'Church Missionary Intelligencer' is always respectable, even when it is sectarian. It does its work genteelly, even when it acts unjustly. The whole of the present number is occupied with a dissertation on the prospects of the Indian races in America, an able and interesting memorial of the red and stricken race. After referring to several cheering facts in connexion with several tribes, especially the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, and the Cherokees, among whom knowledge and civilization have benignly arrested many fearful evils, and bestowed

undreamt-of blessings, the report concludes thus, and we rejoice to transfer these words to our pages, knowing that they will thus meet the eye of many who may not probably see the original. Speaking of the Cherokees,\* the writer says:—

‘They are advancing in knowledge. Twenty-six years ago many seemed to think that they conferred a favour on the missionary by allowing him to take their children to feed, clothe, and instruct for nothing. Now, the desire for education is nearly universal; and not a few are willing to incur a heavy expenditure, rather than fail of obtaining it. Apart from mission schools, there are two seminaries, and twenty-seven common schools, supported by the nation, in all of which the English language is the medium of instruction. The seminaries—one for boys and the other for girls—are intended to accommodate one hundred pupils each, and the course of study is to extend through four years. It is the wish and purpose of the Cherokee government to procure teachers of high qualifications; and to this end they offer very liberal salaries. Of the Indians generally, it is a deeply important fact, in connexion with the advance of gospel truth, that in several of the tribes, not only has the decrease of population been arrested, but there is an actual increase. Previously to their removal, the Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws, were all on the increase. Their transfer to a new locality, and the fatigues and depressing circumstances connected with it, acted unfavourably upon them, and for a time they went backward. Indeed, the Cherokees lost one-fourth of their population, in consequence of their removal. For a while afterwards they showed a lessening census. But now it is otherwise. In truth, they have nearly regained, if not quite, the ground which they lost. And so it has been with the Choctaws. When they crossed the Mississippi, it was at a large expenditure of life. But now they are advancing. And the same is believed to be true of the Creeks. We might speak of other tribes, as well in the British dominions as in the United States, who are also advancing. But these are sufficient. They show that the same law of population applies to red men and white men. In both cases, there is an increase in favourable circumstances, and a decrease in unfavourable circumstances.’

Pausing just to draw attention to the admirable map of British North America, with the stations of the Church Missionary Society, by Arrowsmith, we must proceed to intimate briefly that the ‘Monthly Record’ of the Gospel Propagation Society is occupied wholly with an account, not of the progress of *Christianity*, but of ‘the progress of the Church in India,’ the first apparently being subordinate. The following is an extract from an address by Bishop Middleton, spoken many years since, now referred to with delight by the editor of this monthly twopennyworth of high-spiced bigotry:—

“When I last addressed you, I endeavoured to show that the diffusion of Christianity was not effected so much by independent efforts and unauthorized experiments, as by the gradual expansion of the Catholic Church. It may, therefore, be expected that nothing will so effectually contribute to the object in question as a considerable church establishment, which shall make our religion conspicuous, and give weight and authority to the labours of those employed in

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\* The Cherokees have 5,770 horses, 28,705 cattle, and 36,000 hogs amongst them.

the work of conversion. Missionaries may, and ought, to be sent forth, acting under proper authority, and subject to control, as in primitive times; and schools, in connexion with our missions, should be maintained, to prepare the soil for the reception of the good seed. But the whole missionary system should, as much as possible, derive authority and energy from its connexion with the Established Church; and if her apparatus be marked by penury, or her proceedings by languor and indifference, what will the heathen conclude, but that their conversion and instruction is a matter of subordinate moment in the estimation of our highest authorities in Church and State."

'We quote,' says the editor, 'these extracts, because they unfold the true cause of the comparatively slow progress of the gospel in India. Its missionaries have not gone forth *with authority*; their efforts have been isolated and desultory, without any combined system or order; conflicting views of the same truth, and differing forms of the same religion, have been presented before the native mind; and though the conviction may have been wrought that Hindooism is false, no settled belief has been produced that this or that form of Christianity is true: hence in many instances infidelity, but more frequently reluctance to inquire, and the contented and unreasoning acquiescence of multitudes in their own superstitions. Had our Church in her integrity been placed before the inhabitants of India, from the commencement of the British rule, the result would probably have been different. It is not the solitary missionary preaching in the bazaar, or opening his Bible under the shade of a tree, that can effect this vast object; efforts such as these only excite ridicule and scoffing. Our Church must send forth labourers vested with *her* authority.'

The 'Colonial Church Chronicle and Missionary Journal' is in the same strain, and it is both sad and sickening to see the withering blight that caste throws over otherwise noble and upright minds. The men are ruined by their system; and, while pious clergymen take special delight in ignoring and scoffing at the labours of all Christian teachers but themselves, every now and then we are pained to see Dissenting ministers begging pardon for their existence, and, in 'whispering humbleness,' trying to get a patronizing look, or a patronizing shake of the hand, or a patronizing invitation to a party, from the clergyman of the parish—that very clergyman, spite of all the Evangelical Alliances in the world, being the very first to snub 'Mr.' A. as an unauthorized teacher and an impertinent parishioner. Hear the following extract from a private letter from a clergyman at the Cape to a friend in England, printed in this month's 'Colonial Church Chronicle':—'I must tell you of a state of things probably *new to you*\*—I mean the present position of the Christians in Madagascar. I have the whole story from a very worthy man, Ellis by name—an agent of the London Missionary Society. They sent out *two* missionaries or agents, I think they are convertible terms,' &c., &c. And then the writer adds, what shall receive as comment from us but a verse of Keble's touching the Scotch Church:—'The London Missionary Society has been doing some of the Church's work; and, *if I may say so reverently*, in these instances, at least, God has given fruit in spite of their defective creed and absence of com-

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\* They were not *new* to us poor Dissenters. 'Quoram pars magna fui,' each one might say.

mission, as a reward to their zeal and a humiliation to the Church.' Captain Prejudice, with his fifty deaf men, still keeps Bargarate. So Keble says—

' Oh, rally not at our brethren of the North,  
Albeit Samaria finds its likeness there,  
A self-formed priesthood, and a church cast forth,  
To the cold mountain air.'

We regret to pass over the 'Wesleyan Notices' this month, but we have only time for the following; and thus ending in a cheerful strain, we close this survey, hoping next month to have less Church and more Christianity to put on record. The following is from the men of might in the North—the men of the Free Church of Scotland. May Heaven smile propitiously on their Australian enterprises, and let all the people say 'Amen!' The following is from Dr. Cairns, recently arrived at Melbourne :—

'A great and effectual door is open to the Free Church for preaching the gospel in Australia at this time. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of our occupying it—and occupying it *now*. The most energetic measures are required. Money should be liberally contributed and freely expended; and, in proportion as this is done, will all our outlay be amply repaid, both in good done and in sympathy awakened for our Christian enterprises at home. The best of our men should not be grudging, and the best of our men should be ready to enter on the work. The circumstances are peculiar. Such work was never, perhaps, before given to this or to any church; and we trust it will be prosecuted with the spirit, energy, and promptitude, which it demands and deserves.

'It is hardly possible to convey to you any adequate idea of the social condition of this country—the rapidity with which it is being densely peopled—and the urgency of the call for *able* preachers. It is quite vain to send weak men here. The mass of emigrants are clever, intelligent, and hard-headed, who will not put up with drones. Energy in the pulpit is a *sine quâ non*. We have no sentimentalists here—no pietism—but a great deal of the rough-and-ready mind, frank and generous to a degree—but impatient of silliness. The feeling in favour of the Free Church is at present quite decided. We are thought to be more in earnest than some others; and there is a disposition to confide in us, as upon the whole the best church for the colony. I speak this of Presbyterians, of course. A good many respectable members of the Established Church have already attached themselves to my ministry; and it is from their remarks that I have deduced the conclusions I have stated.

'You will see, from this hurried sketch, that we require immediately eight or ten additional ministers. Press the matter upon the hearts of my brethren. There is no fear of Scotland. It is comparatively as the garden of God. But here is a nascent world, and a far-resounding cry for the bread of life, and no means whatever of meeting the necessity.

'I sincerely hope that better days are awaiting the Free Church in Australia. Public feeling is with us—take the tide at its height, and it will float us on to large prosperity. But trifle with this crisis, and we will be left to scramble in the shallows for a generation to come. Send us quarterly two ministers of ability and experience, and a number of preachers on whose competency, as manly and energetic, we can rely.'



## Monthly Retrospect.

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WHERE shall we begin, dear reader? For in multiplicity of topics surely never has a month been more pregnant. Topics foreign, topics domestic, is the most easy and general classification, which may be subdivided into Foreign—topics Russian, Turkish, Austrian, French, Chinese, and topics Religious; Domestic—topics Parliamentary, including all topics under the sun; Educational, Social, Gustatory, and topics Comical and Tragical, for Crimes, Death, and Murder cannot, alas! be left out of the least comprehensive catalogue of the events of the month. Foremost of all these is still the great question of the relation of the Powers of Europe to the state and destinies of Turkey. The aspect of these relations has been somewhat changed since we last wrote. Prussia, receding from the firm attitude displayed to Count Orloff, suddenly shows signs of an inexplicable oscillation, for a moment hesitates, and then announces to the Courts of Europe that she has no interest at stake in the struggle, and therefore will take no part therein. While we do not join in the sarcastic comments of the now bullying and now coaxing 'Times' in this unexpected declaration, and might pause rather to admire the temporary firmness of a weak prince who thus resists the tide of European sentiment—we can say, Happily, this does not complicate the position of the other powers. If such had been its tendency, the manifesto of the Russian Autocrat, the speech of the French Emperor, the declaration of Lord Clarendon, and the publication of the extraordinary correspondence between the Courts of St. Petersburg and St. James on the destinies of Turkey, would have restored the chief belligerent powers to an attitude of firm resistance to the encroachments of the grasping despotism and cunning selfishness of the Czar. The manifesto, in reply to Louis Napoleon's remonstrance, would have roused the anger and indignation of the people and courts of the two nations now seeking to vindicate the rights of Turkey and future liberties of Europe, by its unabashed deceptiveness and dogged re-assertion of falsehoods patent to every reader. We learn with some satisfaction that these falsehoods are not so generally credited in St. Petersburg as has been supposed, and that even there it is beginning to be seen that the sole object of the war is the conquest of territory, and not a crusade for the Faith. This object of conquest has, on the other hand, been condemned both as a general and particular principle of action by the French Emperor. 'The time for conquest,' said Louis Napoleon, at the opening of the French Chamber, 'is past.' A new and glorious maxim for statesmen! a recognition of which would cover the earth with the blessings of an eternal peace, damming up the fountain of all international war, through Reason bridling the lusts of rulers within human bounds. The French Emperor's dignified statement, in the same speech, of his resolve with regard to Turkey, would tend to assure the Czar that this is intended to be an *active* principle of modern politics, which, if he do not adopt from reason, will be forced upon him by compulsion. To the same effect is Lord Clarendon's declaration of the objects of the present war, made in the debate in the House of Lords on the 10th:—'We are about to engage in a contest in support of the principles of justice and of sound

policy ; we are about to prevent the pernicious example being given of a weak State being overwhelmed by a powerful neighbour ; we are about to prevent the unjust interpretation of a treaty being supported by violence ; we are about to prevent the territorial limits established by treaty, and the equilibrium of Europe from being violently disturbed ; and I hope, as my noble friend stated, that we shall also put a stop to that blasting influence which has deprived more than one country of Europe—indeed, I may say, so large a portion of Europe, of its freedom of action—an influence which is always exerted to check that progress which is essential to the welfare of nations—and an influence, moreover, which, by stigmatizing as revolutionary, and by checking all those improvements which Governments have been willing to give, and the people being fit to receive were entitled to expect, has encouraged disloyalty and discontent, and has so operated that Russian influence has really served the cause of revolution.’

The denunciation of ‘ violence ’ is here as striking as in the aphoristic sentence of the Emperor ; but conquest can be attained by fraud and cozenage, as well as by force. There has, therefore, been published, at the infatuated demand of the Czar, the Secret Correspondence between Russia and England, as to their relations to the Turkish Empire. In this correspondence the Czar covertly proposes a secret convention between Russia and England, having for its object the partition of the empire of the Sultan between the two powers. In declining to be a party to such a convention, Lord John Russell, on the part of Great Britain, at once and for ever disavows every intention and hope of possessing or holding any part of Turkey, and the ‘ word of a gentleman ’ is given by the Czar, to the effect that he will never use violence to enforce any claim against the Sultan, or seek by any means to weaken his position. It is now known that at the moment when he was uttering these words an army of 140,000 men was on its way to Wallachia ! The correspondence in which these facts are brought out is damaging in the last degree to the honour and faith of the Emperor of Russia, and scarcely less so to the credit of Lord Aberdeen, who, while he was proclaiming entire faith and confidence in the uprightness of the Czar, and the candour of his intentions had, in this very correspondence, the amplest assurance as to his ambitious designs, and the little value he placed on his plighted word. But Lord Aberdeen has been the ‘ good friend ’ of the Emperor for ‘ forty years,’ and, it is currently rumoured, is so attached to him, that he will resign his office when war is formally declared !

These events have naturally formed the subject of frequent and exciting debate in both Houses of Parliament—the Earl of Shaftesbury’s and Lord Clarendon’s speeches on the evening of the 10th being both able and statesmanlike contributions to the Parliamentary discussion of this question. The Earl of Shaftesbury’s speech on the history of Christianity in Turkey was a noble and triumphant vindication of the liberality of the Sultan’s Government. ‘ In 1826,’ said Lord Shaftesbury, ‘ the Emperor Nicholas ascended the throne, and what did he do ? He suppressed, by ukase, the Russian Bible Society, with all its branches, suppressed every privilege granted to religious societies, and brought back the night of the human intellect and the human heart, that he seemed to prize so dearly. Had

Turkey done anything of the sort? She had in twenty years done more for religious liberty than Russia in the famous 900 years that the Emperor vaunted as the period of alliance between the Slavonic nations and the Greek communion.'

The Domestic policy of Government has been shadowed forth in measures of conflicting merit and character. The Lord-Advocate, on the 28th February, introduced a bill for the improvement of the system of National Education in Scotland, which passed its first reading the same evening. It is opposed, however, by both Voluntaries and State-churchmen. in the 'North country'—by the former, for its interference with the religious belief of the people; by the latter, for its 'want of principle' and meddlingness of detail. So the bill will most probably meet with the fate incurred for it by the ignorance of its promoter and its own demerits.—The same night, in the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor introduced a bill for the simplification of Common Law Procedure, in which it is proposed to dispense with the service of juries on special occasions—a feature of the measure which raised some discussion, but met with a general and deserved approval.—Mr. Chambers's motion for a Committee of Inquiry into the number and discipline of Conventual Establishments met with opposition from both the Government and the Radical section of the House, respectively represented by Lord John Russell and Mr. Miall. Mr. Miall considered the necessity 'not proven,' and urged the inexpediency of exciting sectarian animosities at the present crisis of affairs, and on higher ground of Ecclesiastical Liberty and Religious Right, stated his objections to any such inquiry. The motion, however, passed by a large majority, Government apparently not caring to whip up its followers to defeat it as they would have done on any question involving an *extension* of religious liberties.—The Stoke Newington Church Bill, however—a local Ecclesiastical job, introduced under the patronage of Charles James—afterwards met with a decisive rejection.—On the 3rd, Lord John Russell briefly stated his reasons for postponing the second reading of the Reform Bill to the 27th of April, not engaging to bring it on that day if the circumstances of the country should appear to make it desirable not to introduce any measure which would have the effect of weakening the hands of the Executive while conducting the European war. We postpone any remarks which we might desire to make on this step till its final result is seen. At present it looks very much like a confession of weakness and distrust of consequences which would be fatal even to a less important measure.—The concise financial statement of Mr. Gladstone on the 6th, indicating a prosperous state of the finances, and doubling the Income-tax for six months to pay the expenses of the war, calls for none but approving remarks on the courage of principle which denounced the monstrous injustice of burdening posterity with the debts of a present generation—an immorality well classed by an able political writer with the act of the father who would entail on his son the debts incurred by his own vices and crimes.—Sir John Young's measure for modifying the present law for the levying of Ministers' Money in Ireland, has passed through two severe ordeals of opposition on the part of that section of the House now happily capable of organized action—as represented by the members for Manchester and Rochdale. It has been resolved, we believe, to

oppose this bill at every stage of its progress.—Mr. Locke King's bill for altering the law of succession to Real Estate, has fallen through from the opposition of Government and Mr. Disraeli.—Of the Oxford University Bill we have spoken elsewhere. The general treatment of this first measure for the reform of the National Universities is, perhaps, a fair indication of the respect in which Dissenters are held by politicians. To say that they are treated with contempt would be to speak with exaggeration. Their very existence is ignored! Because they have hitherto been the willing dopes of statesmen for the last 170 years; doing all kinds of work, whether clean or dirty, when called upon; thankful for any measure or character of notice, whether in the shape of 'kicks' or 'halfpence,' obsequious to servility, divided to a proverb, distrustful of each other, and, therefore, the tools of the privileged and powerful; it is evidently supposed that their present strength is no better than their past reputation, and that it matters not whether they approve or disapprove, vote for or against, so long as by their principles they cannot be dangerous to Liberal measures, or a Whig Government. The Liberation of Religion Society has already bestirred itself to awake the dormant apathy of Dissenters as to their rights and interests in this question, and a band of members is ready to give voice to their feelings and support to their desires. Success, perhaps, is out of the question, whilst Whigs, Conservatives, and Tories, unite in opposition; but Government may afterwards be taught a bitter lesson when the fate of party measures may depend on the votes of the Dissenters in the House—and this is the only kind of lesson that can be read with effect to time-serving politicians.—The Reform Club Dinner to Sir Charles Napier, and Mr. Bright's severe and effective strictures thereon, Mr. Pellatt's Oaths Bill, and Mr. Stonor's appointment, have formed almost the only remaining subjects of importance for Parliamentary discussion, for the announcement of the free pardon of Mr. Smith O'Brien and the Chartist convicts more naturally evoked only cheers of congratulation and approval of an act of stern justice so tempered with magnanimity and mercy. The scandalous and, to the credit of humanity it may be said, the almost unprecedented villany of the firm of Sturgeon and Sons, of Grays, in Essex, in supplying the contract for hay for the Eastern expedition, has elicited only a burst of indignation and call for vengeance, for whose mitigation Mercy would blush to plead.

The Labour question has received what will most likely prove to be a solution of its difficulty, in the shape of the arrest of the leaders of the 'Turn-outs' for intimidation and conspiracy against other workmen; and thus demagogism is despoiled of a harvest.—A richer harvest has however, awaited another reaper, and four classes of society have been robbed by him of chosen favourites. The Socialists have lost the Abbé Lammenais; the Church, the Bishop of Salisbury; the Aristocracy, the Marquis of Londonderry; the Bench, Chief Justice Talfourd. To society the loss of each but the last may be supplied. He, cut down like a tree rich in foliage and laden with fruit, in the summer of his days and the strength of his renown, leaves a gap which none but himself could supply. His life had been one of purpose and ass., and his last.

breath was given to the welfare of the State. Few lived so esteemed, and few have died so regretted. May the usefulness of his life, and the character of his death, be equally a lesson to the generation that now counts him amongst the laurels of a never-fading crown!

The news has now arrived that Russia rejects all overtures of peace. On the evening of the 27th Parliament was officially informed of this fact, in a message from the Crown. On the 31st, when this journal will be in the hands of most of our readers, it will be debating the Address in Reply, and the silver sounds of the Bells of peace will once more be drowned in the din of 'Horrid War.'

## Intelligence.

### THE 'LIBERATION OF RELIGION' SOCIETY.

A SECOND *soirée* to promote the objects of this society was held at the Whittington Club, on the 8th March, and attended by a large and respectable gathering of ladies and gentlemen. The chair was taken by Lawrence Heyworth, Esq., M.P. The special purpose of the society in calling this meeting was to raise a further subscription towards the £5,000 required to carry on its operations with necessary vigour and activity. Of this between £400 and £500 had been subscribed at the private *soirée* held at Radley's Hotel. Before the meeting separated this amount was nearly doubled. The claims of this society on the support of all classes of Dissenters and liberal politicians could not be better urged than by quoting of the Secretary's brief statement of the work it was now doing:—After referring to the changes effected at the Conference, which had been found to have produced a very favourable impression, he explained the object of the recently formed Parliamentary sub-committee. Although the session was but a few weeks old, there were indications that that sub-committee would have sufficient work cut out for it. For instance, on the previous night they had had their first skirmish, and had been glad to help their Stoke-Newington friends in securing the defeat of a parish church bill, which might be described as a snug church job. On the next night a motion would be made for the abolition of Ministers' Money in Ireland, a miserable exaction, which ought to have been abolished long ago. The Government were about to attempt the reform of the Universities, and they, therefore, thought the time had come when the opening of those institutions to the people, irrespective of their religious opinions, should be resolutely pressed. A settlement of the church-rate question had been promised, and it would be necessary to insist on the entire abolition of that exaction. The Church Buildings' Acts had also to be amended; the colonial clergy were seeking to be relieved from alleged disabilities; and the Bishop of London wished to legalize pew-rents. These questions, with the Miscellaneous Endowments, and other topics certain to come up, would supply excellent opportunities for pressing their principles upon the attention of Parliament. It was desired that there should be co-operation with other bodies, and accordingly, overtures had been made to the Dissenting Deputies, having in view that object. The committee desired, as soon as practicable, to form an Electoral Committee, which should, by working among the constituencies, augment their strength in the House of Commons, which, however respectable, was as yet inadequate. They did not intend to neglect the press as an agency, and among other steps had in preparation two works, which would put before the public the striking facts contained in the recently published census. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Bell, M.P., Rev. J. Kennedy, Dr. Foster, Mr. Morley, Mr. Waddington, Mr. Miall, and others, and closed its proceedings by adopting a petition to Parliament for the opening of the Universities to Dissenters.

**MINISTERS' MONEY (IRELAND). BELL.**—The Government bill referred to in our Monthly Retrospect, proposes that only so much of the tax shall continue as is now levied upon houses rated at above £10, and that no house shall pay a greater amount than at present. The produce of so much of the tax as is thus continued is to be paid through the Paymaster of Civil Services to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners,

who are to pay the incumbents 75 per cent. of the present amount (the marginal note says 80), except where the revenue of a benefice is charged with the payment of curates, and such other charges as are allowed to be deducted in fixing the net income of benefices taxable to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners; in which case the portion of the revenue so employed is to be paid in full. Taxpayers may redeem at fourteen years' purchase.

**RELIGIOUS SERVICES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.**—We notice that arrangements have been made for holding a special service for the working-classes, in Leicester, every Sunday afternoon. The result, we cannot doubt, will be successful. At a recent meeting of the Bradford Town Missionary Society, it was stated that the special services in that town 'have been continued throughout the year on Sabbath afternoons, at the Mechanics' Institute, with the exception of the three summer months, during which the addresses have been given in the Market-place. The audiences have generally been large, always decorous and attentive, whilst almost every week gives to your missionaries some additional evidence of the interest with which the addresses are received.'

#### THE CHINESE MILLION TESTAMENT FUND.

According to the computation of the accountant of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the sum now actually received will suffice for not fewer than 928,858 copies. It appears that this prompt expression of special sympathy has been given without detriment to the more general interests of that great institution.

#### MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted :—

**BOLTON** (Moor Lane Baptist church).—Rev. J. J. Owen, of Sabden.

**HADLEIGH** (Congregational church).—The Rev J. P. Palmer.

**HEXHAM** (Congregational church).—The Rev. Samuel Finley, of Newport, Fifeshire.

**ISLEWORTH** (Congregational church).—The Rev. Robert Ann, of Marsh Gibbon.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'A Calvinist.'—Our Correspondent is mistaken. Dr. Channing was not, strictly speaking, a Universalist. His opinion on the subject of future punishments is expressed with great clearness and precision, in the following extract from one of his unpublished sermons:—'It seems to me that a man of common understanding, reading the Scriptures without any knowledge of the way in which they have been interpreted, would not think it possible that the doctrine should ever have been drawn from them, that there is to be no future punishment. Almost any opinion would seem to him to receive greater countenance from the Bible than this.' This doctrine he subsequently denounces as an error that should be earnestly resisted, inasmuch as it diminishes the restraints on vice, is at war with society, a blow at the root of social order, and goes to the very extinction of conscience. 'Let God be viewed as so unconcerned about character, as not to punish the guiltiest life, as to fall short in his administration of the plainest requisites of justice, and a deadly torpor would spread over the human conscience.' 'On this account,' he continues, 'I believe that the Scriptures, in great wisdom, say nothing of happiness reserved for the guilty after they shall have borne the penalty of their sins. God's mercy, if it shall be extended to the impenitent, is not yet revealed. A hope of salvation for them forms no part of my message, for in my view it makes no part of revelation. The Scriptures show us the wicked banished into darkness. In that exile it leaves them.'—See 'Life and Correspondence,' vol. i. pp. 343—345.

'G. C. M.'—Received.

'T. W. M.'—Our correspondent, we trust, will allow us to suggest that he has mistaken the point at issue. He has proved the *origin*, not the 'connexion.' We apprehend there can be no dispute as to the first among Christians.

'H. C.'s stanzas must be declined.

\*.\* A subscriber to the 'Monthly Christian Spectator' is deficient of the number for August, 1851. If any reader has a surplus copy, he will be glad to purchase it. Address J. Z., at the Publisher's, 69, Fleet-street.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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MAY, 1854.

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## Christian Benevolence.\*

If we have now to take a somewhat different strain, and to speak in less agreeable words, we crave to be believed that we do so in no cynical spirit. It is not from a desire to find fault, nor from a native censoriousness, that we shall allow ourselves to point out the defects which are shown when a stronger light is cast upon the picture we have drawn. Our sole aim is to contribute what we may to its future improvement and its ultimate perfection. We shall say all that is in our heart, and in the words that seem most appropriate, hoping that we shall nevertheless escape the cynic's repute.

It will not be denied by any of those who have constantly to do with the 'getting up,' and the annual 'sustentation,' of the organizations referred to, that the income is not altogether a spontaneous thing, which only needs that the channel be cut to the central treasury, and will then flow into it with unintermittent volume of its own accord; like the mountain brooks to the meadow streams, and thence to the broad river and the all-absorbing tide. Our religious societies for their income, like many of our large towns for their water, partly depend on 'an artificial supply;' and to obtain it, are obliged to employ and expend no small amount of engineering skill. Instead of having only one great ramifying trunk-channel of Christian benevolence, each society has several parallel channels, of various sizes, which are known to be worth all the additional cost of their construction, inasmuch as, in some cases, three of them will bring a great deal more than merely one, though of capacity equal to the three. Thus you have in *one place*, your 'Auxiliary,' with its 'District Branches,' its 'Ladies' Association,' its 'Juvenile Society,' with an additional 'Special Fund'

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\* Continued from p. 208.

perhaps for each quarter of the world, and possibly these again subdivided for two or three distinct works in each. Nor is it enough that each of these objects be indicated, and some receptacle for each be provided. Many of them must have their separate organized working apparatus; some of them their separate anniversary, the recognised and avowed principle of all this being, that the amount received depends greatly on the *number*, not the intrinsic worth, of the appeals you make. But this minutely-divided organization is not enough. There is a great deal of real, hard work to be done by them all. It is not merely for the convenience of *reception*, but for the better *procuring*, the money, that all this engineering is required. There is no little of hard pertinacious begging. Some of those guineas have been all but wrung from their possessors. Others, we had almost said, have been all but wheedled and cozened of their money. The agency of importunity from without appealing to shame within has evicted some of these lazy tenants from their dark and guilty abodes. The presence of the plate at the pew-door is the only account which some of those sovereigns, and multitudes of those sixpences and fourpennypieces, could give of their change of place and purpose. Somebody else's name on the list for ten pounds is the reason why many another such note did not arrive at only half its value. Another little heap is there to gratify the minister, and another was given by the fingers of denominational or congregational ambition. One sovereign grew into double its former bulk under the influence of an affecting anecdote; and another brought its fellow sovereign through the agency of an eloquent peroration. In yonder column of a report figures a sum which is the united product of five united services at one anniversary, and which would have been at the most only one-half of what it is but for that serial mode of asking for it. Another attributes its unusual bulk to the eminent preacher, 'the great gun,' who came to the anniversary, and drew a crowd, the majority of whom ought to have been there whether he or anyone else had preached. Another such collection, 'twice the amount of last year's,' is accounted for by the presence of a Kafir chief, or converted Samoan, or Chinese, upon the platform. The smallness of another is attributable to the fact that 'we had no deputation from the parent society present;' and of another to the more lamentable fact, that 'we are always thin when we have a collection.' You might extract yet another list of sums, varying from 60*l.* or 70*l.* down to a few shillings, 'collected at public meetings'—the great majority of these ranging from 2*l.* to 20*l.*, to obtain which, three resolutions moved, seconded, and supported, together with a chairman's speech and a report, were necessary, involving the travelling of many miles to several speakers, and to one or two, perhaps, a journey which would have taken our ancestors a fortnight to accomplish, and takes them a valuable day. And there is yet another list about which very conflicting opinions are held (and about which we may have something to say on both sides), which consists of various sums, the proceeds of missionary or other bazaars and fancy sales.



Ere we step forth again from behind the scenes, let us observe another feature connected with these anniversaries. You ask, 'On what principle was this gentleman chosen to preside?' Your answer, whispered in your ear by some member of committee *without* a blush upon his face, is to this effect: 'Why, to tell you the truth, he would have been offended if we had not asked him;' or else this: 'Oh, he will put ten pounds in the plate;' or, perhaps, a third: 'We thought his name would tell well.' The meeting is crowded; the people may be reckoned by thousands. Some of them came very early to obtain a front seat. The opening speech is made, and applauded, whatever it is, because the speaker's province there was 'not to speak.' Then comes the report—the real object of the meeting—the business-account rendered by the debtor, the committee, to the proprietor, the public—the detail of the work which that money has been the means of accomplishing, or is now endeavouring to accomplish—the cream, as we may suppose it, of the facts which tell of success, or which should be the most eloquent appeals of all that can be presented for more generous donations, more fervent prayers. But all is buzz and commotion. Not half the audience is attending—that is evidently not what they came to hear. And now a burst of applause hails the rising of a well-known form, and preludes a resolution for the adoption of that report of whose contents very few have heard a single item. Mark him, and mark his hearers. He is fluent; they are rapt. He begins to say a few earnest, thoughtful things, but they flag a little. He begins to philosophize upon the facts to which *he has* listened; they are uneasy and restless. At length, in his despair to touch them, some great, broad, vague truism, such as they have heard a thousand times, and they would laugh at over a dinner-table, escapes his parched lips, and the thunder of their applause drowns the last and well-known word. Rhetorical artifice, commonly called 'clap-trap,' or a simple tale well told, will command that emotional mass beneath, as a little helm commands the movements of a mighty ship. Profound thought, quiet reasoning, the attempt to teach, to uplift thought, to chasten, and elevate, and educate feeling, would make the meeting 'flat,' and the collection 'poor.' This is neither exaggeration, imagination, nor caricature. If some say they hope it is not true, and some, more hastily, deny it, we know many who have seen it and long deplored it, and *know* it to be true, and sigh that the common sense of the cavilling objectors to religious philanthropy should be furnished with such a weapon by the philanthropists themselves.

Some may deem it very imprudent openly to speak of all this, even if we believe it, and with a sincere and well-meaning sigh would say to us, 'Hush, friend! weep and pray over this in secret, but hold not up the Church's weakness to the world's scorn.' Our reply is—'Must it be ever "Hush?"' Then the Church will never mend of her fault. If the evil is to be remedied, forsaken, it must be exposed. We speak not to the world, but to the Church. If she be ready to hear, she will soon silence the world's scorn. If she be not, then *let* the world's scorn help to give her 'the hearing

ear.' Remember, too, the confession already made, and that the last is not the only picture we have drawn. Let it not be supposed that *all* speeches and *all* public meetings correspond to this. Let it not be concluded that the money which has an unchristian, and in a measure an involuntary source, is the whole, or perhaps nearly the half of that which makes up the sum total of what is received by the church. We speak only of *a part*; but that part so considerable a portion of the whole as to make it imperative that the evil should be pointed out.

We proceed now to express what it is that strikes us as wrong about much of this.

The first and most general evil to be deplored in it is the lack of an entire and unanimous spontaneity, which assuredly should be one of the prime marks of all Christian action. In saying this we do not overlook the absolute necessity that may always exist for *exciting* Christian sympathy, and directing it to its special objects; and also for some pains and expense to be incurred in collecting its fruits. It is not the *existence* of this thing that we complain of, but its present excess. It is the employment of artifice to so great an extent, and the adoption of means which common sense and high principle condemn. Surely when you make four or five appeals to the same set of persons for one general object, and know that by so doing you will obtain a great deal more than by one appeal, you are acknowledging that the source to which you direct your exciting force is not the intelligence and Christian love which measures its own means with the claims of the object, and apportions its gift accordingly. A series of meetings of the same class, conducted by the same men, would not do the same work. Variety of services is therefore devised, with sufficient diversity of character to attract the majority, several times in succession, and so obtain a series of collections. It is hoped that they may be, to some extent, *excited* each time, and under the influence of that excitement, *give* again and again. Further, the presence of a missionary, to give such details as no other can give, or of an actual result of Christian labour in the form of one of the converts, if circumstances happen to favour such an arrangement, is perfectly unobjectionable. But that his presence should be *necessary*, or should, to any great extent, influence the number of the audience, or the amount of the contributions, appears to us to be a mark of great weakness, to say the least, perhaps of something worse—the utter absence of deep sympathy and high principle in all who are so influenced.

Again, in the occasional presence of those men whom God has more highly gifted with powers to teach and to persuade than others, in other places than their own, may be productive of much good. But when the thing becomes systematized, and is known seriously to affect the money results, it is surely an evil. The object should always be an infinitely greater thing in the minds of Christian men than the man who presents it, and their response should be quite independent of him. And if it be replied, it is not the Christian

people who are influenced by this, but those outside, who cannot be expected to feel any strong sense of duty in such matters, it only makes the thing worse, inasmuch as it involves the employment of a very costly and questionable means for a very equivocal end—namely, the appeal to other than Christian motives for the sustenance of Christian agencies. And if it greatly affect the result, it shows how small a share the Church has in the conduct of her own proper work.

Again, in the case of hundreds of young people who have nothing to give but their *time*, but who are willing to employ their time in working for these various religious objects, it is a beautiful and Christian thing for them to do so. *They* may be truly desirous of serving Christ and helping man thereby. But when you begin to trace the thing further, how often may you be painfully impressed with the lack of any appearance of appreciation of the object in view. We would by no means have these things cease. The purchasers may be actuated by right and benevolent motives as well as the workers. And if not, if they have money's worth for their money, there is no wrong. It is a simple conversion of time and skill into such a form that its possessors can make it a Christian offering. All that we urge is such care in the conduct of them as to make them no disgrace to their true purpose and aim.

Out of all this two questions of great importance arise, one of which may be a little difficult to answer. The first is this, ought we to refuse the gifts of those who possess no connexion with the visible church for the support of its agencies? To this our reply would be readily and instantly, No! If any man comes to us and offers us a sum for any one of them, we should cheerfully accept it, though somewhat puzzled to detect his motive. We should interpret it as a hopeful sign. And if he choose to respond to a general appeal made to Christian sentiment and principle, we would with equal gratitude take the gift.

But is it right to adopt means and artifices to obtain such gifts which will rob them to a great extent of their voluntary value? Does the end in such a case justify the means? We have sincere and grave doubts, and fear that the results of such a course are beginning painfully to manifest themselves.

There are symptoms just beginning to appear which, to us, are traceable to some of the things which we have condemned. Complaints are beginning to make themselves heard on all sides of the waning interest of the Christian public in the religious anniversaries, and of the increasing difficulty of keeping up the incomes of the societies connected therewith. Almost every collector complains of the unpleasantness of the task. This causes us no surprise. It might be anticipated. If our modes of appeal have been to any observable extent unintelligent, adapted to the weak and excitable—if we have descended to them instead of patiently seeking to bring them up to a true level, how can we wonder that increasing intelligence should be offended and disgusted, and absent itself? And then with

regard to the second thing, the immense multiplication of the efforts demanding Christian support, combined with the repetition of call and claim, the daily increasing 'special appeals' of the older institutions, the enlarging number of demands for objects which are not represented by any society, make the thing irksome and irritable, chiefly because we have not resolutely kept to a sensible, intelligent, religious basis of action. Duty and conscience—those correlative powers—have not been educated to an equal extent with sympathy and excitement, and are now failing to sustain a burthen which, were they healthy, would be no burthen at all.

Where the fault lies it may be difficult to say. Undoubtedly much of the evil is to be laid at the door of the bulk of those who, lacking higher motives, have needed such appliances as have produced these results. And it is, perhaps, a very natural and pardonable reluctance on the part of those who direct and work these mechanisms, which has held them back from sturdy attempts at improvement, through fear of curtailing the resources which are only too inadequate to the discharge of all that their hearts desire. As yet, the Church has to make it possible to treat her with more healthy action, if her present agencies are to be maintained. We are not sure, however, that in a great many places she is not prepared for the attempt. Oh, for the day when there shall be abroad such a conviction that all professing Christians are wisely and conscientiously doing their utmost, that all those whose province is to gather up and expend her alms will know that her Yea is Yea, and her Nay, Nay, and will simply ask for her so simple and brief reply!

Another unhealthy result that strikes us is this!—The Church does not now feel the pressure of her whole work. Her modes have made it necessary and fashionable for many outside of her to give her help. The whole result is not her own, nor can it be told what portion is attributable to a proper source. Hence the claims of mankind upon her help are not felt in their full force by her, as they used to be, and her sense of duty to Christ is proportionally diminished. One most valuable *test*, which might have been of great service to her own piety, has been rendered of no avail. We cannot be sure of *her* share in the work which is being done in her name, and so determine her true position towards divine and human claims.

We sum up all our regrets, then, in reference to these defects, in the following particulars. Our organizations, right and necessary to themselves, are too complex and too costly in their modes. Their principle of action is too much mechanical, and not sufficiently spiritual and religious. And lastly, it is self-destructive, and is tending greatly to impair the strength of those motives which alone can furnish a reliable source for all that the claims of God and the wants of men will continue to demand.

But the money aspect and the religious action are by no means the sole constituents of Christian benevolence, as has been before noticed. And about the other department of its agency—the secular and individual—we have a few things to say.

It has been contended, in opposition to those who cavil at the Church for her exclusive regard to man's spiritual needs, that there is a vast amount of sympathy felt and manifested with the mental, physical, and social sufferings and wants of the world. In the general, the charge is untrue. But we cannot deny that there is a portion of the Church against whom the charge can be sustained. How large, we do not know. But we have observed it in sufficient breadth to force us to acknowledge and regret its existence. What we mean exactly is this;—that there are many Christian persons who are present at all religious meetings, as they are called in distinction from those which aim at the removal of some temporal calamity, but who manifest no interest whatever in the latter, and who do spend all their spare money and all their human sympathies upon heathenism abroad, to the exclusion of countenance, and help, and work which they might give to the dwellers in the next street. And many of them are persons who could do vastly more in the latter than in the former sphere. A number of these movements demand little or no money. They want sympathy and countenance more than anything else. The money they want to collect is in the spiritual shape of public spirit, manifested by sympathy. The persons referred to will give their shilling, or their bank-note, cheerfully, generously, gladly, and fully according to their means. But their presence to aid a movement—their personal labour perhaps once a week—the weight of their known support of the thing—they withhold. Men of the world are there, working heartily and self-denyingly, although it is no more their sphere than the others. And so the complaint is often justly made—'Your religious people take no interest in the thing; and yet surely it is a case deserving all human sympathy and support. Here is an evil of immense magnitude and hoary antiquity. It must be clamoured, argued, shamed down. We only want a sufficiently large body of right sentiment to express itself, and the thing will wither away as beneath a scorching blast. But we cannot get your religious people to help us, although their voice would be most powerful of all.' We say this charge is undoubtedly true in particular cases, perhaps of a whole church; and of particular individuals in all churches, also true. It is one of the defects of the Christian benevolence of the day. It shows it to be a partial thing, not yet fully developed, 'not yet able to bear' the whole light of Christian duty—not yet in sight of the whole extent of Divine love, as manifested in Jesus Christ.

Once more, and lastly on this score. It is to be feared that some are contenting their consciences with giving money, who might give personal labour as well, in a hundred different directions, but whose benevolence never finds that expression. They have time at their disposal—much leisure is on their hands. Their occupation in the week is not so close and toilsome as to make absolute repose necessary on the Sabbath. Yet they do nothing for Christ on the Sabbath. They have never cultivated their powers of sympathy with woes that no money can relieve, but which a few words of brotherly love would immensely mitigate. They are not even their own almoners. They

never come into personal contact with the miseries for whose removal they subscribe ; and, in consequence, their generosity becomes a mere submission to a duty without tender emotion, which is more defective than the impulsiveness of emotion, without its necessary correlative, a sense of duty. This cause is acting with a greatly injurious effect on the whole life of the Church—preventing such a development of active, helpful love, as is absolutely needful if she is to be acquitted of having grievously fallen short of the fulfilment of the two great commandments ‘on which hang all the law and the prophets.’ But we pass, now, from these details of defect, which might have been considerably enlarged if our object had been cavil rather than confession, and proceed to the remaining inquiries, before mentioned, obviously of great importance ; viz.—At what stage of its history is the Christian benevolence of our day?—and is it an adequate response to the claims of God and man ?

We shall deal with them in the order in which we have just stated them. First, then—Is the thing in its infancy, its maturity, or its decline ? Mention has been already made of complaints which are arising of the increasing difficulty with which some of the greater organizations are sustained, and of the growing unpleasantness of the task of collecting the separate subscriptions which go to make up the total income. Of what are these complaints the symptom, and to what issues do they tend ? The answer which we are disposed to give will happily allow us to adopt a pleasanter and more congenial strain. There appears to us no reason whatever for deeming these symptoms of decline ; nor can we for a moment suppose that, with the daily increasing resources of the Church, both of money, and leisure, and talent, we have nearly reached the limit of its power and willingness to do its great work in the world. That they will necessitate some great and perhaps radical change in our modes we deem more than probable, and are quite prepared to hail such a result with gratitude and hope.

The things which we have spoken of as defects have had a most natural and almost inevitable origin, unless, indeed, all who have their eyes and hearts open to the wants of the world, had been endowed with a wisdom which foresaw all the working of the schemes which they have eagerly sought to advance. How brief, when compared with the length of time that Christianity has had her home in England, has been the history of our oldest societies ! How very few have held their first centenary ! Some are but just completing their Jubilee period. A host of them has started into existence within the memory of living men. The Christian Church, asleep and guiltily inactive for ages, received at length a new baptism from on high, and bestirred itself afresh. But its first task was no brief and easy one. It had to purge itself from the corruptions which had all but destroyed it during its centuries of sloth. A huge and fearful battle had to be fought for the few simple fundamental truths on whose reception its life depends. Considerably more than a century had to elapse ere the needful polemical work could safely be somewhat abated, and in the partial

peace which ensued, the mind of the Church could feel itself at liberty to look around, and perceive the other, and happier department of its work. No sooner, however, was the fierceness of the combat past, than a few men threw into the midst of the Church the grand idea (how strangely new) of the duty of the Church to evangelize the world. What wonder if it at once felt called on to strain every nerve, and employ every agency, by which this mighty task might be attempted on a scale which promised success. What wonder can we feel, and what blame shall we ascribe to them, if they seemed in impatient haste to repair the mischief which the sinful neglect of ages had caused, and failed to notice any of the results which their means were calculated to produce? Nay, what other course was open to them than to adapt these appeals to all minds, and obtain from all sources the needful supplies? Nor can we greatly blame their successors now, who, under the painful impression of the terrible insufficiency of all present resources, should overlook the inevitable tendency of these incessant and varied appeals to weaken and injure their objects, and, at length, in a measure, defeat the end they have in view. Were the heart of the Church everywhere a perfectly Christian thing—all filled with tender, zealous love—there would be no such danger; but then there would be no such need. Were the appeal solely made to the Church, and the resulting resources solely supplied by her, the danger might not be so great. But when a large portion of those to whom these appeals are made are Christians in nothing but in name, it is to be feared that they will weary of the importunity with which they are beset, and that it will in time defeat itself. We cannot wonder that some mistake should have been made, and we can but admire the anxiety which has been, and is now, its source. We firmly believe, too, that there will be a great readiness to adopt any change which shall become increasingly necessary as these defects become increasingly apparent. Even now, with a great many minds, the question is simply how to lay them aside without sinfully injuring the great cause of benevolence; what substitute can be safely adopted in their place?

Again. We do not believe that the evangelizing zeal has been a mere spurt of fervour, which has had its century, and may now be expected to decline. We know how much mankind is given to currents and tides in its movement: we know how, in the history of human thought, there appear to have been great cycles, and are prepared to believe that this may be part of the philosophy of its progress. It may be that this is the law of Providence even in the Church's history. There may be there a polemical epoch, and an evangelizing epoch; and after this, perhaps another, in which the Church, having gained the allegiance of the world, shall become, in a much more entire sense than at present, its priest, to hallow and Christianize commerce, literature, art, government, society, science, all the life of man. But if it be so, we do not think the second cycle is at all completed yet, nor that the treasury and the vineyard of the Lord are thronged as they will be, perhaps, ere many years be passed.

If there be a reaction just now, it is but the recoil of the first wave, and it may take a generation ere the next shall pour its mighty crested and all-suffusing flood along the arid shore. It may be that the first enthusiasm of Christian zeal has somewhat subsided; but this was inevitable as soon as the world had become familiarized with all the gloomy details of heathenism abroad, and the terrible destitution of the tens of thousands nearer home. But surely there never was a time when the wider spiritual objects of religious charity were so fully appreciated, and their claims so universally acknowledged. And all that can be reasonably hoped now is a steady, uncapricious progress in the work, a great enlargement of sphere of operations, the result of the Church's own increase, and of some other causes which have yet to be detailed.

Another ground of our belief in this progress is found in the fact, that home work, efforts at the evangelization of the masses of England, at the improvement of the mental and social condition of our fellow-citizens, is being more and more pressed upon the Church as an indispensable part of her work. So far are we from anticipating that this will drain the resources whose direction is a more distant one, that we find in this our prime reason for expecting their increase. Unless wealth and worldliness utterly corrupt Christian life among us (which we are loath to believe will be the case), our young men and women who join the Church will have to be pressed into all the various agencies by which we are seeking to improve the life that surrounds us. It is becoming increasingly impossible for the pastor to have a monopoly of those labours which bring men into personal contact with the sorrows and wretchedness of every-day life. These agencies are becoming so numerous, that he is more and more obliged to become mainly a director and stimulator of others' labours. Our religious societies must become more thoroughly working societies, or the age will leave them behind. Our business men will have to recognise the duty of sacrificing some of their time, golden though it be, to follow in the steps of their Master. And the effect of this will assuredly be to develop the sentiment of charity; to *open* their hearts; to make even their giving a less mechanical, a more hearty, real thing. They will appreciate all the claims of man more intensely, and will become dissatisfied with the gift which used to content them when the real magnitude of the end was but dimly perceived, or not at all.

Lastly here. We hope for the time (though sometimes almost against hope) when the present lamentable divisions of the Church, productive of so many rancours and enmities—immense antagonists to the development of a perfect charity, will be greatly diminished; and when, in consequence of this, an immense saving of expense and increase of available material will be achieved. Not a little of that painful repetition of claim and appeal on which we have dwelt so much, and in which we see the most injurious influence, is owing to this division into sects. The strength of the Church is divided, and proportionally weakened. It is impossible to calculate how much of



the precious material of Christian love is now wasted by the separateness, and sometimes antagonism, of effort. We must have two Bible societies; seven or eight missionary societies; four or five school societies; and, in the provision of the means of religious worship and instruction in some places, ten or twenty rival sects, crippling themselves by seeking to maintain each its own ground, whilst perhaps half the surrounding space is unoccupied, and so the direct influence of its agents, in great measure, wasted and thrown away. Conceive what an immense gain it would be, in some large town, if the sects were to wake up some morning and find themselves all one; ready to co-operate in everything! How easy would it then be to furnish one or two thousand pounds every few weeks for erecting a building for worship or education where it should be needed! How much better would be the inevitable diffusion of these centres of religious action at convenient distances from each other, and in the midst of every few thousands of population! What a beautiful change would it be if our buildings that now stretch their rival lines alongside of each other, and from which rival hands are working the same district, were to find themselves thus separated and dispersed to the spots where tens of thousands are now congregated with no religious provision! How much spare time, and strength, and money, should we have for the great ends of Christian charity, if we had to spend none of these in forwarding our own particular denominational interest! The whole field of the world will yield us fruit if we till it all, and sow all over it the seeds of Christian truth. But how many of us are now tilling and cropping in succession the same little plots—treading on each other's heels, and impoverishing, rather than enriching, the whole.

And if the flame of the Church's love were thus collected into one great body, surely every heart that came in contact with it would feel more heat, receive greater expansion, be itself a more loving thing. We should all work more hopefully, pray more heartily, give more generously. A blessed emulation would take the place of present baneful rivalry. The heat and energy wasted now on each other's conversion, or confusion, would be given out to the world. The ratio of the progress of the Church would be augmented, and, proportionately to that, its means of further progress.

Alas, that this day seems so distant. Yet, as we said, we deem it a thing to be hoped for—*expected*. There are faint grey streaks of this glorious dawning day. The necessity for work is diminishing the power and spirit of controversy. The two great divisions of Church and Dissent are assuming a nearer level. Battle betwixt them is by no means over. One grand point is yet to be gained—their equality in the eye of law. But the spirit of battle betwixt them is greatly softened—is becoming a more Christian thing. Intolerance and persecution, on the one hand, is becoming more and more impossible; revenge and jealousy, on the other, less needful. If our other party walls are not lowered yet, we do more often shake hands over them, and go out of them together, to work and to pray. A true catholicity is being felt and practised by some in some things, and yearned for by

many more as the characteristic of all the action of the Church. The persecutors and anathematizers have had their day. Let us hope, and pray, and work, that the few rosy streaks of a loving age may grow into a gorgeous meridian of Christian charity. To sum up all into one word—a loving religion is manifestly on the increase, and from this we assuredly gather that Christ-like benevolence has not reached its limits, but is just in its youth; and that its defects are not those of a declining, failing decrepitude; but of immaturity, and the unwisdom which experience was needful to correct.

But there yet remains another inquiry, if possible of greater interest and moment to us, more difficult of solution; but which demands some reply; viz.,—Is the Christian benevolence of our day an adequate response to the claims of God and of the world? Is it a fitting result of the professed reception of the influence of the gospel on the one hand, and of the acknowledged and manifest demands of the world for sympathy and self on the other?

We have already answered this question in part by pointing out some imperfections, which we construed as indications of a want of thorough spontaneity in what does exist. But we need a more definite answer than that. Is there nothing else to be said of a yet more grave and serious character on the same side? We fear there is. Of course a complete and undeniable answer is impossible. To obtain that we should need on the one hand a complete summary of all public and private charities, and of all the time spent in personal labour by every professing Christian; and on the other a schedule of the income of each and the expenditure on other things than charities; and also of the time at his disposal, and the talents for work which he possessed. To attempt this would, of course, be absurd. An answer sufficient for our purpose may, nevertheless, be attained. We shall not, in making it, need to ignore the fact that no *law* exists determining what each man ought to do—how much of his income and his time he is at liberty to spend on himself, nor the principle that each man's conscience is his law in this respect, and that 'to his own Master he stands or falls.' We fully recognise both these things. The man who is giving his all of time and money to the work of Christ has no right to come and condemn me for not doing the same. If his life raises a condemnation in my conscience, let me heed it. If not, I have my reward, and he has his. There is little doubt whose is the greatest.

On the other side, let no man take shelter behind these two things, and demand that all strictures upon the charity of the Church be therefore withheld. The duty in the gross must be held up before the Church in the mass. Its response to that may be examined and pronounced upon. This is all we attempt.

Moreover, there is no very great difference in this respect betwixt one sect and another, or betwixt one and another portion of the same sect. What is true of a tolerably wide section will be true of the whole.

One thing is pretty certain; viz., that one seldom hears of Christians

who have ruined themselves by their benevolence ; at least, by that portion of it which takes the form of money. There are martyrs to Christian work—men who brave perils of the sea, and perils of the heathen, and perils of pestilence, and perils of strange climates, not a few of whom sacrifice a considerable portion of their years, and some the best half of their life to their work, leaving widows and orphans to make their own way in the world. These are worthies in *all* the world's esteem. But of such sacrifices in the other form one does not so often hear, and it is not altogether strange to us to hear them deprecated and condemned. To provide for one's household is confessedly a Christian duty. That there are some such things, however, we by no means utterly deny. That there are hundreds who give both of money and time what others spend in luxuries and comforts we fully believe, and as fully honour them for what they do. But does this strike one as *the* characteristic of the Church of our times? Munificent as are the gifts, are they costly? Of course they are so much less to hoard or spend. But do they diminish what might be worthily laid up or spent, but are, nevertheless, *more* worthily employed?

Here is the gospel, with its agency of love, tending to produce devotion, gratitude, and love in return, and that gospel is confessed to have exerted its power on the heart. Here is the cross of Christ, looked at every day, as the ground of present hope, the source of present life, and peace, and joy, the foundation of a glorious future expectation. At its feet kneels one asking his duty, and receiving in reply a command to imitate the love that is symbolled there, *aye*, that is living and communicating itself thence ; to find his sphere in the world. Is the attitude and tone of the Church to the world as eager, as ardent, as that would prompt if it were fully felt? Is there an eager haste to show love to Christ in gift and labour? Is every appeal regarded as a voice from the cross? Is there real deep joy that service of Christ may thus express itself? Is there any approach to the utterance that we sometimes adopt and sing, with how much truth God knows,—

‘Had I a thousand lives to give,  
A thousand lives should all be thine?’

Turning then to the world, this same forgiven, redeemed man sees infinite suffering, want, wretchedness, ignorance, vice, irreligion. Is there no shrinking from the work? No readiness to be satisfied with paltry excuses? No resolute ignorance of the duty? Are all our available talents at work there? Is the world as bad as it is, as wretched as it is, because all the power to teach, to solace, to warm, to win, to help, which the Church possesses, is absolutely engaged and employed? When the want of the oppressed comes wafting itself sadly over the gambols of the free waves to the ears of free men, does the whole Church respond with a voice as mighty, a voice that carries hope and help in it, though it be but a voice—‘There’s help at hand ; we will give ourselves no rest till ye be free?’ When the veil is lifted which concealed a vast sum of spiritual want just at hand, is

there any holy emulous rush of our churches, or of the members in each of them, to have the pleasure and the honour of supplying the help?

We check our questions, which raise a blush and a sigh as their answer in our own and numberless breasts, and record our sad conviction that if all that is done were doubled, nay, multiplied by a larger figure than itself, the Church, as a whole, might yet have some energy to spare for the first new call that might present itself, and some wealth to meet some new 'special appeal,' or to bequeath to the purpose to which religious love had devoted it in life, and to which death only sets the last seal.

G. W. C.

## The Preachers—A Modern Tale.

### PART III.

MR. WISEALL wished to return home the early part of the following week, in order to attend 'a special church-meeting.' As he had not completed his visit to the Rignorhoods, his kind host and hostess sought to dissuade him from his purpose. They reminded him of the great missionary meeting which was to be held at their Town Hall on the following Friday evening, when Robert Plethora, Esq., the mayor, had engaged to preside, and a number of ministerial and other notabilities (whose names will appear hereafter) were to speak; but all the pleadings were of no avail. He said that *his presence* was of great importance at the church-meeting. He, however, at length consented to leave his wife, and to return in time for the great missionary gathering.

Few things were so attractive to this Wiseall as a church-meeting in that Baptist chapel of which he was a deacon. Church-meetings for solemn prayer, and holy praise, and mutual counsels, where members of the same Christian community lose their self-wills, and self-seekings, and personal feelings in the soul-absorbing sentiments of redemption, are amongst the most philosophic, effective, and delightful means of spiritual training; but such were not the church-meetings in which this Wiseall felt such ineffable pleasure. No; he liked the discussional ones! As a deacon, especially a senior and a rich one, he felt that it was his place to take the lead on such occasions, for somehow he entertained and practically developed the grossly unscriptural idea that the office of a deacon was one of *authority* rather than *service*, to sway a sceptre rather than to wait at table.

He reached home just in time to attend the church-meeting.

By the way, perhaps, some of our readers would like just to peep into that meeting before they leave Wiseall. The Rev. William Heartworn has arrived, and is in the chair. A large number of

members are assembled, and they are on the eve of beginning business, when Mr. Wiseall is seen, with hurried step and almost out of breath, pressing his way up the aisle towards one of the chief seats in the synagogue. There were two propositions which Mr. Heartworn wished to carry that night; the lighting of the chapel with gas instead of candles, and the repealing of the 'close communion' principle. After the usual devotional exercises, he rose and explained the particular business for which the meeting was called. He said, 'They would consider the subject of introducing the gas first, because they would soon dispose of it, and leave sufficient time to consider the more important question of extending the basis of church-membership.' He then called upon Mr. Truelight to move a resolution upon the first question, who did it admirably. He showed, in a few terse and manly words, the *advantage* and *practicability* of the plan, and concluded by saying, with a bright smile and humorous nod, 'I like true light.'—Mr. Onmarch, in a few spirited utterances, seconded the resolution. There was such reason in the plan itself, and such good feeling and argumentative propriety in all that the mover and seconder stated, that all seemed at once prepared to vote in the affirmative.—But Mr. Wiseall's vanity was a little wounded; he had not been, he thought, sufficiently consulted on the subject, and he did not much like the step of Mr. Heartworn in calling upon men who were not deacons to move and second the resolution. He thought there was not enough respect shown to the officers of the church. Hereupon, he rose to move an amendment. In speaking, he said, 'That he was very sorry—indeed grieved to differ from any of his fellow-members, but on this occasion he was bound to do so on principle. That he thought every thing that was done in connexion with the church of Christ should be scriptural. The question, therefore, he asked was, Is it scriptural? Do you read anything about gas in the Bible?' exclaimed he at the height of his voice. 'You read, indeed, of "candles" and "lamps," but look through the Concordance, and I'll challenge any one to find even the word "gas." And as to expense, would our pastor allow me to keep back some of his salary towards it?' Whilst the thinking and sensible men and women of the congregation, who, alas! were in the minority of those present, smiled at this piece of stupid absurdity, the illiterate and the thoughtless were overcome by it, and were prepared, of course, to vote for the amendment.

Some, perhaps, beyond the pale of church-meetings, would deem this an extravagant caricature of Mr. Wiseall, but the memory of most reading and thoughtful people will supply correspondent facts. We once resided in a little town not fifty miles from London, where the clergyman of the parish, whom we knew very well, would not allow the medical man, who was attending his wife for brain fever, to shave her head until he critically examined the language of the apostle Paul on the subject of women wearing short hair.

Mr. Nilbrain, an old shoemaker, who had been a deacon of the church for thirty years, and who was reputed to be very rich, rose to second the amendment. He said, 'As how he felt the hargament of

Measter Wiseall, as how he was sorry their pearstor had braitght farrad the geas, and how their ferefathers had worshipped there wi' simple keandles, and how we wasn't better 'n them. He would ask Mr. Heartworn, as his brother Wiseall had done, would he like them to pay for it out of his weages ?'

By this time there was a thorough division in the camp ; women were contending with women in the pews, and men with men ; and in some cases words ran high and ill tempers were shown. Whereupon, a Mr. Benjamin Schemy, a surgeon in the town, arose in order to promote a conciliation. This gentleman had obtained a considerable amount of a certain kind of influence, not only in that church, but in the town. He was one of those truly contemptible men who, under the garb of benevolence, was ever seeking his own ends. His master aim was to make a fortune, and he made his religion, his chapel, and his benevolent subscriptions, as well as his profession, subservient to that end. For example, he had a pew in the church, in the Wesleyan chapel, and in the Tabernacle, as well as in this Enon, as the Baptist chapel was called ; and thus he mingled with the Church people as well as with the various sects of Dissenters. At the annual meeting of each sect, he managed to get the name of Benjamin Schemy, Esq., read out by the secretary as a subscriber. Thoughtless people gave him credit for the liberality of which he often boasted, but those penetrating ones to whom it is given to 'try the spirits,' saw the mercenary element peering through all, and felt an honest contempt for his conduct. There are some men who make use not only of omnibuses and railway carriages, but even churches and chapels, as mediums for advertising their petty shops and crafts. How long shall this be tolerated ? It is time for the true, in all churches, especially ministers, to speak out and expose the men who, like one of old, are seeking 'thirty pieces of silver' under the veil of Christian truth.

Well, the conciliatory proposition of this Benjamin Schemy, Esq., was to the effect, 'that the chapel be henceforth lighted with lamps.' He said he thought this would meet both parties ; he loved union, and would do anything to promote it, and he would be very happy to subscribe five, or even ten pounds, if necessary, to have the chapel well lighted with lamps, which he thought would give as much light, and look as well, as gas ; and he hoped their dear pastor would fall in with this proposition.' After he had finished his honied, temporizing speech, several persons rose at once to speak, upon which Mr. Heartworn, who had sat in calm silence listening to the whole, interposed, and respectfully, though firmly, insisted on order. Poor man ! his faltering voice, and the tears that stood in his pensive eye, betokened his distress. But this distress to him, alas ! was no new thing. Often had Wiseall, at his church-meetings, wounded that tender heart of his.

He asked their attention for a few minutes ; but before we give his address, let us say a word about himself. He is worth knowing. Though not distinguished by any brilliant talents, he was a well-read

man, an accurate scholar, an eminent Christian, and a self-denying and faithful minister. For twenty-five years, the half of his life, he had prosecuted the arduous duties of his calling in that town. Nor had he laboured in vain. He had built school-rooms, established a mechanics' institution, enlarged his own place of worship, organized various societies; gave a healthy impulse to the town, and, under God, turned many from the error of their ways. He did more for his race than all the Wisealls, the Nilbrains, and the Schemies of the age. And his high character and doctrines will live in loving memories, and circulate afar in streams of healthful influence, when their names would be lost in that oblivion of years whose monotonous murmurings mercifully drown the jargon of selfishness, ignorance, and conceit.

The few words which he now addressed to the meeting were to the following effect:—‘I shall endeavour to suppress, rather than reveal, the emotions which this meeting has awoke within me. I may, however, state that it has made me feel the necessity, aye, and the duty, of acting henceforth far more independently than I have ever yet done. For the future, I shall mature my own plans, hail co-operation, but battle with opposition, come from what quarter it may. Although I am not about to canvass the various opinions that have been expressed here to-night, or to criticise the tempers that have been displayed, I feel bound to refer to one subject that has been mentioned by two of the deacons, and that is the appeal that has been made to me to pay for the lighting of this chapel out of my salary. You bear me witness, that I have never in any meeting spoken of my salary before; it had been better, perhaps, if I had, however false delicacy has prevented me. The appeal that has been made to me to-night is one that involves a false principle, that I am anxious for once to expose and set you right upon. It is that my salary is a gift, to be withdrawn or modified at pleasure, rather than a solemn debt to be discharged. I hold that the financial results of my labours are my own, and no man has any right to keep a fraction back, or to dictate to me how I should employ them. It is one of the soundest doctrines of civil ethics, that the product of a man's labour is his own. Does Christianity divest a minister of this fundamental right? Nay, it enforces it. Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel, should live of the gospel. If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great matter that we should reap your carnal things? A devoted minister's income is a *divine right*, not a *human charity*. He has a far greater right to it than landlords have to their rent, or merchants to their profits. This being the case, I shall allow no man to *dictate* to me as to how I should devote the proceeds of my labour. It is my “talent,” not yours, and its employment is my duty, not yours. Indeed, the funds, for the most part, that are raised by congregations, are the result of the minister's labours; and it is his right—nay, duty—to see how they are expended.’

The whole meeting were surprised at this speech; the antagonism had roused Mr. Heartworn into a new mood—a right manly mood—

and from that mood came sentiments of unusual power, and tones of unusual eloquence.

Opposition is a good test of the stuff we are made of. Little men make great figures under the auspicious, but shrink under the adverse; while the naturally great are scarcely noticeable when all things flow propitiously, but rise to giant proportions and to daring attitudes when fortune frowns on their path, or seeks to thwart their plans.

After Mr. Heartworn had finished his say, there was a solemn silence. Mr. Schemy held down his head, Wiseall looked aghast, whilst brother Nilbrain feigned a cough which lasted some minutes.

Upon the suggestion of Mr. Truelight, Mr. Heartworn took the sense of the meeting, and found that a large majority were in favour of the gas, although a goodly number, especially of the more wealthy, adhered to the amendment of Wiseall.

Immediately on the division, the meeting broke up. It was now ten o'clock. Mr. Heartworn had nearly two miles to walk in the country to his home. It was a beautiful night, the air was calm, and the full-orbed moon shone without a cloud; all nature was wrapped in her silvery robe and hushed to sleep. A thousand anxious thoughts passed through his mind as he walked along the banks of a little river, whose waters, swollen by the rains of the preceding day, murmured in his ear. Indeed, that river was an image of the state of his spirit at that hour—it was agitated and rapid in its motion, but every wavelet mingled with and mirrored the heavenly light. The stars looked down upon his path as he walked along, and in their significant silence seemed to say 'Amen' to his manly resolves.

He thought upon the pecuniary sacrifice involved in the determination he had announced; he was certain that Wiseall and a large party of his friends would at once withdraw their subscriptions, and with his large family it would be serious to him. Still he felt he had done right, he had broken fetters that had enslaved him for years; and that though he might be a poorer he would certainly be a freer man in ridding himself of the patronage of these petty despots. Having reached home he narrated the history of the meeting and his conduct to her who for twenty-five years had been the partner of his sorrows and joys, and like all noble women she applauded manliness, and spoke loving words to nerve his heart anew. Man's heroism is mere talk until fostered and consolidated by the loving sentiments of woman.

That night proved a blessed night in the history of Mr. Heartworn. The Wisealls and his party withdrew from the congregation. The chapel was soon lighted as he wished, the close communion laws repealed, Mr. Truelight and Mr. Onmarch were elected deacons. Mr. Heartworn preached as he had never preached before. Poor man! he had hitherto been too often tempted to square, in some measure, his discourses by the narrow notions of Wisehall and his clique, but now, renouncing all that was technical and conventional, he studied the Bible in its broadest aspects, and new spirits rallied around him.



His chapel was soon crowded with some of the best men of the town, and his income was soon doubled. And God added to the church great numbers of such as should be saved. All honour to thee, brother Heartworn; and may those of thy brethren who are under the tyranny of some Wiseall, strike the blow which thou didst strike at that 'special church-meeting!'

Friday evening has arrived, and great numbers of the town where the Rigorhoods and Fluxibles reside, are hastening to the missionary meeting. The spacious room is soon crowded; Charles is there, sitting by the side of his mental friend, Alfred Bailey. His parents, sisters, and the Fluxibles, too, are there in a few seats before them. On the platform we observed Messrs. Sentiment, Creedman, Broadthought, Allpoint, Buntingborn, and others. The deputation was composed of Revs. George Allfroth and Henry Romulus, the missionary, accompanied by a black convert, named Ffyourhingery. He was the great attraction. At a great expense to the society he was brought over to this country, and as a *commercial* expedient we doubt not it answered. Robert Plethora, Esq., the mayor, was in the chair. He was of short stature, and remarkably stout; indeed, we almost think that his circumference would measure his perpendicular. Though a mayor, he had a very common appearance—ruddy and whiskerless face. His hair was both sandy and thin. He looked as if he had had far more experience in corporation dinners than in the spiritual problems of Christianity. But he had been a successful barterer in the corn-trade, and had reached the civic dignity which our great minded merchants and citizens seldom seek, and he was, therefore, considered the best man to preside over this missionary meeting. The world laughs heartily at our inconsistencies as we preach the spirituality of Christ's kingdom and enthrone its great men as the kings of our assemblies. We deserve to be laughed at. We can give no account of his speech; we could only make out certain sentences, such as 'he felt it as great an honour to preside over that meeting as to be what he was, the chief magistrate of the town.' The boisterous cheering that followed this profound remark, brought such a tide of *conscious* greatness over him that bore away all his thoughts, and so after having stood speechless for about a moment he called upon the secretary to read the report, and sat down. Mr. Sentiment moved the first resolution, and told several anecdotes that made the ladies weep. Mr. Creedman made a long speech. He was full of Daniel and Revelations, and detailed all the attendant circumstances, and the ultimate issue of the 'coming struggle.' When raising his strong voice to the highest note, he exclaimed, in conclusion, 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen,' the applause became so tumultuous that one almost fancied that Babylon had at last fallen into the depths of the sea, and that the agitated waters were rolling their thunders on the shore.

The Rev. George Allfroth moved the next resolution. The great cheering which the last speaker had obtained did not a little disconcert him. He had come as the lion, and was one of the deputation,

and he had made up his mind to gain the most applause. He commenced, spoke on for a few minutes, but there was no audible echo. He then tried the usual expedient of touching upon all the *popular* subjects of the day. He spoke of Ireland, and endeavoured to describe the Emerald Isle; then he passed on to the Papal aggression; then to education; then to the Queen of Tahiti; then to the revolutions going on in China; and then to the Russo-Turkish question; but nothing did. He piped on every popular note, but the audience would not dance.

Mr. Buntingborn, a Wesleyan, followed, and for about a quarter of an hour ranted furiously about 'blessed Methodism,' interspersing couplets of Wesley's hymns in almost every dozen sentences. The third resolution was moved by the Rev. H. Romulus, the missionary. He gave several disgusting instances of the obscenity, cannibalism, and the superstition of the heathen, which were well received. Mr. Allpoint seconded him in a speech full of pithy wit and humour, which kept the audience in roars of laughter the whole time. A vote of thanks was returned to the chairman for 'his great kindness and able conduct,' and was seconded and carried by acclamation. He responded in a few incoherent utterances, and the meeting broke up.

Mr. Rigorhood entertained the deputation, with a few other friends, that night at his house. Indeed, his larger dining-room was well filled with guests. Mr. Rigorhood, like all good men, was always happy to welcome ministers to his house. Some thought this a sign of grace; perhaps it was. In some cases such hospitality is but a means to gratify selfishness. The host seeks to get some good from the conversation and some honour from the fame of his guest.

There was much desultory conversation that night; all talked but Wiseall. His silence was a mystery to the company. He was a 'fallen star,' and was in gloom. There seemed but one opinion as to the meeting; all thought it most interesting and encouraging. There was nothing like a discussion until the Rev. George Allfroth called the attention of Mr. Fluxible, with whom he was speaking, to the small subscriptions of some churches to the cause of missions, as stated in the missionary report which he held in his hand. 'Here,' he said, 'I find in this town Mr. Mistmind does nothing; Mr. Broadthought very little compared with other churches of the same size; and Mr. Allpoint, notwithstanding his clever speech, does but very little.'

'It is a sad thing, sir,' replied Mr. Fluxible, 'they have not the missionary speret.'

'Nor much of any other good spirit, I fear,' responded Mr. Allfroth, with a suppressed smile at the prosody of Mr. F.

Alfred Bailey and Charles, who were sitting by and listening to the conversation, felt roused at this, and each gave the other a nod to speak. At length Charles interposed: 'Pray, uncle, what do you mean by the missionary spirit?'

'What do I mean by the missionary speret; why do you ask me that question, Charles?' demanded Mr. Fluxible.

'I did not, I assure you, uncle,' said Charles, 'suggest the question offensively. I did so because some persons speak as if a man's "missionary spirit," as the cant is'—

'What, sir,' interrupted Mr. Allfroth, with an air of insulted dignity, 'do you call it cant?'

'Well phrase, then,' said Charles, with emphasis; 'I say some persons speak of the missionary spirit as if it was to be measured in a man according to the vociferous harangues he makes on missionary platforms, or the sums of money he gets from other people for the purpose. You intimate, for example, that Mr. Broadthought and others have not the missionary spirit because they do not raise so large a sum of money as some other ministers for that *one* object. There is my father, for example,' added he, pleasantly, 'who always looks over the missionary report in order to ascertain the *respectability* and even *godliness* of a church.'

'A very good test, too, my boy,' said Mr. Rigorhood, who overheard the remark.

'Well, I cannot think that, sir,' interposed Alfred Bailey, modestly; 'it appears to me that the funds are produced more by the machinery employed in collecting, and the power which the advocate obtains over the passion of the people at the time, than by an intelligent and deep sympathy with souls. Indeed, I think that all these noisy meetings indicate the *want* of the true missionary spirit.'

'What, would you have no missionary meetings, then?' said Mr. Buntingborn, the Wesleyan minister; 'I think they are blessed opportunities,' added he.

'Well, if I had meetings,' responded Alfred, 'I certainly would not have them conducted as they now are. I would not have a lot of men brought on the platform to vie with each other in eloquence, and to compete with each other for the applause of the hour; I would not have people cajoled to the expression of "acknowledgments" to heaven which they never feel, and to resolutions they never intend to carry out.'

'It is easy to find fault with institutions,' said Mr. Allfroth, a little passionately; 'but I suppose there are a class of modern sages with whom it is fashionable to do so.'

Charles, feeling this little bit of irony dealt out to his friend, said, 'I think it is a good thing that there are "sages" who can see a little into things—take off their ornamental mantle, and expose their nature. So long as the Church is taught to regard the "missionary spirit" as being a romantic feeling, rather than an *intelligent philanthropy*, the most *thinking* men will stand aloof, and the most spiritual men will mourn.'

## Mr. Bailey's 'Festus.'

SINCE John Milton, no man has attempted a grander, holier, more adventurous theme, than Philip James Bailey. Although his literary productions may almost be said to be confined to a single poem—for the 'Angel World,' though abounding in beauties, is as far inferior to 'Festus' as the 'Samson Agonistes' to the 'Paradise Lost'—this poem has won for him what other men have spent the years of both youth and age to attain, and what the majority have never lived to realize. In most cases the poet's life has been a fruitless struggle to reach the world's 'great heart,' while yet he lived to bless. While here, he has been unnoticed or unknown—death only has revealed his greatness and his worth. The reverse is happily true of many living men, and especially so of Bailey. It may be faithfully said of him that he served no apprenticeship in the world of letters, but at once put forth his claim to the honours and immunities of a master, and made it good. To quote his own words, he 'walked up to Fame as to a friend.'

'He knew himself a bard ordained,  
More than inspired, of God inspired ;'

—and, with the majesty of a mighty mind, he took his place amidst his peers. Such an occurrence in an age like this—an age when the standard of excellence is so high, and new aspirants are so keenly tried—an age in which, if Mr. Macaulay's theory be correct, to be a true poet a man must be a living miracle—is a phenomenon worthy of consideration. Many have thought so, and innumerable have been the speculations concerning 'Festus' and its author. Of the book itself, opinions are not only various, but positively contradictory and antagonistic in every sense. 'Festus' is so different to all other poems—so novel in form, if not in subject—so original in treatment—so utterly defiant of ordinary modes of thought—so far out of the beaten track of poetic travel—that scarcely two writers are agreed, either in their praise or blame, except in the one fact of its immense power and originality. Of the author little is generally known, save what his work reveals of his mental idiosyncrasy. Of this, however, we have a most vivid and startling revelation. In 'Festus' the author has reproduced himself in a manner never before witnessed. We do not mean that he has merely *intensified* that unavoidable individuality which marks the productions of all true poets. Cowper, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and others, have done this; and we know well that in the case of some of them it had been better undone. Something far different and far nobler has Mr. Bailey accomplished. With the most intense and solemn conviction of the greatness of his mission, he has, in a marvellous manner, laid bare the workings of a human soul, which believes itself predestined to a certain great and holy purpose—that purpose being the service of God in this world as 'poet-priest'—a poet-priest yearning,

*agonizing* to fulfil his high vocation. Here is an instance of a man who feels 'necessity laid upon him' to do a great work, and who is 'straitened' till that work be completed.

Such a man is not to be judged by ordinary standards, neither is his work to be lightly read or lightly treated. After long acquaintance with 'Festus,' and deep study of the book, in the growing belief of its great value, we are prepared to assert that, as a religious poet, Mr. Bailey yields to none in genuine truthfulness and power. He is one of the highest impersonations of a really religious poet that has yet appeared. This may be deemed extravagant language, but we are prepared to sustain it by proofs from the poem itself. Whatever excellences may be adjudged beside, it has this distinguishing characteristic beyond all poems we ever read—that the Almighty's glory is its beginning, burthen, and end. How this great object is kept unfailingly in view through the temptations, follies, sins, repentance, and final restoration of a mortal soul, the book itself best shows, and we willingly go to it for such information and explanation as may help our readers to test the opinions we have expressed.

Before doing so, however, one or two remarks may perhaps be necessary. We are quite aware that 'Festus' has been severely censured, and unsparingly condemned, by many persons for whose general opinions we have a high respect. The reason of such condemnation lies in the fact that 'Festus' is not strictly orthodox—denying, as he does, the truth of the doctrine of eternal punishment for the wicked; and even going so far as to present a scene in which the great 'Spirit of Evil' himself is finally restored. We know that many good and earnest Christians will not open the book for this reason. We are sorry for it. Were this the place, and would space permit, we think we could demonstrate the impolicy (not to use a harsher term) of such a determination. We may just suggest, in passing, that were such a rule to guide our choice of books universally, we might at once and for ever bid adieu to the pleasures of imaginative literature, and to no small portion of those works which have assisted to make virtue attractive and vice detestable to the young and rising race.

The idea of 'Festus' is taken from Marlowe's curious tragedy, 'the Devil and Dr. Faustus.' From the same source, the great German poet Goethe borrowed the main incidents of his 'Faust.' We need scarcely add, that there is little common to the three compositions, except the incident originally taken from the book of Job; viz., Satan's appearance before God, with a request to be allowed to tempt a particular soul. 'Festus' then is a poem, recording the history of such a temptation and its final results. It may be necessary also to state, that 'Festus' is supposed to be the last born of human beings, and that with his death the world ends, and the day of judgment dawns. We are convinced that no critic has yet done justice to the extraordinary skill with which this poem is wrought out. Far be it from us to profess ourselves equal to the task! What we wish to do, is simply to sketch an outline of the poem, offering such extracts as may

best illustrate the poet's matter and manner, and justify our high eulogium.

We are assisted to an explanation of the book by the author himself, who, in a beautiful episode, expounds his work for the benefit of a student. But let us first judge of the poet's aims by his views respecting the poetic office and character. Here are some thoughts on poets and poetry :—

'Poets are all who love—who feel great truths,  
And tell them ; and the truth of truths is love.

Men who have vulgarized sublimity,  
And bought up truth for the nations ; parted it,  
As soldiers lotted once the garb of God.  
Men who have forged gods, uttered, made them pass ;  
In whose words, to be read with many a heaving  
Of the heart, is a power, like wind in rain,  
Whose thoughts, like bars of sunshine in shut rooms,  
Mid gloom, all glory, win the world to light.  
Who make their very follies like their souls ;  
And like the young moon with a ragged edge,  
Still in their imperfection, beautiful.  
Whose weaknesses are lovely as their strengths,  
Like the white nebulous matter between stars,  
Which if not light, at least is likest light.  
Men whom we build our love round like an arch  
Of triumph, as they pass us on their way  
To glory and to immortality :  
Men whose great thoughts possess us like a passion,  
Through every limb and the whole heart, whose words  
Haunt us as eagles haunt the mountain air.  
Men who walk up to fame, as to a friend,  
Or their own house, which from the wrongful heir,  
They have wrested from the world's hard hand and gripe.'

'Who shed great thoughts  
As easily as an oak looseneth its golden leaves,  
In a kindly largess to the soil it grew on,  
Whose rich dark ivy thoughts, sunned o'er with love,  
Flourish around the deathless stems of their names,  
Whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue,  
Like sound upon the falling of a force,  
Whose words if winged, are with angel's wings,  
Who play upon the heart as on a harp,  
And make our eyes bright as we speak of them,  
Whose hearts have a look southwards and are open  
To the whole noon of nature.'

'Poetry is itself a thing of God,  
He made his prophets poets, and the more  
We feel of poesie do we become  
Like God in love and power, undermakers.'

'All great lays, equals to the minds of men,  
Deal more or less with the divine, and have  
For end some good of mind or soul of man :  
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's.  
The wise man joins them here all in his power,

The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,  
 Stand up like churches among village cots ;  
 And it is joy to think that in every age,  
 However much the world was wrong therein,  
 The greatest works of mind or hand have been  
 Done unto God, so may they ever be !  
 It shows the strength of wish we have to be great,  
 And the sublime humility of might.'

Of his own poem, the author thus speaks :—

' One bard shows God as he deals with states and kings ;  
 Another as he dealt with the first man ;  
 Another as with heaven, and earth, and hell ;  
 Ours as he loves to order a chance soul,  
 Chosen out of the world from first to last,  
 With whom too ends man's universal race.'

' And all along it is the heart of man  
 Emblemed ; created and creative mind,  
 It is a statued mind, and naked heart,  
 Which is struck out.'

' The life writ of a heart,  
 Whose firmest prop and highest meaning was  
 The hope of serving God as poet priest,  
 And the belief that he would not put back  
 Love offerings, though brought to him by hands  
 Unclean and earthy, even as fallen man's  
 Must be ; and, most of all, the thankful show  
 Of his high power and goodness in redeeming  
 And blessing souls that love him, spite of sin  
 And their old earthy strains,—these are the aims,  
 The doctrines, truths, and staple of the story.'

Festus himself is thus introduced :—

' The mortal is the model of all men,  
 The foibles, follies, trials, sufferings,—  
 And manifest and manifold are they,—  
 Of a young, hot, unworld-schooled heart that has  
 Had its own way in life, and wherein all  
 May see some likeness of their own,—'tis these  
 Attract, unite, and, sunlike, concentrate  
 The ever-moving system of our feelings.  
 The hero is the world-man, in whose heart  
 One passion stands for all, the most indulged.  
 The scenes wherein he plays his part are life,—  
 A sphere whose centre is co-heavenly  
 With its divine original and end.  
 Like life, too, as a whole the story hath  
 A moral, and each scene one, as in life,—  
 One universal and peculiar truth  
 Shining upon it like the quiet moon,  
 Illustrating the obscure, unequal earth.'

In continuation of such explanatory matter we may add briefly, that  
 the poem opens with a scene in heaven—

' Wherein  
 The foredoom of all things, spirit and matter,  
 Is shown, and the permission of temptation.'

The *second scene* presents Festus moralizing upon the

‘Empty state  
In which all worldly pleasures leave us.’

Scene third opens on a ‘starry, stirless night.’ Amidst his ‘barren longings’ for ‘goodness, greatness, marvels, mysteries,’ Festus is surprised by the appearance of Lucifer, who, following for a time in the track of his speculations, soon with a masterly tact leads his own way. In the language put into the mouth of the arch-fiend, the poet shows a wonderful skill and wisdom :—

‘The bait takes.  
Man and his foe shake hands upon their bargain.  
The youth sets out for joy, and ‘neath the care  
Of his good enemy, begins his course.’

Under the guidance of such a spirit, Festus is exhibited in many scenes, earthly and heavenly. The new-made friends fly through the air, and see the world roll on beneath. They sink to hell, and note the awful doings there. They rise to heaven, and venture to the very ‘home of God,’ where Festus yearns for some more visible manifestation of Deity. ‘Through sundry worlds the mortal wends,’ ever under the tuition of Lucifer, to whom he turns for all information in such strange adventures. Lucifer never fails him, but with infinite dexterity and power satisfies the inquiries of his anxious charge. The earthly scenes comprise temptations of an earthly kind : love, the seductions of beauty and society, the possession of unbounded knowledge, are in turn the baits to lure the youth. Through all these Festus returns to God : all is ‘vanity’ and disappointment still.

The last temptation is that of universal power, offered unconditionally by the great Tempter. ‘Festus’ is made monarch of the world ; and while he is yet legislating for ‘kings and peoples,’ the final consummation of all worldly things arrives, ending his momentary power, the schemes of Lucifer, and his own existence. What follows is a succession of scenes picturing the Judgment Day, the Millennium, and the ultimate manifestation of God’s glory in the destruction of the power of evil, and the restoration of all created beings to heaven and immortality.

As before hinted, we have in this place nothing to do with the particular doctrines in the poem, which do not harmonize with received systems of belief, or, in this instance, we may add, with our own views of the interpretation of God’s Word. The author defends his own with a power and energy none will doubt. Let us, instead of impeaching his doctrine, cull for our readers some of those beautiful flowers of poesie which make his book a very paradise of the imagination. A well-known and much-valued poet (not long since called to his reward) has said that ‘Festus’ contains poetry enough for fifty poets ; we shall have little difficulty, therefore, in selecting from so rich a source. In a soliloquy immediately preceding the appearance of Lucifer, ‘Festus’ thus speaks :—



'It matters not how long we live, but how,  
 For as the parts of one manhood while here  
 We live in every age: we think, and feel,  
 And feed upon the coming and the gone  
 As much as on the now time. Man is one,  
 And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel  
 With a gigantic throb athwart the sea  
 Each other's rights and wrongs, thus are we men.  
 Let us think less of men, and more of God.  
 Sometimes the thought comes swiftening over us,  
 Like a small bird winging the still blue air;  
 And then, again, at other times it rises,  
 Slow, like a cloud which scales the skies all breathless,  
 And just over head lets itself down on us.  
 Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind  
 Rush like a rocket, tearing up the sky,  
 That we should join with God and give the world  
 The slip; but while we wish the world turns round,  
 And peeps us in the face—the wanton world;  
 We feel it gently pressing down our eyes.  
 The arm we had raised to do for truth such wonders,  
 We feel it softly bearing on our side;  
 We feel it touch and thrill us through the body,  
 And we are fools, and there's an end of us.'

Such deep insight into the secret windings of the youthful heart is only equalled by the aptitude and terseness of the language which reveals it.

The female characters of the book are, however, most winning and enchanting. Of the three which influence Festus, Clara is the most spiritual, and her concern is chiefly for his soul's welfare. Helen, who follows, is of a more 'domesticated' character; round her his home feelings cluster, and her language is that of a happy, generous, and pure-hearted girl. Elissa, who is brought to tempt him to evil, is not less beautiful than the others, but of a different order, both of passion and character. Lucifer introduces her as the last woman who may assist his purpose, and she is therefore possessed of physical and mental charms, eminently adapted to enslave the mind of Festus.

Clara is the embodiment of a spiritual woman. Her thoughts are ever with God and holy things—her aspirations, for the things not of this world. Her love for Festus develops itself in an intense desire to elevate his thoughts to the same ennobling objects. Here is an illustration of her character:—

'Clara—True bliss is to be found in holy life,  
 In charity to man, in love to God;  
 Why should such duties cease, such powers decay?  
 Are they not worthy of a deathless state,  
 A boundless scope, a high uplifted life?  
 Man, like the air-born eagle, who remains  
 On earth only to feed, and sleep, and die;  
 But whose delight is on his lonely wing,  
 Wide sweeping as a mind, to force the skies.  
 High as the light-fall, ere, begirt with clouds,  
 It dash this nether world—immortal man

Rushes aloft, right upwards into heaven.

O, faith of Christ, sole honour of the world !

*Festus.*—What know men of religion, save its forms ?

*Clara.*—True faith nor biddeth nor abideth form !

The bended knee, the eye uplift, is all  
Which man need render, all which God can bear.  
What to the faith are forms ? a passing speck,  
A crow upon the sky, God's worship is  
That only He inspires, and his bright words  
Writ in the red-leaved volume of the heart,  
Return to him in prayer, as dew to heaven.'

Again, we find her thus addressing him in the scene from which the above is taken :—

'The heart hath many sorrows beside love,  
Yea, many as the veins which visit it.  
The love of aught on earth is not its chief,  
Nor ought to be. Inclusive of them all  
There is the one main sorrow, life :—for what  
Can spirit severed from the great one God,  
Feel but a grievous longing to rejoin  
Its infinite, its author, and its end ?  
And yet is life a thing to be beloved,  
And honoured holily, and bravely borne.  
A man's life may be all ease, and his death,  
By some dark chance, unthought of agony ;  
Or life may be all suffering, and disease,  
A flower-like sleep ; or both be full of woe,  
Or each comparatively painless. Blame  
Not God for inequalities like these,  
They may be justified. How canst thou know ?  
They may be only seeming. Canst thou judge ?  
They may be done away with utterly  
By loving, fearing, knowing God the Truth.  
In all distress of spirit, grief of heart,  
Bodily agony, or mental woe,  
Rebuffs, and vain assumptions of the world,  
Think thou on God. Think what he underwent  
And did for us as man. Weigh thou thy cross  
With Christ's, and judge which were the heavier.  
Joy in thy anguish: such was his—  
But measurelessly more.'

When in heaven, Festus recognises his lost mother in one of the angels. The portion of the book which depicts this scene is full of pathos and of strange power :—

'Son of my hopes on earth and prayers in heaven!  
The love of God! oh, it is infinite,  
Even as our imperfection. Promise, child,  
That thou wilt love him more and more for this,  
And for his boundless kindness thus toward me.  
Now, my son, hear me; for the hours of heaven  
Are not as those of earth, and all is all  
But lost that is not given unto God.  
Oft have I seen with joy thy thoughts of heaven,  
And holy hopes, which track the soul with light,  
Rise from dead doubts within thy troubled breast,  
As souls of drowned bodies from the sea  
Upwards to God, and marked them so received,

That, oh! my soul hath overflowed with rapture,  
 As now thine eye with tears. But, O my son!  
 Beloved! fear thou ever for thy soul;  
 It hath yet to be saved. Nought perfect stands  
 But that which is in heaven. God is all kind;  
 And long time hath he made thee think of him.  
 Think on him yet in time. Ere I left earth,  
 With the last breath which air would spare for me,  
 With the last look which light would bless me with,  
 I prayed thou might'st be happy and be wise;  
 And half the prayer I brought myself to God.'

Such writing tempts to unreasonable quotation. We scarcely know how to forbear, so richly crowded is every page with wisdom and with noble imagery. No book we ever opened is so equally sustained. Intensest thought, most concentrated language, unbounded resource in illustration, stamp every page with the seal of highest genius. Perhaps nothing is more extraordinary than the ease with which the author steps from subject to subject—explaining, illustrating, and adorning. We may again quote his own language in illustration of our remarks:—

'However bright or beautiful itself  
 The theme he touched, he made it more so by  
 His own light, like a fire-fly on a flower.'

There are many descriptive episodes scattered through the poem, all well worth transcribing. Perhaps we shall best vary our extracts by giving the following portrait of his friend Lucifer:—

'He was  
 The spirit evil of the universe,  
 Impersonate. Oh, strange and wild to know!  
 Perdition and destruction dwelt in him,  
 Like to a pair of eagles in one nest.  
 Hollow and wasteful as a whirlwind was  
 His soul; his heart as earthquake; and engulfed  
 World on world. In him they disappeared  
 As might a morsel in a lion's maw.  
 The world which met him rolled aside to let him  
 Pass on his piercing path. His eyeballs burned  
 Revolving lightnings, like a world on fire;  
 Their very night was fatal as the shade  
 Of Death's dark valley. And his space-spread wings,  
 Wide as the wings of darkness when she rose  
 Scowling and backing upwards, as the sun,  
 Giant of light, first donned his burning crown,  
 Gladdening all heaven with his inaugural smile,  
 Were stained with the blood of many a starry world:  
 Yea, I have seen him seize upon an orb,  
 And cast it careless into worldless space,  
 As I might cast a pebble in the sea.

His brow was pale—  
 Pale as the life-blood of the undying worm  
 Which writhes around its frame of vital fire.

His voice blew like the desolating gust  
 Which strips the trees and strews the earth with death.

His words were ever like a wheel of fire,  
 Rolling and burning this way now, now that:  
 Now whirling forth a blinding beam, now soft  
 And deep as heaven's own luminous blue—and now  
 Like to a conqueror's chariot-wheel they came  
 Sodden with blood, and slow revolving death:  
 And every tone fell on the ear and heart,  
 Heavy, and harsh, and startling, like the first  
 Handful of mould cast on the confined dead,  
 As though he claimed them his."

It may be thought that flowing periods and stately measures are Bailey's peculiar forte, and that he succeeds best in subjects requiring such accessories. His poem, however, is equally rich in lyrical compositions, the beauty of which will bear comparison with any in our language. As an instance, of the ease and grace with which he handles gentler themes, take the following song:—

' For every leaf the loveliest flower,  
 Which beauty sighs for from her bower,  
 For every star a drop of dew—  
 For every sun a sky of blue—  
 For every heart a heart as true.

For every tear by pity shed  
 Upon a fellow-sufferer's head,  
 Oh! be a crown of glory given;  
 Such crowns as saints to gain have striven—  
 Such crowns as seraphs wear in heaven.

For all who toil at honest fame,  
 A proud, a pure, a deathless name;  
 For all who love, who loving bless,  
 Be life one long, kind, close caress,  
 Be life all love, all happiness.'

In what have been termed '*fugitive*' pieces, the book is in some parts exceedingly rich. The writer has essayed all kind of metrical composition, with generally fair, and, in some cases, eminent success. Songs, ballads, sonnets, fables, odes, there are of all kinds adapting themselves to the ever-varying and greatly diversified moods of the mind. There is laughter for the merry; sorrow for the sad; consolation for the downcast; inspiration for the hopeful; and all of a kind showing how heartily and entirely the author is in his work. The manner in which he has represented fiends, angels, higher orders of intelligences, and even God himself, may sometimes be obnoxious to criticism; but they have a propriety which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere. He has succeeded where Milton only has succeeded before him, and where Milton's Italian compeer most signally fails. Mr. Bailey's great fund of knowledge, and his consequent power of illustration, enable him to give striking portraiture of what angelic beings *may be*. Few poets striking so large an acquaintance with natural science, its facts and phenomena; few, therefore, can equal him in the wealth and fitness of his imagery. Space will not permit quotations to illustrate these remarks, but we cannot select any passage which will not bear testimony to their

truth. We may refer our readers to those parts of the book especially which depict 'Heaven,' 'Hell,' 'Space,' 'the Sun,' 'the Moon,' for matter of the kind we allude to. Of the author's attempts to put words into the mouth of God, we must let each reader judge and decide for himself.

We have marked many passages in this poem as suitable for transcription, for which we have not room; but we cannot conclude without commending the book to the serious attention of every young Christian. If our age wants anything, it wants *zeal, heartiness, self-sacrifice*. Zeal for truth; heartiness in its promotion; complete self-sacrifice to the cause of God in this world. No student of 'Festus' will rise from its perusal without feeling how unreservedly the author has committed himself to his 'labour of love.' We have reason to know that for years he has devoted himself to the improvement of this poem. The production of such a book, he believed, was his 'mission' in this life. In reading it we are not only told, but we are made to feel this; his is the earnestness of a true apostle. Thus feeling and believing, the book has a value beyond all literary merit, and is, we feel confident, destined to exert a holy and ennobling influence, not only on this, but on many a succeeding age.

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### Mr. Corden on War.

WHEN it was said by One whose lightest words were fraught with the wisdom of Omniscience, 'A man's foes shall be those of his own household,' it is probable that nothing more was meant than reached the ear of the hearers—a premonition of the severest of the trials that awaited them; a prophetic statement of one of the most melancholy facts in the early history of Christianity. But it is certain that there was also utterance then given to the larger and more melancholy fact, of which the world's history abounds in examples—that a true and good cause has ever most to fear from the mistakes of its own adherents—of men themselves true and good.

Such 'a cause' we heartily believe to be that of 'permanent and universal peace.' While we can hardly permit any one section of the public to entitle itself 'the Peace party'—because aversion to war has been a national characteristic for a generation past—yet have we repeatedly recognised with applause the labours of a very considerable body of our countrymen to cultivate and organize that sentiment. And on no tendency of modern times have we looked with more ardent satisfaction—in no dream of the future have we more fondly indulged—than the commingling of religious, philanthropic, and political sentiment, to universalize and perpetuate the reign of peace.

Grave and sorrowful have been our suspicions, for nearly twelve

months past, that this tendency was being seriously diminished—the realization of this future greatly retarded—by the mistakes of men in whom we had been wont to confide as supporters and leaders of our common cause; who do so stand to the world, and cannot be deposed. We have marked, from the opening of the question that is now to be decided by the dread appeal of battle, in the language of Mr. Cobden and his *confères*, an unqualified depreciation of Turkey, whom they acknowledged to be menaced with wrong—an apologetic and deferential tone towards Russia, whom they also acknowledged to be the aggressor—and a petulant depreciation of the interference of England, in whose power to interfere with effect they have yet flattered belief. In the brief debate that took place in the House of Commons at the close of last session (August the 16th), Mr. Cobden made a speech in which all the above-named characteristics were found—but the worst fallacy and most mischievous influence of which, as we believe, lurked in a single incidental expression. Praising the Government for disregarding the cry of thoughtless men for war, he dashed in with the eulogium the enunciation of a principle from which we decidedly dissent, as only less eccentric than pernicious—‘They have done wisely in not listening to the cry of the newspapers, some of which profess the democratic principle, *as if democracy ever gained by war!*’ At the Edinburgh Congress, from a Manchester platform, and in the House of Commons, Mr. Cobden has repeated the mischievous inconsistencies of the speech above alluded to—and each time with increased damage to his own reputation, and, as we fear, to the general Peace movement; but we suspect he can say nothing more pernicious, because nothing more fallacious—nothing more injurious to his influence, because nothing more averse to the settled faith of mankind—than this precipitate, half-contemptuous declaration that democracy has never been served by war. Because we thus estimate it, we will instance our sense of its inaccuracy.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, England was in possession of scarcely more than the traditions of popular rights. The Tudors had schooled her Parliaments to a subservience that made them—like the French Parliaments—little better than the registries of royal decrees. The first of the Stuarts was rather annoyed than curbed in the exercise of kingly prerogative, by the expressions of an independence newly born of the revival of learning and the reformation of religion. The second of the Stuarts resented these manifestations with sharper weapons than his father’s pedagogic lectures. The Star Chamber and the Court of High Commission—the arbitrary imprisonment of obnoxious members, and the persecution even to death of the more stubborn—failing to break the spirit that had died out of the baronial class before the commonalty had legal being, but now inspired both, the king resolved to do without Parliaments. For ten years the experiment was tried—not altogether without success. That the Long Parliament was ever summoned, we owe to the courageousness of individual patriots who did *not* profess the duty of passive resist-

ance—to the 'yeoman service' that was preparing in homes like the Huntingdon brewer's, while Hampden was appealing to venal judges, and patriotic lawyers were rubbing up the rusty steel of precedents for impeachment. That the Long Parliament was not dismissed within a month of its assembling—that it was not dispersed by armed force when it had declared itself permanent—that its members were not one by one hanged as traitors after the king had been voted guilty of making war upon his people—that that impeachment was ever preferred before a formal tribunal, and a verdict founded on the evidence of a seven years' conflict carried into execution by the stroke of an axe—was as clearly owing to the war waged by the Parliament against the king, as it is clear that Charles's death was caused by the descent of the headsman's blade. It would be as much an insult to Mr. Cobden's understanding to suppose that he disputes this connexion of cause and effect, as it would be an insult to his attainments to suppose him ignorant of these historical facts. We will not, therefore, make either supposition. Nor will we suppose him to deny that 'democracy gained anything' by the issue of the conflict. That the revolution of 1648 secured the privileges of Parliament against the fatal encroachment of prerogative, is as patent to every reader of our English annals as that the encroachment was made and resisted. That the nation never heartily concurred in, or that it violently revolted against, the form of government which superseded kingship—that the reaction even extended to the surrender of much that was bought with blood—proves nothing against this only material fact,—the establishment, for ever, of the inviolability of representatives. And that the privilege of Parliament is of the essence of a democratic polity, the member for the West Riding will certainly not deny. We will suppose only that a mistaken anxiety about present interests hurried him into unjust forgetfulness of a glorious past.

Not less conspicuous and decisive is the case of the Anglo-American colonies. The creatures of royal charters, those communities might seem to have no rights but those so conferred; among which the right of self-taxation would not be found. When, however, the attempt was made to tax them from across the ocean—when a British Parliament would have exercised for itself the prerogative that might have been reasonably claimed by the sovereign—the colonists resisted. That resistance they justified by an appeal to the principles of English law—but they evidently were encouraged to make it by the sense of superiority to English power. The band of men, dressed like Indians, and with blackened faces, who boarded the ship in Boston harbour, and emptied into the sea the tea that had paid a tyrannical impost, must have reckoned for impunity on the width of the Atlantic, the mutual enmities of European powers, and the military capabilities of an adolescent nation, inhabiting a vast continent. They were mistaken in nothing but their expectation of English forbearance or sympathy. The mother-country struck, with scarcely a remonstrating emotion, at

her indocile daughter. It was owing to the exciting conflict at Bunker's Hill, to the steady aim of New England husbandmen, and the good generalship of a Virginian planter, aided by the blunders of Cornwallis and the help of the French contingent, led by Lafayette—not at all to the moral influence of a good cause, or the relentings of a foolish monarch—that the Declaration of Independence rises in history above the dignity of a rebel manifesto, and the present citizens of the Great Republic are not the unenfranchised subjects of a foreign crown. We know that it may be said—for *it is said* (in the 'Herald of Peace,' p. 302, vol. ii.)—we are assuming 'that the good result could have been attained in no other way than by war.' To which we reply,—first, that to dissever results from the means set at work for their attainment, is to paralyze the sinews of logic, to make controversy a game at conjecture, and history a book of suppositions;—secondly, that we know, from reason and from analogous cases, the very opposite of these results would probably have followed the employment of opposite agency. To be told that America would have been discovered if Columbus had never ventured on his search for the western passage to the Indies, and would have been free though Washington had never left his farm—that the craven tyranny of a Stuart dynasty, and the ambitious conquests of a Napoleon, would have come to an end had no sword ever been drawn in their path—is to be confounded by the audacity of assumption. It requires no extension of this principle to deprive the physician of his fee and the philanthropist of his laurel; to tell Harvey, 'If you had not found out the circulation of the blood, some one else would,'—and Howard, 'You had but the luck to be first in circumnavigating the whole sphere of human miseries.' It falls in with the error of college clubs, when they debate, 'What would have been the course of history if Noah had not built the ark?' It is scarcely parodied by the song in a popular extravaganza:—

' Suppose that I was you,  
Suppose that you was me,  
Suppose we all were somebody else,  
I wonder who we should be !'

We should be glad to know whence would have come the 'anything gained to democracy' by the American war of independence, had the colonists contented themselves with petitioning, and upsetting chests of duty-paid tea. Does the conduct of England to her other colonies—even with the example of her first-born for a warning—indicate that she would have forbore to vex them, conceded representative institutions, or quietly acquiesced in separation? Have colonists ever gained anything—even with public opinion at home in their favour, and a reformed Parliament for its expression—but by rebellion, or the threat of it? Have not the domestic triumphs of liberty had to wait their achievement till obstructions have become timorous? The United Irishmen gained, by the click of their muskets, an instalment of the rights that were not gained in full till forty years later,—when concession was the only alternative of civil war. The Reform Bill



and corn-law repeal were notoriously yielded to the terror inspired, in the one case by an exasperated, in the other by a suffering, people. We do not, of course, mean that pacific agitation has never gained, or rulers of their own good will conceded, any good thing; nor that the conquest of a government by its people is not a resource that must prove fatal, if often repeated—as in France. But we do mean, that while there is no example in history of a people pledged not to fight, or unable to fight, for its liberties, obtaining them—and there are examples of nations perishing under foreign or domestic tyranny from lack of strength or courage to resist—no one has the shadow of an authority for saying that England and America would have been free had they abstained from fighting.

We forbear to multiply instances of a law as abundantly illustrated as it is widely believed, because we wish to point out an implication in Mr. Cobden's doctrine inconsistent with his general profession, as a politician. 'As if democracy ever gained anything by war!' Has, then, democracy an interest separate from that of society as a whole?—for whose defence, it is admitted, war may be necessary. A member of the society in New Broad-street may very consistently deny that popular interests are ever befriended by war; because he believes that the destruction of social, as of individual life, is a less evil than resistance unto blood. Not so the member for the West Riding. He never speaks, of late, but to disclaim participation in this belief—he even told the House of Commons the other night that there was no political party in the country who would not support the Government in a war required by self-defence or honour. But does he not see that to deny the gain to democracy from war, is to deny its possible necessity to society at large—is equivalent to saying, There is no advantage in the independence of foreign domination or domestic despotism you may obtain by arms, to counterbalance the interruption of commerce, the loss of life, the deterioration of morals, involved in the process? The wars from which democracies gain—and almost the only wars in which they embark—are either in self-defence or in sympathy;—wars undertaken to resist, or to aid in resisting, aggression;—wars waged, not for the establishment of a particular form of government, but to make any other government than a military despotism a possibility—to clear a space for the pacific development of national life. The 'thoughtless men,' the 'newspapers professing democratic opinions,' to whom Mr. Cobden alluded, were urging that war for Turkey would, in effect, be war for Poland and Hungary. The hon. gentleman, in denying that war could be for the gain of these (would-be) democracies, denies, in effect, that it is gainful to resist the international burglar, who will certainly inflict, if not defeated, national death. And it is because Mr. Cobden has said, or seemed to say, this, that his reputation has suddenly and signally collapsed—that a people neither fickle nor intolerant have withdrawn from him their admiration and confidence. Unjust to his countrymen as to his own fame, he accuses them of rushing into war with ignorant levity;—they,

remembering his instructions when they have ceased to respect his reasoning, contrast his present warning of indefinite disaster from participation in a war of Europe against Russia, with his whilom ridicule of her power ; and they set down to an unreasoning mania for peace a course which has not the consistency of religious principle.

But not to Mr. Cobden is confined the utterance of fallacies more injurious to the influence of their authors than to the public opinion they assail. There has lately issued from the office of the Peace Society a tract entitled, 'Ought England to go to war with Russia?' How does the reader suppose he will be conducted to a negative reply? By proofs that Russia has done no wrong, or wrongs too insignificant to merit general reprobation? Not at all. That Russia has 'oppressed' and 'invaded' Turkey is distinctly said. In the fact that the last war proved far more protracted and severe than was anticipated—that we English are constantly oppressing and invading semi-barbarous states—that Russia is too poor and feeble for her aggressions to excite alarm—and that the modern progress of society aggravates the evils of war—are the successive considerations by which the country is urged to decide the momentous question. It would be easy to impale the writer on a dilemma of his own making—If Russia be so feeble as you represent her, whence are to come the disasters you prophesy? if she be strong enough to inflict those disasters, is it not time to arrest the aggressions that at once feed and excite her strength? But we are tempted rather to dwell a moment on a sentence in the first paragraph—'Is there any war on record that ended as the authors of it intended and designed?' Why, yes,—we should say,—decidedly; and we would even, as requested by the writer, 'take the last war with France.' Except in point of time, that war ended precisely as 'intended and designed' by its foolish and wicked authors—namely, in the restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of France. It is, perhaps, at once the most encouraging and the most sorrowful example in history of the might of physical force. Every stage of the blood-dyed record is a fresh illustration of the general lesson—that the battle is with courage and numbers. The allies were repulsed, and their countries conquered, by the revolutionary armies; because France at once threw her fevered strength into the conflict. England became mistress of the seas, as Napoleon of the land, by the superiority of her resources on that element. When the spectacle of Europe overrun by the deadly enemy of her commerce, inspired her to efforts on an untried field—when she sent to the peninsula her Indian general and her own armies, no longer trusting to royal commanders and hiring troops—when the *people* of Germany and the patriotism of Russia were at last aroused—the result was as certain as the outcome of any scientific problem. It is a law of nature that, in physics, the stronger shall overcome the weaker, quite independent of moral conditions. The Turk may have never so just a cause—but if he be left to fight the battle single-handed with Russia, he will as assuredly be worsted as were the Poles and the Hungarians; and, for the same reason, the Turk

is numerically unequal—thirty millions to sixty. But Europe against Russia is in more than the opposite proportion. Before the alliance of France and England, the Muscovite must succumb as certainly, though not so swiftly, as a gun-boat before a war-steamer. To argue that, because wars have not infrequently been undertaken in ignorance of mutual resources, and terminated in unexpected results, the sword is never a reliable weapon, is to use a principle that would relax the sinews of all human effort, and destroy all motive to action by inducing a settled scepticism of consequences. In the present case, however, such lawless reasoning can only excite the regret of the reflective, who would gladly temper exulting self-confidence with a salutary care; for the public enemy is only dangerous when despised.

We regret especially there should be any necessity for the last remark we feel called upon to make—a remark upon what may be called the *practical fallacy* of the Peace party. In their anxiety to dissuade from war, they have incurred grave suspicions of indifference to right and duty—even of insensibility to the highest interests and glories of a nation. ‘Who made England the head-policeman of Europe?’ it was asked, at the Edinburgh Peace Conference—in strange obliviousness of the Peace doctrine, that nations should be the legal guardians of each other’s rights; and of that universal truth of religion and morality, that the strong should protect the weak. We read lately, in a Lancashire newspaper, that it was said by a speaker, in the Peace party’s interest, at a borough meeting on the Eastern question—a statesman whom we do not name, lest he should have been misrepresented—Poland was better off under Russian than domestic rule; and that the assertion was supported by the statistics of road-making. What an exalted idea must this man have of human well-being! All the orators and journals of the party have recently been lavish in praises of the Earl of Aberdeen; they will probably quote and adopt as a motto his recent dictum, that war, *even when just and necessary*, is the worst possible exhibition of human depravity; but is there no one to remark on the suspicious partiality of his version—only a *war against despotism* having ever before been objected to by a statesman of forty years’ standing? And Mr. Cobden adds the climax of his perversities by voting for the Vienna note as the terms of peace! He—the friend of Kossuth, and the suspected republican!—has in this great unloosing of diplomatic fetters by the hand of Providence, no word of help for the Hungarian, Pole, or Italian, and leaves to the Tory Mr. Drummond to suggest, that the shortest way to victory and the best reparation of enormous errors, is the recognition of a kingdom which, without even the guilt of being Mahomedan, has the misfortune to have been sacrificed, by English indifference, to Russian perfidy and force.

## The Religion of the Heart.

LEIGH HUNT.

WHATEVER charges may be brought against the logic or the learning of modern English 'Spiritualists,' few amongst them can be rightfully accused of being *dull*. They seem generally bent upon achieving an instant popularity, and have been, therefore, sedulous in cultivating a terse and brilliant style of expression. The reputed style of the orthodox literature is *heavy* (with what justice we do not now inquire), and, as if to discredit or eclipse it, they have thrown overboard whatever weighty cargo they had on hand, and determined to float at all hazards, if not with ballast, then without it. Hence, the manner of these writers is not that of men standing with knit brow and hard gaze in the presence of the problems they propose to solve, but rather the manner of eager and impatient questioners looking for an answer that can be wrought into a brilliant antithesis, or that will explode some long-received maxim.

This book, however, with a promising and suggestive title, does not belong in this respect to the class which, in other respects, would naturally claim it. It is emphatically a *dull* book; and what is worse, it is dull without the advantage of being *true*. We have conscientiously taken the pains to read it through; and though we sat down with the expectation not, certainly, of finding in it sound theology, but of seeing moral duty expounded with vigorous graphic power, we found it hard work to persevere to the end of the work. The first part is professedly devotional, and the second is argumentative. The devotional part consists of what are called 'Aspirations' and 'Heart Exercises,' with a sort of appendix on Rewards and Punishments; the second part is an attempt to furnish a test by which true scripture is to be distinguished from false, with samples of the true from the real scriptural teachers of the world—amongst whom our readers will be amused to hear are Abraham Tucker, author of the 'Light of Nature,' and Professor Nichol, of Glasgow.

Every man writes to give currency to some favourite dogma; and if we were asked what upon the surface appears to be the cherished dogma of Mr. Hunt, we should reply that he wishes to uproot from the world the belief in a hell. Sometime in his earlier life he must have been taught to believe that somewhere in the next world there is a place of torment, kindled with material fires, where sinful men must suffer dreadful bodily torment throughout all eternity. This grossly material conception seems to have clung to him through life, distracting his reason and horrifying his imagination so greatly as to have disqualified him for calmly reading the Bible, or estimating the popular theology at its real value. Most persons, with any strength of judgment, conquer their boyish superstition, and spiritualize their gross material conception of religious truth, by after inquiry and maturer insight. Mr. Hunt, however, seems to have taken no trouble

to ask whether the doctrine of a future hell is represented to us in Scripture figuratively or literally; whether the current theology in expounding that doctrine uses popular or philosophical language; whether that doctrine, stripped of all figure, has not a foundation in reason and experience as well as in revelation. Mr. Hunt never troubled himself with so obvious a duty as to inquire whether, if sin brings suffering after it in this world, it may not do so even in an enlarged degree in the next world; and whether the existence of suffering as a consequence of sin in the next world, does not offer the same kind of difficulty in reference to the benevolence of God as the existence of suffering here? Indeed, throughout the whole book we can discover no traces of any but the most superficial effort to understand divine revelation, and the common spiritual facts of man's experience.

Indeed, this is the charge that must be brought against the whole conception of the book—that it is *superficial*. The very title of it, as embodying the author's idea of the nature of religion, illustrates this. For what is meant by the 'Religion of the Heart?' Is it intended to be implied that religion—that is, man's spiritual obligations—is to be determined and explained exclusively by the heart, and that man's judgment and understanding have no function in relation to the great matters of moral and religious duty. This certainly seems to be implied all along by the language used in this book. When reduced to plain terms, this means one of two things—either that Mr. Hunt's Religion of the Heart is religion *minus* theology, or religion *versus* theology. In other words, either that man can do very well without his reason in religious matters, or that his reason is positively adverse to the religion dictated by the heart. Now, the first of these alternatives identifies Mr. Hunt with the mystics of all ages, and prepares him, if he cling consistently to his doctrine, for becoming the slave of the most abject superstition. For what has been the history of religion when divorced from intellect and knowledge—what but a history of blind instinct, laying down cruel laws for self-torture and degradation? For Mr. Hunt to adopt the second of these alternatives, and to assert that the reason and the heart of man are irreconcilable in respect to his religious obligations, is no doubt the way to save himself immense trouble, and to cut a knot which wise and patient men endeavour anxiously to untie. Though Mr. Hunt has failed, practically, in giving to the sentiments of the heart that supreme ascendancy which would effectually *put down* all the dictates of the understanding, and has, therefore, failed in expounding to us a religion which is the pure product of the heart; for if there be one sentiment that rises in the heart more spontaneously than another, it is the sentiment of *prayer*—the propensity to believe that God will listen to the cry of distress, and send help to its relief. This faith in the efficiency of prayer is never abated till men begin to reason, and plague themselves with the metaphysics of the question, and the understanding at last arrives at this remorseless conclusion—that prayer to an unchangeable Being must be an absurdity. At this

conclusion Mr. Hunt seems also to have arrived, and to have adopted it as part of his religion of the heart; for we do not recollect one instance throughout this manual of devotion, in which he has put a single prayer into the mouth of the worshipper. But he as carefully abstains from telling us the reason of this omission; for that would injure his theory—that man's heart, in opposition to his understanding, is to be his instructor in religious duty.

If we put a more favourable construction upon the title of this book, and understand Mr. Hunt to mean by it, that he confines himself to the *practical aspect* of religion, or that side of it which is immediately related to the affections, then we cannot help feeling that this is the coldest, feeblest 'religion of the heart' that has ever been addressed to the world. Let any one take for his use the four daily 'aspirations,' or 'heart exercises,' two of whose cardinal virtues are, to imitate the serene habit of nature, and to keep our bodies clean, and see if he can employ them as the real utterances of his soul—as the expressions of his deepest wants, and hopes, and resolves. That which is worth the name of religion in man is heroic goodness, the upright and strong attitude of the soul in relation to virtues which are difficult of achievement—the invincible resolve to conquer all mean desires—the divine sorrow before God, which, while it prostrates, yet leaves a balm behind it which invigorates the heart—the destroyer of selfishness, and the creator of love towards God and man. But it is not religion of this type which is sought to be produced and cultivated by the liturgy of this book. Mr. Hunt makes the heart to whisper some feeble sentiment of poetry in sympathy with the soft evening breeze, when his worshipper is retiring to rest; or at mid-day teaches him to connect some thought with the splendour of the sun; or cherish the tender remembrance of a friend; or at night to meditate on darkness and the stars, and to think of any wrong done during the day with gentle regrets, with the wish to make amends on the morrow. No one can accuse Mr. Hunt of fanaticism in his devotion—the stream of his thought as it flows towards heaven is so unruffled—his praises, even, are to be soft and low, lest he should wish to gain the favour of God by his thanksgiving. We do not believe that this *dilettante* worship will satisfy any heart that has received an average amount of moral culture; nor that the religion of the fine arts goes deep enough for men who are in daily contact with the strong temptations and deep sorrows of life. For it denies the possibility of that which the Bible represents as the grand virtue of man's character—as the grand support and origin of all real goodness—love to the Almighty Creator. It denies that God can be loved by man, except mediately and remotely, *i.e.*, by loving his creatures, and adoring him in his works. Here we have one evidence of Mr. Hunt's unfitness to be the lawgiver to man's heart; for he underrates its capacities and denies its privileges. For whatever charges the Word of God makes against man for his voluntary neglect, and consequent forgetfulness of God, it commands, persuades, and exhibits motives to him upon the clear assumption that he can be recovered to the love of God, and that to seek this is to be

the grand aim of his life. This restoration of his affections to God as their supreme object, is, indeed, acknowledged to be a difficult, but yet a practicable work. Now, Mr. Hunt does not deny the possibility of man's loving God, because he has adopted the Calvinistic or the Biblical representation of the Divine attributes. For he emphatically repudiates those representations which contemplate the judicial aspect of the Divine character, and says that the 'Divine Being is a wholly good and beneficent being;' 'wholly and truly the Great Beneficence;' but his doctrine is founded upon the maxim of Aristotle, that we can love no being who is not thoroughly a partaker of our own nature. Now we do not mean to charge Mr. Hunt with denying the personality of God, but his manner of speaking of the Infinite Father of men is too much the manner of speaking of some great abstract Quality, to allow us to suppose that he has any fixed conception of God as a personal individuality; for his favourite and constantly recurring phrase is, 'the Great Beneficence,' by which phrase he says it is most comfortable to designate the nature of God. It must be quite plain, therefore, that if a man's conception of the Supreme be fluctuating somewhere between a person and a quality—alternating between Theism and Pantheism—he will find it difficult, if not impossible, to cling to him with his affections, and to love him with the energy of soul which the Bible speaks of. Further—if a man believe that God has never spoken to man—has never revealed the secrets of his heart to man—but has only embodied his thought towards man in law—mere inarticulate law—then the difficulty of knowing him as an object of love must be still more increased. What may be the degree of that love of which man's soul is capable—how much of the nature of passion enters into it—are questions which it is needless to attempt to answer with nicety. We may make two obvious remarks in passing. First, As to the degree of it, which is, that men attain very different measures of it, according to the amount of cultivation they bestow upon it. Secondly, As to the quality of it. That men can and do attain to such a feeling in reference to God, as that they make him the grand object of their thought and living; and this not from fear, but by the constraint of a holy affection, doing and suffering his will, and voluntarily choosing as their chief good and dearest pleasure whatever that will has ordained. And this is the kind of love which Christianity seeks to awaken and cherish in man towards God.

Our readers will easily infer from the foregoing observations that this book on the religion of the heart is deficient in the power to awaken any deep *consciousness of sin*. The chapters on Duty, Conscience, and Religion, contain as much loose and superficial thinking on these great topics as could be found within the same compass in the most unscientific, unphilosophical books we know. Duty is defined to be, 'whatever we take to be such, uncondemned by our consciences, and apart from forcing the consciences of others.' This book disdains to discuss the question whether this is the only standard of man's duty—whether there is any *objective* rule to which man is to bring the fluctuating rule within—which is to determine and regulate

the subjective. Not one word is said of the *state* of the conscience whose consent to our notion of what is duty stamps the notion with authority. And yet we know that conscience, as much as the faculty of reason or imagination, stands in need of training and culture before it can perform its functions with truth and authority. Perhaps Mr. Hunt may say that he implies that condition in his statement; we can only say that we do not see how, with his want of an outward standard of duty, he can provide for the cultivation of the untutored conscience. On Mr. Hunt's definition of religion we can offer no remarks, as it seems to us unintelligible; at least we cannot understand it. Now the united effect of his definitions, reasonings, and devotional forms, seems to us to issue in this, that there certainly are such things as duty and religion if men can but discover them; but, that if men fail in the discovery, no obligations have been broken; that even if they fail in duties plainly recognised to be such, they are to try to amend their ways, but not to yield to sorrow for their sin, not to cherish the conviction that they have wronged the merciful government of a tender father, that they have, indeed, made a mistake, but that they are accountable for it only to themselves. We say that such a theory of moral life as this is calculated to deaden the moral sense of man, and gradually to weaken and destroy those strong perceptions of right and wrong, which, in the main, have swayed the empire of man's moral nature.

It would seem not only from the nature of the case, but from history and experience, that one of the strongest supports of Christian virtue is the expectation of a future life. Mr. Hunt attaches no importance to the pre-eminent value of the *Christian* argument for immortality; discards nearly all the natural arguments for it (and, indeed, most of them prove too much) and rests the doctrine simply upon the fact that God has implanted in man's soul the *hope* of another life. And this is all the light which the religion of the heart can throw upon the mysteries of death and the future, abandoning him to a palpitating hope, which draws its life not from a positive revelation, but simply from itself—a hope without any warrant for its existence, and which may resemble the great crowd of human hopes, that are cheated of their objects! And as if to draw away the attention of men from the future, and to make them feel that the present ought to be the absorbing object of their thought, Mr. Hunt has a singular, and what we must be permitted to call a silly, chapter on what he oddly terms, '*other-worldliness*.' 'It is the same desire for the advantages of the world to come, which the worldly-minded feel for those of the present.' That is, being interpreted, the Christian man, who is seeking for glory, honour, and eternal life beyond the grave by self-sacrifice and supreme devotion to Jesus Christ here, is doing the same thing in principle as the selfish worldling is doing in the present pursuits of ambition, pleasure, or wealth. 'The other-worldly are known by their adulation of their Master's power, by their meanness towards the poor, and their insensibility to the cruelties which they think he will wreak on those who offend him.' We really



do not think that this is worthy of an argumentative reply. It is a libel intended for the great mass of Christian believers, and is an evidence of more malignity or ignorance than we gave Mr. Hunt credit for. For surely no man would soberly say that men worship and praise God in the same manner as courtiers flatter kings, and that they think to practise upon the Almighty by an 'organized system of hypocrisy,' or that any man *can* enter into the kingdom of heaven who is, upon principle and in heart, mean towards the poor, and insensible to human suffering in the next world. This attempt to vilify the character of the man whose life is pursued upon the plan of embracing both worlds in his calculations, *seems*, at least, too much like an apology for the Secularist feeling which prompts a man to make the most of the present, and to let the distant and uncertain future take care of itself.

The book, therefore, falsifies its title, and attempts to give men something as a substitute for the religion of the heart. It was originally advertised as intended for 'those who belonged to no visible church.' The more appropriate title for it would seem to us to be—'A short and easy method to virtue: being an attempt to eliminate all that is difficult from the profession and practice of religion.'

We trust that the character of this magazine has been sufficiently established for the disposition to yield to others all the liberty of thought which it claims for itself. We, therefore, should be the last to brand a man with dishonesty and impiety for having arrived at conclusions upon even religious questions which differ from our own. But we make no pretensions to that maudlin charity which shuts its eyes to all evidence of want of candour and charity in another. When a man writes a book, whose evident purpose is to discredit Christianity, and to organize a church of a different, and sometimes directly opposite creed, there must be the indisputable marks of patient industry, honesty, and candour, in his treatment of the question, before he can feel himself entitled to the benefit of a favourable construction and hearing. For surely the whole question of religion, treating, as it does, of the relation between God and man, and the duties resulting from that relation, is not only the most momentous object of human thought, but involves, under the speculative aspect of it, some matters which demand the most strenuous exercise of man's intellect. But let a man come to the discussion of it, and dare to caricature that which soberly claims to be the Revelation of the Divine Will, or jauntily ignore it altogether; or let him show plain proofs that he has never patiently studied Christian evidence and Christian doctrine, but has fallen in with mere popular and superficial objections to them; let him discover any dislike for the severe morality and spiritual exercise and temper which Christianity enjoins: and then no superhuman shrewdness is needed to suspect that we have come to the wrong quarter to find the truth, or to find help in our anxious inquiries after the truth. We need not say that this is our judgment of the book before us; and that, though Mr. Hunt is a poet and a *litterateur*, he is not a trustworthy guide in the pursuit after religious truth.

## The Circulation of the Religious Newspapers.

A RETURN, the second of its kind published during the last four years, has recently been made to Parliament of the number of stamps issued to the newspaper press during the years 1851, 1852, and 1853. The disclosures of this interesting document, in regard to the circulation of the religious newspapers, are so significant that we make no apology for devoting to them a page of the 'Christian Spectator.' The apology is the less needed that none of the religious journals have thought it worth the trouble to exhibit any of the results of the return excepting so far as they may favourably affect their own position and prospects.

The number of newspapers connected with, or supposed to represent, the various religious interests in Great Britain, is 16. Of these 5 are connected with the Established Church, 6 with English Evangelical Dissent, 2 with the Scottish Presbyterians, 2 with the Roman Catholics, and 1 with the Unitarians. Of the Church papers, 2 are Low Church, 2 High, and 1 literary. Of the Dissenting, 4 are supported principally by Baptists and Independents, 2 out of the 4 representing what may be termed the moderate party, 1 the extreme, 1 the nondescript; the remaining 2 are Wesleyan, respectively Old Connexion and Reforming. The Roman Catholic organs may be similarly classified into Ultramontane and Liberal. The other two papers are published north of the Tweed, one being connected with the Free, and the other with the United Presbyterian Church.

The absolute circulation of any of these journals, considered without reference to the numerical strength of the denominations they represent, would be matter of much more interest to their several proprietors than to the public. In the present case, however, figures represent something more than publishers' profits. The circulation of the newspaper press of this country has frequently been pointed to as one of the most prominent indications and gratifying proofs of the general intelligence and mental activity of its people. The circulation of the religious press, looked at as indicative of the same qualities in the several churches they represent, affords some curious results. In the following table the reader has the average impression in 1853 of each of the several journals named:—

### ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

|                                    |               |
|------------------------------------|---------------|
| Record (semi-weekly) . . . . .     | 3,639         |
| Guardian . . . . .                 | 3,846         |
| English Churchman . . . . .        | 1,336         |
| Church and State Gazette . . . . . | 577           |
| Church Journal . . . . .           | 900           |
| <b>Total . . . . .</b>             | <b>10,298</b> |

### ENGLISH EVANGELICAL DISSENTERS.

|                                 |              |
|---------------------------------|--------------|
| British Banner . . . . .        | 3,888        |
| Nonconformist . . . . .         | 3,207        |
| Christian Times . . . . .       | 1,338        |
| Patriot (semi-weekly) . . . . . | 1,269        |
| <b>Total . . . . .</b>          | <b>9,702</b> |

| WESLEYAN.                              |  |       |
|--|--|-------|
| Wesleyan Times . . . . .               |  | 3,528 |
| Watchman . . . . .                     |  | 3,273 |
| Total . . . . .                        |  | 6,801 |
| UNITARIAN.                             |  |       |
| Inquirer . . . . .                     |  | 769   |
| ROMAN CATHOLIC.                        |  |       |
| Catholic Standard . . . . .            |  | 1,531 |
| Tablet . . . . .                       |  | 3,660 |
| Total . . . . .                        |  | 5,191 |
| FREE CHURCH.                           |  |       |
| Witness (semi-weekly) . . . . .        |  | 2,759 |
| UNITED PRESBYTERIAN.                   |  |       |
| Scottish Press (semi-weekly) . . . . . |  | 1,270 |

From the above table it will be seen that the Protestant Dissenting organs in England and Wales have nearly *double* the circulation of the papers of the Established Church. The actual proportion of the circulation of each paper to the number of attendants at the public worship of their several denominations, brings out this result in a manner certainly rather disparaging to the intelligence of the members of the Ecclesiastical Establishment of these realms. The proportions are exhibited in the following table, in which the number of Church and Chapel attendants is given, as in Mr. Mann's Table, No. 23, of the 'Estimated total number of attendants' at the services of each religious body on the census Sunday :—

| Class of Paper.         | No. of Church Attendants. | Proportion of Circulation to Church Attendance. |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|---|
| Established Church . .  | 3,773,474                 | 1 in 369  |
| Wesleyan . . . . .      | 1,385,384                 | 1 „ 204   |
| Evangelical Dissent . . | 1,422,499*                | 1 „ 146   |
| Unitarian . . . . .     | 37,156                    | 1 „ 48  |
| Roman Catholic . . . .  | 305,393                   | 1 „ 173†  |

\* As follows :—

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| Independents . . . . .                    | 793,142   |
| Baptists . . . . .                        | 587,978   |
| United Presbyterians in England . . . . . | 23,207    |
| Society of Friends . . . . .              | 18,172    |
|   | 1,422,499 |

We believe the circulation of the four newspapers coming under the above classification, is almost entirely confined to the above denominations.

† At least two-thirds of the Roman Catholic papers are circulated in Ireland. The above is the proportion for England and Wales only.

Considering Protestant Dissenters as opposed to the Established Church, the result is as follows:—

| Class of Paper.         | No. of Church Attendants. | Proportion of Circulation to Church Attendance. |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|---|
| Established Church . .  | 3,773,474                 | 1 in 369  |
| Protestant Dissenters . | 2,845,039                 | 1 „ 164   |

There is, therefore, on the hypothesis that newspapers afford a correct indication of intellectual activity, about twice the amount of this quality in Dissent than there is in the Church. Relatively to their common number the intelligence of the denominations would be correctly represented by the following figures:—

|                               |       |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| Unitarian . . . . .           | 19.58 |
| Evangelical Dissent . . . . . | 6.44  |
| Roman Catholic . . . . .      | 5.43  |
| Wesleyan . . . . .            | 4.60  |
| Established Church . . . . .  | 2.54  |

We believe this result to be pretty near the truth. The Church—at any rate the religious section of it—in proportion to its numbers, has the least intelligence of any denomination, and the least of earnest religious conviction.

One or two remarks concerning the Dissenting press, and we have done. Comparing its total circulation with that given in the return of 1851 the result is, at first sight, not very encouraging. In 1850 the total average impression of the Protestant Dissenting press was 11,493; in 1853 it was 10,471, or 1,022 less. The decrease is accounted for as follows:—

| Name of Paper.                         | 1850. | 1853. | Decrease.   |
|--|-------|-------|-------------|
| British Banner . .                     | 4,421 | 3,888 | 533 weekly. |
| Nonconformist . .                      | 2,965 | 3,207 |             |
| Christian Times .                      | 1,808 | 1,338 | 470 weekly. |
| Patriot . . . . .                      | 1,336 | 1,269 |             |
| Inquirer . . . . .                     | 963   | 769   | 194 weekly. |
| Total decrease . . . . .               |       |       |             |
| Deduct increase in 'Nonconformist' . . |       |       | 1,264       |
| Net decrease . . . . .                 |       |       | 242         |
|  |       |       | 1,022       |

Thus, with one exception, all the Dissenting papers have decreased in circulation. Only one—the *Nonconformist*—has not only not suffered a decrease, but has increased to the extent of 242 copies weekly. The net result is a considerable gain to the moral and intellectual influence of Dissent.

## My Young Mistress; OR, LOVE AND LABOUR.

### CHAPTER II.—MY FIRST PLACE.

It was seven o'clock when I arrived in B—— street, Ipswich. James had already left my box there, and I had only a small bundle and my little band-box in my hand. I was glad to see that the servants were just sitting down to tea, for I was faint and weary, and cook looked very pleasant, and said, 'Run, Jane, and ask Mrs. Maxwell for a little tea for this poor girl, she looks so tired. This is such sad wash you would feel none the better for it.'

Jane ran, and soon came with a tea-spoonful or so in a cup, and the same quantity of sugar, and, poor as it was, I was refreshed, but I could not eat. I had just finished my first cup, and cook was pouring me out another, when the bell rang, and Jane, after answering it, quietly told me that I was to go up into the drawing-room at once, as Mrs. Maxwell was now at liberty to tell me what my duties were.

Mrs. Maxwell was sitting at work in a small drawing-room, and busy with their different employments were her three daughters, only a part of a family of ten children, who, with the exception of one boy of eight years, and a little girl of six, were all grown up.

These two children were to be my special charge. I was to dress and undress them, attend to their wardrobes, and in such times as they were not with their daily governess, I was to walk with them, and wait upon them. I was to help Jane in the house work, to set the breakfast-table, to learn to wait at meals, to answer the dining-room bell where the young ladies sat of a morning, and, in short, to do so many things that I marvelled in my simplicity what would be left to the others to do. Cook, too, I was to help on busy days—washing days especially—and to make myself generally useful.

Still, I did not mind that. I had been used to work, though of a different kind, and I only hoped I might remember and please. Mrs. Maxwell spoke kindly, and I went down stairs quite encouraged. Jane and cook laughed, and immediately asked what Mrs. Maxwell had said I was to do. I told them, and they nodded their heads significantly, only saying, 'Time will prove.'

Miss Maxwell now came down to ask Jane if she would take a note for her to Rushmere, a distance of nearly two miles, as I knew. It was a bleak evening in March, and Jane was coughing inveterately with one of those hacking, tickling coughs which influenza so often leaves.

I thought I should have liked Miss Maxwell better if she had only said 'please,' but I supposed it was an unintentional omission.

Jane looked anything but pleased at the prospect of the walk, and cook, a good-tempered girl, said, 'May I go for Jane, Miss Maxwell? I don't think she's fit to go out.'

Oh, dear no, it couldn't be thought of; it was washing-day to-morrow, and cook must be getting ready for Mrs. Larmer, the washerwoman. So Jane was obliged to go. I wondered if her cough, as she went past the drawing-room window, made Mrs. Maxwell's heart ache. The bell rang, and I must go and attend to it; and, with a very beating heart, I did so.

'It is little Miss Clara's bed-time,' said Mrs. Maxwell. 'Now, Alice, see if you can persuade her to go with you.' But no such thing; little Miss Clara lifted up her voice and cried loudly, calling me 'a nasty thing,' and bidding me go away. I was not surprised at this; I had seen too much of children to suppose they could like a new face—and that, alas, a sad one—all at once, and I stood patiently trying to persuade the child, when one of the young ladies remarked:—

'It is that dreadful black gown; Clary never could bear black, you know, mamma.'

The allusion to the black gown brought other signs of woe. I could not help it; I burst into tears.

'Oh, come, come,' said Mrs. Maxwell, with such coldness that the tears were soon dried up; 'come, come! it will never do to give way so. You can never expect the children to like you if you are gloomy.'

Little Lionel—and he had not his name for nothing—put his hand into mine, and said, 'I'll like you if you won't cry;' and, with a little air of condescension, he continued:—'*I'll* go to bed first, if you like, to-night, Clary'—and proudly walked out of the room with me.

We got over the putting to bed better than might have been expected. Little Miss Clara was reconciled to me, but the 'nasty black gown' still continued an excuse for irritability.

'You really *must* put on a lighter dress,' said Miss Maxwell, 'you see how Clary turns her face from you.'

'Very well, ma'am,' said I; being this time a little too proud for tears.

Ah! how I dreamed of Letty that night.

It is strange how many little events of my first days in service are stamped on my mind, whilst greater things that have since passed are forgotten.

I was used to early rising, and, by six o'clock, I was down stairs trying to help Jane, who did not appear in a very good temper. While I was yet waiting for her the clock struck seven, and a loud bell was heard.

'That bell is for master's shaving water. Quick, quick! have you not got it ready?'

'No, dear, no! I did not know.'

'Well, make haste now, then, there's a good girl.'

At half-past seven o'clock another bell; then I had to carry up warm water to Mrs. Maxwell, and to each of the Misses Maxwell. I had been warned of this on the previous night, but whilst drawing it at the kitchen boiler I received another summons from my mistress to

go '*directly*'—the sound was a sharp one—and see why poor little Miss Clara was crying so.

It did rather astonish me that, among so many elder sisters, not one could be found to attend to this same Miss Clara; but I went forth-with, and, having on a lilac print, she condescended to look at me—protesting, however, that she must be dressed *directly*. The '*directly*,' in her childish tongue, was much like the one she had heard a few moments back; and I ventured to tell her she should ask nicely for what she wanted. She looked at me in silent astonishment, and then said, '*please*.' The dressing went on better than the undressing on the previous night, and when she ordered me, I said, '*Ask, dear*.'

Lionel, who was dressed, and sitting on a stool in the nursery, waiting for me to brush his hair, looked up very archly at me, and said, '*Why?*'

'Because,' I said, 'it is right and proper to ask nicely for what you wish.'

'Yes, I know,' the boy replied, 'to papa, and mamma, and sisters, but'—

'Well, but what?'

'Not to *servants*.'

I could not answer—I could not be angry with the child—how could I? The very moment the words were uttered, and my face reddening I dare say, there was another call; it was from one of the younger ladies. 'Alice! come and fasten my dress.' There was not a sound the least resembling *please*—if there had been, how glad I should have been to have pointed it out to the little impatient boy. So do children get their education!

The day was a weary one to me. I had everything to learn; and, besides, I was so grieved to see poor Jane looking so ill.

The washing-day is never a pleasant one in a family, but it is surprising how a little sympathy will help the hardest working girl through the drudgery of that most disagreeable of domestic eras, a monthly wash. We had had washing-days at home, but then we all worked together—the strongest helping the weak. Poor Jane's cough grieved me very much, and I was quite anxious about it, for she was a slim, delicate girl. The bitter March wind was blowing, and yet Jane was obliged to go out to hang the clothes on the lines—warm, as she was, out of the heated washhouse.

Miss Maxwell, who was in the kitchen making pie-crust, and teaching me how to set the dinner-tray, said to me,

'How that girl coughs!'

'She does, indeed, Miss,' I replied; 'she coughed till nearly daylight this morning.'

'Dear me! what a silly girl to be out there without anything on her head—Jane!' and Miss Maxwell went to the back door:

'Jane! put on a bonnet *directly*.'

Jane took no notice, but went on coughing away, and sullenly hanging out the wet linen, with silent contempt.

'She never will be ruled, I know,' said Miss Maxwell. 'It is no use speaking to her.'

Jane was several years older than her young mistress, and possibly did not like the manner in which the order was issued ; for, on my going to her with a shawl, she thanked me kindly, and put it on immediately. The day seemed very long.

There seemed a kind of suspicious way, which was very trying to me to bear, and the tales I heard of the great meanness of the Maxwells, and their hard, inconsiderate treatment of their servants, did not impress me very favourably with my new place. Still, I hoped that—as, according to Jane's account, they had been deceived and badly treated by their late domestics—that I should be able to win them to confidence and trust by another line of conduct.

Cook and Jane shook their heads.

Evening came at last, and with it thoughts of my dear old home, so near, and yet so far off, and my baby-sister now buried out of sight. Days went on much in the same way—the young ladies' bell ringing as unmercifully as if servants' legs never could ache, nor their backs grow weary. The kitchen was below stairs, and my ankles at the end of the day were so swollen with the unwonted exertion, that I was many times unable to take my stockings off at night until I had rested for several hours. One evening, Mrs. Maxwell came into the kitchen and saw me with my feet resting on another chair, on which the kind-hearted Jane had put a cushion.

She immediately asked the cause, and I frankly told her that I found the continual going up and down stairs more than I could bear.

I expected she would have sympathized with me, but she remarked coldly,

'It is a bad thing for servants to give way to such habits of indulgence, Alice. You will get used to it in another week or two, but not if you give up thus.'

The bell did not ring the less often that evening. Once, after mounting the stairs and showing myself at the drawing-room door, I was requested to go up two more flights of stairs to fetch Miss Clara's Noah's ark, and I was only just seated when the bell again sounded, and I was ordered to fill the coal-shoot.

From certain conversations at dinner, I learned that a large party was to be given in a fortnight's time ; but I had yet to learn the miserable shifts which this party must previously occasion in the nousehold.

The Maxwells were not rich—and no doubt scrupulous economy was necessary to enable them to live, as they said, '*genteelly*;' but many a time I pondered that word genteel, which seemed to me to admit of many interpretations. I knew nothing of gentility—how should I ?—a simple farmer's daughter ; but it did strike me sometimes, that the gentility would have been more agreeable had the young ladies, instead of aspiring to emulate those with five times their income, had just been content to move in the station of life in which God had



placed them. Here, however, I saw this was not at all the order of things.

The projected supper must at least *equal* that which they had seen at Mr. Wallace's; and when Mr. Maxwell expostulated about the expense of certain wines, which Mr. Henry Maxwell declared indispensable; and Mrs. Maxwell ventured to say that she thought strawberries, at the rate of sixpence a-piece, rather extravagant, there was the unanswerable argument, 'But we had them at the Wallaces, weeks ago, papa.'

I pitied the dressmaker from my heart of hearts. The poor girl whom the Miss Maxwells employed, because she made dresses cheaply, and who was wearing herself to the grave with the cheap dress-making, told me in the kitchen one day, with tears in her eyes, that she had but four days in which to make the ladies three evening dresses, because they would not order them until they saw the fashion book for April, lest the fashions should change.

They could not bear to wear the dresses made in the same way as the Miss Ewarts and the Miss Mellershes. No; these muslin dresses were to be entirely *à la mode*.

I felt very out of heart about this grand party in every way. I saw no preparation for increased help, nor any consideration for us. The Miss Maxwells were as busy as confectioners in the kitchen, much to cook's annoyance; and I was busy enough going from dress-maker to music-seller, and from music-seller to glover, and from glover to draper. Jane all the morning looked like a ghost; and after the business of dusting and plate-cleaning was over, she ran up stairs into her bedroom, and, flinging herself on the bed, coughed and cried, and coughed again till I was terrified. I had had some experience in sickness, and I persuaded her to lie still whilst I ran down to ask cook what I had better do. Cook was busy, and a little ruffled.

'Oh, I don't know; let her die, I suppose. We must all come to that here.'

I then appealed to Mrs. Maxwell. The poor woman was in a host of troubles. She had no sympathy with this party, but to please her girls; for the sake of her girls, for the sake of '*position*,' she said she must keep up appearances.

I felt I knew nothing about it, and was very becomingly awed by these preparations; but all day long thoughts of little Letty haunted me, and I went about as in a dream. Mistress sent Jane up a little reviving mixture, and she soon roused herself, and thanking me for my efforts in her behalf, said she felt better, and would come down stairs. We had an early dinner of cold boiled pork, very near the bone, but we could not complain; it was all that the family had in the parlour.

I was to dress little Miss Clara at six. Fretful and irritable she had been all day, as children neglected in these gala times never fail to be, and now her dress did not suit her. She wanted white, like her sisters, and kicked and cried terribly, the bell-ringing at intervals by way of change. At length the matter was compromised by the pur-

chase of a rose-coloured sash ; and having accomplished the duties of her toilette, I proceeded to assist at that of the young ladies. This was even more puzzling, but all trouble must have an end, and the ceremony was at last completed. At seven the flies and carriages came round ; there were forty-five persons in all.

How they were all accommodated in rooms of very moderate dimensions, I must leave you to imagine. There were three common-sized apartments on the ground floor, and one sleeping-room ; and I fancy it was close work, but I was so bewildered, and it is so long since, that I really forget how they managed.

There was dancing in one room, music in another, talking in a third, and tea and supper afterwards in a fourth ; this is how they continued matters.

As I was handing some lemonade in the middle of the evening, I heard Master Lionel say to a gentleman who was encouraging him to chatter pretty freely, ' This is really John and Fred's bedroom, you know, only we took the bed down last night, and they are going to sleep on the sofas when you are all gone.'

There was not much gentility in this, you will say. One o'clock came, and still the dancers did not seem weary ; in the conversation department I think there was a gape or two.

During supper it was difficult for me to get into the room when it was needful to bring in a fresh relay of plates or spoons, and I could only think of Jane, whose breathing grew shorter and shorter, and her cough more and more wearing as the night advanced.

At length, it was all over ; a glass of wine was sent out to each of us, but I dared not touch it, nor could Jane, who sat with her head resting on the kitchen table gasping for breath. Cook and I urged her to go to bed, and, with our united help, she reached the top stair ; but when there, the cough returned with increased violence, and a frightful effusion of blood took place as soon as she was in bed. I rushed down to Mrs. Maxwell, who, with the young ladies, were seated by the dismantled supper-table talking over the arrangements for the young men's sleeping accommodation.

Lionel and Clara had been asleep for two hours, that was one comfort.

I could scarcely speak intelligibly ; at last I said, ' Oh, ma'am, I think Jane has broken a blood-vessel.'

Miss Maxwell looked frightened, but in the midst of her fright she said, ' Servants always give such dismal accounts ; but I thought the girl did not look well all day.'

There was soon quite a gathering round her bed, and I was sorry that cook should have added to the anxiety which they evidently felt for her condition by saying, ' This comes of overwork ; if the girl had been nursed a fortnight ago, this would all have been spared.'

There might have been truth in what cook said, but poor Miss Maxwell, the inveterate bell-ringer, who said servants were used to run up and down stairs, turned very pale ; and I was struck with

the tenderness with which she spoke to poor Jane as she lay on her pillow very pale and terrified.

One of the young gentlemen was despatched for the doctor, who looked curiously at the short-sleeved ladies by the sufferer's bedside. I think the appearance of the white muslin and bandeaus with, perhaps, some slight acquaintance with the family secrets of the Maxwells, elicited the remark :—

‘ You have been overdone my poor girl.’

‘ Yes, sir,’ said the cook, bitterly.

He then inquired as to the length of her illness, the first appearance of the cough, and so on, to all which questions Miss Maria Maxwell answered, for her sister was gone to assist her mamma to bed.

‘ You should have told us you felt ill, Jane,’ said Miss Maria.

‘ I should have thought her cough would have told that,’ said cook, in an irate tone.

‘ What has she been doing to-day?’ said Mr. Hammond, in an under tone, as he tenderly applied leeches to the side and chest of the sufferer.

‘ I will tell you,’ said cook, ‘ and would if Missis was by. It will be a lesson, God grant, to the young ladies for their lives. Jane has had this cough now three weeks, sir. It seemed a common cold at first, but a fortnight ago come Thursday, Miss Maxwell must needs send her, coughing as she was, to Rushmere, on a message to her dressmaker, who lives there. It was a bitter cold night, and when she came back she looked deadly ill, and sat and shivered by the fire till her teeth chattered. We got her something hot and she went to bed, but the next day was the wash, and she went about in an agony, every bone aching.’

‘ And very foolishly hung out clothes without a bonnet on,’ said Miss Maxwell.

‘ Well,’ continued cook, ‘ the cough went on as bad as ever. We got some stuff from the chemist's, but it was of no use, and Missis sent her up gruel and whey, and suchlike, but it was too late. To day, all in the pouring wet, she had to go, when Alice was out, to the Holmwood Farm for some cream; has had to answer bells, and wait, and run, and fly about, and this is the end of it.’

‘ Well, well,’ said Mr. Hammond, ‘ let the matter rest; it is plain no one suspected her to be so ill. Come, come! Miss Maria, let us see what sort of a nurse you will make. Can you now help me with these leeches?’ but, oh dear no, Miss Maria could not touch a leech, could not look at one.

‘ I wish you may never be obliged to have recourse to them,’ said Mr. Hammond, drily, and beckoning to me, I went and assisted him to the best of my ability; it was not many weeks since I had been thus employed over my Letty.

By this time it was morning, and oh, my weary ankles! I felt as if I dared not sit down, for if I had once done so I could not have risen

again. Then there was all the work to do: the clearing away, the preparation for breakfast. Jane was in a quiet sleep, and when the clock struck eight, I knocked at Miss Maxwell's door, saying, I wished she would dress the children, as I could not get through without some help.

She coldly said, 'Very well,' but I distinctly heard her say, what a poor thing I was, and that she was sure a healthy-looking girl like me should not complain.

Jane was removed in the course of a few days to her father's house, about half a mile from the town. I went with her in a fly with the doctor, and it would have made your heart ache to hear the poor parents' lamentations as they looked on their child, and with the forebodings which are not often wrong in those who know the dread signs of consumption, shook their heads and said, 'She is come home to die.'

'It is a consumptive family,' said Mrs. Maxwell at dinner-time that day. 'They have lost three already.'

'It is a satisfaction to know that,' said Miss Maxwell. 'Very likely it would have been the same anywhere else.'

'Yes, gentle ladies,' thought I, 'but would it not be a greater satisfaction to feel that you had cherished and nursed the poor girl, and had tried to avert the evil rather than by careless and cold neglect, because she was a *servant*, hastened on the development of the fatal disorder?'

I had been now a month at the Maxwells', and so far from getting used to living with the inconsiderate family, my health was giving way, and I told my mistress that I dared not remain longer with her. Cook gave warning the same day, and that day month she and I were paid our wages, and stood in the streets of Ipswich, neither of us with any situation in prospect.

We agreed as we were both in the same plight, and had neither of us friends living in the town, to take a lodging at a poor widow's in my native village, and to come to Ipswich every day and see if any situation turned up.

I had good news from Felixstowe. Uncle had got the two eldest boys places, and Lizzy was doing wonders in plain work. Father's leg was stronger, and mother wonderfully the better for sea air and comparative freedom from anxious care.

Uncle wrote like a father to me, and begged me to take well to heart the words of comfort and instruction we had had together on the night of my darling's funeral.

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## Literary Notes.

IN noticing some months since the remarkable book entitled the *Preacher and the King*, by M. Louis Bungener, we referred to the work on which the reputation of the author chiefly rested—'Three Sermons under Louis Fifteenth.' It appears that a translation of this work was then before the public under the title of the 'Court and the Desert,' published by the literary pirate of New Burlington-street, Mr. Bentley—who is accustomed to appropriate the works of foreign authors in the American fashion, but without, as in the present case, even American justice—the name of the author being entirely omitted from his production. We are not certain whether Mr. Bentley has republished this book as a 'new work' under a fresh title, as he has done with others; if so, probably many of our readers have met with it, but would not be able to recognise it with the name it bears in an edition now before us—*France before the Revolution; or Priests, Infidels, and Huguenots, in the Reign of Louis XV.* By L. F. Bungener. (T. Constable and Co.) The work is accurately described by the title given to this edition. Its object is to represent the chaotical state of French society before the outbreak which deposed the successor of the king whose court and character M. Bungener has so ably drawn in these volumes. This state is described and dramatized in a series of graphic sketches linked together by a slight personal narrative, sufficiently interesting in itself to charm the attention of the reader, but not so engrossing or 'exciting' as to cause him to forget that the characters are strictly representative and historical, and not the mere creation of a novel-writer's fancy.

Of the various sections of old French society here so vividly portrayed and skilfully analyzed, that of the Infidels, as it was the most difficult, so is it the most complete and successful. The author's acquaintance with the literature of the day is always varied and copious; his knowledge of infidel literature is also critical and minutely exact—the knowledge not merely of a well-read man, but of a student and a scholar. The tact with which this knowledge is wrought up into the narrative before us, and the power of the writer in portraying single scenes, we could illustrate only by quotations too extended for our space.

Of the single characters of this book that of Rabaut is, undoubtedly, the most interesting. The author has combined in him the finest elements of a Christian pastor and leader. The character of Louis XV. is artistically, perhaps, more successful; while the Jesuit, Charnay, stands out with the bold effect of a cartoon portrait. The author is most successful, however, in scenes, and least in disquisitions—of which there are too many, and those too long, for a work of the form and character of

a historical tale. The book will be found by our readers to be one of unusual interest and information. The present translation of it is extremely well finished and accurate, and, as we believe, it is the only one which the author has sanctioned, or in which he has any pecuniary interest—it is the only one we can commend to the public notice.

Controversy, though leading somewhat wide of perfect truth, is better than any stagnation, just as a breeze blowing not quite to the port to which we are sailing, may still aid us in our own path, while a calm would prevent progress in any direction. So we accept with thankfulness a work on Christian controversy from the pen of Count AGENOT DE GASPARIN. *The School of Doubt and the School of Faith* (T. Constable and Co.), a work, the appearance of which would be gratifying, if only as a proof of the existence of a large amount of mental activity in France employed in the solution of Christian problems. To this activity Count Gasparin bears direct testimony in the numerous quotations from works of some repute and authority in religious questions that have lately been published in France. To one or two of these works the present volume is intended as a reply, and especially a reply to the representatives of what the author calls Modern Rationalism. Its direct aim is to defend and establish the plenary inspiration of the Bible; in other words, the infallible authority of the present text, and every statement of the Sacred Scriptures. It is, therefore, an attack on all those who think that there are even minor errors in the Bible, which it is wiser and better to acknowledge than to offend the cultivated intelligence of every age, by refusing to admit evidence of contradictions and inconsistencies, which do not militate against the great use and purpose of the Scriptures, as the record of a Divine Revelation. In such a light M. Gasparin does not once think of regarding it. All who do not believe in plenary inspiration, he sets down, with intense dogmatism, as belonging to one or other of the 'Schools of Doubt.' He will admit no medium of belief. His alarm at the small number of the disciples of M. Gausson has induced him to take up his pen in defence of his system. 'As to the schools of theology,' says the author, 'whence those go forth, who in a day or two are to be the preachers of the gospel, it is impossible not to be alarmed at the opinions which there prevail. I have read a hundred of the theses from Montaubon and Strasburg, and, while sensible of the kindness with which these have been transmitted to me, I trembled to see that, with but few exceptions, these future ministers all showed the influence of the various tendencies of Germany. In general Neander is their model.' Against, therefore, the school represented by Neander, after having disposed of the schools of Romanism, of Mystic Rationalism, or the 'rationalism of feeling,' and Vulgar Rationalism, or the 'rationalism of reason,' the author directs his pen. His description of the school is given in the following words:—

'But last of all, our day has seen the appearance of a perfected Rationalism, which is neither exactly Mysticism—for it appeals to reason, nor yet Vulgar Rationalism—for it calls in the aid of feeling. It presents features which resemble both, but especially the first. Its claim is to be exceedingly clever. Out of what it feels and what it knows (or fancies it knows), it compounds what it delights to call "its religious consciousness." This consciousness goes direct to Christ. By its own strength it elevates itself to the Truth which saves; the written revelation only comes in the second rank, and comes to be judged. This religious consciousness accepts this or rejects that, taking possession of the "historic Christ," and the "Christian fact;" setting itself above "the letter," that it may the better nourish the spirit. This is *Rationalism of the New School*.'

'I once thought,' says the author in another place, 'of calling it Subjectivity, which is indeed its true name, but I have abstained, from a fear which theologians will not understand, but which others will appreciate; the fear, namely, of

filling this book with scientific terms. In rejecting these, I make some sacrifice : but I prefer being read to being admired. That admiration which is given to great words never allured me, for I do not forget that of all departments of science, this is the one most easily acquired. It is not very difficult to write "ethic" instead of "moral;" "eisagogy" instead of "introduction to Scripture." With a few hours' practice, a man may speak of hermeneutics and exegesis, and oppose objectivity and subjectivity as well as can the initiated : just as it is no complicated affair to write so-called romantic poetry, by putting in plenty of traditional oaths, and feudal titles, and good Toledo blades.

And forthwith the representation of 'Subjectivity'—Schleiermacher is exposed as a 'new Rationalist.' His school is charged with directly attacking the Bible and sapping the foundations of its authority, because it has discussed the construction of the canon, given itself to Biblical criticism, and denied the doctrine of plenary inspiration. From such a course the author 'turns as from blasphemy.' As a necessary result of this loathing, he condemns every attempt at framing a philosophy of religion, and any criticism of the text of Scripture which would result in the correction of a statement. Every question concerning the bases of belief is thus narrowed down to the single point of biblical inspiration. In the section on this 'School of Faith,' M. Gasparin attempts an explanation of his theory, which ends with the rather unfortunate admission that 'plenary inspiration is as easy to understand as it is difficult to describe!' Its subjective effects, however, and corresponding advantages, he thus indicates :—

'I have found it so in my own experience ; and I presume here to speak of myself, though in general this is to be avoided. No one has ever met with more difficulties in the Bible than I ; I have struck against every stone in the way, I have been caught and wounded by every thorn. And yet, since I have been more fully convinced of plenary inspiration, I have seen my great difficulties vanish one after another : questions that for five years were insoluble, and which I had noted down as such, I have seen in great part resolved. It is true, new ones have since arisen, which I did not then suspect ; and when these new ones are resolved, others will arise of which I have now no idea ; but I know at length how much *insoluble* questions and *evident* errors are worth.'

We are sorry to admit that if this theory conducts to no more satisfactory results than these, we must regard it as practically offering no greater advantages than others. If, after all, it leaves us open to such constant doubt, in what consists its boasted 'security?'—Count Gasparin has written undoubtedly an able and learned book. To the many, for whom it is especially designed, it may be judged satisfactory, but for ourselves we cannot so consider it. We regret every attempt to narrow the grounds of faith, or enclose them with the strait pikes of unbending systems. The book may be read with interest, as covering a large ground of controversy, and indicating the progress of religious thought abroad, but in this country its practical effect we believe will be very small.

Mr. EDWARD HIGGINSON, in a recent work entitled the *Spirit of the Bible* (E. T. Whitfield), has developed some of the views, which the author above referred to has attacked, with some justice and reason. The object of this work is to catch up and exhibit the scope and religious bearing of the books of the Old Testament. Though written in a popular style, it contains results of copious and varied reading, and careful, though frequently inaccurate, thought. Mr. Higginson believes the books of the Bible to be simply and only the record of a Divine Revelation. As such he treats them throughout this work, but he evidently judges them to contain much more of the human than of the divine element. His criticism, therefore, or rather account, of their contents and character is free to a degree, which few, we believe, of his own denomination would approve or sanction. The results are certainly not in accordance with our own views. Thus the account of the Fall by the writer of Genesis is spiritualized, or rather perhaps carnalized into simply a poet's 'harmless theory' concerning the origin of evil. The origin of the human race from a single pair is set down as a very

debateable doctrine; the author is in favour of the existence of two Isaiahs; believes the book of Daniel to be a forgery of the time of the Maccabees, &c. On the credibility of many and some essential facts in almost every book, is thus thrown a dark shadow of doubt, tending very much to make one question the probability of any of them being true. To our own mind, however, the greatest deficiency of the book is its almost total want of reference to the character of the Redeemer, so constantly foreshadowed in the pages of the sacred writings. Jonathan Edwards's 'History of the Redemption' would certainly be placed by the writer amongst works of imaginative intellects. Notwithstanding this and other essential defects, Mr. Higginson's work is of value, and much may be learnt from it by most readers. It is written in a remarkably clear, chaste, and forcible style, and contains many passages of unusual eloquence and power. As a partially polemical work, its spirit is thoroughly candid and courteous, but as a popular and general introduction to the study of the Scriptures, it is not the book which we should place in the hands of young inquirers.

Dr. Kitto has now completed the valuable work on which, next to the 'Pictorial Bible,' his reputation as a biblical scholar will chiefly rest, *Daily Bible Illustrations* (Oliphant and Sons). The last volume on the 'Apostles and the Early Church' is now before us. As a companion to the study of the Acts of the Apostles, it is one that will be prized almost as much by scholars as by unlettered Christians, both for its original criticism, and the skill with which the most valuable materials supplied by other writers have been wrought into the author's text. In explanatory detail of a historical, topographical, and scientific character, it is, as are the other works of the author, rich to profusion. In the use and application of these materials, Dr. Kitto has shown a sound judgment, tact, and discrimination, neither burdening the narrative with technical details, nor clouding it with vague surmises and conjectures. No writer indeed has so well succeeded in making the 'new familiar and the familiar new.' The book, therefore, is, as the author intended, 'especially designed and adapted for use in the family circle;' and its customary adoption as a morning and evening reading book, would add greatly to the interest and instructiveness of the devotional services of a household. We observe with satisfaction, that the first, or morning series, on the Old Testament, is now being republished.

The readers of one of the most touching memoirs of a religious life—the biography of 'Leila Ada'—will be gratified at being informed that the writer of that work has recently fulfilled his promise of publishing a portion of the *Diary and Correspondence of the Converted Jewess*. It has appeared under the title of *Select Extracts from the Diary, Correspondence, &c., of Leila Ada*. By O. W. T. Heighway (Partridge and Oakley). We need not refer to this work more particularly than to say that as a record of religious experience, it is deeply interesting. The natural enthusiasm of 'Leila Ada' provokes occasionally expressions of intense feeling, and strains of ejaculation that may seem to many readers excessive; but he who has gone through the depths of a personal religious conversion will know that they are as natural as they are sometimes irrepressible. Much matter, however, of this character is the result of individual idiosyncrasy, and can only be thoroughly appreciated by persons of similar constitution and temperament.

The third quarterly part of the cheap issue of Dr. HANNA's *Memoir of Dr. Chalmers* has now been published, leaving only one instalment to complete the work, of which, now, it would be superfluous to express our opinion.

A valuable handbook for the political writer and Educational Reformer has this year reached its fourth period of issue, in a much-improved and extensive form—*Whitaker's Educational Register for 1854* (J. Whitaker, Pall Mall). It contains a concise summary of the history and constitution of the National Universities, Colleges, and other Educational Institutions, with a statement of the origin, condition, government, and resources and attendance of every Foundation and Grammar School in the United Kingdom. So far as the present scope of the work extends, therefore, it will be found of great service,



but we suggest to the editor, that a judicious use of the materials contained in the annual report of the Committee of Council on Education, would add greatly to the comprehensive character and practical utility of his work. It should contain the name of every National and British School, with the names of their officers and the number of attendants. This, and a general summary of the Educational Statistics of the Kingdom, and their results, would render the publication a perfect *vade mecum* of its kind.

Of periodicals and serials that have reached us during the month, we may particularize the *Journal of Sacred Literature* (Blackader), which, under its new editorship, is deservedly gaining increased weight, reputation, and authority, in the discussion of matters pertaining to Biblical literature and science; the *Scottish Review* (W. Tweedie), containing a second, and thoroughly original paper on 'Shakespeare's Sots'; the *Library of Biblical Literature* (W. Freeman), which, with the exception of its engravings, is well sustaining its high and useful mission; and the *Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society) this year distinguished by a lively and graphic sketch of 'Life in the Bush,' under the title of 'Frank Layton: an Australian Story.' The other contents of the work strike us as duller than desirable.

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## Record of Christian Missions.

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WHEN this reaches our readers, the sunny month of May will be upon them; and the May meetings will be going on, and the usual crowds that congregate in Exeter Hall will have commenced their annual task of religious dissipation. Not that we wholly disapprove of these May demonstrations. 'The law is good if a man use it lawfully.' But every one does not this. As means of reviving languid affections, or of quickening dormant sensibilities, we accept of them as useful instrumentalities. Their injurious tendencies are seen in the crowds of thoughtless and unimpassioned people who rush from one crowded meeting to another with a printed list as a guide, anxious to 'do' them all; but husbands, sons, and social duties suffer terrible loss at such seasons.

The London Missionary Society's 'Chronicle' is this month of unusual interest; in China we see its missionaries carefully tending the mangled and wounded bodies of insurgents and royalists at Amoy, and availing themselves of such choice seasons for the introduction of Christian truth; from India we have the conclusion of Mr. Lacroix's powerfully-written and deeply-interesting journal, from which we can make no extract successfully, except the following information concerning Dacca, which is valuable; the date is 1853:—

### THE CITY OF DACCA.

'JANUARY 25TH.—Arrived at the large and ancient city of Dacca, far-famed for its muslins. The manufacture of that article has, owing to the competition of English manufactures, greatly fallen off. With all this, it yet occupies many hands; and the weavers boast that the most expert among them can still, as in days of yore, weave a piece of muslin sufficient for a lady's dress of such fine texture as to admit of being easily drawn through an ordinary finger-ring. I believe such a gossamer tissue was sent to the Great Exhibition in 1851.'

And the following on superstition and commerce:—

‘Among the articles exposed for sale in the bazaar we remarked a curious-looking copper vessel, exactly in the shape of the mangoe fruit, hollow inside, and with an orifice at the top, closing with a stopper. On inquiry into its use, we were told that it was appropriated for preserving the water in which Brahmins have washed their feet, or at least dipped their big toe, and which water is held in high esteem by the poor ignorant Hindoos, who ascribe to it all kinds of virtues, precisely as Roman Catholics do to “holy water!”’

In Africa Mr. Moffat is still at work, though struggling with increasing infirmities, aggravated by the sedentary habits necessitated by his long and laborious translation. He says ‘he still has hope of holding out some time;’ but the faithful companion of his protracted wilderness life is ‘giving way to latent disease,’ that may soon place her among the histories of the honourable women not a few, whose praise is in all the churches. From the ‘*Samoa Reporter*’—how strangely this reads—the other day Samoa was without a written language, and now we have its newspaper. Such are the facts accomplished of modern missions, which he who runs may read. From this newspaper of Polynesia we have a chapter on domestic manners, or individual and social life in Samoa, and a useful contribution it is to that many-paged book. The following is, we think, worth extracting :—

#### IN SURGERY.

‘They lanced ulcers with a shell or shark’s tooth, and, in a similar way, bled from the arm. For inflammatory swellings, they sometimes tried local bleeding; but shampooing and rubbing with oil were, and are still, the more common remedies in such cases. Cuts they washed in the sea and bound up with a leaf. Into wounds in the scalp they blew the smoke of burnt chestnut wood. To take a barbed spear from the arm or leg, they cut into the limb from the opposite side, and pushed it right through. Amputation they never attempted.’

#### THE TREATMENT OF THE SICK

‘Was, as it is now, invariably humane, and all that could be expected. They wanted for no kind of native food which they might desire, night or day, if it was at all in the power of their friends to procure it. In the event of the disease assuming a dangerous form, messengers were despatched to friends at a distance, that they might have an opportunity of being in time to see, and say farewell to a departing relative. This is still the custom. The greater the rank, the greater the stir and muster about the sick, of friends from the neighbourhood and from a distance. Every one who goes to visit a sick friend, supposed to be near death, takes with him a present of a fine mat, or some other kind of valuable property, as a farewell expression of regard. Among the worldly-minded, whose interests centre in this life, this heaping together of property by the bedside of a dying relative is still in high repute. But the custom is being opposed. Many, in the light of Christianity, now shun it as cruelty to the dying, and an injury to the living. They wish to direct the thoughts of their departing relatives to heaven rather than earth, and are desirous that the house should be, for a time, a “house of mourning,” and free from the distracting formalities, jealousies, and strifes, which are invariably associated with such a collection of property, and its subsequent distribution among the members of the family, just before or immediately

after death. But the customs connected with death and burial we must reserve for another paper.'

The 'Missionary Herald' of the Baptist Missionary Society is becoming, as we observed on a previous occasion, more of a magazine. We notice this with regret, because after all what we want is *facts*, in goodly array, from which to form our own conclusions. We are aware how difficult a matter the editing of a small missionary journal is, but, spite of difficulties, we should *wish* to see the 'Herald' more worthy of the people it represents. Of 'foreign intelligence,' that is, of work done by the agents of this society, we have only five short paragraphs, evident condensations of letters and journals; they carry us to Jessore, to Ceylon, to the Bahamas, and to St. Domingo, from all of which places the reports are encouraging as to the progress of the gospel. We are very glad to read the following announcement, and although when this meets the eye of our readers the services alluded to will have been held, yet we cannot help noticing it as a decided improvement on the monotony of previous arrangements:—

'Instead of the usual evening sermon, the Committee have arranged for a special service at Surrey Chapel, to commend to the Divine blessing the following brethren about to enter on missionary service in India, as the first fruits of the proposed enlargement of the society's mission in that important field,—the Rev. John Gregson, late of Beverley; Mr. J. H. Anderson; and Mr. Thomas Martin.'

From the 'Home and Foreign Record of the Free-church of Scotland' we string together a few telling facts from Australia. The dozen missionaries of the Free-church have all arrived safely, and set to work in earnest; at Melbourne the people could not wait the arrival of the iron church for Dr. Cairns, and so set to work and built a wooden one for him in nineteen days, capable of holding a thousand persons; the settlers congratulating themselves on having plenty to do and being able and willing to do it, while with colonial exaggeration they say 'the old world is crumbling into rottenness and strife;' the people are described as 'liberal,' and require 'no asking for anything,' but do everything for the support and extension of the gospel 'of their own spontaneous goodwill.' Surely these are facts worth a record, and with no common joy do we give them wider circulation. In the present furor for Australia, this kind of thing may be overdone, and the supply of ministers may exceed the demand, but we think we even now see in vacant churches at home, and a consequently higher value set upon an able ministry, the good results of ministerial emigration.

Our Wesleyan friends give us in their 'Notice Newspaper' an excellent number, full of facts. The long address of Dr. Taylor from China, at the City-road Chapel, deserves attentive perusal throughout. It is a lucid and philosophical survey of the present position of opposing forces in that great nation, and, having no space for the details, we can only add the following expression of opinion:—

'I thus ascertained that these people were sincere worshippers of the one true God; that they had sworn the extermination of idolatry in every form; that they were exceedingly friendly to foreigners, and expressed themselves desirous of becoming more instructed in Christianity; only the difficulties at present were so great, that they thought I had better wait for some months. This movement has for its object the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, and the establishment of the old Chinese Government. Therefore, it is strictly a patriotic movement; and

we are in the habit, in China, rather of calling them "patriots" than "insurgents."

We are glad to read the following from Ceylon, the great metropolis of Buddhism, and shall long for the publication of the papers alluded to, that we may give our readers an insight into their contents, and this we hope ere long to do, through the accustomed courtesy of the Wesleyan authorities at their mission-house.

"The Rev. Richard D. Griffith has sent home a voluminous report relating to the province of Jaffna. The information he has collected is of rare interest to the antiquary and to the missionary, and has been authenticated by reference to the Government records, which were kindly placed at Mr. Griffith's disposal by Mr. Dyke, the chief magistrate of the province."

The 'United Presbyterian Church' gives us in its monthly 'Record' some instructive details connected with African superstitions and their displacement by the gospel. 'Young Eyo Honesty,' the king of Calabar's son, has made an open profession of Christianity, and in his letter to Mr. Waddell, announcing his reception of the truth, thus writes: speaking of the difficulties in the way of this profession, he says:—"I know from Mr. Goldie, that if I want to join to God's people, I have to leave off Egbo Chop; and I ask him about making devil for the dead, and he says that I have to leave it too; so I fear very much of this—not as for Egbo Chop, I do not care about it, but you see this, my dear friend, how we are about making devil. If please God that I live to see my father or my mother die, I have to be making devil for them."

On which Mr. Waddell adds the following most interesting, and, if we mistake not, instructive notes, in which we recognise gladly the kind of information that missionaries alone can supply, and that will help hereafter the historian of these dark races:—

'The *Egbo Chop* referred to in this letter is a feast on a sacrifice of a goat, made at meetings of the Egbo Society, when the blood is sprinkled at the entrance of the palaver-house, and prayer made to *Ikw* over the blood of the sacrifice and other acts of idolatry intermingled. Egbo is the governing body in the country, and it is deemed a high honour to share its privileges.'

'*Making devil for the dead* is a rude way of expressing funeral rites and ceremonies. These do not now include human sacrifices, which have been abolished, but enough remains of an idolatrous and immoral character, both in the proceedings and consequences of several weeks' revelry, &c., to forbid any servant of our Lord Jesus following these fashions. A great funeral seems to be the greatest honour that can be rendered to a man in Calabar. To be buried without public marks of respect is the fate of criminals and despised slaves. "And also that he have no burial, an untimely birth is better than he."—Eccles. vii. 3.

Eyo Honesty also adds, in reference to the birth of his child—"When the doctor come from his plantation to see the child, he bring a goat with him, and they go to the pot of water which they call after the name of my grandfather's face, and they kill the goat, and give thanks to their dead father that same day. Then they bring the goat's blood in, and put it upon my wife's face, and on the child's; so I get up vexed, and take it off from the child's face; and when my wife see me do so, she take it off her face too, and I say to her that I am glad to see her do so.

And I tell my mother and my sister that what they do is very bad before God, because I had been pray and beg God to give me this child, and out from his goodness he heard my prayer and answered me; and if they would give thanks to God for his love to me and to them, it will be better than what they do. So I tell my wife not to eat that goat-meat, but to put her trust in the Lord, and let me and her pray to God our Father, and give thanks to him for his goodness to us."

On this corrupted tradition of scriptural usage we have the following satisfactory note by Mr. W.:—

'The smearing or sprinkling of the blood of the sacrifice on the faces of the mother and child was designed to secure their lives and health as a charm against evil, perhaps as a sort of heathen baptism into the idolatrous customs of the country. At *Abeokuta*, the blood of a goat sacrificed to the objects of worship is put on the face of a sick person to promote his recovery.

'Prayer to the dead at a pot of water kept in the middle of every yard is customary on a certain day of the week by nearly all the people of Calabar. The water is always renewed on that day. The skull of a goat or of a man may usually be seen near by the pot of water, and usually also a chicken or land tortoise hanging to a little tree planted at the same place.'

We have left ourselves no space for the record of Church missionary operations this month; there is, in fact, little of worth in the perpetual iteration of 'our Church,' or the information that the 'Bishop of Jamaica is expected soon to visit England,' and so is 'the Bishop of Barbadoes;' that the Bishop of Guiana is in England,' and that 'so is the Bishop of Adelaide, and the Bishop of New Zealand'—all come home or coming for the extension of the 'Church.' So let it be until the time come: and that time will come—that juncture of eras when a regenerated Europe shall give birth to a free Christendom, and a free church as of olden time. The Church of England still bears, as Dr. Arnold said, 'the marks of her birth, as the child of regal and aristocratical selfishness.' Her removal from our colonies would be a blessing, not to be exceeded, in our opinion, by the utter destruction of idolatry. For that blessing we wait and pray, and let all the people say 'Amen.'

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## Monthly Retrospect.

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It is the misfortune of the monthly journalist, that he can never overtake, or be 'even sides' with an event. Nothing has ever *just* happened for him. The daily papers have long ago told the tale that he is recounting; the thousand and one hebdomadal sheets have republished the same in every shape, form, and reflection; it is left to the monthly writer simply to gather up the cast-off garments of his more active contemporaries, and rare indeed is it that he succeeds in making 'the old new' to a people to whom everything he can say has already been 'twice told.' His only chance of winning interest is that everything may also have been twice forgotten.

The Marquis of Blandford's Episcopal and Capitular Estates Bill may thus have already passed from the memory of our readers, but some circumstances connected with the Debate in the House of Commons, on its second reading on the 29th March, demand at least a temporary revivification. The noble Marquis occupies the most conspicuous position in the thin ranks of Church Reform. The Church Establishment is to him just what the Holy Apostolic Church is to the Roman Catholic—an organization, if not to be worshipped, at least to be served, with devout reverence and untiring zeal. The Marquis is a reformer for the good of the Church only ; in other words, the advancement of its legitimate power and influence. The distinction between the noble lord and Mr. Horsman is, that the first is a Reformer on ecclesiastical and religious grounds, the second principally on financial. On Ecclesiastical grounds, the member for Woodstock introduced the bill above referred to. On the Marquis's own showing, there could be a sum of about 550,000*l.* annually saved by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners out of the revenues of Episcopal and Capitular Estates. With this sum he proposed to deal, the gist of his proposal being that it should be devoted to increasing the efficiency of the Established Church—in other words, to the augmentation and increase of livings. The result would certainly be that there would be more churches and chapels, and that poor ministers would be better paid ; but it is very questionable whether religion could not be brought to the doors and hearts of the people in a much less expensive and objectionable way. It is certain, that the influence of the Establishment, as a social and ecclesiastical institution, would be extended by the measure, and, therefore, we were prepared to see it opposed by the Dissenting members of the House. Sir William Clay, who lives in constant fear of the loss of his seat, if he should not be radical enough for his Dissenting and Radical constituency, moved that the bill be read that day six months, objecting to it especially that the surplus revenues of the Church were not proposed to be devoted to the abolition of church-rates. In reply to the objection that the bill would place Church property in a dangerous position, Mr. Hume, at a subsequent stage of the debate, 'protested against the doctrine that Church property granted to the Church for public purposes was private property ; and contended that, like all other public property, it ought to be managed in the best manner for the benefit of the nation'—a protest which, places the veteran Montrosian in a position for advantageous assault by the Anti-state-church party. The second reading of the bill was afterwards postponed ; but the debate, if it had done no other good than call up Sir William Clay and Mr. Hume to speak their thought on Church-rates and Church property, was well worth even the tedious waiting on an Ecclesiastical division. On the 30th Mr. Baines explained his position with the Cabinet in regard to the New Poor Law Bill, and stated, to the great gratification of the House, that he consented to remain in office.—The debate on the Address to the Throne, in reply to the Declaration of War, took place on the 31st. As the speeches in the House of Lords exercise no influence either in or out of doors, we will pass over Lord Aberdeen's lame defence of his policy and position. In the Commons, Lord John Russell was heavy and comparatively uninteresting, and in the early part of his speech was driven

like a junior statesman to quote Virgil's philosophic husbandman, '*Illum non populi fasces*,' &c. His summary of the events which had led to the present position of the Powers, was clear and thoroughly conclusive. The sum of the argument for, and justification of, the war, was thrown into one sentence,—‘We believe that preponderance cannot safely be allowed to any one power.’ Mr. Layard, speaking the present sentiments of the majority of the press and public, afterwards asked, ‘Then why not enter heart and soul into our work, and carry out effectually, and at once, what we profess to undertake?’ Mr. Bright added to his unpopularity on this question, by shaking off all personal responsibility of the war, declaring it to be, on our part, unwise, unnecessary, and unjust. Lord Dudley Stuart followed in the wake of Mr. Layard. Lord Palmerston crackled thorns about the liberties of Europe, as though he had ever done anything to show a just appreciation of them; and finally the address was carried *nem. con.* In this debate, as in the debate carried on out of the precincts of St. Stephen's, the most noticeable circumstance is the further division in the Liberal party. It is now, we believe, agreed with itself on scarcely a single question of domestic rule or foreign policy.

The Colonial Clergy Disabilities Bill and the Reform Bill are the only other matters of importance that were brought before the House prior to the Easter recess. The progress of the first was so effectually obstructed by legal and official dulness on the one side, and parliamentary tact on the other, that it only remains, we hope, to be remembered with the slaughtered Innocents of autumn.—On the last evening of business, Lord John Russell rose, and in a speech and manner that, says an eye-witness, will ever be remembered by those who were present, stated his intention to relinquish the Reform Bill of 1854. The conquest of honourable pride and feeling which this announcement enforced, agitated the noble lord to such a degree, that for nearly five minutes he lost all self-mastery and control. Shaken to the depths of his nature, his pent-up feelings found vent in a paroxysm of tears. For a minute or two, we believe, there was scarcely a face in the House unwet by sympathy, when forth burst a loud and generous cheer of admiration and confidence, repeated and prolonged until the speaker, in broken tones, could resume and finish his memorable address. Criticism was thereafter disarmed of its weapons; even Mr. Disraeli forgot, or we would rather say forbore, to sneer or carp. We should be placing ourselves on lower ground than even he can occupy, were we to suggest a thought against the honour or sincerity of Lord John on such an occasion. The Reform Bill is lost for the present; its successor will doubtless be more worthy of the support of Reformers, and the acceptance of the people.

The movement of the Society for the Liberation of Religion for the abolition of University Tests, to which attention has already been called in these pages, has met with a greater amount of support than we had been sanguine enough to anticipate. All the public bodies which are usually regarded as the representatives of Dissent in such matters—with the exception of the Dissenting Deputies—have passed resolutions and petitioned Parliament on the subject, and all the Dissenting journals—save

the 'British Banner'—have heartily urged the importance of not allowing the present opportunity to pass away unimproved. Up to the Easter recess some two hundred petitions, signed by at least ten thousand persons, had been presented, from meetings, congregations, colleges, literary institutions, and municipal corporations. There has been no attempt to obtain signatures in imposing numbers, but we judge that the petitions represent a greater amount of intelligence and local influence than usual, and we have heard with much gratification that mayors, magistrates, Churchmen of all shades, and even peers of the realm, have with alacrity joined with Dissenters in pressing a claim which, it is felt, has in view not a sectarian triumph, but a great common good. Respecting the Parliamentary position of the question, we are unable at the moment of writing to speak with any certainty. The references made to it on the occasion of the second reading of the Oxford Bill were respectful, and indicated less of a disposition to ignore the matter than has been shown by the daily press. The motion of Mr. Heywood to refer the bill to a select committee will have been disposed of before the publication of these pages, and the result will probably have been a serviceable debate, and a strong minority.

Signs of progress there are in other directions. Church-rates are practically fast being numbered with the things of the past, so fast that Churchmen themselves will soon be agitating for a financial substitute. The revenue, notwithstanding high prices and warlike tendencies, has continued to increase. The darkest shadow on the social horizon is cast by the manufacturers and operatives on 'strike.' The masters of Stockport having found it necessary to take off the ten per cent. to which they had agreed some nine months ago, nearly the whole of the operatives in that district have struck from labour. To term such a proceeding 'folly,' would be to use the mildest language—it is little better than madness. With whatever degree of justice the operatives may have at first insisted on an increase of wages, it is notorious that almost as soon as the demand was made the general state of trade prevented the majority of masters from acceding even to a modification of the required terms. Trade has almost stagnated, and is now in such a condition in the manufacturing districts as to cause the strike to be almost welcomed by many employers. For the workmen to continue these demands under such circumstances is as suicidal to their interests as it is in itself unreasonable and unjust. The long and unparalleled combination now, however, promises, as Mr. McCulloch says, to 'cure itself.' The cessation from work at Stockport throws not only a larger burden on the operatives' fund, but dries up one of its largest channels of supply. When the means have been exhausted, this monster combination must at last fall to pieces. If the masters, then, behave with moderation, good feeling, and generosity, they will make Strikes the last, instead of the first, resort of dissatisfied workmen.

The author of '*Dies Borealis*' is dead! As '*Kit North*,' he was the '*Admiral of the Lake*,' the friend of Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, and Scott; as '*Christopher*,' he was the life and redemption of Blackwood, and a light to the thousands who sipped

'Nectar and ambrosial joys



at his feet. His 'Essays' first introduced ourselves into the region of the 'Belles Lettres'—his 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life' are among our most treasured recollections. If to have a great heart, and retain for ever the freshness and simplicity of childhood's holiest feelings, if to be full of human sympathies and abounding in purest joys, is to be 'great and good,' we believe literature and humanity have lost in John Wilson a great and good man.

One word for Foreign Affairs, and this, our 'Fast day's' work, is done. The Turkish question has advanced just two steps since we last wrote. Islamism has been attacked by the friends of its own house, and 'Ultramontane' Mahomedanism has fallen before the confiscation of all ecclesiastical property for the service of the State. The Greeks are being expelled from Turkey, and with them an element of weakness, discord, and rebellion. As of old, England's nominee to thrones and dominions, is now turning the first rebel to her policy. Russia has, indeed, taken the Dobrudscha! and thinks it matter for thanksgiving that she holds what is nothing more to Turkey than a square mile of the Sandy Desert to Egypt or Algeria. Meanwhile advices arrive that several of her ships have been captured in the Baltic—others have already been towed into Plymouth, and Admiral Dundas is now bombarding her stronghold on the Black Sea—Odessa.—In other parts of the globe, where war has not yet laid mailed hands and iron feet, the gospel of liberty is being preached and fast spread. Thus, in the United States, the Nebraska Bill, for legalizing slavery in the new territory of the Union, has met with such opposition as almost to ensure its rejection. In one of the most important sections of the same Government—the State of New York—a tyrannical 'Maine Liquor Law' has received an effectual gubernatorial veto.—Spain has almost redeemed her honour and fallen credit, by at last taking courageous action to put a stop to the Cuban slave-trade; while from the Antipodes we learn that Japan has yielded to the pressure of civilization, and now advertises that her ports are open to the commerce of the world, and her empire to the intercourse of nations. So changes even the Ethiopian its skin, and the leopard its spots! God grant a greater change in the hearts of peoples and governments, that in every land of the old and new world, when the priests shall praise him for His glory, all the people shall say 'Amen!'

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## Intelligence.

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### THE ANTI-STATE-CHURCH MOVEMENT.

THE Liberation of Religion Society has followed up its successful financial efforts in the Metropolis, by starting good subscription lists in the country. Deputations have during the past month visited Derby, Leicester, Northampton, Market Harborough, Nottingham, Leeds, Halifax, Colchester, Ipswich, and Norwich, for the purpose of addressing public or semi-public meetings, or of conferring with friends as to future arrangements. The activity of the Committee has also been displayed in the effective means taken for obtaining petitions for the opening of the Universities to Dissenters, as well as in

various discussions on ecclesiastical topics, which have taken place in Parliament. It will be seen from an advertisement, that the annual meeting is to be held on the 3rd of May, and from many causes is, we should think, likely to prove of unusual interest.

#### CENSUS OF RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

We invite the attention of our readers to the 'Occasional Paper' on this subject, which has been issued by the Society for the Liberation of Religion, and will be found at the end of our present number. The Committee have, we understand, made arrangements for circulating several thousand copies, particularly in Church circles, but wishing to diffuse the important information which it contains on the widest scale, they invite their friends to purchase copies for distribution in their respective neighbourhoods. They are, we believe, supplied at a cost of 2s. per 100.

#### LONDON RAGGED SCHOOLS.

The annual public meeting in aid of the funds of this institution was held on Friday evening, at the London Tavern. The report stated that the day school for children, from two to eight years of age, was open from nine to twelve, and from two to four. 680 children had been admitted. The average daily attendance was about 100. The boys' school was open from nine till twelve o'clock, and from six to nine o'clock. 564 boys had been admitted, and the average daily attendance was 65. 461 girls had been received into the establishment. The Sunday-schools were conducted by 27 voluntary teachers, and the attendance averaged 250 scholars. The annual receipts amounted to 454*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.*; expenditure, 375*l.* 2*s.* 8*d.*; leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of 79*l.* 11*s.* In moving the adoption of the report, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Wire stated, that the good fruits of such schools had already appeared, as the Secretary of State had admitted that since their establishment juvenile crime had already decreased. In some gaols there was a reduction of 50 per cent. in the amount of youthful criminals. It should never be forgotten that every boy who entered Newgate cost the country 150*l.* The Chief Commissioner of Police had told him that 5,000 persons had been taken up last year; that two-thirds of these could neither read nor write; and that only eight out of the 5,000 had received a good education.

#### MINISTERIAL REMOVALS.

The following calls to church pastorates have been accepted :—  
**ABERGAVERN** (Baptist church).—The Rev. J. C. Butterworth, from Kingstanley.  
**AVEBURY** (Independent church).—The Rev. John Trotter, from Falmouth.  
**BEDFORD**.—Mr. J. J. Insell, of Cheshunt, as co-pastor with the Rev. J. Jukes.  
**BREWOD** (Congregational church).—Mr. B. Way, town missionary.  
**DUXFORD** (Congregational church).—The Rev. J. Perkins, late of Needham Market.  
**HADDENHAM**.—Rev. John Spooner, late of Attleborough.  
**HALESWORTH** (Congregational church).—Rev. D. T. Carnus.  
**HIGHAM FERRERS** (Baptist church).—The Rev. G. G. Bailey, late of Haddenham.  
**MANCHESTER** (Knot Mill Congregational church).—The Rev. J. Rawlinson, of Cheltenham.  
**PORTSEA** (Kent-street Baptist church).—The Rev. J. Davis, of Arnsby.  
**POULTRY CHAPEL**.—The Rev. P. Spence, B.A., of Preston.  
**SALFORD** (Hope Congregational church).—The Rev. G. B. Bubier, late of Cambridge.  
**SURREY CHAPEL**, London.—The Rev. Newman Hall, B.A., of Hull.  
**SYDENHAM** (Congregational church).—The Rev. T. C. Hine, late of Plymouth.  
**WIMBORNE** (Congregational church).—The Rev. H. F. Holmes, late of Boston.

#### MINISTERIAL RESIGNATIONS.

**LYMINGTON** (Congregational church).—The Rev. David Lloyd, from ill health.  
**MONMOUTH** (Baptist church).—The Rev. H. Clark, M.A.  
**PUDSEY** (Congregational church).—The Rev. T. Jowett.

#### FOUNDATION STONE LAID.

**BATH**.—Percy chapel, April 10.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must again repeat, that we cannot reply to anonymous communications.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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## JUNE, 1854.

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### *Endowments and their Influence.*

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WE have all a great dislike to the thought of ever being quite forgotten. Almost as strong as the love of life, is the desire that others should remember us with affection and esteem. Apart, too, from the natural aversion to oblivion, and the pleasure of feeling that absence has not erased our memory from others' minds, a high value may be set upon such remembrance, as sustaining the hope that influence once exerted will not cease, because we ourselves are no longer there. This feeling, far from becoming weaker, gains strength at the approach of death; and the consciousness that personal activity must cease, only increases the desire to discover some means by which the memory of the dead may be kept alive and their influence still perpetuated.

To such sentiments as these, most religious, as well as other, endowments owe their origin. Not that precisely the same motives have prompted in every instance. On the contrary, we know that frequently these have been by no means laudable. Superstitious fears excited by crafty priests, the thought that a life's neglect could be atoned for by doing for other generations what ought to have been done for one's own, the selfish desire for applause, the hope of securing a name, and the sordid wish to tie up for ever what a life had been spent in hoarding, have all been known to prompt what has seemed to be a homage to religion, but has been in reality but an act of selfishness, and therefore of impiety. The greater part, however, we doubt not, may be traced to the natural desire to be remembered, and the estimable hope of exerting upon the world an influence for good long ages after death has put an end to all personal activity. Yet, estimable as the motives of the donors have been, since the goodness of an in-

tention is no guarantee for the wisdom of an act, there is room for the inquiry, how far the world has derived benefits from such charitable gifts, and to what extent the benevolent purposes of the donors have been fulfilled.

But before attempting to obtain an answer to this inquiry, which is our chief object in this paper, it may not be useless to give a sketch of the different descriptions of religious endowments which exist at present in this country.

They may be divided into three classes :—1. National property in the possession of the Established Church ; 2. Property with which that Church has been privately endowed since the Reformation ; and 3. Private endowments of other religious institutions of whatever kind. The chief difference between the second and third classes is this : in the *second* the property is given to the Episcopal Church, *as the national church*, and is, therefore, subject to all the changes which may at any time be made by the legislature in the Establishment ; but in the *third*, the institutions to be supported and the doctrines to be preached are fully (and in the donor's intention unalterably) defined in deeds of gift or a testator's will. With this exception, there is no difference in the footing upon which they stand.

The great bulk of the property of the Established Church is held upon a very different tenure from either of the others. It has not come into its possession either by the gifts of individuals or by the ordinary operation of the laws of property, but by a violent subversion of all these laws. It was presented by the original owners to another and very different society, and, fenced round by English laws, for a perpetual possession. But by a series of acts, passed at the dictation of a despotic king, the original intention was entirely set aside, and the whole transferred to another society, which had not the shadow of a claim to the gift.

An acquaintance with the whole of this transaction is of great importance, not only as it sets in the clearest light the relation of the Church to the State, but because it greatly affects the tenure on which all religious endowments are held. For whilst it is evident that the power of the State having made one transfer, can at any time transfer to some other purpose the property which now the Church only holds in trust for the country ; it is also clear that, if there was justice in the act, *all* private endowments are exposed to the same interference, and the period may come when it will be equally just to alienate them all. The arguments by which this violent transfer is sometimes defended are many of them very shallow ; whilst very many persons, feeling unable to vindicate it, quiet their conscientious scruples by the convenient maxim that the end sanctifies the means. But though it cannot be justified, either on the ground that much of the property had been extorted from the dying by priests, who worked upon their superstitious fears, or because, being given to the State Church, it properly passed into the hands of those who succeeded to that position ; yet there are other grounds on which we think it can be entirely defended ; though we do not for a moment suppose that

those by whom the violence was committed troubled themselves with these or any other arguments, or cared to ask whether the deed itself was right or wrong.

The justice of this transaction can only be decided after we have determined on what basis the right of any man to tie up his property for centuries after his death is founded. We use the expression 'tying-up' as at once indicating the nature of an endowment. It is not in any sense a gift which would leave the recipient free to employ it in accordance with his own taste and wisdom, but an act of deprivation, by which the testator, having left behind him at his death what he could not take away with him, deprives succeeding generations of the free use of what he bequeaths, by fixing for ever the purposes to which it shall be applied. And it is not a bequest to an *individual*, but a decree that certain property shall to the world's end be employed in a certain way, and that none shall have the benefit of it, but those who will so use it. Now, it is evident that no man possesses a *natural* right to make any such decree. The property he leaves was no creation of his own: it was in the possession of every generation before it descended to his, and must be inherited by that which follows. On what ground, then, can he assume a right to limit his successors in their employment of property which God has created for the free use of each generation as it passes across the earth, and which came to him perfectly free? If, however, no natural right exists, whence is the power obtained?—for men are able to do this, and do it, every day. Clearly no where else but from the laws which protect the last will of any man, and give effect to his decisions, though stretching over hundreds of years. But laws which are founded upon no natural right can be as justly repealed as made; and, though undoubtedly it is for the good of society that some such laws should exist, yet the power which one age possessed to make them is possessed equally, and may often be justly exerted, by another to modify or repeal them. There could be no injustice in limiting the right of any man to tie up his property to two centuries after his death, or even one. It could not be wrong to interfere if at any time so much should be tied up in endowments, that the free movement of a nation were impeded, or its welfare evidently hindered in consequence; and if ever the general voice of a nation testifies that the purposes, which certain property has been set apart by men of the past to promote, are injurious and evil, it cannot be unjust that the laws, which alone gave to those ancestors the power to inflict this injury, should be repealed, and their power for evil brought to an end. This was precisely the case with the immense wealth which was tied up by the endowments of the Catholic Church. The endowments had become an injury—an injury inflicted, not by the living, but the dead—and, without defending either the motives of the Legislature or the propriety of the transfer, we need not hesitate to pronounce those measures just, which brought the evil to an end. It is not, however, as will be seen, with reference to Catholics only that such a course can be defended; but as a general principle, whenever endowments are

found injurious to the commonwealth, the laws on which they rest can justly be repealed.

In addition to the property held by the Established Church, professedly for the propagation of Christianity, there is a considerable amount held by Dissenters, the whole of it in the form of private endowments for the same end. With so large an amount exclusively set apart for this purpose, it becomes an important question whether the nation, which is to that extent deprived of the free use of its property, enjoys anything like a *quid pro quo* in return for the loss. In other words, are the endowments adapted to promote the end professedly designed, and therefore beneficial to the Church and the country at large? Nothing is more frequently heard than complaints and condemnation when endowments are spoken of; yet whenever they exist, they are eagerly sought after, and tenaciously held. If likely to be diverted, law suits are commenced to recover them; and neither denominations nor societies think it a disadvantage to be rich. This, however, is no proof that they are not an evil. The trust in wealth is so natural, and actions are so often at variance with professions, that the tenacity with which endowments are held is no testimony to their worth.

It is not very easy to explain precisely what the design of a religious endowment is. The usual definition that it is property left to propagate Christianity, is by no means sufficient, for whilst this is the professed design in every case, yet the difference between one endowment and another is so great, and peculiar creeds form so important an item in them all, that they may safely be described, not as funds for enabling each age to spread Christianity in its own way, but as intended to secure the *perpetual teaching of certain dogmas, and performance of certain rites*, which the donors, years or centuries ago, believed to be true, and important parts of the gospel.

The *wisdom* of such endowments is questionable, if only we observe *how impossible it is to secure the perpetual teaching of any creed*. The great changes which occur from age to age in modes of thought and feeling, in the meaning of a word, and in the stand-point from which great questions are looked at, render it impossible to ensure the teaching of any systematic creed. It is useless for the same words and forms to be employed if they no longer convey the same ideas, or excite the same feelings as of old. The unwavering adherent to rites and creeds, as they were endowed, can only attract attention as an antiquarian curiosity; and, as few men (the ultra-Puseyites excepted) covet such attention, in spite of the most stringent regulations, the conditions of endowments are set aside. In some instances the changes, though gradual, have been so great, that at last the property has been employed for the support of doctrines so opposed to those of the original donors, that their hair would have stood on end had they thought it possible that their property could ever be perverted to such purposes. The endowments of orthodox (Calvinist) Presbyterians, and orthodox (Arminian) General Baptists, now held alike by Unitarian congregations, are proofs of this.

But notwithstanding the impossibility we have mentioned, endowments inevitably tend to *check freedom of inquiry, and fetter opinion*. If the existence in one church, as subscribers to one creed, of the Puseyite and Evangelical is a proof that to stop free inquiry is impossible, the incessant efforts made by both of these to force themselves back to the mark, from which they are likely to wander too far away, and compress into one mould such antagonist opinions, are also proofs that the temptation to do this is the heaviest clog that can be fastened on its heel. Persecution is not the greatest hindrance to free thought. The sop is more effectual than the rod, and bribery than intimidation. The religious opinions of many a tradesman are modified by his ledger, as well as by his Bible. And it is not in human nature to avoid extreme reluctance to embrace, or even to examine an opinion, the profession of which would involve the loss of an endowment of 50*l.* or 500*l.* a year. Such is the natural tendency of religious endowments. They fix a boundary which the mind cannot pass without loss. Men whose own opinions have changed from youth to manhood, and from maturity to old age, stereotype their last opinions, which would not have been their last if they had lived ten years longer, as those which it would be well for other men never to pass beyond. By their endowments they give them a worth and importance not their own, and unintentionally tempt the weak to barter their liberty for money—their birthright for a mess of pottage. And yet, though they check inquiry, and fetter the freedom of thought, they may, in the end, be employed for the propagation of what the founders themselves would have regarded as deadly error.

The results are equally unsatisfactory, if we look simply at their influence upon *religion* in the church, and the *spread of Christianity*. It would be, of course, impossible to constitute piety a ground of possession. Questions of doctrine are not easily settled in law courts; but the question of piety would be of too subtle a nature for the analysis of the keenest judge. There is nothing, therefore, to hinder their falling into the possession of lifeless churches from which all piety has exuded, and which are pestilential centres of cold hypocrisy, rather than zealous and healthy propagators of religious life. In fact, this frequently occurs; for it is admitted generally that the churches which are most inactive, least useful, and most parsimonious, are those which possess endowments. The inference is quite legitimate, that the endowment is the cause; and hence that their influence is unfriendly to religion—a fact which it will not be difficult to establish.

*Endowments relieve Churches of their proper burden.* Of all the duties pertaining to a church, none are so strictly involved in its very nature as the maintenance of its own services, and of direct efforts for the spread of the gospel. And as both of these in a healthy church are effected by the co-operation of all, and not by the exertions of a few; so it can only be injurious to a church to be relieved by others of the work which God has imposed upon it. The church itself is the greatest sufferer. It grows not by inactivity, but by bearing burdens. By using our own arms and legs we gain physical strength; and by

employing, not the resources of his ancestors, but his own, the Christian nourishes and strengthens the spiritual life which has been quickened in his soul. Again, *they suppress liberality*. It is a fact, that not only less in comparison, but *absolutely* less is done, where endowments exist, than would be accomplished if they had no existence. They exert upon a congregation the same chilling influence as is diffused around him by one penurious rich member. The feeling spreads that less is required, because all is not dependent on one's own exertions, till liberality has quite withered away. And thus the double injury is inflicted, that the particular church is enfeebled by the decrease of its benevolence, and the provisions of the endowment cause a positive loss to the general efforts of the church at large. And lastly, *they substitute lifeless wealth for living energy*. The disposition is very general, though very dangerous, to regard money as power. In a nation like ours, accustomed to look at everything with a commercial eye, and with balance-sheets amongst the most familiar sights with which we are acquainted, this is almost inevitable. We have seen, too, so constantly, that things pronounced impossible were easily accomplished when once the money was forthcoming, that we have almost reached the conviction that with money all things are possible. And though perhaps no one has ever ventured the assertion, much is both done and said to foster the idea that the great hindrance to the world's conversion is the want of money. The anxiety of secretaries for large balance-sheets; the little stress laid upon the motive which prompts the gift; the almost total ignoring of purity, and zeal, and liberality in the church, as an essential element in the success of any work; and the means employed to gather money together, whether by 'taking' services, large meetings, popular preachers, or fancy fairs, all foster the feeling that money will convert the world. But it is altogether forgotten that the days of the Church's greatest victory have been those of her greatest poverty. Not that poverty caused her success; but that living, hearty energy, alone can spread the gospel from heart to heart; and that, whilst times of poverty have been mostly times of zeal, whenever the Church has loved with ardour her Lord and his work, and put forth that love in brilliant, self-denying deeds, and told of her Lord in words that burn, poverty could not hinder success. On the other hand, whatever damps this ardour, and substitutes wealth, the endowment or the legacy, for the living deeds of living men, is destroying the very element on which all depends, and without which the gospel could never be spread or a soul converted. And this the endowments of a church and the funded property of a society invariably do. The minister or the missionary is no longer the representative of zealous Christians, whose prayers and earnest aid intensify the ardour of his own heart; no longer an instrument through whom the sympathies of living hearts are brought to bear upon the world—but the mere spokesman of the dead, preaching the opinions, and supported by the money of some departed founder, whose very name he does not even care to know. And, whilst it is impossible to conceive of anything more calculated to suppress all



pure benevolence in both church and preacher; so, on the other hand, since it is only from heart to heart that the gospel spreads, there is everything to impede that spread in the chilling effect of whatever separates between the giver and the gift, and substitutes for the energy of the living the wealth of the dead.

An effect injurious to the spread of the gospel is also produced by the extent to which they *weaken the sympathy between the pastor and the church*. Whatever may be the opinions held as to the nature of the pastoral office, all will agree that sympathy with the church is essential to the pastor's usefulness. It is, perhaps, a difficult question to decide how the feeling can be best promoted, and certainly existing churches do not show it in full bloom. We confess that at first sight the condition of Dissenting churches does not seem to favour the theory that it is well for the minister to be dependent on the congregation. And when we know how great is the poverty of many, who are thus dependent, the advantage of an endowment seems indisputable. Nor can there be any doubts that there are cases in which an endowment improves considerably the pecuniary circumstances of a minister. But these cases are not numerous, and occur only when the endowment is large. In other cases the liberality of the people is checked because the bond of sympathy is broken, and—the minister is no gainer. The present evils, however, far from proving the advantage of an endowment, afford strong evidence of the opposite. For the pew-rent system is akin to an endowment; it fosters no generosity, brings into places of worship the feelings as well as the practices of trade, and separates between the pastor and the people, who, because they contribute nothing directly for him, and often are refused all information as to his position, lose all care for him, think only of bargaining for the best seat on the lowest terms, and contentedly leave the income of their pastor to be arranged by deacons, who are not always his best friends. A settled endowment, however, does more than this. It equally destroys the feeling of union between pastor and people; and also deprives the people of their rights. With the power it confers the preacher is soon changed into the priest. He feels that to the people he owes nothing; he may lord it over them, may neglect his work, and even empty the chapel; and yet, strong in his endowment, he can defy the wishes of the whole Church, and none can bid him resign. In such circumstances—which are irremediable wherever an endowment exists—there are evils far greater than ever can arise from the other imperfections we have pointed out. And there cannot be a moment's doubt that anything which so weakens the bond of sympathy between a pastor and his congregation must militate considerably against his usefulness, and their welfare.

In the case of *societies* the evils are not so apparent as in that of churches. But this is simply because the latter are old enough for the consequences to have worked themselves out, whilst the former are still in their youth. The only thing which can preserve our large religious societies from following in the wake of all old corpora-

tions, is in the continuance of their dependence on the churches of the country, and the maintenance of a strict oversight on the part of the latter. Funded property is destroying the first; the election of honorary directors for life (a growing practice) is a hindrance to the second; and thus there is cause to fear that the very legacies which gladden the hearts of secretaries are already beginning the destructive work which is always done by endowments, and in the end will destroy the vitality of our best societies. No doubt they save much official anxiety, but better this than stagnation—far better a rolling tide with sometimes a stormy ocean, than a sea stiffened for ever into ice.

There are other grounds, too, on which we cannot enlarge, proving the very *principle of endowments* to be wrong. We have already shown that the assumption of a right to endow is baseless, and that the tying up of property, so far from being of advantage to, is an *unjust infringement upon the rights of other generations*. It places living men in the position of stewards, whereas they ought to be proprietors. It perpetuates all the evils of absenteeism without the possibility of appeal. And, lastly, such endowments have all the incipient *evils of a connexion with the State*. It is sometimes argued that there is no analogy between a State church and an endowed sect, since in the case of endowments the State is only the protector of property, which it secures to its rightful owners. But there is an evident fallacy here. If the property were left to individuals and entailed, the State would only provide that the individuals intended should not be deprived of it. But in this case there is no question of individuals. The sole condition is that of opinion, and this is all that the law protects. Hence it is not to rightful owners, but to right opinions that the property is secured. It becomes, therefore, the duty of the State to investigate opinion, in disputed cases it must arbitrate, and courts of law may at any time become arenas for theological dispute. The State is thus constituted by an endowment the protector of opinions, and should an endowed sect ever increase in wealth till it could emulate the Establishment, the line would be narrow indeed that distinguished the relation of the one to the State from that of the other.

On all these grounds we pronounce sentence on endowments, whether Dissenting or other, as both injurious and unjust. They limit the rightful power of the living, clog liberty of progress, and petrify the churches of Christ. Money and independence may be sufficiently attractive to tempt any one to rejoice in having secured them by rightful means; but he who has reached them by means of an endowment is in danger of sacrificing usefulness and giving up his liberty; and to his hurt becomes the minister of the rich dead of a past age, rather than of the living Christ and living church of his own.

## Frederick Denison Maurice.

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE is a name which has attracted to itself of late a rather large share of attention from religious men of nearly all parties. The attention of orthodox and unorthodox theologians has been challenged, by the publication of a succession of sermons, lectures, and essays, the substance of which had been delivered at Lincoln's-inn, and by the fact that Mr. Maurice, for certain opinions contained in a recent volume of theological essays, has been removed by the Council of King's College, London, from the chair of divinity which he held in that institution. Now that the excitement occasioned by that removal has somewhat abated, and the unholly anger of theological controversy has had some time to cool down, a fitting opportunity has arrived for an attempt to state fairly what Mr. Maurice's theology is, and what may be the value of his claims to the attention of the inquirer after Christian truth. We address ourselves to this task not after the manner or in the spirit of an *ex cathedra* critic, but much more in the spirit of those who desire earnestly to *understand* Mr. Maurice in the first place, and then to differ from him, where we see reason, as candid and inquiring men.

For the information of those of our readers who know little or nothing of Mr. Maurice or his writings and opinions, we may say that he is a clergyman of the Church of England, belonging to what has been called the *Broad* party—a party distinguished rather by a certain *genius* and *tendency* than by the adoption of any common dogmatical opinions. Two other names are generally mentioned in company with his, as belonging to the same classification—the names of Archdeacon Hare and Charles Kingsley. Mr. Maurice and Mr. Kingsley are known amongst working men in London as the strenuous expounders and promoters of what is called Christian Socialism, into the merits of which, either as a theory or as a practical system, we have no space to enter. Suffice it to say, that this attempt to reconcile Christianity and political economy, whether successful or unsuccessful, has won for Mr. Maurice and his associates a very sacred place in the hearts of some hundreds of the working men in London. Mr. Maurice has been also an ardent and a laborious patron of education—especially in connexion with Queen's College, an institution for female education. As a clergyman, he has for some years held the chaplaincy of Lincoln's-inn; and numbers, we understand, among his hearers, not only a large proportion of those who would naturally constitute his congregation, but also men of every variety of opinion in religion and politics—attracted by the attempt to exhibit the teaching of Christianity in relation to the great social and religious conflicts of the day. Men who can listen to such preaching, and like it, are not of the ordinary stamp—who run gaping after the popular preacher, because he does not demand the exercise of the thinking faculty. We cannot here note all that Mr. Maurice has done in the way of authorship; but we shall have

occasion to refer, in the course of these remarks, to his most important works on theology.

It is not our purpose to enter into the merits of that doctrinal dispute which has led to the removal of Mr. Maurice from the professorships which he held in King's College, further than to offer two general observations on it in passing. And first, it has struck us as not a little surprising that a Church holding a stereotyped creed, and yet professing and actually allowing usually so large a comprehensiveness in the interpretation of that creed, should have let loose its thunder against the interpretation of a doctrine, which surely does not constitute the most essential part of Christian truth. An archbishop, in the face of the Athanasian Creed, may be a Sabellian; a bishop, in the teeth of the Articles, may hold that baptism is a species of clerical magic; a clergyman may preach Calvinism of so high an order, that if logically carried out in practice it becomes an immoral principle; another clergyman may go mad upon the Apocalypse, and may publish his madness in Lent lectures; and other clergymen may insult their audiences with very melancholy fooleries about the devil and table-turning; but if a man of deep moral purpose and great intellectual strength seek to deliver himself and his fellow-countrymen from what he conceives to be an appalling error, in regard to God's final dealing with the wicked—this, though a heresy that springs out of a belief in God's infinite charity, and that has been embraced by some of the devoutest men in Christendom, is to be visited with the heaviest and most hasty denunciation from high places. The mildest thing to be said of it is, that it is hard and inconsistent dealing with a man whose claim to honesty is better established than that of hundreds in the same Church.—The second observation is—that another cause of wonder to us is, that Dr. Jelf and the Council should have chosen out *the doctrine of future punishment*, by means of which to fasten a charge of heresy upon Mr. Maurice. The 'Theological Essays' deny the current doctrines of atonement and inspiration of the Scriptures, as those doctrines are held by a large section of the Church of England; and one would have thought that heresy upon those questions was of a more fundamental sort than upon the interpretation of the word 'eternal,' and therefore affording a more vulnerable point of attack. We have again and again wondered that in nothing we have seen on this dispute has there been the slightest allusion to the unsoundness of the book upon such vital questions. Shall we venture to offer a solution of this curious enigma? Do Dr. Jelf and his compeers suspect or know that amongst the thinking portion of the clergy, there is a vast deal of doubtful doctrine on those subjects—doubtful we mean as compared with the orthodox standards, and with the orthodox interpretation? To have widened the basis of the charge, therefore, against Mr. Maurice, would have been to attack either the intelligence or the honesty of perhaps some hundreds of Churchmen whose consciences and whose self-respect might have been made uneasy, and who might have been provoked to some demonstrative revolt against the authority of Dr. Jelf and King's College. So wary are men in

these times obliged to be in seeking to perpetuate the despotism of opinion over the growing inquiry and honesty of the age.

There are theologians who say that after a man has been once 'converted,' he is safe. An equally superficial view of man's nature has led others to affirm that after a man has once 'doubted,' he passes into the enjoyment of undisturbed and cloudless faith. They recognise a kind of moral necessity that he should at some time wrestle with unbelief as indispensable to the security of his future belief. But they make a grand mistake in restricting this conflict to one transient period of his life, supposing that, like an attack of the measles, it belongs naturally to the childhood of life, and never returns in healthy manhood. No one, surely, would accuse Mr. Maurice of deficient intellectual and moral strength, and yet we think we can discern the traces on him of a life-long battle with the demon of doubt. Systematic theologians and popular preachers will wonder what kind of faith in the gospel he can have if it cannot give him greater rest of mind. *They* compile bodies of divinity, and preach 'sound' sermons, in happy ignorance of the struggle which, with some men, has been a fight for their very lives. And the difference between the 'sound' divine and Mr. Maurice may be, that the faith of the one may be a sham, and that of the other a reality; a reality, therefore, which has to maintain a constantly militant attitude towards a very real world and a very real devil. Not at all inconsistent with this belief in Mr. Maurice's mental difficulties is the apparent confidence with which he utters his convictions. Without allowing for an instant that his earnestness is simulated, we yet cannot help thinking that the energy with which he asserts some of his beliefs is partly the convulsive effort of a mind to *persuade itself* that it does believe. We much question whether a mind so subtle, so honest, so anxious to get at the foundations of things, as the mind of Mr. Maurice, will ultimately find its home amongst some of the opinions he has adopted.

In the 'Theological Essays,' Mr. Maurice has made the attempt to state his theological opinions more explicitly than he had done in any of his former books. And yet no one must expect to find even in this book anything like an attempt at system. The theological method of laying down propositions in logical order, and then adducing texts of Scripture to prove them, is here eschewed; and the book is likely to be thrown aside as mystical and inconclusive by those who have been accustomed to treat Christian truth according to this process. How, then, does Mr. Maurice evolve and substantiate his conclusions? Not by denying the truth and authority of the Bible, and asserting the supremacy of the Reason as the ultimate standard of religious truth; nor by casting contempt on the creed of his Church as being merely a human effort to embody Christian ideas; nor, again, by asserting that the reason and the natural sentiments of man's mind have no function in determining the nature of the truth. He believes, rather, that the human mind and the Bible are both Divine products, and that creeds are the imperfect junction of the two; that Christianity can be learned only by him who wisely studies

man's nature, the sacred writings, and the attempts that have been made in past time to understand and embody in creeds the grand ideas of Christ and his apostles.—We shall attempt to exhibit the leading principles of this book, and of Mr. Maurice's theology, as faithfully as we can; performing the office of expounder rather than judge; confining our effort to explain to the general, and not to the particular views which may be found scattered through our author's various writings. The reader is not to infer that we agree where we do not formally dissent; nor that we dissent from those views only which we may controvert. We shall have space for only a few points of debate:—

I. That there is a necessity for, and a proof of, the Christian theology in the soul, condition, wants, and longings of man.

To a hasty, superficial reader, Mr. Maurice would seem to maintain very contradictory positions on this head. In the *Essay on the Atonement*, he emphatically repudiates what he calls the *theology of consciousness*, as having grossly corrupted the evangelical theology. And yet, on the other hand, he frequently and strenuously urges an appeal to our consciousness to demonstrate the necessity for certain articles of the Christian belief. The reconciliation of this apparent contradiction would seem to lie in this principle—that consciousness *alone* is incompetent to construct out of itself a true theology: but that, when honestly and truly interpreted, it does constitute a court of appeal, where, upon practical grounds, every religious question *can*, and ultimately *must*, be tried. This is quite a distinct position from that which maintains that Reason—or the faculty which apprehends speculative truth—is the supreme and authoritative judge of theological truth. For it takes into account the moral and religious nature of man, and boldly affirms that they have not become so blind and deaf as not to recognise and respond to the truth when the gospel exhibits it. Hence, Mr. Maurice, while never falling into the abominable cant of decrying the 'Evidences,' and railing against biblical criticism, does not lay so much stress upon isolated texts, for the proof of Christian doctrine, as systematic theologians are in the habit of doing; but appealing to the great broad facts and doctrines which lie on the face of the Bible, he holds them up to the light of the great broad facts of man's spiritual nature, and asks—Is not this an answer to some question which man has been asking ever since he began to occupy this planet—Is not this the true and inspired satisfaction to a profound want of the soul? And this appeal is made not to the consciousness of one or of many single individuals—for in them there might be idiosyncrasies perverting the nature of the answer—but the appeal is made to the common heart and conscience of man, and the verdict is confidently asserted to be in favour of the great truths of Revelation; confirming the *a priori* expectation, that He who has given a Revelation to man would give the strongest proof of its divinity to his inner soul and his profoundest experience.

II. That we live under a Divine rule and order, which it is the object of the Divine providence (in the largest sense of that word) to

train man to recognise and conform to. It is a great point with Mr. Maurice, which he can never repeat too frequently, that God's rule over the Jews of old was not exceptional; that, though he does not now miraculously interfere so as to give the outward mould or type of earthly governments the stamp of his authority, yet, nevertheless, his claim to govern nations is the same now as it ever has been. Thus, referring to the Church of Scotland in the seventeenth century, he says:—‘Their proclamation that God himself is the King, the Law-giver, the Judge of a nation; that his government over the Jews was not a more actual government than that which he exercised over Scotland; that his will is the only source and ground of right will and right acts in his creatures;—this is a proclamation which, whatever form it may have taken, against whatever persons or institutions it may have been directed, whatever may have been the immediate or apparent results of putting it forward, I cannot but accept as true, beneficent, divine.’ Mr. Maurice sees in the institutions and relations of social and national life but so many symbols and representatives of that invisible kingdom under which we live. The earthly king reigns to assert a higher authority than his own, and to educate men to the recognition of it; an authority of which his is but the shadow. Of course, there is nothing very new in all this. The only thing new about it in our day is the emphasis with which it is asserted, an emphasis which has the effect of making it look like a *new truth*. Thomas Carlyle has startled the materialism of the age by proclaiming in the like emphatic manner *that man has a soul*. We trust that not only red-tapists and officials, who feel themselves accountable only while on the hustings, but that the great body politic may realize somewhat more profoundly that august idea which Mr. Maurice seeks to restore to the national consciousness.

III. The fact that we are under a Divine Lawgiver leads to two correlative facts in human consciousness—the *sense of sin* and the *sense of righteousness in man*. The sense of sin is not the vague dread that we have offended an unknown being, nor the agony that comes from knowing that we have forfeited our future well-being by transgression; the first feeling manufactures the religion of superstition, the second the religion of selfishness. But the essence of the knowledge of sin lies in this—that I *personally*—by the act of my own very self—‘have sinned, not against society merely, not against my own nature merely,’ but *against the Infinite Father*, who rules over me in righteousness and love. This is as definite a conception of the nature of sin as we can gather from Mr. Maurice's exposition of it. Just as men have distinctly or indistinctly the sense of sin, so have they as truly and as universally a *sense of righteousness*. Speaking of Job, he says—‘His confidence that he has a righteousness, a real, substantial righteousness, which no one shall remove from him, which he will hold fast and not let go, waxes stronger as his pain becomes bitterer and more habitual.’ ‘The deepest acknowledgments of sin come forth from his heart. But he speaks as if his righteousness were deeper and more grounded than that. The theory or fact upon which

this sense of righteousness in man is founded is, that Christ, and not Adam, is the real *Head* of the human race—that he, as the righteous Redeemer of man, inspires it in the universal consciousness; that when it is powerfully realized, as in the case of Job, it leads men up to Him who is the source of it—to the recognition of a living Redeemer from every evil.’ We reserve some questions and objections, in reference to this statement, till we have finished the outline of Mr. Maurice’s principles.

IV. The question of sin treated of under the last head naturally leads to the question of *Atonement*. Mr. Maurice states his theory of atonement negatively rather than positively, by explaining what the popular doctrine is, and then by showing what he conceives to be the unsoundness of that doctrine. The popular theory, he says, in substance affirms an antagonism between the *justice* and the *love* of God—making it impossible for God to forgive sin and remove it out of man’s nature, without an adequate amount of suffering from Christ as compensation and satisfaction to Divine justice for the release of man. So that, according to this theory, Christ’s suffering was strictly penal, and the only alternative to our endless suffering. We are not quoting Mr. Maurice’s exact words, but are giving the substance of his statement. He speaks of this theory as that which dying men never think of when they want to be assured of the Father’s infinite love—as the faith of ‘religious dowagers’ and weak people, and as that which is driving young men of the present day into horrible scepticism. This theory is, then, repudiated on the following grounds:—1. That the *will of God* is the *ground of the sacrifice* of Christ—that God sent his Son to be the Saviour of men. 2. That, therefore, the life of Christ was nothing else than an exhibition of this will, an entire submission to it—that, therefore, Christ did not seek to *move or change* the Divine will by his sacrifice, but simply to fulfil and carry it out. 3. That ‘Christ was actually the Lord of men, the King of their spirits, the source of all the light which ever visited them, the Person for whom all nations longed as their real Head and Deliverer, the root of righteousness in each man. One who appears as the actual representative of humanity, cannot be a formal substitute for it.’ 4. The reason of Christ’s death was not that he might rescue man out of the hand of God by paying a penalty to Him; but that he entered into death because he took man’s nature, and in order to conquer the power of death by submitting to it. 5. That Scripture says that Christ came to take away the *sin* of the world—not the *penalty of sin*; that if he had come to destroy the connexion between sin and death—the one being the necessary consequence of the other—he would *not* have magnified the law and made it honourable. 6. That Christ *satisfied* the Father, not by bearing the punishment of sin, but by presenting the image of his own holiness and love, and that in his sacrifice and death all that holiness and love came forth completely. ‘Therefore doth my Father love me because I lay down my life for the sheep.’ Putting these principles and statements together, we see what is Mr. Maurice’s conception of the atonement. ‘Supposing the



Father's will to be a will to all good, the Son of God, being one with him and Lord of man, to obey and fulfil in our flesh that will, by entering into the lowest condition into which men had fallen through their sin;—supposing this man to be, for this reason, an object of continual complacency to his Father, and that complacency to be fully drawn out by the death of the Cross; is not this, in the highest sense, atonement? Is not the true sinless root of humanity revealed? is not God in him reconciled to man?'

V. Mr. Maurice adheres to the technical terms of theology: hence we have an essay on *Justification*. But he seems to have a constitutional horror of dialectics, or he could hardly have written a whole essay on that subject, without giving ever so brief a formal statement of the nature of justification. From incidental statements we gather that Mr. Maurice's view of that doctrine is something to the following effect:—That because Christ, the Son of man, perfectly trusted in his Father, and gave himself up to his will; therefore God declares him to have the only righteousness he ever claimed—the righteousness of his Father; that the *resurrection* was the fact by which God proclaimed the justification or righteousness of his Son. But because Christ's resurrection declared him to be the Son of man, the Head of man; therefore, his justification was the justification of each man. All men are, therefore, made righteous or justified by Christ because he is righteous, and because he is the living Head of the race. Mr. Maurice anticipates this objection to the doctrine, that it is immoral; inasmuch as all men, without reference to actual distinctions of character, are proclaimed righteous by it. He replies to this by showing that all ecclesiastical devices for proclaiming moral distinctions have issued eventually in self-righteous doctrines. The doctrine that *Baptism* separates the Churchman from the common earthly man has led, first to the belief that he who is unbaptized lies in the common evil of our nature; and secondly, that he who, by subsequent sin, has exhausted the blessing conveyed in the act of baptism, could hope for pardon only from 'continual acts of repentance and mortification.' This led the sin-stricken conscience to postpone the rite till the latest moment of life—a practice associated with the foulest immorality. Then came the *protest of the Reformers*, who said, 'You are seeking to make yourselves just or righteous before God;' 'whereas, faith in the Son of God is the only deliverance for the conscience of any man.' But they set themselves to consider how they might distinguish between the faithful and the unbelieving; and the result was the introduction of fictitious standards and maxims. Faith in certain theological propositions, instead of in a person, became the sign of a man's actual righteousness. 'It seems as if faith signified a persuasion that God will not punish us hereafter for the sins we have committed here, because we have that persuasion; as if some men were accounted righteous for Christ's sake, by a mere deception, it not being the fact that they are righteous; as if God pleased of mere arbitrariness that certain men should escape his wrath, and that certain men should endure the full measure of it.' The

inference Mr. Maurice draws from the discussion of the whole objection is one which will but slightly recommend him to the confidence of modern exclusives—namely, that it is worse than useless to set up artificial standards by which to determine man's character; that God's standard is the only useful one—'who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth on the Son of God?'

VI. What new fact in man's spiritual history is expressed to us by the word *Regeneration*? A man is made righteous by believing in justification as an already divinely accomplished fact. What, now, does Christianity mean when it speaks of the regeneration of man's nature? In answering this question, Mr. Maurice, against Combe and his disciples, claims for man more than a merely physical constitution; argues that the facts in universal consciousness cannot be referred to physical causes in man or out of him; but, with Butler, claims for him a *moral constitution*, governed by laws as real and as ascertainable as any that rule over our bodily nature. Now the doctrine of the great *moralist* is, that *man's moral constitution is good*, and that it is the violation or transgression of it which constitutes *evil*. In what sense, then, can theologians assert the *regeneration* of human nature compatibly with this theory of man's constitution? One theory of regeneration—that which explains it to be 'the substitution at a given crisis of a nature specially bestowed upon them, for the one which belongs to them as ordinary human beings'—must be in direct contradiction to Butler's doctrine, and is, therefore, dismissed by Mr. Maurice. Another explanation of it is, 'the *renovation or restitution* of that which has fallen into decay, the repair of an edifice according to the ground-plan and design of the original architect.' This doctrine does not contradict Butler's; but it urges us to ask whether even good men have been regenerated in this sense; whether such a theory does not contradict the flagrant facts of experience. Mr. Maurice answers that it *does*; and affirms that the regeneration of which the Scripture speaks is a something which has been already accomplished for man as man, by Jesus Christ, the Son of God. What that something is Mr. Maurice's own words shall explain. 'Supposing such a person to have been actually revealed (a Son of God as the root of righteousness in every human being)—supposing he has come, and that we do not look for another; it would seem as if the regeneration of man in the most radical sense we can dream of it—in that very sense which the etymology of the word indicates, and in which it is accepted by those who prize it most—has not been commenced only, but effected, not for a few of us, but for all. If it can be said that God has manifested his Son, made of a woman, that we might receive the adoption of sons—if these words could be preached to men of all kindreds and characters eighteen hundred years ago, the idea of regeneration as the restoration of human beings to their true filial position in Christ, of mankind to its unity in him, is fulfilled. The sin of man, which consists in the denial of his filial relationship to God, of his fraternal relation to the members of his own species, is taken away in Christ. The constitution of

humanity is restored, and this is that very constitution involving social affections, involving a reverence and love of the man for himself—not as contradictions of each other, but as necessary to each other—of which Butler has so finely traced the signs and evidences in all the ordinary, and apparently the most discordant, facts of human experience.' This seems to us but giving another name to the fact of our justification as already explained by Mr. Maurice.

VII. Passing over the treatment of the *Ascension* and of the *Judgment Day*, we now come to the treatment of the question of questions—that of *Inspiration*. Mr. Maurice sets out with a statement of the inquiries men make in respect to the nature of inspiration. 1. There is the fact that the *poets* of all ages have asked a Divine power to inspire them. Were they using a 'trade phrase,' or did they believe in the inspiration they invoked? 2. Are we to suppose that this inspiration is of the same nature as that which religious men claim for the Bible? One class have answered, that it is of *the same kind*, but perhaps different in degree; another class have said, No: the Bible is *the* inspired book, and therefore exempt from the ordinary methods and principles of criticism. 3. But religious men have spoken of themselves as taught by the Divine Spirit. Does this differ from the teaching of the writers of the Old and New Testaments? 4. Then fanatics have claimed a Divine commission as inspired men. Upon what theory of inspiration are we to dismiss and disprove that claim? 5. The Liturgy of the Church of England prays for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, not on behalf of some specially illuminated *few*, but on behalf of the whole flock. Does *it* mean a real inspiration, or is it paltering with words in a double sense? These are the questions, says Mr. Maurice, we have to discuss—questions that will not cease to be asked, even though theologians should *ban* them as troublesome. We will give the substance of Mr. Maurice's answers *seriatim*.

1. He acknowledges the reality of that inspiration which was attributed to poets and great men in olden times in heathen countries, and exhibits the character of Paul's teaching in relation to it, the substance of which is:—'Those powers which you refer to Dionysius, or Apollo, or Æsculapius, I come to vindicate for the Father of spirits, for the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.' 'The Divine Spirit, the Spirit of love, who was promised to all, was described as the source and spring of those peculiar endowments which were given to this and that man as he willed.' This, then, is the source of whatever lifts man above his ordinary self, in whomsoever it is found. 2. Mr. Maurice supplies the premises, but not the conclusion, of an answer to the second of the above questions. The inspiration of the Greeks was divine; the seers and the prophets of the Hebrews spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; the disciples of Christ were baptized with the Spirit and with fire; to each church it was said, 'He dwells with you,' and to each member of a church, 'He has made your body his habitation;'—from all which it is evidently meant that the conclusion is to be drawn—*there is no difference in kind* between the

inspiration of a Homer and a Paul; the *subject and the degree* constitute the only peculiarities which separate the one case from the other. 3. That the *divine teaching* which religious men assert to be needful as enabling them to *understand* the Bible, is not *generically different* from the inspiration which guided prophets and apostles in writing the sacred books. Mr. Maurice lays stress upon the fact, that if the inspiration of the Scriptures is to be firmly and *consistently* held, we must rest the proof of their being so inspired more upon their contents—upon the way in which they speak to our own deepest experience, than upon the *external testimony and proof* which are usually brought forward. In reference to the talk about *verbal* and *plenary* inspiration, he says, that ‘these forms of speech are pretty toys for those who have leisure to play with them;—but they do not belong to business; they are not for those who are struggling with life and death; such persons want a Book of Life.’ 4. We pass over Mr. Maurice’s method of dealing with fanatics, as not tending directly to explain his idea of inspiration. 5. The essay is concluded by a statement of two methods which have prevailed in dealing with inspiration, and of a third which is in course of being tried. The first is that tried in the last century, of denying all spiritual operations by referring all that is spoken of them in Scripture to the age of the apostles—a plan tried by able men, but which has shamefully failed. The second course is that which the modern evangelicals have pursued—namely, that of denying all inspiration proper, except that which is contained in the Bible. The third is the course which Mr. Maurice himself would have us pursue—to proclaim freely to all that the Spirit of God works *now* in man’s heart as in olden days, and would lead men into all the truth, and all obedience, and purity of life.

We have not pretended to give an outline of all Mr. Maurice’s theological principles; but we greatly fear that Mr. Maurice and our readers will think that what has been attempted has been meagrely and baldly done. Our justification of the *attempt*, at least, is this: that though Mr. Maurice is not, as has been said, an obscure writer, there are some qualities belonging to him as an author and a preacher which will interfere with his popularity. One of these is a singular want of *directness* in the treatment of the matter in hand. In some men this would spring from *timidity* in stating unpopular doctrine; no such explanation as that, however, can be admitted for a moment in Mr. Maurice’s case. For another of those qualities which distinguish him is a *boldness*, which, in the eyes of prudent people, would be deemed daring, in dealing with those religious topics which in this day are pressing for discussion. *Fright* will, therefore, deter many from the study of Mr. Maurice’s writings who have been taught to associate him with the Parkers and the Emersons of the day. And yet there is united with what we shall call his manly courage a reverence for all that is truly divine, which none but a deeply religious mind could exhibit. A still further quality that claims to be mentioned is his *subtlety*, which does not spend itself in frivolous

distinctions, but yet gives a cast of refinement to his thoughts, and elicits such unexpected inferences from the most unpromising admissions as to make his writings fascinating to those only who have gone through some severity of intellectual culture. These causes will hinder him with the wide public from becoming as popular as the interpreters of prophecy. Other causes, in addition to these, will render him a 'rock of offence' to preachers and systematic theologians. One cannot help being greatly struck with what we may call the *humanity* of his theology. In his 'dedication' of the *Essays* to Alfred Tennyson, he says:—'I have maintained in these essays that a theology which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of human beings cannot be a true theology.' *Hope for man* through the gospel of our Lord and Saviour is the burden of all his teachings; and though we are persuaded that some of Mr. Maurice's main theological positions are untenable, we are equally persuaded that till a larger, more humane, more hopeful spirit pleads with men from our pulpits, that they will secretly and perseveringly rebel against Christianity. In this lies, according to our view, the chief value of his writings; not in the specific conclusions evolved, but in the liberty of thinking exercised, in the large unaffected charity exhibited, in the hope that is inspired in reference to the darkest, most painful problems of the Divine government and of man's destiny. 'Mysticisms!' is the charge to be expected from the lips of those whose plan is to grind down the most spiritual questions of the universe and of man's being in their logical mill. Soul, the instincts of conscience, the natural sentiments of the heart, are allowed no share in shaping the theology of such persons. We can foresee the class of statements in Mr. Maurice's writings which will be attacked on this score. When he speaks of Christ being the head of the race—the root of righteousness in each man—Calvinism and Logic will smile with supreme contempt. We are not prepared to defend his exposition of these phrases, though we believe there are facts in human nature which are better explained by them than by systematic divines; but we do say this, that when commentators come to explain some parts of John and Paul—such, for instance, as that Christ is the vine and his disciples the branches, and that, 'as by one man's disobedience *the many* were made sinners; so by the obedience of one shall *the many* be made righteous'—we say they seem to bring out but feebly and inadequately the depth and the fulness of such expressions.

We had intended in the second half of this paper to state the objections which we think lie against the views we have attempted to expound. We must forego that part of our duty for the want of space. Let us rather, in a concluding sentence or two, say a word on other matters. Mr. Maurice seems to have received but scant justice from the reviews since the *Essays* have been published. In the first place, there has been no fair face-to-face opposition offered to his principles, but, instead of that, plenty of sinister cuts and side blows dealt, which have not gone right home to

the vital parts of his books. Then there has been a singular want of imagination in his critics. If a man has passed through a set of educational influences which widely differ from mine, and has been taught to look at all things from a point of view which I have never occupied, surely if I wish to estimate him, and to know the value of his labours in such a department as theology, I must, in a manner, pass out of my own feeling and enter into his, and by the force of sympathy must reason, and feel, and see, with his faculties rather than my own. But here has been the deficiency of the critic. Here is a man of the most evident sincerity and honesty, with uncommon force and originality of mind, free, most free, from the affectations of scepticism, who has been for years fighting his way clear from the conventionalisms of theology, who, at the cost of many sacrifices, has been earnestly seeking to know and to publish the truth; and yet this man, who has learnt to be so largely tolerant himself, is to be met with nothing but wholesale denunciation by gentlemen who adjusted the system of the universe to their complete satisfaction twenty, thirty, and forty years ago. And yet we believe that, notwithstanding the discountenance of those who take special charge of God's truth in this world, Mr. Maurice will have a still enlarging circle of readers. One whose style is such a simple, severe expression of his thoughts, who strives so manfully to remove religion out of the region of sense and fiction, into the world of spirit and reality; who exhibits Christianity, not as one of the proprieties of life, but as the grand necessity of man's nature, because the incarnation of God's love, will be sure to touch the springs of thought and feeling in thousands of souls which are at this day inquiring after a *Gospel of Life*.

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### The Two Dreams.

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IN a little room, scantily and neatly furnished, lighted, not from the window, for it was dark without, and the shutters were closed, but from the peaked flame of a very small but clear-burning lamp, sat a young man, with his back to the lamp and his face to the fire. No book or paper on the table indicated labour just forsaken; nor could one tell from his eyes, in which the light had all retreated inwards, whether his consciousness was absorbed in thought, or reverie only. The window curtains, which scarcely concealed the shutters, were of coarse texture, but brilliant scarlet—for he loved bright colours; and the faint reflection they threw on his pale, rather thin face, made it look more delicate than it seemed in pure daylight. Two or three bookshelves, suspended by cords from a nail in the wall, contained a collection, poverty-stricken as to numbers, with but few books to fill up the chronological gap between the Greek New Testament and stray

volumes of the poets of the present century. But his love for the souls of his individual books was the stronger that there was no possibility of its degenerating into avarice for the bodies or outsides of books which constitute the house furniture called a library. Some years before, the young man (my story is so short, and calls in so few personages, that I need not give him a name) had aspired, under the influence of religious and sympathetic feeling, to be a clergyman; but Providence, in the form of poverty, had prevented his prosecuting, to the requisite degree, the studies he considered necessary for qualification. And now he was only a village schoolmaster, nor likely to advance further. I have said *only* a village schoolmaster; but is it not better to be a teacher of babes than a preacher to men, at any time; not to speak of those troublous times of transition, wherein a difference of degree must so often assume the appearance of a difference of kind? That man is more happy—I will not say more blessed—who, loving boys and girls, is loved and revered by them, than he who, ministering unto men and women, is compelled to pour his words into the filter of religious suspicion, whence the water is allowed to pass away unheeded, and only the residuum is retained for further chemical examination and analysis.

He had married a simple village girl, in whose eyes he was nobler than the noblest—to whom he was the mirror, in which the real forms of all things around were reflected. Who dares pity my poor village schoolmaster? I fling his pity away. Had he not found in her love the verdict of God, that he was worth loving? Did he not in her possess the eternal and the unchangeable? Were not her eyes openings through which he looked into the great depths that could not be measured or represented? She was his public, his society, his critic. He found in her the heaven—or as the Scotch pronounce it, *haven* of rest. God gave unto him immortality, and he was glad. For his ambition, it had died of its own mortality. He read the words of Jesus, and the words of great prophets whom he has sent, and he learned that the wind-tossed anemone is a word of God as real and true as the great unbending oak beneath which it grows—that reality is an absolute existence precluding degrees. If his mind was, as his room, scantily furnished, it was yet lofty; if his light was small, it was brilliant. God lived, and he lived.

All night long he had sat there, and morning was drawing nigh. He has not heard the busy wind all night, heaping up snow against the house, which will make him start at the ghostly face of the world when at length he opens the shutters, and it stares upon him so white. For up in a little room above, white-curtained, like the great earth without, there has been a storm, too, half the night—moanings and prayers—all things but forbidden tears; and now, at length, it is over; and through the portals of two mouths instead of one, flows and ebbs the tide of the great air-sea which feeds the life of man. With the sorrow of the mother the new life is purchased for the child; our very being is redeemed from nothingness with the pains of a death of which we know not till long after.

An hour has gone by since the watcher below has been delivered from the fear and doubt that held him. He has seen the mother and the child—the second she has given to life and him—and has returned to his lonely room quiet and glad, yet thoughtful. But not long did he sit in silence before new thoughts of doubt awoke in his mind. He remembered his scanty income, and the somewhat feeble health of his friend. One or two small debts he had contracted seemed absolutely to hang on his neck; and the new-born child—oh! how doubly welcome, he thought, ‘if I were but half as rich again as I am’—brought with it, as its own love, so its own care. The dogs of need that so often hunt us up to heaven seemed hard upon his heels, and he prayed to God with fervour; and as he prayed he fell asleep in his chair, and as he slept he dreamed. The fire and the lamp burned on as before, but threw no rays into his soul; yet now for the first time he seemed to become aware of the storm without, for his dream was as follows:—

He lay in his bed and listened to the howling of the wintry wind. He trembled at the thought of the pitiless cold, and turned to sleep, when he thought he heard a feeble knocking at the door. He rose in haste and went down with a light. As he opened the door the wind, entering with a gust of frosty particles, blew out his candle; but he found it was unneeded, for it was grey dawn. Looking out, he saw nothing at first; but a second look, directed downwards, showed him a little half-frozen child, who looked quietly, but beseechingly, in his face. His hair was filled with drifted snow, and his little hands and cheeks were blue with cold. The heart of the poor schoolmaster almost burst with the spring-flood of love and pity that welled up within it, as he lifted the child to his bosom, and carried him into the house; where, in the dream’s incongruity (?) he found a fire blazing in the room in which he now slept. The child said never a word, as he first set him by the fire, and then made haste to get hot water and put him in a warm bath. He never doubted that this was a stray orphan who had wandered to him for protection, and he felt that he could not part with him again; although all the train of his previous troubles and doubts once more passed through the mind of the dreamer, and there seemed no answer to his perplexities for the lack of that cheap thing, gold—yea, silver. But when he had undressed and bathed the little orphan, and having dried him on his knees, set him down to reach something warm to wrap him in, the boy suddenly looked up in his face, as if revived, and said with a heavenly smile, ‘I am the child Jesus.’ ‘The child Jesus!’ said the youth, astonished. ‘Thou art like any other child.’ ‘No, do not say so,’ returned the boy, ‘but say, any other child is like me.’ And the child and the dream slowly faded away; and the youth awoke with these words sounding in his heart—‘Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me; and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.’ When he opened his eyes he found his eldest child, his little comforting daughter, who was up early, looking



up in his face, and pulling at his coat, with the cry of all creation on her tiny lips—*Father, father*. He clasped her in his arms in the name of the child Jesus; and in that embrace he knew that he received God to his heart. And the voice of God seemed to say to him: 'Thou wouldst receive the child whom I sent thee out of the cold, stormy night; receive the new child out of the cold waste into the warm human house, as the door by which it can enter God's. If better could be done for it, or for thee, would I have sent it hither? Through thy love my little one must learn mine and be blessed; and thou shalt not keep it without thy reward. For thy necessities, in thy little house, is there not yet room? in thy barrel is there not yet meal? and thy purse is not empty quite. Thou canst not eat more than a mouthful at once. I have made thee so. Is it any trouble to me to take care of thee? Only I prefer to feed thee from my own hand, and not from thy store.' And the schoolmaster sprang up in joy, ran up stairs, kissed his wife and child again with a tender, beaming face; and soon was wading through the snow to the school-house, where he spent a happy day amidst the rosy faces and bright eyes of his boys and girls; whom, likewise, he loved the more dearly and joyfully for that dream and those words in his heart; so that, amidst their true faces, when all was going well with them (as not unfrequently happened in his schoolroom), he felt as if all the elements of Paradise were gathered around him, and knew that he was God's child, doing God's work.

But while that dream was passing through the soul of the husband, another visited the wife as she lay in the faintness and trembling joy of the new motherhood. For that she had been mother before, made her not less a new mother to the new child. Her former relation could not cover with its wings the fresh bird in the nest of her bosom. She was twice a mother, with the added beauty that her children were sister and brother. As she lay half in a sleep, half in a faint, with the vapours of a gentle delirium floating through her brain, without losing the sense of existence she lost the consciousness of its form, and thought she lay, not a young mother in her bed, but a nosegay of wild flowers in a basket, crushed, flattened, and half-withered. With her in the basket lay other bunches of flowers, whose odours, some rare as well as rich, revealed to her the sad contrast in which she was placed. Beside her lay a cluster of delicately curved, faintly tinged, tea-scented roses; while she was only blue hyacinth bells, pale primroses, amethyst anemones, closed, blood-coloured daisies, purple violets, and one sweet-scented, pure white orchis. The basket lay on the counter of a well-known little shop in the village, waiting for purchasers, as she believed. By and by her own husband entered the shop, and approached the basket to choose a nosegay. 'Ah!' thought she, 'will he choose me? How dreadful if he should not, and I should be left lying here, while he takes another! But how should he choose me! they are all so beautiful, and even my scent is nearly gone. And he cannot know that it is I lying here. Alas! alas!' But as she thought thus, she felt his hand clasp her, heard the ransom-money fall on the

counter, and felt that she was pressed to his face and lips, as he passed from the shop. He *had* chosen her; he *had* known her. She opened her eyes, and her husband's kiss had awakened her. She spoke not, but looked up thankfully in his eyes, as if he had, in fact, like one of the old knights, relieved her from the transformation of evil magic by the counter-enchancement of a kiss, and restored her from a half-withered nosegay to be a woman, a wife, a mother. The dream comforted her much, for she often feared that she, the simple, so-called uneducated girl, could not be enough for the great school-master. But soon her thoughts flowed into another channel; the tears rose in her dark eyes, shining clear from beneath a stream that was not of sorrow; and it was only weakness that kept her from uttering audible words like these:—'Father in heaven, shall I trust my husband's love, and doubt of thine? Wilt thou meet less richly the fearing hope of thy child's heart than he in my dream met the longing of his wife's? He was perfected in my eyes by the love he bore me—shall I find thee less complete? Here I lie on thy world, faint, and crushed, and withered; and my soul often seems as if it had lost all the odours that should float up in the sweet-smelling savour of thankfulness and love to thee. But thou hast only to take me, only to choose me, only to clasp me to thy bosom, and I shall be a beautiful singing angel, singing unto God, and comforting my husband while I sing. Father, take me, possess me, fill me!'

That day she, too, did her work well; that is, she lay patiently waiting for the summer-time of restored strength that drew slowly nigh. With her husband and her children near her, in her soul, and God everywhere, there was for her no death, and no hurt. When she said to herself, 'How rich I am!' it was with the riches that pass not away—the riches of the Son of man; for in her treasures the human and divine were blended—were one. O how lowly in outward seeming and aim may that household be, in which Jesus dwells most gladly, as with the family at Bethany!

### A Sermon to my Sister.

NANNIE, your sister sat at work—

My tale is one week old—

Busy like woman warm and true,

Fighting against the cold;

For she made a soft and woolly thing

Her husband to infold.

Your niece came running to her side,

And seeing what she made—

'Ninny make veckit for papa,'

The little woman said.

So she gave her all the needful things,

And a knot upon the thread.

But alas, the knot would not come through—  
*'Mamma! mamma!'* she cried;  
 So her mother cut away the knot,  
 And she was satisfied,  
 And made the waistcoat for papa,  
 Working in joy and pride.

Her mother told me this; and I  
 Straightway spied something more;  
 For I love to see great meanings lie,  
 With little words before;  
 And I thought awhile upon my text,  
 Till the seed a sermon bore.

Nannie, to you I preach it now,  
 A little sermon, low:  
 Is it not thus a thousand times,  
 As through the world we go?  
 Do we not pull, and fret, and say,  
 Instead of *'Yes, Lord,'* *'No!'*

Yet all the rough things that we meet,  
 That will not move a jot;  
 The hindrances to heart and feet,  
 The *Crook in every lot*;  
 What mean they, but that every thread  
 Has at the end a knot!

For circumstance is God's great web,  
 Of warm strong fibres crost;  
 And from it we must make our clothes,  
 To shield us from the frost;  
 Just as the snow's white blanket lies  
 From frozen coast to coast.

If he should cut away the knot,  
 And grant each notion wild,  
 The hidden life within our hearts,  
 The pure, the undefiled,  
 Would fare as ill as I should fare  
 From the needle of my child.

For as the sheet-lines on the sail;  
 In poesy, the rhyme;  
 On the bosom of the soft green earth,  
 The mountains hard to climb;  
 As the summons of the clock, amid  
 The quiet flow of time;

As the blow of sculptor's mallet, struck  
 On the chipping marble's face;  
 Such are God's *Yea* and *Nay* upon  
 The spirit's inward grace;  
 So work his making hands with what  
 Does and does not take place.

We know no more what we do need  
 Than the child can choose his food;  
 We know not what we shall be yet,  
 So we know not present good;  
 For God's ideal, who but God  
 Hath ever understood!

This is my sermon, Annie dear ;  
My text is very rife :  
If thou strive with any thing that is,  
Thou art with God at strife ;  
Thou art but pulling at the knot  
That holdeth fast thy life.

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### The Right Hon. Lord Viscount Palmerston.

CAN a statesman—affected as must be his opinions and his policy by the vicissitudes of national and international affairs—be expected to manifest any high amount of *consistency* ? Upon the answer returned to this question must depend the judgment due to the great political characters, of present as well as of past times. It is a question which may be fairly asked—yea, which must be deliberately and cautiously answered. To put it implies no moral laxity, no political licentiousness ; whilst to denounce it as superfluous does imply either the impracticability of prejudice, or pitiable forgetfulness of the sterner conditions of public, official, and responsible life.

But to answer this question usefully, it must be explained. A plain 'Yes' or 'No' will not suit the case. In one sense, the affirmative would certainly be the true answer. There is a sense, however, in which a negative reply would not be necessarily false. What, then, is the kind of consistency spoken of ? Is a manly exemplification of uncompromising virtue inquired about ? or has the query reference merely to a practical congruity in the acts and measures of an officer of State ? Unhesitatingly we should declare that patriotism—without which statesmanship is dangerous to the nation and disgraceful to the man, in exact proportion to its ability—needs for its inspiration, as well as its control, a high degree of enlightened conscientiousness ; and that, if purity and stability of principle be wanting, utility and honour of service cannot be looked for. But then, a statesman must be a practicable, as well as a wise and honest servant of the State. He may have political theories of his own ; and, as opportunity is given him, he may endeavour to accomplish the application of those theories to the existing institutions of the country. As a statesman, however, it is his primary business to administer institutions that are already established, and to meet the ever-varying requirements of the State, to which his abstract political theories may have no sort of suitability. Those requirements, indeed, may be occasioned by the action of theories to which his own are opposed : the theories, moreover, with the natural developments of which he has to deal, may be radically inwoven with the constitution of the realm : to defy, or rashly abolish them, therefore, would be tantamount to a revolution, which can never be attempted without treason, and never achieved without infinite hazards. He may proclaim, on convenient

occasions, his own personal convictions of abstract political truth, and a slow course of temperate constitutional agitation may ultimately secure for those convictions the recognition of the people, and the sanctions of law. The ministration of hostile theories, in the meantime, will necessarily involve some discrepancy between the professions of the *man* and the acts of the *minister*; for the gifted individual has two distinct characters to sustain—that of reformer, and that of statesman. He has official responsibilities to the State, of which an upright conscience will dictate the most scrupulous fulfilment; he has moral responsibilities to the people, and these he will embrace every favourable opportunity of discharging. Though in some of the external developments of these diverse characters, there should appear occasional or frequent dissimilarity, there is not any moral incompatibility between them. Take Lord John Russell as an instance in illustration. He has broad views of civil and religious liberty. His general principles are clear, comprehensive, and liberal. He announces doctrines which this generation cannot hope to see practically adopted. As a statesman in office, however, he must deal with the State just as he finds it; whilst, as a reformer, whether in or out of office, he must advance his own projects as he best can. To make the illustration more emphatic, I will suppose him to be a sincere and devout republican, desirous above all things of bringing about, as speedily as possible with safety, a change in the form of the government he serves; yet, in all harmony with that ultimate purpose, as the sworn servant of a constitutional monarchy, he may observe his solemn oath with a fidelity which no purist, however subtle, could call in question, and with a frankness which no political foe, however malicious, dare reproach. Extreme and exclusive notions are always impracticable. In political matters, conciliation is the secret of success. Toryism did not live, because it could not consistently yield to the progressive demands of the ages: democracy has not triumphed, because, in the inflexibility of its justice, it has superciliously refused to employ those elements of influence which time and circumstances placed within its reach. Impracticability, which is the curse of all abstract theories of government; and statesmanship, which is the instrument of all political progress, are contradictions in terms. If, then, practicability is necessary to progress, statesmanship is possible without any sacrifice of moral consistency.

The illustration we have employed may be greatly modified, and will then still further elucidate the subject. Suppose, for example, an individual of becoming general information and respectability to have detected in himself the capacity of rendering very beneficial service to the government of which he is a subject. He has no strong personal opinions. He does not care much for the *forms* of government, but is supremely anxious to promote its *efficiency*. He is sagacious, eloquent, cool, well-instructed, and of firm purpose. He enters the arena of political strife. It is his deliberate intention to make everything subservient to the immediate welfare and prosperity of the country, under all the changing and conflicting scenes of its life. He

can interpret the necessities of his age, and he will fulfil them. To this end he will blandly conciliate, and carefully train, the party of his supporters. He knows he shall always be able to command, and he will take care always to employ, the best instruments. A uniform policy is not what he will seek, so much as a consistent service. He, therefore, has no objection to denounce measures for the institution of which he has been himself accountable. He will concede what, till then, he has systematically and resolutely opposed. He feels the force, and yields to the inspiration, of a great crisis—he turns round from all his accustomed methods of administration—he strikes out a master-plan of relief in some direction that has long dwelt under the darkness of his frown, or in the oblivion of his contempt, and, by the strangeness of his conduct he astounds, whilst by its sublime propriety he redeems, his country. Sir Robert Peel was a perfect statesman of this order. His life was a series of conversions. His acts were as irregular as a chapter of accidents. Yet was there nothing careless, capricious, or wild about his illustrious career. We should be slow to libel his fame by a single insinuation of disrepute. No minister ever did more inconsistent things: we question whether any minister was ever moved by a more consistent patriotism. His theories were the *à posteriori* reasonings of those practical demands, which were, from time to time, made upon his sagacity, his skill, and his influence. He saw an indispensable, pressing necessity for something to be done, or to be prevented; and his arguments were a part of the general expedient he devised for the purpose of doing or of preventing it. Hence he lived to serve his Queen and country; and his memory is as rich in their honour as his character was established in their confidence.

Unfortunately for our times, there are not a few recognised statesmen who can lay no claim to either of the forms of consistency we have specified. Two months since it was our painful duty to bear witness against the most notorious, and, we would fain hope, the most unscrupulous senator of our day. The present paper is devoted to the dissection of a man more experienced in the service of the State, advanced in life, at present high in office, and the hero of the enthusiastic admiration of a great body of political supporters. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli are undoubtedly the most notorious of all living statesmen. They have each been the objects of criticism in all the periodical journals devoted to political discussion, and their claims to public confidence have been canvassed with a universality and earnestness that have given singularity to their names, and imposing breadth and massiveness to their reputation.

From the observations already made, we shall not be suspected of caprice or harshness in our judgment. The standard of consistency we have attempted to explain, makes every allowance for the force of circumstances, and the ordinary frailties of human nature. It is flexible as the current of events is variable, and genial as the plainest interests of the nation will allow. He who fails according to this standard, therefore, is a dangerous and censurable man. The uniform

profession of a political theory, and the ostentatious and reckless sacrifice of it for the sake of some personal advantage, is ignoble immorality. Still more wicked is it to have no guiding principle of political economy, or of political service, at all. He who will openly dishonour his own theory of national life is untrustworthy; this, as we have seen, Mr. Disraeli has repeatedly done. He who tampers with national affairs, but has no care for national glory, or for the cause of universal justice, may be clever, but cannot be honourable—may do his country some accidental service, but would sell it to its enemies if the temptation were presented. Such, we fear, will be found to be the character of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Palmerston.

The outline of this nobleman's earlier career is soon drawn. Of a very ancient family, Henry John Temple, the third Viscount Palmerston, of the Irish peerage, was born in the year 1784. He was sent very early in life to the University of Cambridge, where, whilst he was yet scarcely of age, he was selected by the Tory members as the candidate for their representation in Parliament. His Whig opponent was his present coadjutor, the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lord Henry Petty. He lost the election on this occasion, but won it at the next general election, and held it without interruption till 1831. In this year he had joined the Liberal ministry, and thus lost the confidence of his constituents, who, at the prospect of a Reform bill, rejected him. He was then put in for the nomination borough of Bletchingly, which was doomed to annihilation by the very Reform, which, through its servility, he was enabled to support. During the next Parliament he sat for South Hants, but lost his seat at the general election. He then found a friend in Mr. Kennedy, who resigned his position, as the member for Tiverton, in his favour. This seat he has retained till the present time. He first entered office as Secretary at War in the Duke of Portland's administration, in 1809; and he did not cease to hold that office until 1828, when he resigned. The Duke of Wellington was now prime minister. The Duke of Newcastle's little borough of East Retford lost its political existence through its notorious corruptions. Lord John Russell proposed that the forfeited seats should be given to Manchester, which, at that time, was unenfranchised. The Duke of Wellington, on the contrary, proposed that they should be extended to the surrounding hundred of Rasetlow, which would simply have constituted an augmentation of the Duke of Newcastle's influence. Mr. Huskisson, Lord Palmerston, and one or two other of the more liberal members of the Government, voted in favour of Lord John Russell's proposition, and, in consequence, were obliged to resign their places in the ministry. Soon afterwards Earl Grey was called to the counsels of the monarch; and he appointed Lord Palmerston Foreign Secretary. It is now that we approach the more critical portions of his history. But we cannot advance to the examination without just observing that, whilst this prolonged, and almost unbroken occupation of office, under various and opposing administrations, is a very questionable comment on his

political consistency, it is indisputably a strong evidence of the popularity of his manners, and the greatness of his capacities. The fact can only be explained by the pliability of his conscience, and by the overbearing mastery of his mind. We, of course, admit, what it would be simply foolish to deny, that he has abilities which must render him a valuable member of any administration. We suspect, also, that he has vanity, ambition, and political avarice enough to reconcile him to union with any. The most obvious and glaring stigma upon the late Tory administration is to be found in the circumstance that Lord Palmerston had too cunning a sense of self-respect to join it.

Upon Lord Palmerston's return to office, as Foreign Secretary, in 1830, he found the Poles in rebellion against the Russian Grand Duke Constantine, whose tyrannies had excited them to armed indignation. The sympathy of the people with the oppressed insurgents was very strong; and a war in their behalf would, undoubtedly, have been exceedingly popular. Though the Poles were justified by the treaties which guaranteed the integrity of their constitution—to which treaties England had been a principal party—though there was every prospect that, had England assumed a bold and resolute attitude, the support, moral if not material, of Austria and of France would have been afforded; and though the minister was urged to action by the enthusiastic appeals of the people and their recognised representatives, not a blow was struck, scarcely a protest was uttered, and the final extinction of that fine old kingdom was deliberately watched without a single effort to preserve it, and almost without a word of remark! Those who sought information respecting the policy of the minister were superciliously snubbed; those who ventured to express decided remonstrance were ungraciously held up to the uninquiring scorn of a host of zealous partisans. *The first act of Lord Palmerston as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was, by his silence, to consent to the extinction of Poland—an extinction long designed, and barbarously executed, by the ambitious Emperor of Russia, who was eulogized by this very statesman, during the development of the dastardly scheme, as a man of 'high and generous feeling!'*

A somewhat similar appeal was immediately afterwards made upon his skill and influence, by a rebellion which took place in Belgium. The Poles resisted the tyrannies of Russia; the Belgians sought independence of Holland, with which country they had been arbitrarily allied by the Congress of Vienna. The rebellion in the one case was justified by the sanctity of an ancient name, and by the ferocity of prolonged oppressions; in the other it was dictated only by an instinct of nationality. The claim to sympathy was more obvious by far in the former, than in the latter instance. Belgium, by resisting the authority of the Dutch, really defied the authority of Europe. A policy of non-intervention, therefore, was all that could have been expected by them. The interference was prompt, persevering, and, it must be admitted, able and effective. But the accustomed policy of non-intervention in the *internal* affairs of a kingdom was glaringly



disregarded, and it was openly contended by Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, that 'the European powers had a right to prescribe the limits, and to nominate the head of the new kingdom!' We complain not of the results of interference in this case; but we do complain that in a case where the demand for interference was infinitely more clear and urgent, there was no recognition of responsibility.

The long struggles in the Peninsula afforded much occupation of a delicate sort for the active Secretary. It may be known that ever since the accession of the House of Bourbon to the throne of Spain, it had been the law of that country that no female should wear the crown. King Ferdinand, the reigning monarch, had two daughters; and, being anxious that the crown should descend to his own children rather than to Don Carlos, his brother, he made it his policy, by concessions of a pretended constitution, and some other conciliatory measures, to gain the consent of the Cortes to an alteration of that prohibitive law. Don Carlos, however, would not give up his pretensions to the throne, and the death of Ferdinand, which followed, almost immediately, the success of his scheme, was the signal of rebellion. The claims of the young Queen were supported by Lord Palmerston, whilst Don Carlos received the sympathy of the despotic powers, and of the priesthood. The civil war was sanguinary and prolonged; and the course of the diplomatic correspondences occasioned by it was embarrassed by many difficulties. The result is simply pitiable. The same trial took place, under slightly different conditions, in Portugal. But there has been here, also, a humiliating return. The fact is, the Peninsular kingdoms are emaciated and decrepid; and, though the question of their administration may be still a matter of European interest, there is nothing in the kingdoms themselves worth a statesman's care.

With respect to the incorporation of Cracow by Austria, in 1847, we have only space to say that Lord Palmerston repeated the blunder he committed in relation to the extinction of Poland. We have the same proud refusals to afford information; the same fatal postponement of action that he knew to be necessary to the protection and independence of the threatened state; the same absurd confidence in the good intentions of the despotic princes; the same intangible dexterities of sophistry, of assumption, and of those bland assurances of loyalty and determination, with which he has so often imposed upon the more credulous, and parried the attacks of the more enlightened and courageous of his fellow-senators.

In 1841 the Whigs retired from office, and Lord Palmerston contented himself with closely watching his successor and rival, now his chief, Lord Aberdeen. A cause of contention arose before long, respecting the settlement of the north-eastern boundary of Canada with the State of Maine, which question was embodied in a treaty with the United States, called the Ashburton treaty. A strip of territory was given up to America, and Lord Palmerston saw in the concession a sacrifice of national honour, and an act of self-humilia-

tion. The speech in which this harmless arrangement for the convenience of two great and friendly nations was stigmatized, received the attention of a good house, but as soon as the oration was concluded, the members rushed from their seats, and the motion of censure was never put to the vote, the House being counted out. This was a very appropriate exhibition of Lord Palmerston's temper and influence. The occasion was worthy of the man; and the result was worthy of the occasion.

We shall not follow Lord Palmerston through the religious agitations in Switzerland; the marriage of the Duke de Montpensier to the sister of Queen Isabella; the unsuccessful attempt of the Sicilians to acquire independence; the rupture with Spain, arising out of uninvited and unprovoked remonstrances against their internal policy; and that imposing trifle, the celebrated Grecian affair. Suffice it to say that in all these matters he displayed that activity (restlessness?), decision (swagger?), tact (cunning?), and patriotic dignity (swelling bravado?), which always render his policy so brilliant, and which have made his name so famous.

Come we now to the great crime of his official life. Everybody knows by what a long series of insidious aggressions the Hungarian rebellion was provoked; the patient dignity and stalwart prowess with which it was throughout conducted; the magnanimous serenity with which the victorious insurgents were preparing themselves for a noble independence, and a judicious self-government; and everybody knows the treachery, personal and national, the cruel interference of an irresponsible and barbarous power by which the righteous revolt was suppressed in the very moment of its success. But everybody does *not* know what share Lord Palmerston had in that dispute, and how far he is responsible for the melancholy termination to which it was brought. Were the full facts of this case familiar to the great mass of the British people, we cannot but think that their confidence would be somewhat shaken, and that their admiration would become more discreet. So early as May 3 (1848) Lord Palmerston was warned by Viscount Ponsonby that 'the great object of dread to the Hungarians was the Russian power.' The only acknowledgment of this caution, and of the subsequent proceedings which happened in confirmation of it, was a note of gentle remonstrance against the irritating character of the internal policy of Austria! Afterwards, when Russia had actually sent an army into the Danubian provinces, which immediately joined the Hungarian territory, and when Lord Ponsonby had again warned the Secretary that the object of this army was suspected to be an invasion of Hungary, if necessary, on behalf of Austria, he still professed full confidence in the honour of the Czar, and ridiculed the idea that this movement threatened any danger to the integrity of the conflict between an *effete* and dishonoured despotism, and an oppressed, but unsubdued nationality. Later, when the dispute became more open, and a fatal rupture more inevitable, the Hungarian Government commissioned their Envoy Plenipotentiary to visit this country, to seek

an interview with Lord Palmerston, and to explain to him the real merits and importance of the question. The only response was a curt and almost contemptuous refusal to receive any communication which was not addressed through Baron Koller, the ambassador of Austria! The reply to this supercilious message was a masterly exposition of the claim of Hungary to be considered in every respect an independent kingdom; a dignified assertion of the patriotism and the resolution with which that independence would be defended; and an appropriate confession of the disappointment which would be felt when it was known that Great Britain refused to treat the question as one of European interest. This respectful but noble expostulation was acknowledged in almost the same terms as the first appeal for an interview! Nor was this all. This correspondence was carefully concealed from Parliament upon its re-assembling, whilst it was promptly transmitted to our representative at Vienna! It was not a month after this transaction before the Russian troops had passed from the Moldo-Wallachian Principalities into Hungarian territories. Sir Stratford Canning, our ambassador at Constantinople, hastily put himself in communication with the Porte, and with the Home Government. He received a cold acknowledgment of the propriety of this step, without a single word of important instruction. Indeed, the terms of the letter (No. 114) seemed to imply that whilst this was a matter of some concern to the Porte, the English Government had nothing whatever to do with it! Still more positive warnings are received, in about six weeks, from Mr. Buchanan, that the Russian troops were really designed to repress the Hungarian insurrection; but, with an obstinacy which a plain Englishman would denounce as 'stupid,' the sagacious diplomatist continues to profess the utmost confidence in the representations of Baron Brunow, the minister of the Czar at our Court! The despatch expressing this credulous assurance is dated April 24th, 1849. On May 4th, of the same year, only ten days afterwards, there having been two other warnings uttered in the meantime, a letter is sent by Mr. Magenis, from Vienna, announcing that the Emperor of Russia had placed an army of 120,000 men at the service of his brother of Austria! And now surely there will be vigorous resistance, and an indignant protest! Not a word! The House of Commons is coolly informed, on the 11th May (the intelligence was received on the 10th), that 'Her Majesty's Government had taken no steps to offer the mediation between Austria and Hungary, and the *Austrian Government had no desire for such mediation!*' Of course not. No thief would desire the mediation of a policeman between himself and his resisting victim. No slaveholder would desire the mediation of a philanthropist between himself and the slave, who, when undeservedly scourged, raised his hard hand in self-defence. The plea is but a hollow subterfuge, and shows a cruel depravation of the conscience that permitted, which is only equalled by the extraordinary dulness of the judgment that could invent, it. Mr. Buchanan, in some apparent

anxiety, asks instructions. We cannot withhold the reply which was forwarded :—

‘(No. 179.)

‘*Viscount Palmerston to Mr. Buchanan.*

‘Foreign Office, May 17, 1849.

‘Much as her Majesty’s Government regret this interference of Russia, the causes which have led to it, and the effects which it may produce, they, nevertheless, have not considered the occasion to be one which at present calls for any formal expression of the opinions of Great Britain on the matter.’

In full accordance with the spirit of this note, the Porte, more directly concerned in the business, and disposed to express its sympathy with the Hungarians, was repeatedly and urgently counselled to maintain the strictest neutrality.

‘But,’ it may be asked (for we must pass over some intermediate circumstances, which, however, only confirm the view we have taken of the entire transactions), ‘did not the resolute defence of the right of Turkey to afford protection to the Hungarian exiles, when menaced by the combined demands of Austria and Russia to yield them up, imply a generous interest in European freedom, and a magnanimous determination to resist the encroachments of despotism?’ In replying to this question, it will be obvious, first, that to have deserted the Porte under this manifestation of its bravery and independence, would have been an open declaration of sympathy with absolutism, the reprobation of which no English minister would dare to encounter; and, secondly, that to have abandoned Turkey under those circumstances would have been to expose it to that ruin in which it has for so long a period been the ambition of Russia to involve it, and to protect it from which we are at this very season undertaking the incalculable hazards and calamities of war. The Czar would have been too glad that such an opportunity for the accomplishment of his darling scheme should arise. But tradition, treaty, and interest, have combined to constitute England a firm and unyielding ally of the Porte. The same necessity that exists *now* for its support, existed *then*. Let it not be imagined that the interests of humanity formed the motive of that decision which was paraded with so much ostentation, and which has been applauded with so much zest. Lord Palmerston was compelled by every political superstition, and by every consideration of international expediency, to defend Constantinople against any threatened attack, and he was wise enough to acquire some personal popularity by the necessity which was laid upon him. To restore Hungary was out of the question; to guarantee the security of Turkey was incumbent; the nature of the occasion afforded a good chance of flattering the enthusiasm, and of thus bribing the confidence, of our own population; and, verily, the opportunity was made the most of! But the ingenuity of the demagogue must not be pleaded as any apology for the blunders of the statesman. Lord Palmerston, by silence, consented to the subjugation of the independent kingdom of Hungary, by the intervention

of a foreign and unprovoked power, and is, in his measure, responsible for all the consequences of its present bitter and humiliating bondage!

It would be possible to set up plausible defences of the right hon. gentleman on whom we pronounce these heavy censures. Such defences have often been attempted. But it has generally happened that the vindication has been based, either upon historical premises, the ignominy of which involves the conclusion in a humiliation exactly proportioned to its legitimacy, or else upon a theory of political morality inimical to the purity and safety of all government. For instance, there are those who will unblushingly apply to political matters the philosophy of that bold and abandoned Jesuitism which has been the curse of the Papal Church. Recognising the necessity of a careful law of expediency, they have forgotten the claims of honour, and have grown contemptuous of the sanctity of truth. The end, however trivial, will justify the means, however base. Admitting that Lord Palmerston, if tried by this standard, will be free from condemnation, we yet insist that the standard itself condemns him. But, even on this low ground, we must dispute the verdict which is intended to be derived from it. Lord Palmerston has been but a bungling political Jesuit after all. His *ends* have often been as confused, as degrading, and as unscrupulous, as the *means* by which he has sought their attainment. We accuse him, not only of inconsistency in the conduct, but also in the objects of his policy.

Then, it is often argued that his character is exposed to inevitable misrepresentation in consequence of the necessary secrecy of many of his proceedings. He is excused as the victim, whilst he is praised as the master, of secret diplomacy. To be a master in diplomacy may be a testimonial of great ability, but can be hardly urged as proof of good character. Still, we would not superciliously underrate the difficulties and embarrassments which must surround the office of a Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. Undoubtedly there are innumerable considerations by which he must be affected, but which can never be known to the people, nor even to history. Let it be remembered, however, that precisely as Lord Palmerston is benefited by this plea, the plea itself is proved to be an unworthy one. Of secret diplomacy Lord Palmerston is the great abettor. He has tried it well. Most likely its mysteries have been favourable, at once, to the restlessness of his ambition, the dexterity of his mind, the vastness of his curiosity, and the irresoluteness of his conscience. He has found scope for all his powers and all his passions within its impenetrable fields. He has dived to its depths; he has practised himself all its wonderful arts of trickery and deception; all its diverse and complex windings have been traversed by him; and, as far as we know, he has made its experiments with a happy heart, and regards the accomplishments which long exercise has brought him with remorseless pride. Lord Palmerston, as a diplomatist, is clever, well-informed, wary, and willing. He has the requisite moral pliability and intellectual keenness to play the part efficiently. He has no dread of its darkness, and no distrust of his own capacities. This praise we yield him. It may

be that he has often outwitted his rival wits—out-tricked his rival tricksters—out-Heroded his rival Herods; but whether this distinction brings any moral credit to his reputation, we leave our readers to decide.

Let it not be supposed that we depreciate the abilities or that we maliciously judge the policy of Lord Palmerston. As an orator he is undoubtedly powerful; as a servant of the State he has been industrious, and not unfrequently useful. He has an eye of keenest and quickest perception—an intellect of subtle energy and comprehensive grasp. Every tradition ascribes to him urbanity, benevolence, and fascination in all his private and social communications. As a man of the world he has been admired for the splendour of his gaiety; and, for all we know, he has never sacrificed his dignity or his honour in any of his superb dissipations. Let all credit for greatness and personal goodness be rendered to his account. In an estimate of his public career, let the force of his temptations be remembered. But as a statesman, more is involved in the estimate than a personal reputation; the welfare of the nation, and, indirectly, of the world, is at stake. Regarding him in this capacity only, when weighed in the balances of true political justice, Lord Palmerston is found sadly wanting. He is the great busybody of Europe. He has sought to conserve the national dignity by tricks unworthy of our age. He has made up in audacity for the frailties of his wit. His sagacity has been at fault almost as often as his policy has been unjust. He has acquired a world-wide reputation for meddlesomeness, impatience, irritability, provoking curiosity, and insolent intrusiveness. He snubs the opponents he cannot answer, and shields himself from the reproaches of the faithful, by appealing to the risibility of the factious. He can be brilliant without veracity, and bustling without enterprise. His promises have been often proved to be the arts of deception; his threats the explosions of bravado; his patronage of Liberty the kiss of a Judas. He has proved his devotion to constitutional freedom by acting as *mule* at the obsequies of two great empires, barbarously subjugated by despotic powers; and the sacrifices of his patriotism are attested by the almost unbroken occupation of office for more than forty years! We admit the consummate abilities of this extraordinary man. We deny not that he has rendered to the State, with whose affairs his name has been so long associated, considerable service. He has compelled admiration, in many instances, where he has failed to win respect. But we fear his impulses have been as wayward as his higher inspirations have been fickle. He seems to be the bore of the Cabinet, which cannot do without him. The loud cry of a considerable faction is demanding his elevation to more distinguished command. We trust the calamity will be averted. There is much more to be lost by recklessness of principle, than can ever be gained by lustre of action. Solidity of purpose, even though united with political incapacity, is to be preferred before wit however dazzling, and tact however infallible, unless the one be restrained and the other guided by an enlightened and supreme conscientious-

ness. The very attributes which are most likely to delude the hasty and the credulous, are those which will bring most danger to the State, and most substantial dishonour to their possessor. *Truth* (which is ever transparent and bold) imparts the highest dignity to a nation's counsels, and affords the surest guarantees of a nation's greatness. Where this is wanting, cleverness is a snare, and popularity a reproach.

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## Glimpses of the Western Indies.

### NO. IV.—THE DARK RACES.

HAVING presented the reader with a bird's-eye view of the physical aspects of the West Indies, we shall now devote a chapter to the history and character of its inhabitants. Our object, we may be permitted to repeat, is not simply, as historians, to record facts, but from those facts to show the causes which have involved the West Indies in their present religious and commercial depression. For this purpose let us glance kindly at the people on whom so many costly experiments have been tried, and hitherto with success so little proportioned to the expenditure of money and of life necessitated by these experiments. It may be said, the negroes are negroes—all of them 'God's images carved in ebony'—and there is an end of the matter; but to dismiss the matter thus is both unsatisfactory and unphilosophical. That part of Africa which for so long a period furnished the raw material out of which the West India planter manufactured his sugar, rum, cotton, and coffee, and the toiling—heroically, but often mistakenly, toiling—missionary hoped to make men and Christians, contains a heterogeneous number of wild and nomadic tribes, nearly all in a savage state, and it is to the differences between these tribes that we now crave a passing notice. First in the list, as the only negroes imported into the West Indies that had any knowledge of letters, must be named the *Mandingoes*, by far the most intelligent and peaceful of all the black population. They read and write Arabic, are all of them Mahomedans, and some whom I have met with had held high offices as scribes or doctors in their own country before the fortune of war threw them into the hands of the slave-dealer. Their pacific and docile disposition made them highly prized, and by far the greater part of those negroes who were emancipated by their masters voluntarily, or who became well-to-do men as holders of gold doubloons and silver dollars, were of this tribe. It was the Mandingo people who introduced into the observance of Christian rites the practice of fasting and dressing in white, and using only white crockery every Friday—customs almost universal among the Baptist and Methodist churches when I first knew the West Indies, twenty years ago.

Next to these must be ranked the *Coromantees*—the savage, fierce, revengeful, never-forgiving Coromantee. In their heathen condition they planned all rebellions, and organized in some rude way their methods of deliverance from a yoke that always galled *their* shoulders; and when semi-Christian (for though many of them were communicants and deacons they were not more than semi-Christians), they never forgave a minister who had offended them, or divulged a secret of their conspiracies against him. Was an overseer on an estate found poisoned?—it was done by a Coromantee. Was any one burned or hung for a rebellion?—he was a Coromantee. Was an estate fired by night?—it was done by a Coromantee. Did a riot take place in a chapel, or did a minister of religion have to endure the coarsest and most virulent abuse? A Coromantee meeting of ‘mates’\* had planned it all beforehand. To get a secret out of a Coromantee was an impossibility: he would endure the lash or die, but to betray was no part of his nature. Their endurance of pain, like the Indians of North America, was marvellous, and although too horrible to be transferred to these pages, I would refer the curious reader to Bryan Edwards’ ‘West Indies,’ vol. ii. p. 79; and to Dr. Pinckard’s ‘Notes on the West Indies,’ vol. ii. p. 249, for two remarkable illustrations of this power of endurance, one of them so striking that the worthy doctor comfortably concludes his account of a most fearful tragedy by saying, that ‘the conduct of this negro furnishes a striking example of the powers of the human mind in subduing our bodily sufferings, and seems to corroborate the doctrine which maintains that all pain is ideal.’ One little story I will tell—for it has a piece of poetry in it worth the telling—which a worthy old negro told me—a fine old Mandingoe, whose master had left him freedom, money, and land, long before I went to Jamaica, and who was, taken all in all, a real black gentleman. How often have I slept in his neatest, tidiest, and cleanest of cottages! How often kept a birthday or a wedding anniversary at his table, where the plate and the china were but the settings of exquisitely cooked viands,† served up with a grace and ease that I have only seen in continental waiters and Mandingo negroes. The story was this:—‘My master,’ said Brown, ‘sent me to buy some slaves; one of them I bought was an “abruchi” (a king’s son taken in war): he was a Coromantee: nobody could tame him. One day he stole some plantains,‡ and as they were going to flog him, he ran up a panchellon tree (Spanish elm), and refused to come down again. “Stop,” said he, “till the sun go down, me and the sun will go down together; me and the sun will walk together to-night;” and just as the sun set he threw himself off the tree, and was dashed to pieces.’ Well, better that than slavery! It was a right royal idea too, fit for a king’s son—‘I and the sun will walk together.’

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\* Those who were brought over in the same ship were always called ‘mates,’ and a friendship stronger than that of blood existed always between such.

† They do roast pig in the West Indies up to Charles Lamb’s ideal.

‡ Prov. vi. 30. That was the case.



Next to the *Coromantees* should be named the quiet *Eboes*. They were traders in their own country, and brought habits of industry and thrift, and business with them to the land of their forced adoption. The men amongst this tribe have always carried on the internal traffic of the country parts; the hucksters' and the travelling pedlars are almost all of them Eboes, or children of Eboes. The women make the best of servants; faithful, affectionate, and steadfast, nothing is more beautiful than the fond and passionate attachment of an Eboe woman for her master's children. We had one who was our servant for thirteen years, and when compelled to return to England we had of course to part; nothing could exceed the day and night sorrow of this woman; she had so identified herself with us that to be separated was a wrench under which, we have since learnt, her mind gave way. Her last words to me were, as the big tears rolled down this faithful Eboe's face, 'Minister, I have only one favour to ask: do take care of the poor children on board ship, for my sake.' Yes! they seemed more *hers* than *mine* to her; and she felt *herself* to be the all in all to them.

Then we have smaller sections of the people who, though they have never played so prominent a part as these three great divisions of the 'dark races,' claim a passing notice. The *Fantees*, a tribe always at war with the Ashantees, whose principal town in Africa was Abekouta, people who knew all about human sacrifices, and Obeah, and who had horrid stories of blood-revenge; and *Mochos*, loathsome, fat, and idle, apparently without any conscience, who would as soon kill a man as a pig, and would eat either or both as most convenient; and *Chambas*, with thickest of noses, lips, and skulls, and seemingly incapable, as the result of long periods of physical degeneration, of rising many steps above the ourang-outang; and *Congoes*, whose country is a well-known territory, the most tricky, cheating, lying set that can be conceived of; always up to an artful dodge; running away and managing to pick up a living in the 'bush' for years, and although hidden from all finding, keeping up a very knowing and minute acquaintance with the outside world that was not in the bush; these, and such as these, were the diverse elements of which the black population of the West Indies was composed previous to emancipation, the remnants and descendants of whom are still left behind, inheriting, to a large extent, the same propensities and manifesting the same characteristics.

None of these people possessed a written language, the Mandingoes alone excepted, and *their* knowledge was confined to the Koran; they were *all* heathens (the Mahomedanism of Africa being a very different thing to the Mahomedanism of Constantinople), and heathens of a gross sort; without art, or science, or books, mere worshippers of the loathsome and the superstitious: a Fetish of rags, or a hideous carved image (there is one now in a corner of my study looking most savagely at me for saying this), being the only embodiments that their idolatry ever took; to these, offerings of rice and boiled fowls, and goat mutton, used to be made, but such things are now

unknown in the West Indies, and are only recorded here to save them from entire oblivion.

Of all these people it may be said that polygamy and falsehood were the points by which they were most distinguished from the social life current amongst the Germanic countries of Europe. With regard to the first, I apprehend, we missionaries made great mistakes in making monogamy a *sine quâ non* of church membership. I question whether we ought to have done so; if I were to return to the West Indies, or to go to any part where polygamy was the rule of society, I should say to a polygamist becoming a Christian, 'Well, you have broken a great social law, and must abide its penalties; you must not do evil that good may come, and put from yourself the expense, and anxiety, and care, of any one of these wives; for each one is bound to you by ties as sacred in the sight of God as the others; no, you must bear now as a Christian man the consequences of transgression, and all the difficulties and disagreements that will inevitably rise out of this abnormal social life you must endure under the influence of the Christian truth you have learnt. Thus your example will be a more lasting testimony to the evil consequences of the violation of a law that has been 'from the beginning,' than any capricious and arbitrary selection on your part of one out of many who ought all to receive equal care.' Such, now, seems to us the course we should adopt.

On the other feature, the falsehood of the negro character, we need not dwell; all savage nations are treacherous, but make a savage a slave and you stamp him a liar for life. Besides which, let it be honestly said that lying, like thieving, was once almost a necessity for the negro. It is not what you and I, with our Christian culture, would have done in the same circumstances; but what could poor pagan Africans otherwise have done; just emerging out of heathenism, just having received the germ of Christian life, which neither in individuals nor nations is developed in a day; their little Christianity taught them they must worship God and Jesus Christ, and try to get to heaven through his blessed help; but their much paganism made them say, unhesitatingly and without reproach of conscience, that they knew nothing of Christianity or the Christian teacher, when the beneficent whip was threatened as the result.

All these different tribes have now become nearly amalgamated in the present Creole negro population, but their impress is seen in various characteristic traits. Take, for instance, the names given to children: many persons fancy that Quashee and Cudjoe, and so on, are names given at random to any negro; this, however, is a great mistake. All the tribes of whom we have written formerly used the same terms in naming children, and the custom is still preserved of naming them according to the days of the week on which they are born. 'These names are all heathen and African in their origin, and afford an interesting illustration of a weekly division of time among Pagan nations.'\*

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\* Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica, p. 233.

This may be seen in the following list of days and names :—

| MALE.      |          | FEMALE.    |           |
|------------|----------|------------|-----------|
| Sunday.    | Quashee. | Sunday.    | Quasheba. |
| Monday.    | Cudjoe.  | Monday.    | Jooba.    |
| Tuesday.   | Coobena. | Tuesday.   | Benaba.   |
| Wednesday. | Quaccoo. | Wednesday. | Cooba.    |
| Thursday.  | Quão.    | Thursday.  | Abba.     |
| Friday.    | Cuffee.  | Friday.    | Fibba.    |
| Saturday.  | Quamina. | Saturday.  | Mimba.    |

This people, though possessing no written language, have some strong-thoughted proverbs, which should be preserved from perishing. For, as Trench in his charming book says, ' Words are fossil poetry ;' and, we would add, fossil history too. Let us quote the passage from Trench's book before we proceed :— ' A popular author of our own day has somewhere characterised language as fossil poetry, evidently meaning that just as in some fossil, curious and beautiful shapes of vegetable or animal life, or the graceful fern or the finely vertebrated lizard, such as now, it may be, have been extinct for thousands of years, are permanently bound up in stone, and rescued from that perishing which would otherwise have been theirs—so in words are beautiful thoughts and images, the imagination and the feeling of past ages, of men long since in their graves, of men whose very names have perished, these which would so easily have perished too, preserved and made safe for ever.\*'

W. G. B.

### The Ecclesiastical Census—Scotland.

WITHIN the last fortnight has been published as a companion volume to the similar work on England and Wales, of which a copious summary has already appeared in this journal, the ' Report and Tables of Religious Worship in Scotland.' With the general results of these statistics the majority of our readers are doubtless already acquainted. They know that, as compared with England, the returns indicate a very favourable and highly satisfactory state of religious accommodation ; and they also know that the Established Church of the Northern section of the United Kingdom is exhibited in these pages in the most melancholy and disgraceful minority in which it is possible for an Ecclesiastical Establishment, with such a history, to exist. It may be useful to reprint the exact statistics as given by Mr. Mann. These show an aggregate of 3,395 *places of worship*, containing accommodation for 1,834,805 persons ; the average accommodation of each place of worship, therefore, being something over 540, and the proportion of

\* Trench on the Study of Words, p. 5.

accommodation or sittings to the whole population being 63·5 per cent. The number of *attendants* on the Census Sunday was as follows :—

|                     |         |
|---------------------|---------|
| Morning . . . . .   | 943,951 |
| Afternoon . . . . . | 619,863 |
| Evening . . . . .   | 186,874 |

The proportion to population being—

|                     |                |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Morning . . . . .   | 32·7 per cent. |
| Afternoon . . . . . | 21·5 „         |
| Evening . . . . .   | 6·5 „          |

The number of *sittings* in Scotland compare very favourably with England, there being accommodation in England for only 57 per cent. of the population, while in Scotland there is accommodation for 63·5 per cent. The relative attendance is exhibited in the following table :—

|                | Morning. | Afternoon. | Evening.       |
|----------------|----------|------------|----------------|
| England .....  | 25·9     | 17·7       | 17·1 per cent. |
| Scotland ..... | 32·7     | 21·5       | 6·5 „          |

There is thus a much greater proportion of the population of Scotland worshipping at *one time* than in England, but it is not a little curious and remarkable that the aggregate attendance in both countries is *precisely the same*, being in each case 59·17 per cent. of the whole population. The probability, therefore, is, that notwithstanding what has hitherto been stated and believed of the 'religious' character of the people of Scotland, their regard for public worship is certainly not greater than that of their Southern brethren. May a similar remark be made as to their observance of other religious ordinances? We believe it may. Statistics of such matters cannot, of course, be obtained, nor, if they could, would it be desirable or necessary to publish them. Figures afford, at any time, but a feeble and unsatisfactory index to the genuineness or intensity of religious feeling. One heart such as that of a Haldane's would weigh down scores, feebly beating, under the breasts of perfunctory and ceremonial attendants, while, in a census, each score would pass for twenty, and Haldane for a single unit. By Him who holds the scales of the universe souls are weighed, not counted. As correctly, however, as figures and facts can indicate, we believe, that of heart religion, there is very little more in the Presbyterian North than in the Episcopalian and Independent South. Sabbath and other outward observance in this matter is of comparatively little value, while belief in creeds, so far as our own observation extends, is generally valued just in an inverse proportion to the possession and practice of 'true religion and undefiled.' The well-accredited character of Presbyterian Scotland for superior religious position has hitherto been received on the strength of her own oft-repeated assertions, believed because so constantly reiterated, and so

confidently assumed. It is now to be set down in the catalogue of popular fallacies. There is no greater attendance at public worship than in England: it is very questionable if Home and Foreign Missionary efforts afford any indication as to the amount of religious zeal dwelling in a people, if there are more hearts waiting on the true service of the sanctuary. Certainly, in neither country is there, or has there ever been, cause for self-laudation or vain parade of religious activity.

We come next to the *Denominational Statistics*. The following table shows the total Accommodation and Attendance on the Census Sunday at the places of worship belonging to the several denominations, including an estimate for defective returns:\*

| RELIGIOUS<br>DENOMINATIONS.                  | Total Number<br>of<br>Places of Worship<br>and<br>Sittings. |                  | Number of Places<br>open for Worship on<br>Sunday, May 30,<br>1851. |                 |               | Number of Attendants at<br>Public Worship, on<br>Sunday,<br>May 30, 1851. |                 |                |
|--|---|------------------|---|-----------------|---------------|---|-----------------|----------------|
|  | Places of<br>worship.                                       | Sittings.        | Morn-<br>ing.   | After-<br>noon. | Even-<br>ing. | Morn-<br>ing.   | After-<br>noon. | Even-<br>ing.  |
| <b>TOTAL.....</b>                            | <b>2,396</b>  | <b>1,934,806</b> | <b>2,933</b>  | <b>1,815</b>    | <b>701</b>    | <b>942,951</b>  | <b>619,863</b>  | <b>188,874</b> |
| <b>PROTESTANT CHURCHES:</b>                  |   |                  |   |                 |               |   |                 |                |
| <b>Presbyterian—</b>                         |   |                  |   |                 |               |   |                 |                |
| <i>Established Church .....</i>              | 1,183   | 767,068          | 1,022   | 528             | 98            | 351,454   | 184,192         | 30,763         |
| <i>Reformed Presbyterian</i>                 |   |                  |   |                 |               |   |                 |                |
| Church.....                                  | 39  | 16,969           | 35  | 26              | 7             | 8,789   | 7,460           | 2,180          |
| <i>Original Secession Church ..</i>          | 36  | 16,424           | 35  | 28              | 4             | 6,562   | 5,724           | 1,629          |
| <i>Relief Church.....</i>                    | 3   | 1,020            | 2   | 2               | 3             | 220   | 250             | 275            |
| <i>United Presbyterian Church</i>            | 463   | 288,100          | 426   | 241             | 90            | 159,191   | 146,411         | 30,810         |
| <i>Free Church .....</i>                     | 689   | 495,335          | 741   | 467             | 188           | 292,308   | 198,583         | 64,811         |
| Episcopal Church .....                       | 134   | 40,022           | 116   | 83              | 29            | 26,966  | 11,578          | 5,360          |
| Independents or Congrega-<br>tionalists..... | 192   | 76,342           | 169   | 122             | 90            | 26,392  | 24,866          | 17,273         |
| Baptists .....                               | 119   | 26,086           | 98  | 67              | 33            | 9,008   | 7,735           | 4,015          |
| Society of Friends .....                     | 7   | 2,152            | 7   | 5               | ..            | 196   | 142             | ..             |
| Unitarians .....                             | 5   | 2,427            | 5   | 3               | 3             | 863   | 180             | 855            |
| United Brethren or Moravians                 | 1   | 200              | 1   | ..              | 1             | 16  | ..              | 55             |
| <b>Wesleyan Methodists—</b>                  |   |                  |   |                 |               |   |                 |                |
| <i>Original Connexion .....</i>              | 70  | 19,951           | 58  | 25              | 53            | 8,409   | 2,669           | 8,610          |
| <i>Primitive Methodists .....</i>            | 10  | 1,890            | 5   | 5               | 9             | 327   | 404             | 715            |
| <i>Independent Methodists .....</i>          | 1   | 600              | 1   | 1               | 1             | 190   | 150             | 180            |
| <i>Wesleyan Reformers.....</i>               | 1   | ..               | 1   | ..              | 1             | 11  | ..              | 11             |
| Glasites or Sandemanians.....                | 6   | 1,068            | 6   | 6               | 1             | 429   | 554             | 100            |
| New Church .....                             | 5   | 710              | 4   | 3               | 2             | 211   | 67              | 120            |
| Campbellites .....                           | 1   | 80               | 1   | 1               | ..            | 11  | 14              | ..             |
| Evangelical Union .....                      | 28  | 0,319            | 26  | 18              | 17            | 3,895   | 4,504           | 2,171          |
| Isolated Congregations .....                 | 60  | 11,322           | 41  | 29              | 32            | 2,871   | 2,047           | 3,053          |
| <b>OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES:</b>             |   |                  |   |                 |               |   |                 |                |
| Roman Catholics .....                        | 117   | 52,766           | 101   | 38              | 26            | 43,879  | 21,032          | 14,813         |
| Catholic and Apostolic Church                | 3   | 675              | 3   | 3               | 1             | 272   | 126             | 190            |
| Latter Day Saints or Mormons                 | 20  | 3,182            | 18  | 16              | 12            | 1,804   | 1,223           | 878            |
| Jews.....                                    | 1   | 67               | 1   | ..              | 1             | 28  | ..              | 7              |

\* 'From the lists forwarded to the Census office,' says Mr. Mann, 'it appears that there were 481 places of worship existing at the time of the Census, for which no returns have been made.' The delinquencies occur chiefly in the ministers of the Established Church, who either refused or neglected to comply with the request of the Census officers. Of the 481 defective returns, 279 belong to the Establishment.

The *progress* of the denominations can be gathered only very inaccurately from the tables before us. We find, however, in regard to the Established Church, that fewer churches, in proportion to the population, have been erected during the last decade than in any previous ten years since 1801; that 710 out of 824 of the Free-church edifices were built in the ten years from 1841 to 1851, or rather in the eight years from 1843 to 1851; that a large proportion of the Scottish Episcopal churches have been built within the last twenty years; that the majority of the Independent and Baptist churches have been built by the present generation; that the Society of Friends, as far as can be ascertained, have not built a single ecclesiastical edifice since 1821; and that the Unitarians have built but three within the last twenty years. Judged by the same standard, Methodism is relatively on the decrease, while Roman Catholicism and Mormonism are, as compared with their previous numbers, rapidly gaining ground. Thus, nearly all the Voluntary Churches are proving their power and strength, and capability of growth and fructification; while the Established Church is the only ecclesiastical organization of any importance that is fast sinking behind the age. All its competitors are distancing it, and the Independent and Baptist bodies, which were scarcely known in Scotland thirty years ago, have now nearly one-third as many church edifices as an Establishment centuries old.

The relative position of Church and Dissent will, however, be better seen from a separate exhibition of their several results, on Church edifices, Sitzings, and Attendance:—

## CHURCH EDIFICES.

|                                 |       |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Belonging to Dissenters . . . . | 2,212 |
| „ Established Church . . . .    | 1,183 |
| Majority for Dissent . . . .    | 1,029 |

## SITTINGS.

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| In Dissenters' Places of Worship . . . | 1,067,718 |
| In the Establishment „ . . .           | 767,088   |
| Majority for Dissent . . . .           | 300,629   |

## ATTENDANTS AT PUBLIC WORSHIP.

|                                      | Morning. | Afternoon. | Evening. |
|--------------------------------------|----------|------------|----------|
| At Dissenters' Places of Worship . . | 592,497  | 435,671    | 158,111  |
| „ Establishment . . . .              | 351,454  | 184,192    | 30,763   |
| Majority for Dissent . . . .         | 241,043  | 251,479    | 127,348  |

Assuming, which we believe will be about correct, that the actual number of church attendants will be found to consist of the morning attendants, and one-third of the whole number of attendants at the afternoon and evening services, the following striking result is shown. Proportion per cent. of attendants to population:—

|                              |       |
|------------------------------|-------|
| Established Church . . . . . | 14.40 |
| Dissenters . . . . .         | 26.95 |

## Proportion per cent. of attendants to sittings:—

|                    |   |   |   |   |   |      |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Established Church | : | : | : | : | : | 54.3 |
| Dissenters         | . | . | : | : | : | 73.2 |

Thus, there are nearly double the number of attendants at Dissenters' places of worship to what there are at those of the Establishment; and while the Established churches are scarcely ever half full, in the Dissenting they are three quarters,—one inference from which results is that it is not for want of church accommodation, either Dissenting or Established, that the number of attendants is not greater than it is.

The principal advantage connected with the publication of statistics such as those which we have now placed before our readers is the revelations they make of strength and weakness and progress and decay. It is a law of nature, illustrated by all history, whether social or political, national or personal, that just when an institution fails to keep pace with the progress of that which must be its standard and measure, it begins to decay. If the numerical progress of a population falls behind the general average increase, it is certain that the country has reached the culmination of its prosperity. Its sun is rapidly 'westering,' and will soon set for ever. So with ecclesiastical institutions. Since the Reformation, the power, influence, and numerical strength of Catholicism has been gradually waning. The Established Church of this country was doomed when William the Third signed the Act of Toleration; and the now gaunt skeleton of a Church Establishment in Scotland, walking amongst the tombs where lie buried its former glories, has existed only in name and outward strength since its life-blood departed in 1843. It is a living death—a death in which all that was characteristic of the former life has left its ancient tenement, to leave but a 'rack behind.'

The revelations of the Census will, we trust, show the Dissenters of Scotland, 'Free,' 'United,' and 'Independent,' in what lies the secret of their wonderful success. Assured of their strength and superiority, they could now put forth their power, and the Church Establishment would, if not cease to haunt the land, be scowled at as an opprobrium to Christianity, a weight upon Christian enterprise, a drag on the wheels of Truth, and a cloud darkening the face of religion in the land. Better such an enterprise than any efforts to advance the power and influence of a sect; for 'Who,' said Dr. Chalmers in 1845, 'who cares about the Free—and, we might add, the Independent—churches, compared with the Christian good of the people? Who cares about any church, but as an instrument of Christian good? for, be assured, that the moral and religious well-being of the population is of infinitely higher importance than the advancement of any sect!' That well-being will be better secured by the abolition of Church Establishments than by any other means.

## My Young Mistress; OR, LOVE AND LABOUR.

### CHAPTER III.—MY SECOND HOME.

SPRING had brought out many a bud and lovely flower, and dear Letty's grassy grave was covered with the delicate blossom of the chesnut tree. I often sat there alone, for cook, after the first time or two of going there, had no interest in the little spot; how should she? Our money was getting rather short, and I grew very anxious. How strange! I used to think as I looked down the green lane leading to my old home, for I had no courage to enter it, how strange it seems to have no place there now, to know that the little bedroom-door which I used to open so freely and where I used to sing to Letty would now be shut against me.

We went after several places. Cook got one first. The Maxwells gave her a very qualified character, saying she was impertinent, but as they could not deny that she was a capital cook, she found it much easier than I did, for all that my late employer would say of me was, that I was 'respectable, honest' (so far as they knew), 'but a very poor thing, unequal to the very lightest work, and not very quick or willing.'

Two places I lost thus; one was in Carr-street, with a kind, gentle widow lady, who kept a boarding-house, and who thought that I should have done very well to assist the housemaids; but as I was 'such a poor thing,' of course I was not engaged.

I was standing very despondingly at Ames's, the baker, who had sent me after the two places I have named, when a little pony carriage stopped at the door, and a bright, cheerful-looking lady stepped out. She had that in her face which one never mistakes, it was precisely the expression which would encourage you to ask your way in London if you had lost it. I was bold enough to follow her to the counter with a sort of half-formed hope that she might want a servant, and that I should suit her. I felt sure she would suit *me*. The end of it was, I was engaged. I was told the duties of my place, simply and kindly. 'It is not a light place,' said my mistress, 'but we keep as much help as we can afford, and we all try to make it lighter. Your late mistress says you are not willing, but there is that in your eye that tells another tale: I will try you.'

I went home next day, and I soon found the lady's words true—it was not a light place. Mrs. Marks was the mother of a large family; there were six little children, in ages differing between nine and one, two grown-up daughters by another marriage, one of whom was a great invalid, and almost always confined to the sofa. I should never have guessed that Miss Marks was not really my mistress's own daughter, but that my only fellow-servant, communicative as servants generally are on family matters, apprised me of it as soon as I arrived.



I was sitting at tea very cozily in our clean, cheerful kitchen (we lived about half a mile from the town) when a pretty little girl came in and asked very nicely, with the pleasant 'please' we like so to hear, for a cup of water for her sister's painting; but I heard Miss Marks say to her in the passage, 'Stay, dear, you could have waited; it is not nice to be disturbed at meals.' As to a bell being rung while we were at breakfast, dinner, tea, or supper, I scarcely ever knew it to be done. Our comforts were as carefully guarded as though we were mistress's children—children of a second class indeed, but still children of her family. Our food was plain, almost sometimes to coarseness, and once I grumbled, for I had in early life been used to the luxurious table of a country farmer, at the leg of mutton which was almost the standing dish in my new place. I was very sorry for it afterwards, for Miss Isabel Marks, the invalid young lady, overheard me as she sat under a tree close to our back kitchen window. She did not say anything at the time, but when I was helping her to undress at night she looked me full in the face, and said,—

'I shall not vex you, Alice, I hope, but I was so sorry to hear that you grumbled at our plain fare to-day. I should not like mamma to hear it. She once lived, Alice, in a house where every want or wish you can conceive was gratified. I knew her then; she was not more of a lady than she is now, but she was an indulged, much-treasured child of a family to whom all the neighbours around looked up. Her father died suddenly without a will, and her only brother, an unprincipled man, availed himself of the liberty the law gave him, and seized the whole property. He allowed his mother a small jointure, but on her death, because his dear sister chose to marry a man she loved, he turned his back on her entirely, and she has now nothing more than the interest of a sum which in her early days was allowed her for pocket-money. Do you think mamma likes cold mutton and coarse bread, Alice?'

Oh, how condemned I felt. 'I will never, never grumble again,' I said, and I think I kept my word.

I cannot tell you how smoothly my time passed in this peaceful, happy family. As they were living according to their means, there was no strife, or struggle, or shift-making. My master was a curate of a neighbouring village, and a hard-working curate too. I began to forget myself, and my old pride and longing for independence, and to wish that my master and mistress had, for their own sakes, not mine (for cold mutton and coarse bread were now made sweet with love), a little more 'to do with.' Such dear children! I have never seen—such self-denying ladies as the Miss Markses! They employed the very same moderate dressmaker at Rushmere that the Maxwells did—that is to say, for their best dresses, for generally they made their own. I shall never forget taking a new silk, that had been presented to Miss Marks by the vicar's lady, to poor Miss Vining, the sempstress, with the special message not to hurry herself about it—that if she had no other press of work she should be glad of it by the end of the week. This was on the Monday. It was just spring time, and I knew my

dear young lady had only a worn merino fit to wear at church, and that, too, at a time when most people had put off their winter garments. I took the dress, making up my mind to give Miss Vining a little hint to finish it at any rate, for I was sure Miss Marks really *did* want it.

I found her with a pile of dresses to turn and to alter, and with a flushed face and tearful eyes.

‘What is the matter?’ I asked.

‘Read this,’ she said.

I took up a note, which ran somehow thus:—‘Miss Maxwell begs to remind Miss Vining that she has *broken* her *promise* with regard to the dress so expressly ordered home on Saturday; and that unless that and the two muslin dresses can be sent by Thursday evening at latest, Miss Maxwell must beg their immediate return by bearer, and shall be under the painful necessity of withdrawing her custom from Miss Vining.’

‘Of course I must do them,’ said the poor girl; ‘but help is hard to get, and I have to pay dearly enough for it—second-rate as it is. But don’t cry, mother dear—I’ll get along somehow.’

I could not say another word about my dear young lady’s dress, and went back and told her the sad tale. Before five next morning Miss Marks stole out of the house, and did not return till eight, the breakfast hour of the family. My master joked her very much about her early walks, but declared she should have brought back more roses with her. One of the little ones let it all out—for she had seen some muslin flounces that her sister Isabel had brought home to make. She had been helping the poor dressmaker. And as for the silk dress, Miss Marks laid violent hands on that—declaring that, until the Maxwell’s work was done, Miss Vining should not touch it.

I remember thinking at church that Sunday when she wore her old French merino, that no white-robed angel could have worn a lovelier expression than she.

Time went so quickly that I cannot give you an account how by months, or even years. I had been there two years when my mistress spared me to go home for a week; and a joyous time it was, I assure you. It was a great pleasure to go home, certainly; but I began to be very useful to poor Miss Isabel: a sweeter, more patient invalid never breathed, and I always feared she missed me when I was away. It was on Christmas-day that my dear mistress had another baby born, and great joy there was in the house. It was the first boy; and though he was heir to no rich earthly inheritance, I think the treasures of love awaiting him were well worth coming into the world for; but ‘swift trod sorrow on the heels of joy.’

It was on the day my mistress was confined, and when Miss Marks was naturally a good deal occupied with her, that I noticed my dear master looking very pale at prayers.

‘Miss Isabel,’ I said, when I had helped her dress, ‘don’t be frightened, there’s a dear young lady. Maybe it’s master’s bad night,

but he don't look well. I thought perhaps you would ask him, Miss, because now mistress is ill I should be so vexed that anything should go wrong.'

Miss Isabel trembled so, I now wished I had not told her, and said, 'Very likely it is only my fancy, Miss.' But it was no fancy.

When she went down stairs, her papa was lying on the sofa, shivering very much. He had just been to see his boy—his only boy; 'and it might be joy which is said to kill,' he added, trying to smile. 'But I feel very ill. Say nothing, Belle, to Mary, for she would tell your mother perhaps; but Alice, you help me to bed, and when the Doctor comes, and has seen your mistress, send him to me. Mind, not till then—you can first say, I am gone to lie down.'

I did as he bade me, and soon the Doctor came. A bad, low fever was raging in Ipswich, and my good master had but a day or two before attended at the death-bed of one of its worst victims. He was now come home to lay down beneath its power, and—to die!

Yes, even so—to die! There was the new-born babe to put in a plea—a wife—a poor, sickly daughter, a beautiful, gentle maiden, just entering womanhood—and five little sisters! But it was to be.

I cannot write of the agony of that time. I cannot tell you how, between fear for the mother and infant, and nursing the dying man, that fortnight passed away. It was like a dream. Yet I can truly say, I never knew weariness, nor my fellow-servant either. Master liked our faces better than a nurse's. He was, never even in the violence of his delirium, unmanageable with us—never. I could cry as I write it. The dear children were all sent to our kind vicar's; and the house was quiet, all but for the wailing of the little new-born child, who seemed to be weeping over his coming fatherlessness.

So long as there was hope, we tried to inspire my mistress. Every little cheering sign we carried to the door of her chamber—every few minutes of sleep more tranquil than usual, we told her of with scrupulous fidelity. I almost forgot I had ever known a home or parents of my own in that anxious, all-absorbing time.

At length one night the January winds had ceased, and the whole air seemed still, cold, and death-like, in a clear frost. He became quite still, too, and talked so sensibly and calmly, that hope began to dawn in our hearts. Miss Isabel stood by the bed, holding my hand, for there was something solemn in his manner. My other dear young lady was with her mother, who was sleeping, with the babe on her breast, as she had not slept for long—for all over our small house the tones of my dear master in his ravings could be heard.

He knew he was dying, and he told us so; and, as I stood, my arm now round dear Miss Isabel's waist, he said, 'Don't forsake her, Alice, don't forsake my children.'

I leant over him, and whispered, 'Never.'

He closed his eyes; and we never heard his voice again. When Miss Marks left her mother's bedside to come with the morning question, 'How is he?' the words died on her lips, for she read of her father's death in our tearful faces.

I wonder, now, how my poor mistress and the dear young ladies lived through those and the following scenes. Poverty, such as they had never known, pressed them down, and often I was at my wit's-end to know how to help or to advise. Miss Marks was clever enough for a governess, but how could she leave her mother? They could no longer afford to keep a servant, and we were both dismissed soon after the funeral; but I felt it must not be.

I could no more have deserted them in their sorrow and poverty than I could have deserted a mother or sister. I had known weariness oftentimes with them—hard work, low wages—but I *loved* them, and my service was not a hard one. I recalled the many times when, if I was a little dull, or a little idle, or tired, or weak, the sweet faces of my dear young ladies have come shining upon me, with the kind, 'Can I help you, Alice?'—or how, when I came home from church on Sundays, the teatray was sure to be set, and I had nothing to do after my long walk but to sit down to my meal like a lady. I could remember, too, how, in a long illness, when many and many a mistress would have sent me home, I was nursed, and petted, and cared for, just like a child—my broth and my jelly always brought by one of the young ladies, who would sit by my bedside and tempt me to eat, by their loving, cheerful words. Not that they were ever what you would call familiar. They were not; they always spoke pleasantly, courteously, kindly, but they never indulged in the low, jocose, familiar style of conversation, with which some ladies treat their servants when the fancy takes them. I always felt that I was with my superiors when I was talking to them; for their manners were quietly dignified, though as free from silly arrogance as possible.

So, as I stood in the little parlour that day, my mistress in her widow's cap, hushing her fatherless boy on her breast, I said, 'Ma'am, I could no more leave you now than I could see you want a bit of bread. Keep me but for a year; and see whether I am not worth my victuals, at least, to you. I will help to work; I will take in plain work to pay for my board, and if you won't let me do it in your house, why I will do it out of it. I can cook, if Miss Marks will only show me a little what there is to do. I can nurse;—you have often heard me tell of my little Letty. I can serve you for love's sake; but oh, mistress dear, I cannot leave you.'

A great deal more I said, I dare say, for my heart was full, and its thoughts would come out. When mistress answered, 'Stay, dear Alice, and may God help us all together,' I could have fallen on my knees in gratitude.

Miss Marks got a situation where she had 60*l.* a year, and I took her place as well as I could in the care of the children. We moved to a very small house at Ipswich, and we took in a great deal of plain work. Miss Isabel was a beautiful worker; but it was sometimes a hard struggle to live, even with the money Miss Marks sent home, and mistress's small pension.

Mistress's brother was abroad, and though she got his address at the lawyer's, no answer came to her letter, and things now and then

looked dark and dreary enough. The two elder little girls were taken to the Orphan Clergy School. It was a sad day when they went, for poverty had not made love grow cold in our little home.

I scarcely know how we did live that first year of my dear mistress's widowhood, but I know that it was a happy time for me, because I felt they could not do without me—and it is a cheering thought, depend upon it, to know that we are of real use to some one. Uncle sent me many a little money-gift, and so I was still able to go decent, and to wait on mistress and my dear Miss Isabel, whose pale looks were my worst trouble. I used sometimes to tell her how glad I was of that lesson she gave me about the leg of mutton.

We did not often get a leg of mutton at this time; and it was curious the shifts that now and then we would make for dinner. If the work were not paid for, and the week's money getting low, mistress used to say, 'We must dine on bread and butter to-day;' and so we did, more times than I can tell you, but it tasted very sweet, and the meat next day all the sweeter. The truth was, we all pulled one way.

Not that I mean to tell you that I never grew weary in my work. I was hasty in my temper, and did not always govern it as I ought. I was, too, up to the time of which I write, very careless about religion. I was a better servant to my earthly employer than I was to my Heavenly Father; and was too much inclined to think that I had no time to prepare for another world, while my cares were so many for this.

It was Letty's birth-day, and I had not been to see her grave for a long while, so mistress gave me a holiday. She told me to go out on that fine June afternoon and enjoy myself. 'Take a good walk into the country,' she said; 'you look pale, Alice;' and I dare say it was true. We none of us were very rosy. Miss Marks was at home for the holidays, so I could be better spared.

I loved the road to my dear old home. It was never dull to me, and though I was quite alone I was so busy, remembering the company I had had there in times gone by; how my little brothers and sister Letty used to run up the grassy walks beside the hedge and hide behind the gates; how at this turn our old grey mare would always give a pull which required all Patty's strength to turn him away, because he once lived down the green-lane; and how on market days in summer we always looked out here for mother, who would come in her best days to meet us. Well, I was at the churchyard in a short time, and soon by Letty's grave, grown over, indeed, with nettles and rank weeds, but still it was there. So long had passed that I had no tears to shed now, but still the memory of my little one was fresh, and I thought within myself, 'Oh, to see her but for a moment once again!'

Then I remembered, as though it were but yesterday, the words which the little lady said by my sister's newly-closed grave; but they came to me now with a power which they had not at the time. There I stood, with no more hope of ever meeting my little Letty again than I had five years ago; with no more just title to heaven than then; and

the silvery voice of the child seemed now to ring in my ears—'Not because we are good; if we go to heaven it will be by feeling that we are not good and want a Saviour.' Dear little girl, young as she was, that word spoken in season came back to my heart, and sent me home humbled and softened.

Miss Isabel was very good and patient with me. She taught me a great deal, and I needed it, for I was sadly ignorant; and sometimes in her wakeful nights she would come to my room for company as she said, and her conversation was always worth lying awake for, so good and humble it was. I soon saw many things as I had never seen them before. I saw that being a good, faithful servant, and doing my duty—on which I had piqued myself—would never bring me and Letty together, and the little girl's words I found indeed to be true.

Well, I am writing too much about myself, and I have something brighter to tell you about my mistress.

It was a year after the time of which I had just spoken, and Miss Marks had had a present of 20*l.* as an acknowledgment of her kindness to the family with whom she lived in a time of illness. She told us of this the first night she came home—I say us, for as we all strove together it was natural that they should confide in me more than under common circumstances it would be well or possible for ladies to confide in their servants.

The children had had the measles, and it had left them weak, and Miss Marks proposed to take them all to Felixstowe for change. Mother had a nice little lodging there, and she would let it to them very reasonable I knew, so it was soon all fixed, and they went.

I stayed to keep the house, and I had a dozen shirts in hand, which I wanted badly to finish in this leisure time.

One afternoon, as I sat at my sewing, there was a smart rap at the door, and a gentleman asked for Mrs. Marks. He seemed much disappointed when I said she was out, and I had no sooner given him her address at Felixstowe than he left; and I was curious enough you may be sure to know what his business could be. Almost the next post brought a letter from Felixstowe.

It was from my dear Miss Isabel. Mr. Grant had returned from abroad, and after a serious illness, from which he had risen a wiser and better man, he resolved to seek out his injured sister, and to make, if possible, amends for his past neglect. They were to share his home, and never know want or privation more he promised them, and, oh, what joy for me to hear this!

Mr. Grant has never married, and lives with his sister and little nieces and nephews at the old hall at Farnham, but I only went to settle them down there, for it had been a long promise with me to live with Miss Marks when she married, and she was married very soon after her mother's change in circumstances.

Miss Isabel lived with her, for, as she said, there is no accounting for taste, and she could not live without me, so until she died I was

able to add, I hope, to her comfort, as she did to my happiness and good. And after her death, though Miss Marks, or, I should say, Mrs. West, still said she could not do without me, I thought differently, and married. And here my story is over.

I fear I have been rather prosy sometimes, but it is difficult to talk of oneself without. And now don't suppose that I have written this tale as though there were no bad servants in the world, and as though the hardships and the injury were all on our side. I know well enough that many a kind mistress is repaid with ingratitude and unfaithfulness, but what I want young mistresses especially to take to heart is, that unkindness and want of consideration will not make bad servants good.

You are now, dear young ladies, in the spring time of life, when good habits are so easily formed, when kindly dispositions may be so easily cultured.

Do not take it amiss if I ask you, then, not only for the sake of your servants, but for your own, to treat them with gentleness and humanity. For *their* sakes, for they have indeed oftentimes enough to bear in weariness, in sickness, and in the uncertainty of the means of support; for *your* own sakes, because there is nothing so sweet as *heart-service*. A servant girl, humble as is her lot, has it in her power to minister largely to your happiness. At all events, love is worth having, even the love of your dependents, and if you would have love you must treat them as if they had love to bestow, and never forget that servants have hearts and feelings.

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### Record of Christian Missions.

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'THE religion of Jesus Christ is domesticated among a people already predominant in political power, in science, arts, and commerce, and in territorial possessions. The more enterprising spirit, the active intellect, the knowledge which is power, and the stronger will, are the undeniable characteristics of that branch of the human family, which firmly holds as yet the Christian faith. They are spreading themselves rapidly over the vast continent of America. They seek at many points an entrance into Africa. They will give a teeming population to the immense plains of Australia. They hold under their dominion the whole of India. They are making their presence and their power felt on the outskirts of China. And it seems certain, that wherever they permanently establish themselves, they will diffuse the gospel.'\*

The proceedings of the past month have been a running commentary on these words; and in spite of the malevolence of the 'Times' or the weaker parody of 'Punch,' the progress of Christianity amidst effete religions, 'old and ready to vanish away,' is now to be regarded in the light of *un fait accompli*. It may be that many defects are perceptible in the machinery and management of missionary

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\* Miall's 'Bases of Belief.'

societies; it may be that public meetings are often overdone, and that very much of sentimentalism is connected with the crowded attendances on these anniversary festivals; but, admitting all this, are not the patent facts such as to warrant a hearty adhesion to these great institutions, and a generous prayer that God would bless them and make them a blessing?

Present times are not favourable to the missionary enterprise, and yet we may comfort ourselves with the thought that it was during the late long and disastrous war that these efforts originated (who does not remember the capture of the 'Duff?') and, amongst Christians of an earnest and devoted spirit, the present unfavourable times may be rendered subservient to a true and permanent revival of pure and undefiled religion. With the high price of provisions doubling household expenditure, the crushing income-tax that bewilders the man already 'cumbered and troubled,' not willingly, but of necessity, 'with many things,' and the sources of income affected in a variety of ways in addition to these burdens, it will require no common consecration to Christian truth and principle for the middle classes, upon whom the weight of fiscal burdens mostly rests, and by whom these Christian institutions are chiefly supported, to take the same interest in their proceedings as they have formerly and uniformly manifested. To do as much as they have heretofore done, will be out of the question; personal inquiry in many directions satisfies us on that point, and convinces us that the rich will out of their abundance have to give in a largely increased ratio if the present progress of Christianity is not to be arrested at one of its most hopeful epochs.

Humbly, but earnestly, do we hope that our 'Monthly Record' may do somewhat by presenting, though in a glass darkly, the prominent features of modern missionary enterprise, to keep alive a healthy feeling and action in regard to the greatest religious phenomenon of the nineteenth century.—But we must check the pen, and from theorizing come to facts.

The London Missionary Society's Chronicle may this month be passed over, as it contains only the outline of the arrangements for its public meetings, and subscriptions to date. The next number will contain its Report, and will be deeply interesting.

Our Baptist friends have given us a Report of intrinsic value. Among their missionaries zeal and prudence continue unabated, and death, the fell thinner of the ranks, only calls forth others to occupy the place of those whose work was done. In such parts of the West Indies as are noticed by the Report, negro education and religious teaching progress hopefully; but we sadly miss all definite accounts from Jamaica, where diverse and distracting elements are at work. In this connexion, we cannot help deeply regretting the highly-coloured speech of Mr. Hands, recently returned from Jamaica, at the recent anniversary in Exeter Hall. We made the same remark some time since in reference to a speech of Mr. Jones, of the London Missionary Society. We have since been in communication with Jamaica, and can state upon authority, that Baptist, Presbyterian, and Independent missionaries, together with Christian merchants in that island, were astonished at the extravagant and unfounded assertions contained in that speech. The same result will be produced by the statements of Mr. Hands. The fact is, and it is no use concealing it, that the people of Jamaica are in a most wretched state, and need missionary help and supervision quite as much now as in the



darkest days of slavery. We have all been wrong: we have all expected too much from the people; we have all quarrelled vastly too much about priority and pre-eminence, and localities, and 'the divers baptisms,' unfortunately introduced among a savage people, and the results we are reaping. That is the simple fact: Mr. Philippo and Mr. Oughton would endorse this: else why has Spanish Town Chapel been the scene of such disorder? and why, at the present time, is Mr. Oughton excluded by his own people, for whom he has so nobly and so devotedly laboured for so many years, from his magnificent chapel in Kingston?

To return (less than this we could not say: but we have done). In the East, Hindooism contends with rapidly-spreading knowledge, and is perishing in the strife; the philanthropy of the Christian church, regardless of the apathy of the Government, has restored the Hindoo woman to her right place in society; the press is sending forth its silent messengers of mercy, and though their voice is not heard, their power penetrates the whole land, and profoundly stirs the depths of society; native churches rise up amidst the once desolate wilds of heathenism, and the shout of impurity is exchanged for the quiet hymn of praise; while in Africa, amidst surrounding gloom, our sadly over-worked countrymen on the Western coast ask for renewed sympathy and help; on every side there are indications of triumph, and the perplexities of this and kindred institutions arise out of an opposite quarter than formerly; it is their success, and not their failure, that embarrass committees and exhaust their funds. We heartily wish our honoured Baptist friends another happy and successful financial new year; and let all their churches say, Amen!

Active, enterprising Wesleyanism takes root in China, and from Canton is sending its strong branches northwards; in Australia, the good folks at Melbourne send home £600 'towards paying the outfit and passage of six *expected* ministers;' in the diggings at Ballarat, Mount Alexander, and Bendigo, they have twelve places of worship, in which are conducted weekly a hundred religious services, by seventy-two local preachers; in South Africa there are reverses, for the late war and the Government measures since its suppression have desolated fair fields of promise; nevertheless, at the close of a missionary meeting 'two oxen, one cow, seventeen sheep and goats, and a few *other* (sic) little articles' were collected, and we learn, with intense delight (let the 'Times' and 'Punch' sneer as they like at the men they choose to call *charlatans*), that 'water, grazing ground, gardens, and a missionary, are terms synonymous' in the mind of the 'Kaffir and the Bechuana tribes;' at Port Natal and Amazulu 'the natives,' under the care of the zealous missionary, 'are erecting for themselves brick cottages in European style' (why won't the *avontoi* learn that Christianity and civilization go hand in hand?) in the West Indies (Antigua and the Bahamas) the 'work of God' is said to be 'in a prosperous state;' and throughout the whole circuit of this wide field of missionary enterprise we note with much gratefulness the healthy and cheerful tone of its missionaries, who are verily, as compared with many, 'in labour more abundant than they all.'

The United Presbyterian Church give us a medical report on Western Africa, from which we cannot quote. A document more sensible, shrewd, and judicious, we have never read. Pervaded throughout by a tone of deepest piety, it is full also of those lessons of prudence in the selection of the men, and their food,

habits, &c., on arrival in that deadliest clime, that are of highest practical value. Ah! had but this report been made some few years ago, our dear, old, hearty friend Jamieson had not now been sleeping in the swamps of old Calabar! We read this report verbatim at a prayer-meeting, and, judging by the effect it produced, we confidently recommend its solemn perusal to all concerned in the evangelization of dark Africa. Still, so it appears to us, never will Ethiopia stretch out her hands unto God as the result of the white man's instrumentality; 'oh, that our missionaries were wise, that they would consider their latter end,' so quick an end too in those dismal mud deltas, and devote themselves to the training of a native agency with a singleness of purpose never yet seen in any of our West Indies. Our own mistakes rise up and smite us terribly as we write these words. Would to God we could put back our sun dial and begin afresh with present experience. We entreat our readers to spend *one penny*, and buy the May number of the 'Missionary Record of the United Presbyterian Church,' to be had in London at Houlston and Stoneman's.

The 'Free Church of Scotland' goes on 'conquering and to conquer.' What a panorama of work and success does the last number of its organ contain! In the East Indies and in Turkey, in China and Australia, these men of God go on breaking up the way, and that with great success. We shall be more than pardoned for inserting the following extracts verbatim concerning that Eastern country to which so many anxious eyes and throbbing hearts are now turned.

'It was stated in the British Parliament by Mr. Layard, the traveller, that there are forty places of Protestant worship in the Turkish empire. An English gentleman recently in Constantinople mentioned Mr. Layard's remark to the missionaries there, and expressed his doubts of its correctness. They immediately made him a list of more than fifty different places where the gospel is steadily preached under the protection of the Turkish Government.'

'The work of God among the Armenians is going on powerfully, but not with observation. Silent and deep it spreads in all directions where the Scriptures are distributed and the gospel is preached. The only limit to the work is in the want of men and means to extend the knowledge of religious truth. While we were in Constantinople we visited the Bible-house of the mission. It is in one of the most public business streets of the city; the property belongs to the Grand Vizier of Turkey, who lets it to the missionaries for a book-store, with only this restriction, that none but Protestant books shall be sold in it. Here the Bible is to be found in twenty-five different languages. Several of the native population were in the store looking at the books, of which there was a great variety, and the scene was not unlike what we daily see in the book-stores at home. This is the way in which the truth is gradually finding its way even into Turkey, of which there is more hope now than there is of Italy.'

There is, also, from the same record, a graphic and amusing account of the Church of England settlement at Wellington, New Zealand; the writer is the Rev. Mr. Moir, pastor of the Free Church, Wellington. Speaking of the voyage, he says:—

'The passengers were, with one or two exceptions, all of the Church of England, and the greater part of them left the ship at Canterbury. We had three clergymen of the English Church, one of whom acted as chaplain. On the first two Sabbaths

I did not offer to preach; but I did so on all the succeeding ones. The chaplain was greatly offended at this—*preached* against me, told the people that I had no right to preach, and was no successor of the apostles, &c. &c., and warned them not to come to hear me. He also urged the captain to prevent me from preaching, but the captain would not interfere; and a considerable number of the cabin passengers, as well as others, and seamen, came regularly to hear me. I not only preached, but for the last six weeks had worship every evening between decks. This was attended by all classes in the ship. At the request of the people, also, I kept a class for the young. I left the ship on good terms with all (the chaplain excepted), and several of our fellow-passengers have come frequently to worship with us in our present hall. The captain and some of the officers of the ship also worshipped with us in our hall, before the vessel left the harbour.

Of the Canterbury settlement, and the successors of the apostles there, he writes thus:—

• While we lay at Canterbury—the Church of England settlement—I often went ashore, and endeavoured to ascertain its religious state, as it was colonized by the High Church party. The clergy, I found, were worldly men, engaged in farming, and similar pursuits, conjoined with the maintenance of Puseyite principles. When I got to Lyttelton (a town of the settlement), one of the first objects I saw was a High Church clergyman carrying a backful of butter to the market!—and, on the same day, another, having the care of souls, was made a freemason. Though it be a High Church settlement, in which no room was intended to be left for Dissenters, I was glad to find there a Methodist minister devoted to the service of Christ, and also not a few Scotch people, who hailed with joy my coming among them for a few days, and are eagerly desiring a Free Church minister.

Our space compels us to conclude. We can only remark briefly that the 'Colonial Church Chronicle' contains this month but little direct missionary information: amongst that little, however, is the following gleanings, which we hardly expected to find in a journal so exclusively devoted to the 'Church' in preference to Christianity: as a curious fact about the Chinese alone it is worth recording:—

'CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.—The American Baptist Missionary Board have just appointed a second missionary, who has spent seventeen years at Shanghai, to labour among the Chinese in California.'

The 'Gospel Propagation Society's' organ, now edited by the Rev. R. C. Burton, has gained nothing in catholicity by its transfer from the supervision of the Rev. J. W. Colenso, now Bishop of Port Natal. The past month contains a long account of 'Missions in Bengal,' into which vast territory the '*Baptists have intruded*,' and 'tried to gather a flock,' while they 'excommunicate any of their people who attend the Church service;' and much more to the same effect, all of which we take with a grain of salt. We know whence it comes, and expect nothing but sectarianism from a sect that presumes, in defiance of facts, to call herself the Church of the nation and its dependencies.

## Monthly Retrospect.

READER, has it been a 'merry month' of May to you, as you have trodden London streets, speckled with London soot, to shut yourself up, hour after hour, in a dingy hall, hearing reports and balance-sheets read, listening to forty-minute speeches, rushing out to gorge your collapsed stomach, and rushing back again to more reports and balance-sheets, resolutions and speeches, votes of thanks, and another gradual collapse? Ah! crickets and skylarks, who are too sensible to gorge either soul or body, and who therefore know nothing of dyspepsia and its concomitants, have led a merrier life by far than you! Are you merry now that you are back in your country home, breathing 'gentle airs,' but returned to find that in your absence

'An envious, sneaping frost,'

has bitten all your

'First-born infants of the spring;'

—to see that your garden of flowers has been nipped of its buds and blossoms—and to suspect that the garden of your heart has not been much improved by the choking process it has undergone in Finsbury Chapel and Exeter Hall?

But if the May meetings this year have not furnished you with wholesome and nourishing food, it is your own fault. You must certainly have had a predilection for the garbage of past days, if your mental digestion has turned at them; or you must have gone to the *wrong* meetings. The serious tone, earnest spirit, and practical purpose, of many of them, have done something, we believe, to refresh, encourage, and invigorate, the whole system, if not of English Christianity, at least of English Dissent. The Baptist meetings, especially, were distinguished by the characteristics we have named. The Baptist Missionary Society, while, with reason, congratulating its supporters on the marks of growing confidence and sympathy indicated by an increase of upwards of 6,000*l.* over its last year's receipts, candidly laments its poverty of spirit, and lack of the real wealth of a missionary church—missionary zeal. The *Christian*, rather than the denominational view, taken by different speakers at the meeting of the Society, of the general aspect of the world, and especially of China, India, and Jamaica, with respect to missions, indicate an improved tone and broader sympathies. We believe not until the Christian becomes the exclusive point of view, will missionaries succeed in winning the love and attracting the latent affections of heathen humanity—but still humanity—to the Christian cross. Even then outward agency will not succeed in effecting very great results. Such agencies are missionary societies themselves, which will only have proved successful when the necessity for their existence is done away with. Such agencies, also, are chapel-building societies. Is it true, as we lately saw printed over the signature of one of the most popular Baptist preachers in London, that the size of modern congregations depends upon the style of church architecture? God pity the people, if that is the only attraction they can find in a place dedicated to his worship—where his

gospel is professed to be preached! Truer is it, as Mr. Hinton admirably said at the meeting of the Christian Instruction Society:—‘I sometimes think that building churches and chapels is another way, not of getting at the world, but of shutting ourselves out from the world—of boxing ourselves up, and, as it were, of confining ourselves in places of worship, turning our backs, at the same time, upon the world, and almost telling it, “You go one way, and we will go another.” There was nothing of this sort in the beginning of the diffusion of the gospel. In relation to the conversion of the world, now, however, how little was there of thrusting that gospel upon the people, and compelling them to hear! The mere question of raising churches and chapels was very much beside the mark of that conversion. Indeed, the statement made by the Census now was, that a large portion of the accommodation afforded was wholly unoccupied, and what more probable than that the case would be precisely the same were additional accommodation provided?’

There are surely outward means sufficient in the Baptist denomination for the teaching and converting of its people. Yet what do we find? In the report presented to the Baptist Union it was stated that the rate of increase in the churches, as shown by the Association Returns of 1853, was smaller than in preceding years, smaller than it has been in any year since 1834, the limit of the Union records, it being only at an average of 1100rd per church per annum! One cannot too highly appreciate the candour and sincerity with which this fact is made public. With very little modification it is absolutely true, and as we have no reason to believe that the Baptist churches are exceptions to others, the general conclusion may be drawn that the progress of the Church is far slower than the progress of the population, and that in an age especially distinguished for chapel-building and the application of all other outward remedies for the cure of the great disease of the soul. It is at once apparent that these remedies do not reach the seat of the disorder. Good they may do, but not the good that is needed. It is earnestness of spirit, firmness of faith, willingness of heart, and *trust* in our remedies, and, above all, a thorough heart trust in our religion and the fulness of the goodness of God, that will alone touch the hearts and quicken the spirits of men. Nor brick, nor stone, nor the mere machinery of all the societies in Christendom, can rouse one dormant spiritual sympathy. Heart alone quickeneth heart. It is *men*, not mortar, that is wanted. Has the statement published by the Baptist Union fallen dead upon the churches? It is one that might make the heart of Christendom bleed, one that should send each Christian to the footstool of his Father with an agonizing inquiry, ‘What wilt thou have *me* do?’ for ‘*I* have sinned.’

There is, comparatively, little to remark upon in the proceedings of the Missionary Societies supported principally by Congregationalists. The Home and Colonial Missionary Societies reported themselves each considerably in debt. The receipts of the London Missionary Society, however, have increased, and the balance-sheet shows a considerable excess of income over expenditure. The revolution in China largely occupied the attention of speakers and people at the meeting of this society, and a

well-sustained appeal was made for additional support of the Chinese mission. The Madagascar and East Indian missions appear to be in a pretty healthy state. We scarcely know, from the information in our possession, whether the decidedly cheerful tone of the report and speakers should be taken as really encouraging. But, perhaps, it is difficult to despond when one's income is upwards of 70,000*l.* Is it not possible for 'riches' to be a 'snare' to *societies*?

Other strictly missionary institutions are prospering—prospering, that is to say, in their *work*. The operations of the Ragged School Union have been remarkably successful; the City Mission Report is fruitful of hope for the lower classes; while the Town Missionary Society has laboured, if humbly, with well-prized results.

The Publication Societies need no advertisement or notice of their operations further than to record that the income of the Bible Society last year reached nearly a quarter of a million sterling, and that the money subscribed for Chinese Testaments will purchase two millions of copies!

The state of education and the education question received elaborate notice at the Baptist meetings, where Mr. Hinton's labours were warmly applauded. At the meetings of the Congregational Union, this discussion took an altogether denominational turn; but before the body separated, a petition in favour of opening the Universities to Dissenters was carried. The Congregational Union, however, is the only meeting of Dissenters where a hand has been held up against such a motion. Congregational education, as promoted on the catholic principles of the Congregational Board, is, as all of our readers will be glad to know, rapidly increasing. At the meeting of the Union, Mr. Baines stated that, since 1843, the body had established 453 schools, containing upwards of 50,000 scholars, while the British and Foreign School Society, relying largely on Government support, and established in 1805, has not more than 514 schools, with 80,000 scholars. — At the meeting of the Voluntary School Association, as well as of the Congregational Board, the general question of Government education underwent a thorough discussion. We were glad to see that here the discussions took also a practical turn — suggestion following suggestion as to what should be done to increase and improve educational machinery, and especially to awaken an interest in the minds of the people themselves in this question—parental indifference being undoubtedly the great source of the children's ignorance. But we hope to recur to this subject when we take up the returns of the Educational Census.

Dissent, as such, has received its share of attention. The educational discussion amply vindicated its claims; while at the Council and public meeting of the Liberation of Religion Society, as well as at other meetings, the results of the Educational Census, and the bearings of the University question, were produced and reproduced in every shape that could make an impression. We believe the result to be the awakening of an unusual degree of interest in questions affecting the position of Dissenters, and a disposition to *work* more heartily than ever in support of Dissenting movements. The practical *use* of an organization now begins to be seen, and the Liberation of Religion Society to be appreciated.

We regret that other aspects of modern Dissent cannot be contemplated

with the same degree of satisfaction. Some proceedings of the Congregational Union indicate either that the spirit of Congregational Dissent is fast being adulterated with the leaven of synodical Presbyterianism, or that the principles of Congregational church polity are miserably misunderstood even by Congregational ministers. Thus, the editor of the 'British Banner' was actually cheered for his reply to the rebuke of Mr. Conder for indecent suggestion and outrageous interference as a public writer in the election of pastors to certain Congregational churches. Mr. M'All, of Nottingham, however, would go further than the editor of the 'Banner.' In moving the adoption of the report presented to the Union, he suggested that the distribution of the funds derived from the sale of the magazines and other sources for the support of ministers and their widows should be confined to regularly 'ordained' ministers, and he considered there should be a 'formal and approved' method of ordination. The same gentleman went on to ask, What was the latitude to be admitted in reference to the doctrines held by the body? The doctrinal standard of Congregationalists were Calvinistic, and he considered that a Congregational church did not act a consistent part if it asked a minister to preside over it who was not substantially a Calvinist. Is Mr. M'All not a Congregationalist? or does he not know that the very essence of Congregationalism is that each church should be independent of every other in doctrine, order, worship, and practice? Who has made Calvinism the doctrinal measure of Congregationalism? Has not each church and each member of the church his *own* standard of faith? Who is there to impose a standard for *any* church? Who to impose a single form? As a matter of fact, the Congregational churches may be Calvinist, and they have a right to be so, but they have an equally perfect right to be Arminian or anything else. To talk of 'latitude to be admitted' and want of 'consistency' in such a case is (we say it with due deference to Mr. M'All and the Union) to talk both nonsense and bigotry—to show a deplorable ignorance of the essential principles of Congregationalism, or a more deplorable hankering after arbitrary power, certainly inconsistent in a member of a Congregational Union. Mr. M'All's remarks, however, were received with commendation, and passed without an expression of dissent from any but Mr. Swaine. Are we to conclude that his opinions are shared by the Union?

The transition from Ecclesiastical debates without the walls of Parliament to Ecclesiastical debates within, is not an easy one. Patient reader! have you ever been in the 'House' when an Ecclesiastical question has been 'up?' Some 'strangers' make a point of going out whenever such questions arise, and so do we, but as we only go to the House, on an average, about once in two years, we may be pardoned for not caring to hear religious questions mangled and distorted by open foes and mistaken friends, cunning politicians and blundering 'independent members,' such as always rise when an Ecclesiastical matter is the 'order of the day.' The Oxford University Bill—as it stands, essentially an Ecclesiastical measure—as the 'order' on the 27th ult., received just such treatment. Mr. Heywood, as our readers know, proposed that the Bill should be referred to a select committee—a proceeding, the adoption of which would have had

the happy effect of disposing of the question for the remainder of the present session. The honourable member, in sustaining his motion, ably discussed the whole question of the Universities and their influence—in a way which only he could do who had made the subject the study of a life. Thereupon ensued the usual medley of an ecclesiastical debate. Mr. Horsman attempted to frighten evangelical members, Liberal and Tory, into voting with the Government, by exhibiting a wizard array of the influence ‘Germanism’ is attaining under the present system. Mr. Gladstone attempted to trick the House into passing the measure without further opposition, by stating that it would place ‘Oxford’ in a position for ‘considering’ the claims of Dissenters, and so advance that question to a point where it could be finally solved. No doubt it would be ‘finally’ solved there—solved and settled, as Dissenting claims would be likely to be then left to the tender charities of a board elected by Oxford fellows and students! Mr. Hadfield, Mr. Miall, and Mr. Bright, thrust home the charge of disgraceful illiberality and bigotry upon the Government, while Mr. W. J. Fox, also a Dissenter, thought fit to strengthen the hands of Government, and divide the Dissenting ranks, by speaking and voting against Mr. Heywood’s motion—which was rejected by a majority of 82. Since then, on more than one occasion, the Government have been defeated on important questions of detail by the aid of the Dissenting members, every defeat having the effect of weakening the prestige both of the measure and its promoters.—The Lord Advocate’s Scotch Education Bill was defeated in the same way on the 12th, when Mr. Miall enlisted the silent and earnest attention of the House by a calm and philosophical exposition of the principles on which he opposed that and all similar measures for the education of the people.—The proceedings of the House have been distinguished by only one or two other matters requiring notice. Mr. Chambers’s motion for the appointment of a select committee on Conventional Establishments has been thrown out; the Chancellor of the Exchequer has received the approval of a full House of the meritorious principles of his financial policy; it has been decided to increase the year’s taxation to the further extent of 8,000,000*l.* by the imposition of an additional income tax, of extra duties on malt and spirituous liquors, and the saving of the duty on sugar—and Sir William Clay’s motion to bring in a bill for the total abolition of Church-rates has been carried after a remarkable debate by a vote of—

|                |   |   |   |       |
|----------------|---|---|---|-------|
| For the motion | . | . | . | 129   |
| Against it     | . | . | . | 62    |
|                |   |   |   | <hr/> |
| Majority       | . | . | . | 67    |

Lord John Russell, as a member of the Government, voting with the minority, and Lord Stanley with the majority. The reasons given for his vote by the noble lord first named define for ever his public relations to Church and Dissent, and show how much the Dissenters have to expect from him—not more than he has hitherto willingly consented to yield, but very much less than some admirers of the noble lord’s ‘liberal’ policy have pleased themselves with expecting. ‘I believe,’ said the noble lord, ‘that



this is one of a series of attacks which will be followed by attacks of the same nature, and if your principle is concession, and nothing but concession, if you are on every occasion to purchase peace, I am not prepared to say how far you will be obliged to go. If I were to give my consent to the introduction of a bill for the total abolition of Church-rates, without any sort of compensation or modification, I should be giving an example of a concession very dangerous to the Church Establishment; and when I say the Church Establishment, I imply the best interests of the country.' In regard to the dreaded series of attacks, we hope and believe the noble lord is right; in regard to his Conservative Church policy, we can only say that as it is based upon no principle, as its ground is the most despicable element of human nature, fear and cowardice, as it avowedly seeks only the aggrandisement of an institution, it will assuredly fail of its purpose. It is an attempt to support a rotten and worm-eaten trunk by the ivy of injustice and corruption, which will only add weight to weakness, and hasten a catastrophe already appointed by every law of nature.

From the war of principles let us now turn for a moment to the war of nations—a war widening in deep and troubled circles. From the Baltic to the Euxine, from the Caspian to the Mediterranean, it is fast extending—hitherto with few practical results, but with the great and solemn noise of the disturbed elements of nature. On every hand Russia continues to be worsted. Sir Charles Napier is wasting her ports and merchandise in the Gulf of Finland; Admiral Dundas has reduced Odessa to the condition of a dismantled fortress; Schamyl, with prospect of large assistance, is harrying her legions in Circassia; Omar Pacha waits in strength and security, while fever and pestilence are devastating her ranks; and, last of all, Diplomacy, wielded, it is true, by treacherous hands, seeks to bring the tufted eagle to terms by threats of active resistance from relatives and friends. Meantime, in our island home, the arts of peace still prosper, and before another number of this journal can be placed in the hands of its customary readers, the fairest and greatest triumph of the Genius of Invention and Design—the Crystal Palace on Anerley Hill—will have been opened to the lovers of art and nature. Here, as the spectator wanders through the homes of ancient Pompeii and the Academies of Classic Greece; muses in the gorgeous Palace of the Moors, or past the gigantic guardians of the gates of Ninus and Nimroud—amidst all that is wonderful in science, captivating in art, and attractive in nature, he may well forget, but he should not forget for long, that under the same sun and the same flag many are fighting, that he and others may longer enjoy these blessings of liberty and peace, or suffering that he and his may be free from pain. May the reflection, when it comes, dispose his heart to thankfulness—not that he is better than others, but that God hath so blessed him; and may he remember that in a right moral constitution, Duty ever follows Privilege, and Charity a Bountiful Bestowment!

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## Intelligence.

### LIBERATION OF RELIGION FROM STATE-PATRONAGE AND CONTROL.

The Council of the society formed for this object held its annual sitting at Radley's Hotel, London, on Wednesday, May 3rd. The report of the executive committee congratulated the society's friends on its improving financial position, and at the increasing facilities afforded by public events. The ecclesiastical census had demonstrated the superiority of religious institutions unpatronized and controlled by the State, and the facts of the case had, therefore, been widely circulated. For transacting the society's Parliamentary business, a Parliamentary sub-committee had been formed, having as its chairman Dr. Foster, Professor of Jurisprudence at University College, and the ecclesiastical questions constantly debated in Parliament had kept it in full work. It had defeated the Stoke Newington Church Bill—had supported Mr. Fagan's motion against 'ministers' money,' and, on its defeat, had opposed to the utmost the Ministerial Bill, in the divisions on which 160 Liberal members had voted against the Government. They objected to the Marquis of Blandford's Episcopal and Capitular Estates Bill, as forestalling surplus funds which should be available as a substitute for church-rates; and also to the Colonial Clergy Disabilities, as involving the danger of establishing the Church of England in the colonies. They had initiated a movement for the abolition of university tests, and already about 400 petitions, with nearly 20,000 signatures, had been presented, and it was hoped that Mr. Heywood's clause would be carried. They had afforded legal and other assistance in the numerous church-rate contests which had taken place since the Braintree decision—contests which showed that opposition to taxation for religious purposes was rapidly extending, and that without waiting for legislative measures, church-rates could be practically abolished in the parishes. The society proposed forming an electoral committee, and undertaking other operations as early as practicable, but its friends were reminded that now that the nation is engaged in war, and public attention will be diverted from schemes of improvement, increased vigilance would be required to prevent the adoption of a reactionary policy in ecclesiastical matters. The treasurer's report showed that the income for six months nearly equalled that of previous years, and that the treasurer had nearly 400*l.* in hand. Resolutions were passed by the committee on the various topics of the report, several animated discussions taking place, but entire unanimity prevailing. Mr. Morley, Mr. Miall, M.P., Mr. Crossley, M.P., Rev. J. Burnet, and Rev. J. H. Hinton, were among those who took part in the proceedings. The annual meeting of the society was held on the same day at Finsbury Chapel.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'T. W. M.'—We regret our friend's disappointment, but we really cannot see what purpose it would answer to publish his communication. Nobody ever disputed the 'connexion' between the love of God and the death of Christ.

'T. E. S., Stratford.'—If our memory serves us faithfully, we replied to our correspondent's letter three months ago. Declined.

'W. Stokes.'—Read with pleasure, although not with perfect agreement. No 'modification.'

'A Grocer's Assistant.'—We will reply as early as possible.

'P. Baddeley' is warmly thanked for his communication.

\*.\*.\* The Editor has received several letters within the last month, complaining of the late issue of the recent numbers of the 'Christian Spectator.' Until informed of it by correspondents, he was not aware that the magazine had been published at all later than its contemporaries, or than usual. Steps, however, have now been taken to rectify past remissness, and the present number will, it is believed, be published early enough for all parties. If any subscribers are again disappointed, it would be considered a personal favour if they would communicate at once with the Editor.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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JULY, 1854.

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## *The Preachers—A Modern Tale.*

PART. IV.

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WE have gone a little out of the historic path which we had at first mapped out for ourselves, in thus referring to this 'special church meeting,' and the 'great missionary gathering,' as the Fluxibles called it, after the unctuous and semi-eloquent manner of their dear pastor. But need we apologize, courteous reader! for this digression? We can only plead, that in obeying one of those associative laws of thought, which we must leave the psychologist to explain, we have added to our own labour with a view to your profit. Both these by-scenes in our narrative we deem very significant. They are dials which point out the hour reached in church philosophy and ethics; and they develop the elements which repel such young men as Charles from the popular men and measures of the Christian church. In sooth, we have in both these scenes representative men. In stepping aside to look into them, we only paid a short visit to ecclesiastical portrait galleries, where we see the likeness of thousands in few pictures—pictures not on cold canvass, but in veritable flesh and blood.

On Saturday evening Eliza arrives from Devonshire, on a visit to Charles's parents. Although in the holy covenant of mutual affection Eliza and Charles had joined souls for twelve months, this is her first visit to any of the family. His parents and sisters, you may imagine, had heard much of her—for the queen of the heart is ever music to the lip—but they had never *seen* her before. Knowing the refined taste and strict truthfulness of Charles, every member of the family was prepared to see a splendid specimen of womanhood. She entered the room with a fluttering heart, and such blushes on the cheeks as only virtue paints. But greeting kisses and kind words calmed her

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spirit, and gave her confidence. She soon felt herself at home. Different opinions were soon formed of her. She transcended the idea of Mr. Rigorhood. He thought her a 'beautiful girl;' Mrs. Rigorhood thought her a fine grown woman, but 'rather too country-fied in her manners.' Miss Rigorhood, who was very prim and lisped, did not 'conthider her very thenteel.' Maria, who had more nature than her eldest sister, was charmed with her.

The reason Miss Rigorhood did not see so much of the beautiful in Eliza as other members of the family may be expressed in one word—*envy*. This is a passion which people say always affects the vision, and whose instinct it is to deform the beautiful. It has nothing to do with ugliness, but its brush is ever ready to daub beauty. We have seen it make the most angelic countenances almost hideous. Miss Rigorhood had always been considered as having greater personal charms than any member of the family, and, indeed, nature had moulded her after one of its finest types; but she was affected, and instead of developing, had distorted her nature. Her dress, her speech, her gait, her looks, all indicated affectation. Her nature seemed incased in the stiff formalities of fashion. Her face every day seemed to be set with the mirror, rather than to be changed every hour by the constant changes that pass over the inner soul amidst the stirring incidents of life. Hence, she always spoke in the same key, walked with the same measured step, and smiled with the same expression. She never shouted, seldom ran, and never laughed out-right; all this she considered 'unthenteel, and not lady-like.' Indeed, she deemed it 'unthenteel and vulgar' to be in robust health; she wished to be thought delicate; and she had her wish. Frequently she felt physical symptoms she fancied to be so serious as to require medical attendance and change of air. How much of the disease of many spring from morbid fancy and stupid fashions, and the worst peculiarity of these diseases is, that no medicine can cure them. Their subjects are ever the best patrons of the healing art, but the worst proofs of its efficacy.

Sentimental invalids! burst the tight band with which fashion has bound you, and give to the organs of life full scope for their play. Take a common-sense view of life, and throw your activities into some useful enterprise, and you will soon feel a tone of health which none of the elements in the apothecary's shop, however scientifically compounded or skilfully administered, can ever yield.

Eliza was remarkably free from all this affectation, nor was she the creature of fashion in the slightest degree. Nature reigned supreme in her, and yet in the highest sense she was educated and refined. Perhaps she could not sing Italian songs or lisp the French language as Miss Rigorhood could, but her mental faculties had gained far more strength and sweep. The spiritual powers of the one were like the plants of a hothouse, glazed off from nature and tender; whilst those of the other were like the majestic cedar, in contact with suns and storms, and consequently strong. The realm of knowledge belonging to the one was a garden containing but a few small beds of flowers;

that of the other a continent containing many a broad acre of productions, beautiful to the eye and useful to the world. Her refinement, too, was great; it was the refinement of sentiment and spirit rather than the lackadaisical refinement of a heartless etiquette—the refinement of *mind* rather than manners—of *morals* rather than conventionalism.

Miss Rigorhood was the creature of whims and fancies, more interested in phantasmagorias than life realities. Eliza was the subject of a hearty faith and earnest purpose. She looked real life in the face, and felt both the poetry and purport of being. It was not merely the beauty of Eliza that had excited the envy of Miss R., but her engagement with her brother had not a little to do with it. She was five years older than Eliza, and yet her ears had never been charmed with the tender arguments of an earnest wooer. Some said she had schemed for it, as Eliza had never done. She was constantly out on visits, by the arrangements of her mamma and friends, with this view. For the last two years she had scarcely been at home three months together. She had been into Devonshire, Scotland, and Wales, but in none of the large circles in which she had mingled did there appear a suitor.

As to Eliza—however ‘unthenteel and unladylike’—the thought of going from home for such a purpose never entered her chaste and innocent heart. Unconscious of her beauty, she was content to remain in the obscurity of the old farm. There, like the rose, she unfolded her charms, never seeking admiration, never thinking of it. Should an admirer pass, pluck the rose, and carry it away—well and good; if not, it will bloom on for the sake of nature, breathe the zephyrs, and drink in the sunbeams and the dew. Charles, however, happened to pass one day, plucked the rose from its sunny bed, and bore it off in ecstasy.

Eliza was a Church-woman, that is, she had always been in the habit of worshipping in church, and therefore her associations and preferences were in that direction. She had never examined the question of church polity in the light of the New Testament, and more than once she candidly confessed to Charles that she was afraid to do so, lest she should lose her old sympathies. This was honest, yet weak; albeit such weakness is human, for who likes to sacrifice old friendships? The more there is of heart in us, the more tenaciously do our affections, ivy-like, twine around the first dear object of love. Still, however, it happens that our first love is generally wrong, because we have not searched into the moral merits of its objects, and hence our first step in improvement begins with a renunciation of old attachments. Truth often requires us to forsake father and mother. In man intellect must rectify the errors of the heart.

On Sunday morning Charles, for reasons obvious, if not justifiable, instead of going to Mr. Broadthought's, accompanied Eliza to St. Aaron's church, in Levi-street. This was a remarkably fine edifice. The Gothic architecture was richly and curiously elaborated. On the old oaken roof and furniture there was everywhere carved the image of

creatures which lived only in the superstitious imagination of distant ages; at least, we had never seen anything resembling them in air or earth or sea. Old Time had touched the whole with his brush, deeply shaded it with his sombre hues, and painted all—as no other artist could—into the venerable. And venerable are those structures, where many generations have met to mingle souls! As we stand under their hoary arches, we feel an influence which seems to detach us from the present and the living, and to link us with the distant and the dead!

Dr. Goody was the present incumbent of St. Aaron's, and preached that morning to a very large and fashionable congregation. He was a small-headed and small-chested man, destitute of any great impulses; one of those men who have not power enough to become either great merchants or great sinners, but quite sufficient to make what multitudes consider a great preacher and a great saint. He was of the 'Evangelical party;' shuddered with pious horror both at the name of Arnold and Pusey. He was a great admirer and personal friend of the celebrated Dr. Cuning, and, indeed, he resembled him not only in smallness of structure and physique, but in religious views and ministerial habits. He belonged to the dreamy school of Millenarians, and was a great diviner of the future. He was a well-known member of the 'No-popery' clique, and was ever ready to show fight with Archbishop Wiseman. Like Dr. Cuning, too, he seldom preached his own sermons; he drove his ministerial trade in pilfered wares.

The public has no right to complain of the plagiarism of those men, so long as it sustains them in the ministerial position. If they are to preach, they *must* pilfer, they have no power to produce. The well of truth is deep, and they have 'nothing to draw with.' As haberdashers such small-brained men might get through life honestly; but as men set up in a thinking age, they must steal or starve.

Dr. Goody selected his text that morning from John xiii. 13, 14, 'Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am,' &c. After a short introduction, in which he spoke of the kindness of Christ, illustrated by his conduct towards his disciples, he said, 'Let us observe two things—I. The title they ascribe to him; II. The obligation they imposed on themselves.' We need not give the sub-points. He read the whole with considerable earnestness, and in the voice and tone which Cambridge and Oxford make for clergymen, and which you can hear nowhere else but in churches. Dr. Goody had taken this voice with him from Oxford some twenty years ago. He never used it but in the pulpit; it was a *church* voice, and hence it seemed to sound exactly the same as when he first used it in St. Aaron's. Though his face had wonderfully altered since then, and his hair had become white, this voice continued as ever. It had always been an old voice, and therefore it suited him now; it was always more the voice of a machine than a man, and therefore did not alter with the ever-changing moods of the soul. In the course of his sermon he referred to one or two collects, spoke of 'our Church,' and pointed out how 'she' did this and how 'she' did that. Charles, who was given

to analysis, in hearing so much about this 'she,' asked himself, Who can this 'she' be? It must, thought he, be either the teachers or the taught. It cannot be the taught, for he is speaking of this 'she' as teaching this and that. Then it must be the teachers; and yet he could not understand how that could be, for they were the bishops and the clergy. We cannot help Charles out of this difficulty, unless it be by suggesting that perhaps the feminine pronoun is intended to designate the *emasculateness* of the system.

On returning home Charles took into his hand one of Jay's volumes of discourses; and there discovering in the contents Dr. Goody's text, commenced reading Mr. Jay's sermon, and to his astonishment and moral disgust he found that Dr. Goody had preached the sermon *verbatim*, and that the only difference was the occasional substitution of a 'collect' for a scripture; of 'our Church' for the Bible; and 'she' for 'it' when referring to God's word.

Eliza, who had been interested in the delivery of the sermon, was sorely grieved at this discovery. Hitherto the clergyman was her highest living type of holiness. But here was an act perpetrated by one who was considered amongst the brightest ornaments of the Church, which violated her native sense of all that was true and just.

'What do you think of Dr. Goody's conduct, Eliza?' said Charles.

'Pray,' responded Eliza, 'excuse me expressing my feelings; my heart is too full. I feel as one in a strange country, whose once loved and trusted guide has deceived him, full of perplexity. I have ever looked to the clergyman as my guide to all that is just and good. Oh, whither now can I look?' Here she vented her full heart in tears.

'What makes the case worse,' continued Charles, 'is that this man frequently denounces Dissenters, both privately and publicly, and yet preaches their sermons.'

'Pray, Charles,' said Eliza, sobbing, 'do not let us talk on this painful subject.'

'Very well,' replied Charles; 'but you say you are like one who has lost his guide. Not so! you have not lost your guide, my noble girl; you have only discovered that you mistake in making that a guide which is none. Nothing human is infallible. Conscience, the gospel, and the Spirit of Jesus, are the only true guides. Let us follow them, dear Eliza, and we shall safely tread the upward path of life, and reach at last the shores of light.'

According to the promise which Charles had made with Harry Fluxible, he went in the evening, accompanied by Eliza, to Fog-lane, to hear the Rev. Ariel Mistmind. The chapel was a modern edifice, small, but exceedingly elegant and well-arranged. The position of the pulpit and the arrangement of the seats indicated that the laws of acoustics had received a little more attention than church architects are wont to give them. A mere whisper from the pulpit found its way to the remotest ear within the limits of the building, and thus a large amount of lung force was saved by the speaker. The congregation, though by no means large, was select. All appeared thoughtful and refined. Every face indicated that intellect was alive, and wrestling

with some problems at least. Thought ever shows itself in the face ; it throws that animal element, which glares in the eyes and plays in the countenances of the thoughtless, into the back ground. It expands the brow, brightens the expression, and brings out the Divine.

There were but few women in the congregation ! We were struck with this, and asked, What could it betoken ? Did it show the high superiority of Mr. Mistmind's preaching ? thought we. Was it because he took his audience into truth-realms which the woman's intellect could not reach ? This was the solution which some of his admirers gave, but we could not accept it. Indeed, we have often heard ministers flattering themselves, and their admirers also flattering them, on the 'large proportion of *men*' in their congregations. We are no believers in the inferiority of female intellect. We have always found women displaying a greater aptitude for seizing and appreciating great principles than men. It is true, they do not like dry logic or foggy ontologies, and that they, perhaps, are too disposed to the sentimental ; but it is also true that they admire the greatest thoughts, the broadest truths, and the most *manly* utterances. Their way into the domain of truth is not through logic but intuition. They fly thither through sunshine ; men creep through dust.

Charles and his companion had not long taken their seats before his cousin Harry and Alfred Bailey made their appearance, and soon after, to his astonishment, who should come in but his father and uncle Fluxible. Charles felt that nothing but a very strong curiosity could have tempted the old gentlemen to leave their own places of worship.

Mr. Mistmind ascends the pulpit and begins the service by reading a portion of Old Testament scripture. Before we transcribe the notes of the remarkable sermon he preached that night, it may not be uninteresting to say a few words about himself. Indeed, without some idea of his make and history, you will have no key to interpret any of his discourses. He was of the average stature and middle age ; his complexion was dark, and his temperament bilious ; his head was small, but well formed, ideality was the prominent organ ; his hair, which was thick and black, was combed back after the Puritan and German fashion, and hung in sable ringlets over his shoulders. His eyes were dark and prominent, but hazy, very hazy. As he stood before you in the pulpit, he would appear to you as one who had detached himself from the real world, and who hung in space upon some mystic clouds of thought, which he had wrought from his own soul. You could never think that he ever gambolled with children, or talked with business men, ate or drank, or ever paid a butcher's bill !

He had received a superior education, spent the full curriculum at a Dissenting college, and afterwards studied two or three years in one of the German universities. Carlyle, whose majestic genius we revere, both for its own sake and for that of its sham-destroying, thought-creating achievements, turned him at first from the path of sound theology. With the transcendental cup of Emerson he became inebriated ; and the metaphysics of Kant, Fichte, Hegel, all but turned his brain. He dis-



puted the old theological writers. Owen, Baxter, and Howe were beneath his notice ; they were 'of the earth, earthy,' he was wont to say, he lived up, to use a favourite word of his, in the 'supersentious' world. Notwithstanding all, he was an amiable and devout man, an accurate scholar, and a good speaker ; and though, for the most part, his thoughts were like a misty atmosphere, in which you could see nothing distinctly, still at times there would come such flashes of brilliant sunshine, as would expose unknown beauties beneath and unknown glories above. It was those flashes that drew the people who came to listen to him ; they were ever looking out for them as the benighted traveller for the first break of day.

Charles was surprised when he announced his text from one of the apocryphal books ; but Mr. Mistmind was not particular on this point. Once we heard him take his text from Shakspeare. The following is a pretty accurate report of his discourse. The words he read as containing its subject were from Ecclus. xxxviii. 25—"Whose talk is of bullocks."

'Rightly,' said he, 'is the book wherefrom these mystic words are eliminated, denominated apocryphal or hidden. The collection or constellation, wherein it is of the brightest, is hidden in darkness, and coming between the two Testaments, and thus necessarily partaking of the wisdom of both, and forming, as it were, a golden connecting link of a world-chain between them, it has an individuality which is yet lost in their individualities, and fades away into nebulosity. Its significance is appreciable only to the quickened initiate, but is hidden to the pursuer of foxes and the gross secularist. He who reads according to the literal only, has only one Bible, but the anagogic man who soars to the allegoric heights of mystery, spiritual symbols and correspondence, enjoys the advantage of two, or even three. To him there are as many mysteries as words, every letter is a sacrament, and every end and tick of the sacred language brings its proper benediction.

'Now these words are themselves a remarkable example of that praised obscurity, that open unintelligibleness, to the grossness of the understanding, but at the same time of polar clarity to the reason. The intellect, which is the queen-bee of the hive of errors, might suppose the wisdom of the poet-philosopher, who stands on the centre, to intimate reprehension on conversation whose topic was bullocks, or on the class of men who indulge therein. But what says the succinct-metre-sentence-loving Roman? "Off, ye profane!" He, Father Sirachides, utters to the spiritual ear a covert benediction on both.

'For, though we attempt not to prove the above assertion, since nothing is more offensive to high reason than logical concatenation of the sensuous understanding, and nothing more uncalled for or fruitless than such syllogistic conviction—yet what can be plainer to the man of clear insight, than that our medial ecclesiastic refers here in mystery to the unconscious mind symbolized by the bullock, exemplified in his master? Such men's eyes are deep and sublime ; they care little for your logic, "march of intellect," "nineteenth century," "progress of society," set your spider-work syllogisms at defiance, like him the

harlot-bound of old Palestine; and while your logic-mill is grinding, but producing, alas! not flour, but dry dust, yet transcend its results by a logic, boundless, wonderful, and peculiar to themselves. Common minds need footsteps, but the nimbler agriculturist, horsed on the idea of the world-bullock and vital energy, reaches the goal by a gigantic leap of unconsciousness—you look, and he is already there!

'See, also, the justice done to brutal intelligence. The insult of ages is at last avenged. Here is the highest philosopher, the ground-tiller, and Hermes Trismegistus of the soil, with intuitions fresh as the upturned soil itself, and with the highest topic, bullocks to wit. The mediæval church refused the brute full communion, led the ass no further than the porch, and there awarded the partial justice of holy water drops; but the transcendist scorns not his fellowship, asserts and makes good his own fraternity with the ass, oft enthrones him in the pulpit, or invests him with the holy orders of the priesthood of the press. The agriculturist, likewise congenial with Ben Sirach, profound in unsophistication, selects the bullock, congener of the ass, as the topic of his epic.

'The pride of human intuition has not yet fully recognised the sister intuition of the bullock's eye. Children talk of bull's eyes, but we fear unspiritually. The Anglican ecclesiastic, Sterne, could relax his sternness into tears over a dead ass. What depths might not sad Tristram Shandæo-Yorick have found in the bullock's eye? Does not Mæonides sing of the bull-eyed Hère, Olympian Queen, patroness of order? She had two. The modern civic nocturnal patroller has one only—emblem, alas! of the universal one-sidedness of municipalities. I protest I have looked into the two orbs of the ox, and thought of Plato and P'lotinus—illustrious gemini! These two eyes, do they not represent on earth the heavenly male and female double stars, positive and negative?

'In this symposy, there was "talk" of that mystic tilling, dependent on oxen, whereby that surface-Tiptæo-Mechianism or mechanism is made to look small—a tilling symbolical of culture—a tilling whereby, according to Tully's Republic, solid states are conditioned.

'In this symposy the true logic was not forgotten; the bullock's horns emblemizing the horns of a dilemma. The one is the negative pole, or sceptical no; the other the positive, or the idealistic yea; the one the understanding, the other the reason, whose antinomies are everlasting—and their synthesis and origin the forehead, which corresponds to intellect and power. Thus being and not-being are the same in becoming, the grand problem which the world-poet puts through the Dane-heir-apparent—to be or not to be—is at last solved in the unity which is bovine, by a logic whose process is the syllogism of the universe, and one with blowing clover.

'In this symposy there was "talk" of morality and law, for Moses is ever depicted with horns.

'By suggesting stained glass, this leads to æsthetics, whereof a branch is the art which fashioned Solomon's sea of brass, resting on

oxen, and the sculpture whereby the horned Amun or Ammon survives in the vicinity of the Pyramids—and this again to geology, wherein *cornu Ammonis* is a prominent principle.

'This "talk" was of moonshine, whose sacred source is horned, whose servant was the god Apis of Memphis, brother of Mnevis, cousin of the bull of Nineveh, and the bull of Brahma, rejoicing in the shadow of Himalaya; it was chaste, for it dealt with the star of Ephesian Artemis; it was catholic, maiden and maternal, for is not this the very emblem induced in the assumption of the Virgin?'

The family conversation on this remarkable discourse we must reserve for another chapter.

### Comte's Positive Philosophy.

THE two significant facts connected with the name of M. Comte are, that another great book is added to the few which are likely to be perennial; and that in this book religion is treated as a worn-out superstition, having its birth, and finding its sole use, in the world's infancy.

M. Comte himself does not remind us very vividly of Lucretius, but he attacks religion on almost the same grounds, and with almost the same weapons. Neither of them wages war with any particular creed or institution. It was not the mysteries in the Temple of Isis outraging the morality of Lucretius, it is not the mass in the Church of Our Lady contradicting the common-sense of Comte, which has driven them into arms. Lucretius sincerely believed that religion—that is, faith in unseen beings, who rule the powers of nature and the destinies of man—simply embittered human life with groundless terrors; and used the Physics of his time to show that all phenomena could be accounted for by natural forces resident in matter—that no invisible hands were at work in the warp and woof of creation. In like manner, it is not against any particular doctrine, it is not against Christianity, that M. Comte's polemic is pointed; it is against those primary conceptions which lie at the foundation of a'l religion—the conception of an all-controlling Personal Will. He believes that we have no knowledge of such a being; that our conception of Him is a fiction of our own; that it is proved to be a fiction by the discoveries of science, which make known to us invariable Laws, which are incompatible with an Almighty Will; and that this and other vain but attractive fictions are the great hindrances to true science, and, therefore, to human progress.

Our readers now have some idea of the position taken by the enemy. We shall describe it in greater detail hereafter.

This position is comparatively modest and reserved; its logical

consequence is rather indifference than hostility. But hostility is his mood; and a hostility so open and contemptuous, that it must inevitably excite strong prejudices against his philosophy. This result is anticipated by his translator, who has taken no pains to prevent, who has taken every pains to provoke, such feelings by a preface, in which the new *odium anti-theologicum* fairly beats the old *odium theologicum* in insane virulence. Among other things, it is 'asserted that 'as M. Comte treats theology and metaphysics as destined to pass away, theologians and metaphysicians must necessarily hate, abhor, and despise his work.' Now, *we* are humble believers in theology, and have a strong weakness (so to speak) for metaphysics; but, with great deference for Miss Martineau, we do not feel called upon to adopt either of these sentiments. On the contrary, we regard M. Comte's atheism as a singular infatuation, which furnishes a cause for deep regret, but not for withholding homage to the greatness of the man and his work.

We say *homage*, not *justice*. We cannot do justice to a work which, besides the beginnings of a new science, contains a review of the present state, and the mutual relations of all the sciences in existence. Such a work, if accomplished only moderately well, would entitle a man to the fame of unrivalled learning, patience, profundity, and comprehensiveness.

But everyone is able to do justice to M. Comte's life and character. His life has been devoted to truth with a now singular faithfulness. This great work has been carried on and completed amid harassing and undignified labours as a teacher of boys for daily bread; his sole reward, hitherto, has been a condition little above poverty, and almost general neglect. With lofty self-reliance he looks to the judgment of after times for his reward, exhibits no impatience of the indifference of his contemporaries, and no low-minded anxiety to win disciples; and, with benevolent enthusiasm, prophesies the re-organization of society as the result of his labours. That he is a sincere, earnest, noble-minded man, none will deny. And this fact we and our readers will seek to remember rather than the other, that he is an atheist, and the assailant of our faith; though it is of course impossible to disentangle ourselves from the prepossessions of our time, and assuming the indifference of retrospective criticism, speak of M. Comte as will the enlightened people of A.D. 2854, and as we in this day speak of his precursor—Lucretius.

The fact, to which we have already alluded, that the Positive Philosophy comes into contact and collision with Christianity, makes it our duty to notice it in these pages, and prescribes the extent to which our notice shall be carried. *We* have to do with it *only* as related to Christianity; for scientific and general criticism, and for a detailed account of the system, we must refer our readers, if they have not already had recourse, to journals of less decidedly popular character and religious aims.

We shall seek, then, in the first place, to answer the question: What is the Positive Philosophy?

M. Comte's chief aim is to lay the foundations of a new science—Social Science; and it is in the course of this attempt that he has reached his disastrous conclusions. Let us follow the course of his thought, not exactly as it is traced in Miss Martineau's volumes, but beginning at the fountain-springs, and skipping some of the windings.

It is a favourite boast that we live in an age of progress; which is quite true, for an age of intellectual anarchy is by its nature transitional, cannot be meant to endure. And that is precisely our condition. Not universally; in the Sciences there is something like subordination to authority; there are certain established truths which everybody recognises, which nobody thinks it his duty to re-examine, a body of *real* knowledge, constituting a foundation for future progress. Now, 'the right of free inquiry' and 'private judgment' are no doubt glorious things, but they belong to an essentially transitional state, to the state of suspense before science has registered its conclusions. After that, the function of private judgment has expired, we are to believe, not to weigh and judge. In natural philosophy, for instance, the discovery of the law of gravitation has put private judgment out of court. But in other departments there is a total want of fixed principles on which all are agreed; every question is an open question; every opinion is, *prima facie*, possibly true. This anarchy is most marked in social science, because there it is most disastrous. There is to this day no general agreement as to what is the constitution of society, the conditions of stability, prosperity, and happiness; we could calculate to a nicety *what* masses of matter must be, at *what* distances to preserve the balance of forces in a planetary system; what statesman could describe with equal accuracy the necessary distribution of the parts of a *social* system—a state? What is the consequence? When everybody knows that something is wrong, nobody knows what is wanted; and we have popular movements with no aims, foolish aims, and conflicting aims; and great revolutions, like the French, seeking to embody a high-sounding dogma, like the doctrine of equality, which nobody knew to be false till experience proved it. Now, if there had been fixed principles from which to reason, logic would have done for the French what suffering did actually—would have proved the doctrine ridiculous. What is wanted, then, is a social science. Social phenomena must be studied in the same way as other phenomena; and then we shall have established truth, known laws, fixed principles, to guide us in organizing society. What, then, is the method which promises these glorious results? It is the Positive method. 'The human mind has a fixed progress, and passes through three stages—the theological, or fictitious; the metaphysical, or abstract; and the scientific, or positive.' In other words, 'the human mind, by its nature, employs in its progress three methods of philosophising. Hence arise three philosophies, or *general systems of conceptions of the aggregate of phenomena*, each of which excludes the others. The first is the necessary point of departure of the human understanding; and the third its fixed and definitive state. The second is merely a state of transi-

tion. In the Theological state, the human mind, seeking the essential nature of beings, the first and final causes (origin and purpose) of all effects—in short, absolute knowledge—supposes all phenomena to be produced by the immediate action of supernatural beings.

‘In the Metaphysical state, which is only a modification of the first, the mind supposes, instead of supernatural beings, abstract forces, veritable entities (that is, personified abstractions), inherent in all beings, and capable of producing all phenomena. What is called the explanation of phenomena is, at this stage, a mere reference of each to its proper entity.

‘In the final, the Positive state, the mind has given over the vain search after absolute notions, the origin and destination of the universe, and the cause of phenomena, and applies itself to the study of their laws, that is, their invariable relations of succession and resemblance. Reasoning and observation, duly combined, are the means of this method. What is now understood when we speak of an explanation of facts, is simply the establishment of a connexion between single phenomena and some general facts, the number of which continually diminishes with the progress of science.’

This is Comte's own exposition of the LAW OF DEVELOPMENT. In further explication of the character of the Positive Philosophy, he says, ‘As we have seen, the first characteristic of the Positive Philosophy is that it regards all phenomena as subject to invariable, natural laws. Our business is, seeing how vain is any research into what are called *causes*, whether first or final—to pursue an accurate discovery of these Laws, with a view to reducing them to the smallest possible number. By speculating upon causes, we could solve no difficulty about origin and purpose. Our real business is to analyze accurately the real circumstances of phenomena, and to connect them by the natural relations of succession and resemblance. The best illustration of this is in the case of the doctrine of Gravitation. We saw that the general phenomena of the universe are *explained* by it, because it connects under one head the whole immense variety of astronomical facts; exhibiting the constant tendency of atoms towards each other, in direct proportion to their masses, and in inverse proportion to the squares of their distances; whilst the general fact itself is a mere extension of one which is perfectly familiar to us, and which we therefore say that we know—the weight of bodies on the surface of the earth. As to what weight and attraction are, we have nothing to do with that, for it is not a matter of knowledge at all. Theologians and metaphysicians may imagine and refine about such questions; but Positive philosophy rejects them.’

This, then, is the Positive method.

The two earlier stages of this development require a little additional illustration, in which it will be impossible for us any longer to separate criticism from exposition.

‘The first questions suggested to men by outward phenomena were, *whence and why* are these appearances? And the answer was one which had its birth in the imagination solely, that they had a super-

natural origin, that there were gods! This superstition gradually assumed a less objectionable form, the doctrine of Providence, an all-controlling Personal Will; men explained the origin of all phenomena by some imaginary fiat of His. These questions and answers held a place in scientific inquiry, as well as popular thought; this was the first kind of knowledge about phenomena which scientific men sought; in proof, we need only refer to the first Greek physicists. Long after, when scientific men were rightly engaged in the observation of phenomena, if ever the law which ruled them lay out of sight, these old theological tendencies revived, and the facts were explained by the will of God.' So should we describe the theological tendency, if we were Positivists.

The Metaphysical stage is the next which every branch of knowledge has to pass through, and is difficult of illustration, except from social science. Still asking the old questions, men cease to be satisfied with theological answers. It is no longer God that does every thing; all material forces are viewed as fractions of one vast whole of power, an ideal unity, Nature, which was *supposed to act on certain abstract principles*, discoverable by man.

It is tolerably plain why the first stage is called Theological, upon reading that short statement of the Law of Development which we have quoted; but why the second is called the Metaphysical, after a great deal more reading, is still intolerably obscure. We have carefully chosen the words of our own description, as gathering up the sense of several isolated statements, and establishing a sort of link between the name and the thing (which we were very anxious to establish, for of course M. Comte does not confer epithets without reason, or from reasons of prejudice). And then we are inclined to ask, half-doubtingly, whether, if this is the correct meaning of the term, the Physical Sciences really did pass through this stage, unless the explanation of the fact that water will not rise above the height of thirty feet, by the supposition that 'Nature abhors a vacuum' (a very abstract principle, capable of indefinite applications to the phenomena of hunger, for instance), is a case in point. But social science is no doubt in the Metaphysical stage still, if a vicious dogmatical habit of framing theories and casting them into an abstract form, as though universally and necessarily true, is metaphysical. Of this we have already given an instance, in alluding to the French Revolution.

This, then, is the celebrated Law of Development. And before quitting it, which we shall do without touching the many statements in it to which we demur or object, let us guard our readers against an error into which a transatlantic critic of considerable ability has fallen. These *stages* are not periods in the history of mankind, in which *all* minds are simultaneously in a theological or metaphysical state in regard to all subjects; but periods in the development of each science, in its progress reflecting these tendencies successively, so that the same mind may be in one stage in respect to one science, and in another in another. For instance, M. Comte would say, you are all in the Positive state in Natural Philosophy, in the Metaphysical in

Sociology. That is to say, Natural Philosophy is in its Positive stage, Sociology in its Metaphysical. It will be seen, then, that under the name Positive Philosophy is offered to us a body of doctrines on more subjects than one. In the Law of Development and its evidences, we have its own peculiar History of Science, which furnishes a foundation for a certain Doctrine of Method, and of the Limits of Human Knowledge. For let us take notice first, that the task which M. Comte supposes himself to have accomplished by the installation of the Positive method, is that which Aristotle and Bacon attempted, to determine the Organon or instrument of human knowledge—in other words, the method or way in which we must inquire in order to know: and secondly, that in accomplishing this task, he accomplishes another also, in determining the Method, he fixes the Limits of human knowledge. For the method is made to prescribe the limits; he narrows the sphere of knowledge to those objects to which the method is applicable; and restricts all inquiry to its use. Bacon—the first teacher of the Inductive or Positive method—did not perceive the magnitude of his own achievement, did not perceive that he had assigned the bounds, as well as the path of inquiry. This glory was reserved for M. Comte; the Positive Philosophy is a ‘development’ of the Inductive Method, as he truly says; a real development in so far as it consists, in extending its application beyond its present field of action—physical, to social phenomena. But is it to ‘develop’ the Inductive method to render it exclusive, and thus to make it solve a problem upon which, in the hands of Bacon, it had no bearings—not the problem *how*, but the problem *how much*, can I know? Then, out of the method, or contemporaneously with it, arises the Philosophy, the ‘general system of conceptions on the aggregate of phenomena,’ what we may venture to call, Theory of the Universe.

We shall not deal with it as a History of Science, further than to dispute the validity of an inference drawn from it, with respect to Theology and Metaphysics. We shall admit its truth as a doctrine of scientific method. But we shall offer some objections to it, (1) as a doctrine of the Limits of Knowledge, on the ground that by recognising the Positive Method exclusively, it denies the validity of an equally valid, though less distinct mode of knowing—Faith; (2) as a Philosophy, in its bearings upon man, that is, as a Theory of human Life, on the ground that it forgets the individual in the race, Humanity, in man; and (3) as a Philosophy in M. Comte's own sense, on the ground that it excludes Will, human and Divine, from its scheme of the Universe.

We have said we shall not criticise the Law of Development, only dispute an inference drawn from it.

If it is true, argues M. Comte, as it no doubt is, that human history is the history of progress; and if the progress of science is from the Theological to the Metaphysical, from the Metaphysical to the Positive method, a strong presumption against theology and metaphysics is undoubtedly established; it would seem that they are things of the past, playthings of untutored minds, what bows and arrows are to Minie rifles.



Now, of course, the objection we have already taken to the statement, that the methods which are superseded by the Positive are very remotely connected with theology and metaphysics, if well founded, would invalidate this inference at once. But waiving this, it has always seemed to us that it need not be admitted for another reason. Admitting even that the methods which he has decorated with their names have an intimate connexion with these sciences; and that in the history of each science they invariably find a place, and are as invariably superseded by the Positive method; admitting all this, what is hereby proved? That *in science* these methods are false; that it is idle and useless to ask *whence* and *why* of each class of phenomena, as it comes under our notice. That is all; and if these inquiries afterwards detach themselves from phenomena, and, so far from expiring claim a distinct province, and exert an independent activity, in a word, give themselves out as separate sciences, nothing at all is proved as to the justice of their new pretensions. They may, or they may not, have objects of their own, to which they *are* applicable, and the Positive method is *not*. So that the truth of the Law of Development (which we are far from granting) does not by any means discredit the scientific character of theology and metaphysics. This is by no means a path along which Positivism can advance to the destruction of these sciences; and so strong did we feel this, that we ventured to commence our exposition from a different, and what we believe to be its strongest, point.

I. We started by laying stress on the *certainly* of that body of knowledge which is called Natural Science, that is, of the results, thus far, of the Positive method. Of these results only is it possible to say, 'I *know*.' But we *believe* a great many things; that is to say, we have a kind of knowledge, which we call *Faith*, of other things, not phenomena, in fact, of real existences. Now as we have had occasion to remark before, the Positive method constitutes itself exclusive; solves the problem of the limits of knowledge by declaring them co-extensive with the bounds of its own activity; treats the objects of faith—entities, as inaccessible to man; and excludes those inquiries which are occupied about them, as the most superficial view of theology and metaphysics shows them to be, from the field of science.

Have we other than Positive knowledge? is the question at issue.

And if we state it a little differently, it will be seen to be a very old and oft-debated question, which Positivism is by its very nature precluded from even trying to solve. It really amounts to this, Can we know other than phenomena? It is the old metaphysical discussion about relative and absolute knowledge. Now a metaphysical argument might, in our opinion, settle the question one way or the other. Those who have hitherto taken the same view as M. Comte have used such a one; they have made the question take this form, Do we know more than our senses tell us? and have supported the answer in the negative, by resolving all states of consciousness ultimately into impressions made upon the senses. But the Positivist will not even entertain the question in this shape; it is unconnected with the study of phenomena; it is metaphysical; he will have none of it.

In his hands it takes a wholly different shape. It is a question of fact, not of capacity. He puts it thus, not what *can* we know, but, What *do* we know? This question he thinks he can answer; and his answer is, We *do know* phenomena; we don't *know*, we only believe something about, real existences.

The 'cautious and moderate' spirit of his philosophy preserves the Positivist from either assuming or seeking to prove the assertion of the Materialist, that all real existences are included in nature; that nothing is excluded; and that besides natural phenomena there is nothing for us to know. He will not take the responsibility of defending a position so bold, conspicuous, and easily assailable. He asserts that if there are real existences beside, we do not *know* them, phenomena are all we know. But let us see if this 'cautious and moderate' philosophy is not guilty of audacious assumptions. We grant the assertion; there is this difference between knowledge and faith; knowledge is clear, distinct, and always capable of receiving scientific co-ordination; beliefs are dim, hazy, and often inflexible under the hands of the logic that would reduce them to system. But what is the inference sought to be drawn from, or rather what is the assumption which accompanies, this proposition? That knowledge is veracious, and faith is deceptive! In other words, if the Positivist holds an argument against faith, and does not simply assert his personal predilection for the study of phenomena as the ground of his scorn for it, the argument amounts to this; *because* we know, we must not believe; *because* knowledge is true, faith is false. In short, Positivism, without reason assigned, treats as fallacious, and condemns to inactivity, a whole class of faculties, ideas, and sentiments. We find in the common consciousness of man, universal, necessary, and indestructible beliefs about God and a future life—beliefs in harmony with, and explanatory of, the facts of our moral life, the sense of duty, the feeling of self-reproach; and we feel that as in sense and sight we are cognisant of material things, so in these experiences we have apprehensions of real, spiritual, beings and facts, and speak of our power of having them as intuition, reason, 'the inward, spiritual eye for the absolute and eternal. We do not compare them to knowledge in definiteness and certainty; but they have their own *pro tanto* worth. The Positivist may deny that he possesses them—he only professes himself an exception in humanity; and stands in the same relation to the believer as does the Idealist, who denies the material reality of natural phenomena, to him; or he may deny their validity, and then he denies the validity of positive knowledge also; for if consciousness is false in one department, why not in another; if the Reason is deceptive, why not the Understanding also?

The theologian and metaphysician may answer the question, Have we other than positive knowledge? jointly in the words of Tennyson,

'We have but faith, we cannot know;  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
But yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness. Let it grow.'

The theologian might answer more daringly with the paradox, that

faith is more certain than knowledge. Granting that theology can never attain the formality, clearness, and precision of positive science, the faith of each individual man contains convictions which surpass the conclusions of science in certainty; and when the Positivist invokes the religious man to abandon his belief, and enter on the rich harvest of certainties which the Positive method has reaped, he may justly reply that he believes with more assurance than the other knows. Assertion for assertion—boast for boast—such is the strife between the Positivist and the believer. Neither has a right to erect a trophy, because they can simply make demonstrations against each other, there being no common ground on which they can meet in logical battle.

We might drag every poet and philosopher with whose writings we are acquainted into the field to bear testimony to the validity of Faith, '*Non est homini gloriandum de sapientiâ, nec debet aliquis magnificare et extollere quæ scit. Pauca enim et vilia respectu eorum, quæ non intelligit sed CREDIT,*' said Roger Bacon. And yet more to the purpose are the lines of Tennyson—

'Who loves not knowledge? who shall rail  
Against her beauty? May she mix  
With men and prosper? Who shall fix  
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

Half grown as yet, a child and vain,  
She cannot fight the fear of death.  
What is she cut from love and faith,  
But some wild Pallas from the brain  
Of Demons? fiery hot to burst  
All barriers in her onward race  
For power. Let her know her place;  
She is the second, not the first.'

II. But this narrow estimate of the compass of Knowledge has its origin in the second defect of Positivism, its false Theory of Human Life. It neglects the Individual for the sake of Society, Humanity for the sake of man. It regards the development of the race, the accomplishment of those purposes which serve society, and can be effected only by social action, physical happiness, social order, as the proper end and aim of each individual life. But, in the words of M. Roger Collard,\* '*Human Societies are born, live, and die upon the earth; it is there their destinies are accomplished. . . . But they contain not the whole man. After he has engaged himself to society, there remains to him the noblest part of himself, those high faculties by which he elevates himself to God, to a future life, to unknown felicity in an invisible world. . . . We, persons individual and identical, veritable beings endowed with immortality, we have a different destiny from that of states.*' Society advances by Knowledge, by Science; the Individual lives by Faith, by Speculation. A Creed, beliefs about God, Duty, Immortality, Sin, Redemption, are necessities

\* Quoted by M. Guizot, '*History of Civilization.*' Lecture I.

to him. And Positivism slights Faith, and prohibits Speculation, because it is indifferent to the Individual, his wants, his interests, his happiness. But if the prohibition were wise, it would be unavailing.

So long as life is mysterious, men will not cease to wonder, to speculate, to believe. And will it ever cease to be mysterious? When positive science is complete—when the most secret laws of nature are all numbered, and her most subtle influences turned to human uses—when all phenomena stand out clear, distinct, and marshalled in their order in the dazzling sunlight of science—will there be nothing more that man desires to know yet hidden from him? At noon, with the bright sun overhead, rock and hill and tree cut out against a blue sky, did you never long for evening, its twilight obscurity, and dim, remote, isolated stars? And so also, amid the light of science, the spirit is dissatisfied still. We long to lift the veil of phenomena, and learn something of the forces which work in them. We cannot help asking, Are they real? and, Do we know them truly, after all? And ourselves? Man is the perennial mystery to man. The purpose of his own existence—*what* he is here to be and do—and *why* he is here to suffer;—will science ever compensate him for not knowing these things? You tell us they are mysteries, and reproach us with idle curiosity for seeking to penetrate them. Ah! it is not their mysteriousness that draws us towards them: those things which we know least are those which concern us most. In the sunlight, or positive knowledge, we rejoice; but in the twilight only, in the region of dim, vague persuasion—in faith can we rest. We must have religious belief, or we should die. Life would seem a long, dark tragedy, and death its most welcome close, if we had knowledge only; for we *know* that we come here to toil, and sin, and suffer. We do not know, we only believe, that it is not simply for the sake of toiling, suffering, and sinning.

And while we say so we are not devoid of sympathy with M. Comte's profound sense that the individual is a fragment of a vast whole—that the development of the race is the grand end for which individual men are born and die—and that the fact that we, by thought and labour, can help it on, discloses to us the purpose of existence, and consoles us for all that we suffer. We admit the inexplicable grandeur of even the Positivist's narrow vision of human progress—progress towards a perfect dominion over nature, and perfection in the material elements of civilization; for we suspect that the conquest of nature has some other end than the exercise of human strength and ingenuity—that it has a worth and value of its own unrevealed to man. And there is an intoxicating sweetness in the proud thought of having greatly furthered that progress—of being eternally remembered as the man who gave it a right direction and a mighty stimulus, which might almost console one for the absence of hopes of immortality, render him content with this life, and happy in thinking that the purpose and the reward of his labours are *here*. But tell this to earth's poor, tired, obscure labourers—the owners of the hands that dig the mine and drive the plough—who have never aided the world's progress by

thought, by contrivance—only by undignified and easily-forgotten toil. He will answer you: ‘I am insignificant in all but my power to suffer; my contribution to human advancement is small; my pains are great: is it needful that my little help be purchased at so great a price? Unless I can believe that my life is *mine*—that the world has something to do for me as well as I for it—that in giving me being, *my* happiness and final perfection were in some degree contemplated—I curse the human race. I pray for annihilation on it, if it must complete its course of progress by the misery of millions and millions of obscure, unnoticed human spirits, “martyrs by the pang without the palm.”’ The individual must know why *he* lives, as well as why the race lives. His life is worth something; and as individuals, we do and must hate, despise, and abhor this cold, dreary, pitiless Positivism, which not only leaves the riddle of life unsolved, but forbids us to ask it.

III. We have seen, (1) that Positivism makes light of Faith, because, (2) its theory of Life renders it indifferent to the wants of the Individual. We shall trace the defects of this theory to their origin, if we examine, (3) its Philosophy; for this Philosophy recognises no Spirit, no Will, finds no room for free, self-originated activity anywhere in the Universe. Everyone discerns the presence of fixed, invariable Laws in the phenomena of the material world. But we are in the habit of thinking that their empire does not extend to us; that we are ourselves spiritual forces; that human Wills are free causes, their motives self-elected, their action self-determined. On the other hand, Positivism seems to teach that like material phenomena, all the phenomena of human life, human actions, have their immutable Laws too; that man is involved in the grasp of the compelling forces, which he watches operating in the world without him, with a delusive sense of freedom.

There is no mistake in supposing that the Positive conception of the Universe is exclusive of the Divine Will; that is taught explicitly enough. Can we be mistaken in supposing that it is equally exclusive of the human Will? That while his self-restriction to the affirmation of only what can be learnt from phenomena, forbids the Positivist formally to assert the dominion of Fate, of necessity, it equally forces him to deny altogether the action of Will? We only hesitate because M. Comte's language does not warrant a positive statement. He boldly teaches that political phenomena, the actions of society, are not to be referred to Will, human or divine, but connected with invariable natural laws; and yet (and every other man does the same, whatever may be his theory) he speaks repeatedly of individual private action as if it were free. But if you admit that the multitudinous actions of innumerable human beings, on which political phenomena consist, have fixed laws, which amounts to saying they are necessary; you surely deny that they are free spirits, exercising choice and preference, doing what they will. Or you must take the responsibility of drawing a new distinction between volitions, discriminating them as the free and the forced, those who pertain to

man as an individual, those which pertain to him as a member of Society. —We do not wish to dogmatize on so difficult a subject. It is one which will probably always have two sides, irreconcilable, if not contradictory; the advocate of Freedom will find himself perplexed by the uncontrollable strength of natural disposition, the irresistible force of circumstances, which almost make the word Freedom a mockery; the necessarian by an obstinate sense of responsibility to a moral law, a conscious subjection to ideas of Right, of Duty, which requires him to assume that he is free. But however impossible it may be to frame a consistent doctrine of the Will, we imagine that no one will find it possible to accept this which M. Comte has left his readers to suppose must be his.

For our own parts we think necessarianism either an inseparable part of the Positive Philosophy, or a lawful inference from it; an inseparable part of it, for it is from within, from consciousness, that we derive the conception of Free Will; and Positivism declares the observation of consciousness impossible, restricts us to outward phenomena; our Philosophy is to be a conception based on the aggregate of these phenomena exclusively; will it not then be a conception of the Universe as under the dominion of necessary Forces, which leave no room for Free Will? or a lawful inference from it; for the Positivist, without explicitly denying spirit, takes cognisance of no phenomena but material; thought, feeling, and volition, are to him the play of a material organism; but, does not the idea of Will involve the idea of Spirit? Is not all Force Spiritual Force? Is it not true what Coleridge says, 'whatever originates its own acts, or is in any sense the cause of its own state, must be spirit? Must not then the Positivist in denying Spirit, deny Will?

We do not expect any Positivist to be anywise shocked at having necessarianism brought home to him. True, it is destructive of the authority of conscience, and therefore of natural morality; but his morality has other foundations, and he may accept it without hesitation. Indeed, we believe he does; we believe that it is this disposition of his to regard the Individual as Nature's automaton, the deluded subject of irresistible instincts, which makes the Positivist also regard him as the mere slave of society, and indifferent to those exercises of thought on which his own private development and culture depend. It is not, therefore, for the sake of exhibiting an unanswerable objection to the Positive Philosophy, that we have shown necessity to be its inevitable consequence. The Positive conception of Immutable Law as the sole source of order in the material world has strong fascinations for minds just beginning to reflect; it supplies a basis for that tendency to Atheism, which at some time or other is sure to fasten on speculative youth. It may be useful to some to show that this conception also requires us to confess the supremacy of fixed law in the will of man. Those who in a sickly period of speculation would not shrink from blotting out the Divine Will, are not always prepared for the theoretfical extinction of their own.

We should not fear a contradiction from ordinary people, if we

were to say, that a consistent and thorough-going necessarianism excluded the idea of Will altogether. And we should have expected the necessarianism latent in the Positive Philosophy to furnish the ground for its Atheism. We should have expected the Potitivist to use language of this sort; 'I know nothing but necessary Law; therefore I am not at liberty to conceive of any Almighty Free Will.' Of course if asked, can you conceive of Law except as the originating in some Will? he will object to the question as ultra-phenomenal, that is, metaphysical. But M. Comte founds that positive denial of the Divine Will, to which we have alluded, on the incompatibility of the action of such a Will, with fixed, invariable Laws. He cannot conceive of God acting in and through these Laws,

But the source of M. Comte's difficulty is to be found in a word which he invariably prefixes to the word Will, when speaking of the Divine Will—*arbitrary*. Now, of course, arbitrariness, caprice, and invariableness, are irreconcilable. But is caprice a necessary attribute of will—even of the human will? The nearer it draws to our ideal of perfection, the completer is its freedom from caprice; the weaker the dominion of passion, the stronger that of reason. Well, then, as that which is not a necessary part of any conception must not be imputed to it, M. Comte has no right to speak of the Divine Will as arbitrary. But the fact is, that he will recognise no theology but the Catholic. God is to him a meddling, miracle-working Being, the victim of irrational caprices, putting forth a separate volition for each phenomenon, and quite likely to upset the order of nature to-morrow. He is quite welcome to make war upon such a notion, if it still really exists. His polemic does not reach us. But when he asserts that all the parts of this conception are logically necessary to it—that the Church sacrificed its Theism in admitting the discontinuance of miracles—the humblest and most reverential of his critics will think that prejudice has blinded this great thinker, and betrayed him into a gross and palpable error. If will and law are compatible, where is the impossibility to thought of the fixed, invariable *laws* of the universe being the ordinance of God?

One thing in the English Positivists does surprise us—the stern, unrelenting haste with which they seek to efface the belief in God from men's minds, and their jubilant glee over the fancied performance of the feat. We should have thought that if it was a fiction, it was a grand and beneficent one. It has been of more use to man than to console him under his sorrow, though that is much. We have fancied that the iron chains of necessity which bound us were the grasp of a Father's hand; and even when the iron entered into our souls, have smiled in the face of pitiless Fate, as though it reflected our smile, and with answering looks of love, assured us of a tender purpose we did not comprehend. We have prayed; and the echoes of our own words came back again to us with such harmonious softness, that we mistook them for the voice of God. We have dreamed of a Divine Idea of human life, a holy law of truth, justice and mercy, and rather than depart from it, good men have borne long lives of wretchedness, and braved the fierce pangs of fire. And they, and all who were

not 'haunted with some spectre from the past,' have soothed themselves under sorrow, and fortified themselves against temptation, with visions of a Divine blessedness after death. You tell us it is all a dream; you, who have learnt 'the difficult task of postponing dreams to realities, till the beauty of realities is seen in its full disclosure, while that of dreams melts into darkness?' Show us these beautiful realities! What! will it compensate us for our old dreams, sweet dreams, holy dreams, to know all about the solar system, and the composition of water? Oh! suffer us to dream again! The prisoner slumbers in his cell the night before his execution; he smiles in his sleep, for he is a little child again, loving and beloved, guiltless and uncondemned; the Dawn and Doom are coming, yet in pity wake him not. Let us, too, be dreamers till Death's rude shock awake us!

It will excite some surprise, too, to learn that no apprehensions of the disorganization of social morals, by the removal of belief in God, are entertained by the Positivists. For the moral restraints it exercises they propose to substitute a public morality, which we shall discuss in considering the social philosophy of M. Comte.

On the one hand, we hold with the great Dr. Arnold—'Anything would be better than a national society, formed for no higher than physical ends; to enable men to eat, drink, and live luxuriously; acknowledging no power greater than its own, and, by consequence, no law higher than its own municipal enactments. Let a few generations pass over in such a state, and the missionary who should preach the worship of Ceres, or set up an oracle of Apollo, or teach the people to kindle the eternal fire of Vesta on the common altar hearth of their country, would be to that degraded society as life from the dead.'

We have now accomplished the comparatively modest task we proposed at starting. We have not attempted to refute M. Comte; to do that, the claims of Faith to equal validity with knowledge, must be vindicated by a metaphysical argument. We have sought only to point out some of its chief and most obvious defects of Positivism. We must defer an examination of M. Comte's Sociology, and some more general criticism, till another month.

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### James Montgomery.

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A CENTURY sees many revolutions, and brings many marvels; and each succeeding cycle, as it wings its way to eternity, seems to eclipse all the past in the magnitude and importance of its events. These facts may meet their most palpable and easy proof in a consideration of human advancement in its material forms, in those exponents which indicate the wonderful evolutions of commerce, science, and the arts; but no thoughtful person will doubt that, however great has been the



progress of society in this sphere of effort, the advance made in the *world of mind* has been immeasurably greater. Indeed, the former is but the result of the latter, and the two stand in the simple relation of cause and effect. A retrospect, dating a hundred years from this day, will note the appearance of such a host of great men as no previous age has been permitted to witness. For some grand, and we think discernible, purpose, Deity gave to the world a rich infusion of intellectual vigour, and the period we have named seems to have been chosen as the time when this infusion should be known and felt by humanity. It is a period within the memory of living men—a period rich with the promises of blessing, to be fulfilled in our experience.

Of that glorious band of Nature's noblemen, whose existence was the glory of their country, as their memory is now its richest inheritance, James Montgomery was the last. That band included poets, philosophers, and orators, whose names and works are themselves sufficient for the maintenance of a nation's fame; whose labours have laid the whole world under enormous debt, and raised their own land to an enviable pre-eminence: whose renown shed a brilliant lustre upon a departing century, and imparted unwonted brightness to its successor. What a host they appear as we glance over their names! What a galaxy of sunlike minds have shone in the intellectual heaven! What gigantic orbs have waxed and waned in all their varied light and beauty! There were *Scott, Byron, Wordsworth*, and the poets; *Stewart, Brown, Mackintosh*, and the philosophers; *Jeffery, Smith, Foster*, and the reviewers; *Hall, Chalmers, Burke*, and the orators. And these names suggest a crowd of others which bewilders by its extent and its endless variety. Some, like planets of enormous mould, beamed with a calm unhindered majesty, which made their greatness palpable to every mind; some, like stars whose magnitude we may but guess by the great time it takes to realize their light; some, like moons more near to us, and more beloved, because they did not dazzle or confound, but meekly yielded all their wealth, as we could take it; others, like those wandering worlds which come and flame a moment in the sky, then vanish from the sight, leaving behind a train of wild, mysterious light, which no prismatic power can analyze, no crystal decompose.

But all have vanished from the clear blue vault in which they wandered for a time; one by one they have passed across the firmament, and sunk beneath that dread horizon, toward which all beings look. Of this host the last has lately left us. After a long, chequered, but still an honoured life, James Montgomery has departed. His death will be regarded by feelings as numberless and varied as the tones of mind which now characterise the thinking world; but it is not too much to affirm that Montgomery's decease will awaken sympathies as broad and deep as that of any of his contemporaries. In one sphere of life, often inaccessible to the poet's influence—a sphere untrod by Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, and such men, Montgomery's name will be remembered in grateful love; we mean that well-defended and much-cared-for region where dwells the 'religious world.'

Our poet was intimately connected with this section of the com-

munity, and (unlike his brethren of the lyre) *lived out*, in honest and consistent action, the grand truths of his faith—truths he so often clothed in noble song. We have a still nearer relationship to James Montgomery. He was a *Dissenter*, and a conscientious *Reformer*; and when it is remembered how little worldly honour fell to the lot of such a poet—how far he was removed from the chances of temporal preferment—at how small a price he was rated by those who had power, fame, and emolument at command, few will refuse a generous guerdon to the man who, in the great cause of human freedom,

‘Distilled his soul into a song, and died.’

The year 1771, remarkable as the year in which Sir Walter Scott first saw the light, gave birth also to James Montgomery. During the year immediately preceding William Wordsworth was born. The subject of our brief sketch entered the world at Irvine, in Ayrshire, a county which also claimed Robert Burns, who, at the date named, would be about twelve years of age. Montgomery's parents were worthy Christian people, attached to the Moravian body; and early in the life of their son James, left this country for the West Indies, in the capacity of missionaries, in the service of the society to which they were united by Christian fellowship. The boy was left behind at a Moravian school, established at Fulneck, in Yorkshire; but, not long after the departure of his parents, he learned their irreparable loss, as both died in the island to which they had gone. At the Yorkshire village he received the benefits of a general education, perhaps on a more generous scale than is usually afforded to boys of his rank and prospects; a fact which may be attributed to the desire entertained by those who superintended his education, to train him for the Moravian ministry. The distinctive traits of his character soon manifested themselves, and the bias of his mind was easy to be read. During the ten years he remained at Fulneck, he availed himself of every opportunity to indulge in the pleasures of reading, and greedily sought works of an imaginative kind. We are informed that this kind of literature was not only very scarce at the Fulneck school, but designedly kept from the youthful student, as likely to disturb the ‘even tenor’ of a mind whose future avocations should be found in the peaceful duties of a Moravian clergyman. In secrecy and in solitude, however, the embryo poet drank the ambrosial nectar, and drew from external sources the vital air which nourishes the ‘sons of song.’ The purpose to make him a minister was foiled by his own vehement objection to such a settlement in life; and subsequent attempts to place him in the woollen business failed from his insuperable dislike to such kind of occupation. In his secret heart he had laid out plans for the future, and marked the road which would lead to their ultimate execution, so that, whatever others suggested *not* in accordance with his preconceived notions, was only borne till it could be violently removed. That he was not an idler is evident from all his after life. What he desired was a business suitable to his tastes and inclinations, and that *he saw* what was desirable in his own case, is proved by his absconding twice from his masters in trade, the second time escaping to London, carrying with him a quantity of MS. poems,

with which he introduced himself to Mr. Harrison, of Paternoster-row. Montgomery was an early scribbler, as most of our poets, both great and small, have been. The 'fire celestial' burns in souls of tender age, and when enkindled, flames fiercely on in spite of every obstacle. Poet-like, too, he seems to have had a careless disregard of external circumstances. That awful reality, the future, which looms so terribly before humanity, in its worldly sense, seems to have little influence upon the poetic race. Most of them care nothing even about what decent and ordinary mortals call 'prudential arrangements'—they are the children of the world, and claim a right of orphanage it is hard to resist. With a fixed, upward gaze, they eye the beacon that allures them on, forgetful of all else. Or, perhaps it is more true to say, that with a simple but most mighty faith, they trust God and their brethren, while they pursue a 'dim and perilous way.' Montgomery early betrayed a phase of character, which, if not analogous to this, effectually stamped him as an isolated being, whose path in life would be like that of the bird which 'sweeps the skies with lonely wing.' He betrayed no small amount of self-will in his choice of a profession, at the same time he gave evidence of self-reliance sufficient to surmount every obstacle. Having reached London—London, still the '*El Dorado*' of all youthful hopes, and most truly so of all young poetic aspirants—he settled down to business as clerk to Mr. Harrison, but remained only eight months, after which he returned to Sheffield, where, at the age of twenty-one, he became connected with the newspaper press. From this moment his real history may be said to date. Under the editorship of Mr. Gales, he worked on the '*Sheffield Register*,' a liberal paper, and one of the few vehicles for disseminating reform principles through the country. The conductor of the '*Register*' had no easy post; his business brought both danger and opposition. The period of which we speak was no halcyon time of toleration and liberal rule; quite the reverse. The voice of freedom was the note of sedition; to utter it was to conspire against the Government; and to publish radical principles, radical views, or radical advice, was to bring down vengeance from the powers above. Mr. Gales did all these dangerous things, and became a martyr as a matter of course. He was marked by the Government, as many a good man has been, for speaking his honest sentiments regardless of the law—was obliged to leave the country to avoid imprisonment—and his paper fell to the management of young Montgomery. Now commenced our poet's difficulties. As a worthy follower of a worthy master, he emulated the zeal and honesty of his predecessor, and entered upon the troubles, embarrassments, and disappointments of thirty long years of editorial life. His paper, under the new name of the '*Sheffield Iris*,' took higher ground, and a more permanent position. It bore the marks of increased energy, and of ten-fold greater talent; no wonder, then, that it again became the victim of legal despotism. In 1795 the youthful editor was seized by the 'strong arm of the law,' and imprisoned in York Castle. Three months' incarceration expiated the grave offence of printing at his office some verses commemorating

the 'destruction of the Bastille.' Next year a second imprisonment followed, intended to crush the spirit and silence the voice of the Reformer. The report of a riot in Sheffield, printed in the 'Iris,' was the cause of this severe treatment; and his political opponents rejoiced in a second time placing Montgomery in the category of convicted criminals. But these were the birth-days of liberty; the times when, amidst many a bitter pang and many a wounded heart, the basis was laid for a firm superstructure of popular freedom and social improvement. Montgomery suffered the penalty always attached, in those 'enlightened days,' to manly consistency of conduct in the people's cause; and in after years he had his reward. By some it is thought that after his second conviction, a calmer and more reasonable tone is to be seen in his writings; while, on the part of his enemies, a more considerate and conciliatory manner is to be observed. However this may be, we know that, out of the crucible of political torture, emerged the poet who should command applause wherever his voice should reach. Following the bent of his inclinations, he gradually withdrew from the acrimony and excitement of politics to the cultivation of his imagination, and in the course of time gave to the world those poems which were the great solicitude of his life, and the basis of his future fame. It is not to be inferred that he ceased to take an active interest in matters which had ever received his hearty sympathy and aid. To the end of life he wrought, and wrote, and spoke for every good cause within the reach of his influence; and his patient advocacy of popular rights, when there were few to recognise or appreciate them, won for him enduring esteem and abundant honour. His industry placed him above the fear of want; and he is one of the few examples of high poetic development, linked with manly and courageous attention to honest and necessary labour. In this respect he may be held up to the imitation of rising genius, which may be disposed to despise the associations of ordinary business, and to scorn the necessities of daily toil. The close of Montgomery's life was peaceful and happy, as such a man's should be. Royalty, which once had frowned, in better times smiled upon its noble subject, and added to the comforts of declining age, by increasing the means which procure them.

The poet died where he had so long lived and laboured, and where, too, he had endeared himself to the whole population. Montgomery became one of the household thoughts of his adopted town, and at his death the people mourned as with the lamentation of one family.

Few events are so solemn, and yet so tenderly affecting, as the departure of such a man to that land of spirits to which we have been accustomed to suppose him closely bound by incomprehensible ties. When that poet, too, has earned for himself the holiest sympathies of our nature by his consistent and godly conduct, his death adds a shade of sadness to our imaginings, closely allied to melancholy itself. He is a light extinguished—an influence removed—an example lost—a portion of the world's good leaven abstracted from the unfermented mass—a piece of gold lost from that hoard with which humanity must

buy its future store of peace, and truth, and love. Who, then, shall sing his requiem? What shall be his epitaph?

‘They do not err  
Who say, that, when the poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies.  
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,  
For the departed bard make moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil.  
Through his lov’d groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.’

And truly ought a universal grief to follow James Montgomery to the tomb, for his great-hearted philanthropy knew neither kind nor class in its active love, but embraced every rank, colour, and condition of men. His life was a perpetual proof of the correctness of this high estimate of his character, and his works, which we purpose now to notice, add the strongest corroborative testimony. ‘He being dead, yet speaketh;’ and the voice has the old tone, its song the old burden, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men.’

The works which constitute Montgomery’s contribution to the literature of the age, include a number of small miscellaneous compositions, with the following larger and more laboured poems:—‘The Wanderer in Switzerland;’ ‘The World before the Flood;’ ‘The Pelican Island;’ ‘Greenland;’ and ‘The West Indies.’ All these have so often received special and critical notice, that we need not dwell on their individual merits, but may pass to such general remarks as we think are called for in a fair estimate of their value. From the works just enumerated, Montgomery can lay no claim to be placed on the front rank of English bards. Byron is greatly his superior in vigour and pathos; Scott in descriptive power and variety; Shelley in intellectual resources and subtle thought; Campbell in declamatory eloquence and stirring appeal; Moore in lyrical lightness and beauty of illustration. Of these he comes nearest to Campbell in the kind and quality of his poetry. He wrote at a time when the great necessity of the national mind was powerful and passionate appeal; and we find his poems full of this kind of effort. He writes as one using a tongue of fire, whose spiritual power should wake the dormant embers of the nation’s heart, and warm it into fierce vitality. If he were not a poet, we should call him an ‘agitator,’ one who set himself to help the issue of great questions, then and now, slowly progressing towards solution. And his heart was in the work; his natural longings were for action in the struggles of men for greater liberty and knowledge. Under such external influences, and with such internal prompting, his life takes a certain aspect, and his poems wear a distinct and intelligible character, of which their *manner* is but the suitable, and, we may say, the inevitable embodiment. To a man like Montgomery, Scott’s romantic tone was as ‘sounding brass;’ Shelley’s graceful refinement

a 'tinkling cymbal;' Moore's facility of figure-making a useless accomplishment. Byron's intense power, and Campbell's motive energy, were to him worth all; and if he did not equal these great masters, he combined their respective excellences in no mean degree. Montgomery's failure, however, was the absence of continual and sustaining force. A long, complete poem was beyond his reach, and is beyond the reach indeed of all but the highest genius. We are inclined to think, too, that his caste of mind was unsuited to the production of either dramatic or sustained narrative poetry. Impulsive in a high degree, he would lack that lasting exaltation of thought which marks the master-poems of our tongue, and without which a large work cannot be successfully undertaken. We should expect from such a mind the expression of high poetical thought at seasons of excitement, when the mind of the poet was pregnant with some grand idea struggling for utterance, and taxing every power for fit embodiment in words. Such we believe to have been the case, and we find accordingly that Montgomery's minor poems are rich in verses, which have long endeared themselves to the memory. In these effusions he substantiates a claim to equality with the first, as he proves himself to be one of the most genuine poets. Poems such as 'The Common Lot,' 'The Grave,' and some others, long well known to every reader, betray the true poetic instinct, and touch those hidden chords of sympathy which vibrate through the universal heart of man. Moreover, these compositions are all the produce of a truly religious, as well as poetic mind, and bear the hallowing stamp of Christian genius. In our view, therefore, their value is infinitely enhanced, and they belong to that small number of such lyrics as are peculiarly the literary treasures of the Christian Church. We are almost tempted to digress here into some melancholy thoughts upon the low value set upon literature, as an object of human study, by Christians of the present day. But surely, if a Christian man be a noble object of imitation, what shall we say of the Christian poet? The teacher of religion may be a valued member of the community; the Christian orator may be an honoured instrument of mighty good; the Christian statesman may be a 'city set on a hill,' to which all men may look with admiring eyes; but the Christian poet is the being of all others whose character is the most sacred—whose influence is the most holy, the most enduring—whose name and fame are worthy the emulation of even angels themselves. The works of these men should be sacred in our eyes.

It is almost a piece of supererogation to speak critically of Montgomery's style or mode of writing. This has been done repeatedly by abler pens. In 1806 the 'Edinburgh Review,' in that censorious spirit which at the time pervaded its pages, depreciated 'The Wanderer in Switzerland,' and sneered at the author. As in other cases, neither the work nor the writer suffered from the treatment, but both have lived to contradict the ill-natured critic. Byron, at the same time, spoke of Montgomery as a man of 'considerable genius,' and is known to have had a high opinion of his merits as a poet. This is no slight

thing, for Byron was keenly alive to literary blemishes, and spared no writer whom he thought open to faults in style. After reading Montgomery's poems, no one will fail to be delighted with the harmonious wording of his lines, and the general excellence of his diction. Indeed, something of more importance is often sacrificed in his poems to mere sound, and he is open to the charge of verbosity where it could have been easily avoided. In his day, declamation had a greater value than it now has, or is likely again to possess. Southey, Campbell, Cowper, Pollok, Young, all are liable to the same charge of occasional bombast, induced, indeed, by the kind of subject then most acceptable, but still a serious objection. Earnestness is a feature of Montgomery's poetry, for which we cannot give him too much praise; but in some instances it has carried him too far, and produced an unpleasant suspicion of exaggeration. This may be readily excused when we consider the *man*; as a *poet*, however, he is bound to restrain his passionate utterances within that line, across which others may not venture. Such transgressions are few, and only to be found in the larger poems; in the short pieces, which will most effectively sustain his fame, the most fastidious critic will find little to jar upon the ear, or to offend the taste. Montgomery's prose works do not, in our opinion, come up to the standard we might expect them to reach. Many of them (as his newspaper contributions for example) are beyond the pale of present criticism. His 'Lectures on Poetry,' however, delivered in 1830-1, at the Royal Institution, remain as specimens of his finished composition. The subject is one on which any man might be eloquent, a poet especially so; and Montgomery has said many noble and wise things in these lectures. But on the whole they are very unsatisfactory, and perhaps their greatest fault is a want of continuity, apparent in every paragraph. There is a homeliness in their style exceedingly pleasing, but scarcely suitable to the matter in hand; and there is a want of elegance and finish, which in such essays is an unpardonable fault. On these 'Lectures' we lay no stress, but note them as a portion of the poet's literary labours. They serve to illustrate his desire to embrace every opportunity of popularizing knowledge, and extending a taste for what is excellent in itself; and it is a very commendable feature in this poet's character, that he did not refuse to speak, or lecture, or teach, whenever a prospect of doing good was opened before him. The influence of Montgomery's life and works will be strongly felt amongst that large class which depends on others for authority and support in its philanthropic efforts. It will not, however, touch the intellect, or mould the views, of any. His *forte* lay in reaching the heart, not in conquering the mind—in drawing by the voice of sympathetic song, not in controlling the judgment or satisfying the reason. Thus, he is not an original man; he founded no school—laid down no precedent in poetic experience. He will have no imitators, but many admirers; no scholars, but many listeners; and in the office he filled, few men will claim to have exercised a more genial sway, or to have accomplished greater results. The matter and manner of the poetry now required are not those of Montgomery's day. Another style has

been introduced ; another tone has been awakened. The necessities of our intellectual progress have evoked new spirits with new songs in their mouths, whose words harmonize with the maturity of thought the age has attained. Science, philosophy, and the arts, are all bringing to the great store-house intellectual wealth, which must be reproduced by the poet in forms and notes of infinite variety. We want no longer poems which shall merely incite to actions, be they noble as a hero's, but we now require the poet to stand on a pinnacle near to heaven—to cast a keen and prescient glance upon the system of the universe as it lies revealed beneath the eye of God—to read the hitherto illegible hieroglyphs of the past—the confused and noisy clamour of the present—the unknown secrets of the future ; and having done these daring deeds, we demand that he shall render to us his account in thoughts, rich in every grace of imaginative skill, and in words, each one of which shall hold a world of meaning.

## The Rulers of the Primitive Church.

### LATER CYCLE.

#### CALLISTUS, PRELATE OF ROME.

OUR readers have now had time to ruminate upon the portentous document presented to them in our April number (pp. 220—225), and purporting to be an original letter from Clement of Rome to James, the Lord's brother. So far as we are aware, it has never appeared in an English dress before ; and happy would it have been for our island had the detestable principles and ideas which it embodies never been wafted from the Italian peninsula to our shores. It is no obscure prophecy of the entire mediæval theocracy. It is a magic mirror, in which we see the faces of all the great masters of priestcraft. The Egyptian sorcerers who showed Mr. Lane the features of Napoleon reflected in a drop of ink, are outdone by the Clementine magician. *His* drop of ink conjures up visions of *future* historical personages, whose hour was not to strike until centuries after it was shed. We see Leo with his foot upon the neck of Hilary and the Gallican church ; and Gregory yoking the nascent Christianity of England to the Papal car. The forms of Hildebrand and Innocent III. sit before us as we gaze, nor are Dominic and Torquemada wanting. For are we not told to 'hear the successor of Peter, as knowing that whoever shall grieve the presiding oracle of truth, sins against Christ, and provokes the Father of all to anger ?' And is it not added concerning every such rebel against the authority of Peter's chair, 'WHEREFORE HE SHALL NOT LIVE ?' No inquisitor ever said more, and the fires of Smithfield were only a particularly luminous commentary upon the words. In the magic mirror we already see the familiar of the Holy



Office kindling the faggots, and gloating over the agonies of the victims of priestly wrath.

Let no man pretend to any knowledge of the history of hierarchy who has not well thumbed this astounding forgery. Talk of the fabricated Decretals, and their influence upon the destinies of the world! That bungling piece of patchwork, the essay of some sorry journeyman, is not worthy of being named by the side of the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Clementine artist, not to speak of its being some six or seven centuries less ancient. Here we have the original, conceived in the highest style of true Italian genius, of which the wretched daub of the stupid Frankish monk is the feeblest imitation possible. With a few effective strokes the hand of the master has succeeded in fixing on his canvass a creative thought of deep and lasting significance. This is the ideal to which directly or mediately all subsequent inspirations of the art of priestly domination may most certainly be traced back. He who has studied this unique production with the attention which it deserves, has mastered the *arcana* of the science of ecclesiastical despotism. He has reached the fountain-head whence the stream bursts forth, which is Prelacy or Popery according as its banks contract or expand. Or, to change the figure, he has found the tap-root of the deadly upas, the trunk of which is the Papal monarchy, and every branch a diocese. He needs go no farther in his search after the Bible of priestcraft. In the very superscription we have a pope *in petto*, and from the apotheosis of Peter, which immediately follows, down to the apostle's actual enthronization of his successor, the epistle teems with the most useful hints, as to how the prelate of Rome is to emerge from the chrysalis state into the universal pontiff. Is he not already made the Vicar of Christ; whose chair he is said to occupy? And is he not taught to maintain himself in this sublime seat, by training all Christendom to hate to the death every man who falls beneath his displeasure, without even waiting for his sentence of proscription? We may well be shocked at this association of the throne of Him 'whose blood speaketh better things than that of Abel,' with so Cainish a maxim. But hierarchical Rome knew of no other way of upholding an empire than the *divide et impera* of her heathen prototype, and accordingly the history of priestcraft presents in every page instances of the same monstrous combination. The absolute power of binding and loosing which Peter delegates to Clement, was of course indispensable to enable the spiritual despot thus to marshal his legions of slaves against isolated rebels.

Most truly may the Clementines be said to constitute an epoch in the history of the Christian polity. Behind them are the simplicity and power and freedom of apostolic institutions; before them the rise, progress, and culmination of sacerdotal tyranny. That the monarchical regimen was utterly foreign to the primeval times, that Peter set up no prelatial chair at Rome, and that Clement never sat in one, the Clementine forgery, and the Ignatian imposture no less, afford most stringent proof. For what need was there for the fabrication of this hierarchical New Testament if the other would serve the turn? Had

there been honest testimony extant that Peter had consecrated Clement his successor, and delivered such maxims of ecclesiastical government as are here put into his mouth, so crafty a man as the propagator of this fine story would scarcely have fallen into the blunder of telling such gratuitous lies. We may be sure that he knew the market value of mendacity better than to squander it thus unnecessarily. We regard these forgeries, therefore, as amongst the most precious historical guarantees of the purity of the anterior times. They afford the best possible refutation of all the ingenious glosses which Papists and prelatists are wont to foist upon certain passages of the Christian Scriptures, and of the earliest ecclesiastical writers which they would fain have us accept as plainly demonstrative of their system. It is evident that the Clementine scribe, who was certainly no fool, must have had his doubts as to the cogency of such texts. It is no less patent that amidst the mass of Christian literature belonging to the second century, which it was easy for him to rummage, he could find nothing very much to his purpose. And yet he had fifty times as much at his disposal as we have at ours. But not a glimpse of a mitre could he catch, and if such a thing was to be had from Peter at all, there was no help for it, but to *steal* it. Had Petavius or Pearson been at his elbow, either would have told him that with a mere fraction of the stores at his command, he might triumphantly establish his case. But the astute Italian was without the benefit of such counsel, and therefore he thought that nothing but hard lying would secure his ends. His Ignatian brother thought the same, and so did the Clement (whether the same or another is uncertain) to whom we are indebted for the Apostolical Constitutions and Canons. Letting alone the interpolations in the Seven Epistles of Ignatius (about which, since Mr. Cureton's discovery of the ancient Syriac version, there is but little difference of opinion amongst real scholars, and will be none ten years hence), even dunces are unanimous about the spuriousness of the Clementines, the Constitutions, and the Canons. Nor is there room for the slightest doubt as to the hierarchical aim of the forger or forgers. Yet, such is the force of prejudice, that although there is not a wooden-headed abbé in Picardy whose mind is not fully made up upon these points, neither is there an Episcopalian in England, however candid he may plume himself upon being, who dares boldly face the question, *If my system be truly apostolic, how can I account for the appearance of these forged apostolic warrants for it, within a century of the death of St. John?*

When, however, it is said, as above, that the phenomena of Victor's age were epochal, as marking the change from the government of the Church by a congregational presbytery to its subjection under a prelate, it is important to observe in what sense this is to be understood. We have never denied that things had been for some time verging in this direction. A sudden revolution from the free polity left by the apostles to the bondage in which Victor held the Church is simply inconceivable. What was really new in the character of his times is this, that the monarchical power, which had been gradually growing

up, favoured by many circumstances, and especially by the Gnostic and Montanist controversies, now first pretended to a legal sanction, and was affirmed as a fundamental principle. It was the crisis when the fact was made into law; when, by means of forged writings in the names of apostles and apostolic men, what in process of time had crept in by stealth, was trumpeted forth as the original constitution of the Church. In this sense, Victor and his Clementine coadjutor were the creators of an entirely new ecclesiastical office, and completely revolutionized the polity of Christendom. And accordingly it is precisely now for the first time, and in *Rome*, the theatre of this revolution, that we meet with a phenomenon affording unequivocal proof of the existence of prelacy, as an organic office in a Christian church. We mean *a special election to that specific grade, and a solemn inauguration of a prelate as such*. It may safely be affirmed that there is no earlier instance of such a fact on record than that which we are about to adduce. And yet this is obviously the true test of the historical existence of prelacy as an organic institution at any particular epoch. Had not this important consideration been constantly lost sight of, the archæological problem might perhaps have been long ago solved. Let anyone attempt to conceive of a prelate, in the modern sense of the word, who has never been the subject of either a special election or consecration to that rank, and he will find it as easy to imagine an abstract Lord-mayor, without gold chain, robes, mace, coach and six, or any other of the paraphernalia of his office. Yet it would be vain to ransack all the stores of patristic literature for a single specimen of a prelate in any other than this abstract sense before the times of Victor. The case of the Church of Alexandria, whose twelve presbyters were wont, from very early times, as Jerome and Eutychius state, to choose a chairman from amongst themselves, and then to ordain him, will hardly serve the turn. For a prelate consecrated by presbyters would be even worse than a prelate in the abstract. Even in and after the age of Victor, episcopes or prelates of the abstract sort are common enough. Hippolytus was such, since although bishop of Portus, he was of no higher grade than that of a presbyter at the time of his martyrdom. Whether he had other presbyters under him at Portus or not, this fact, which we have on ancient testimony, is proof positive that he had never been lifted into the third heaven of ecclesiastical rank, or he would not have been left behind in the second. We have also his word for it, 'that the blessed *presbyter* Irenæus,' as he always calls his old master, writing twenty years after his death, had never soared any higher before his beatification in the skies, although no one doubts that in the *abstract* sense Irenæus was prelate of Lyons. Nay, until good evidence be produced to the contrary, we may be excused for believing that Victor himself was never elected to any sublimer rank than the presbyterate; and even down to the middle of the fourth century, all the countless instances of the *chorepiscopi*, or rural bishops, many of whom, though only of presbyterial rank, sat and subscribed with the prelates in the councils, both œcumenical and provincial, are cases in point.

It is in the case of Victor's successor, Zephyrinus, that we first read of a true and canonical election to the prelatical chair. The date of this memorable transaction is the first or second year of the third century. Our informant is Eusebius, who, however, has mistaken the name of the prelate concerned, and is corrected in this particular by Rufinus, a writer much better informed with respect to the history of Western Christendom, to which he himself belonged, whereas Eusebius was an Oriental, and often falls into inaccuracies of detail when speaking of Roman affairs. It may be added that Hippolytus, who repeatedly speaks of Zephyrinus as an unlettered man, ignorant, and inexperienced in ecclesiastical matters, so that he was fain to call in the aid of Callistus in the management of his clergy, strikingly confirms Rufinus's correction. The story, with the substitution of his name for that of Fabianus, as that of the rustic novice who was so unexpectedly chosen bishop of Rome, is as follows:—'It is said that [Zephyrinus] had come to Rome with some others from some country district, after the death of [Victor], and was tarrying there, when in a most miraculous manner he arrived at the episcopal dignity by divine and heavenly grace. For all the brethren being assembled in the church for the purpose of electing, by show of hands, him who should succeed to the episcopate, the names of many illustrious and eminent men occurred to the multitude, but that of [Zephyrinus], who was present, came into nobody's mind. Nevertheless, they record that a dove fluttering down from on high, all at once lighted upon his head, exhibiting a scene like that when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Saviour in the shape of a dove. Upon this the whole body, as though moved by one Spirit of God, shouted together with all their hearts and with one soul, "He is worthy," and without more ado they seized him and seated him in the episcopal throne.' It is deeply significant that this first clear instance of a prelatical election on record was accompanied by this extraordinary scene. Those who choose to believe that Clement wrote the Epistle to James, and that Peter acted and spoke as he is there made to do, will of course see a miracle in this got-up affair of the dove. But others will presume to discern in this 'lying wonder' a fresh proof of the novelty of the institution which it was wrought to authenticate. We see that the new system which was spawned in forgery was as yet not strong enough to dispense with the aid of spurious miracles. The public inauguration and baptism of Antichrist must needs ape that of the Son of God.

We think a shrewd guess might be ventured upon as to the particular country town whence Zephyrinus hurried to the capital to attend the election, and as to one of the companions of his journey. Was the former Antium, whither (as Hippolytus informs us) Callistus, who may have been the latter, had been banished some time before by Victor, as a kind of penal settlement for his having been the cause of immense scandal at Rome? The intimate understanding which united this worthy pair from the moment of the elevation of Zephyrinus, and during the twenty years of his episcopate, in which his *fidus Achates* succeeded him, was perhaps of earlier date. Cer-

tainly a covetous wretch, a taker of bribes, and a man of loose creed, such as Zephyrinus is described to us by his contemporary and close observer, Hippolytus, was more likely to be raised to the throne of the Church by some artful device of a sorcerer (γοης), as the same authority styles Callistus, than by the Holy Ghost! If we apply the celebrated maxim, '*Cui bono?* Who got any good from the transaction?' the main share in the guilt of this impious farce will certainly lie at the door of the crafty Callistus. For, although the recent scandal attaching to him rendered his own elevation impossible for the present, yet we know that during the whole time of Zephyrinus he was the real pontiff, and when that shadow vanished, he stepped into the throne himself. His possession of the fatal secret of the trained pigeon would, of course, rivet his power over Zephyrinus, and enable him to employ all the resources of episcopal influence during his accomplice's tenure of office, for securing his own succession.

Our readers have been introduced to a remarkable historical scene, which sufficiently attests the existence of the prelatical office in the Roman Church at the opening of the third century. The monarchical principle of ecclesiastical government, towards the recognition of which Christendom had long been drifting even before Victor's age, had found in him and in his rival, Cæcilius Natalis, practical exponents, equally intoxicated with its spirit. One of these two men is more or less responsible for the Ignatian forgery, and the other for the Clementine imposture, in both of which we have *on paper* an unequivocal prelate—a third clerical grade, on which the two others, as well as the laity, are made absolutely dependent. In the election of Victor's successor, we meet with the *formal* and *explicit* adoption of the new regimen by his church. The Roman community now no longer merely tolerates or connives at the great preponderance of a chief presbyter; it elects a *bishop* in the Clementine and Ignatian sense of the word. Zephyrinus is the first such bishop of whom history makes mention. Moreover, to suppose that he was not also the first who existed is to deprive the hierarchical forgeries of all meaning. The subjective creation of the office of course *preceded*, and did not *follow*, its translation into fact, its formal inauguration. If, however, our readers would like to see a 'church without a prelate' so late as Victor's times, and so to possess an additional guarantee of the solidity of the reasoning which makes his age the epoch, and Rome the theatre of the innovation, our honest friend Hippolytus will not refuse them the gratification. The extract, moreover, while it serves to illustrate the novelty of prelacy, is not without its bearings upon the history of Callistus, since it relates to the author of a heresy, which he and his tool Zephyrinus are accused of having greatly promoted. Noetus, the heresiarch in question, must have been a contemporary of Victor, inasmuch as a deacon of the former, named Epigonus, is now known by the testimony of Hippolytus to have brought his master's doctrine to Rome at a period which cannot be dated either earlier or later than the last ten or fifteen years of the second century. The church of which Hippolytus affords us a

glimpse, as it sits in judgment upon Noetus, for corrupting the Christian faith, and which was still, as will be seen, under the guidance of a simple congregational presbytery at that epoch, was, like the Roman, founded in the apostolic days. It is one of the seven churches of the Apocalypse, and one of the only two amongst these unvisited with rebuke—one ruled and taught and watered with his blood by the illustrious Polycarp. In the days of that heroic martyr, it was still, as we saw from his extant epistle to the Philippians, a free church. The testimony of the bishop of Portus shows us the same community after the lapse of an entire generation from the date of Polycarp's death, and we find its polity still intact, precisely as it was left by the Apostle of Love himself. This we know is strong language, but we think it is warranted by the facts of the case. The picture presented by Hippolytus is that of a strictly independent church, embracing all the Christians of Smyrna, who appear not to have been too numerous to meet in one assembly. This church we see ruled by its own presbytery, who are all equal in authority; and under their guidance, but not at their dictation, the whole brotherhood finally determines a most important controversy of faith. Considered in this light, this fragment of primitive church-history preserved by Hippolytus, seems to us one of the most precious relics of all Christian antiquity. Although strangely overlooked by every writer upon the ancient constitution of the church, so far as we are aware, it affords the most luminous patristic commentary extant upon the New Testament texts relative to the subject. The passage occurs in the commencement of the separate treatise of Hippolytus, 'Against Noetus,' and not in his newly-discovered 'Philosophoumena,' or the oversight might be easily accounted for. After speaking cursorily of certain other heretical systems, Hippolytus proceeds to treat of the school of Noetus, and gives the following account of its founder:—'There are some others, also, who bring in a strange doctrine, being disciples of a certain Noetus, who was a Smyranean by origin, and lived not long ago. This man, being puffed up, was led into a conceited opinion of his own; being carried away by the vain fancy infused into him by an alien spirit. He asserted that Christ himself was the Father, and that the Father himself had been born, and had suffered and died. See to what a degree pride of heart, and the inflation prompted by an alien spirit, insinuated themselves into him! And, indeed, from other sins chargeable upon him, he was at length driven to this (which was their rebuke), that he gave forth utterances in an impure spirit. For this blasphemer against the Holy Ghost is become an outcast from the sacred *clerus*. This man said that he himself was Moses, and his brother Aaron. On hearing of these things, the blessed presbyters summoned and examined him BEFORE THE CHURCH. He, however, at first denied, saying that he did not so think. But afterwards, when he had crept into the affections of some, and had procured himself companions in his error,\* and had thus become emboldened, he at

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\* According to Epiphanius, they were only ten in number.

length resolved to stand by his dogma. Whom the blessed presbyters again summoned and rebuked. But he withstood them, saying, "Why, what evil am I doing in glorifying Christ?" To whom the blessed presbyters made answer, "*We* also sincerely acknowledge that there is but one God; we acknowledge Christ; we acknowledge that the Son suffered as he did suffer, that he died as he did die, and that he rose again the third day, and that he is at the right hand of the Father, and that he is coming to judge the quick and the dead. And we speak those things which we have learned." Then they rebuked him and cast him out of the church.'

As we have already stated, Callistus stands charged with having greatly assisted in the propagation of the heresy of Noetus at Rome. It has been further hinted that the recent discovery of the long lost treatise of Hippolytus has put us in possession of other facts of his life, which are anything but creditable to his memory. According to this new evidence, to which we shall have to advert more particularly in the sequel, his character appears in a most repulsive light. Such, however, is not the image of the man transmitted to us through the magic atmosphere of ecclesiastical legend and tradition. The Church of Rome has another tale to tell about her sainted pontiff, whom, of all belonging to the Anti-Nicene times, with the exception, perhaps, of Peter and Clement, she most delights to honour. The most famous of all the Christian cemeteries in the metropolis of the Catholic world bears his name, and is said to have been first consecrated by him. The remains of 174,000 martyrs and of 46 popes are stated to be buried there. This cemetery of St. Callistus is really very ancient, and may even date from the times of that pontiff, since documents of the fourth century ascribe to him the honour of its formation. Hence, it would be an excess of historical scepticism to doubt that it contains the sleeping dust of many of his successors in the chair of Peter, who, according to the same testimonies, were interred within its precincts, as well as the sacred ashes of a multitude of martyrs, of a less questionable sort, we may hope, than Callistus himself. Another memorial of him is the church of St. Mary the Virgin across the Tiber, which is still known as the *titulus* of St. Callistus. There, too, his portrait may be seen; or, if the sight be deemed hardly worth a journey to Rome, an engraving of it may be found in that immense collection entitled the '*Acta Sanctorum*,' under the date May 10th. Just beneath the high altar in the apse of the church in question stands a mosaic, which, according to the accompanying inscription, was placed there by Pope Innocent II. (reigned from A.D. 1130 to A.D. 1143), who, however, is stated to have only renovated an old work of art of the same kind, which had formerly occupied the spot. The main figures in the picture are the Virgin and her Son seated on the same throne in the centre. On the right hand stands St. Peter; next to him St. Cornelius, Pope and Martyr; then St. Julius, Pope; and lastly, St. Calepodius, Presbyter and Martyr. Immediately to the left of the joint divinities is St. CALLISTUS, POPE AND MARTYR; next to whom are ranged in order, St. Laurence, the Roman Protomartyr; and Pope Innocent himself,

who thus testified his veneration for the great pontiff, to perpetuate whose memory he erected this costly altar-piece. St. Peter and St. Callistus! Such was the parallel hit upon by a distinguished pope, when the Papacy was in the very height of its glory! No worthy peer can be found for the successor of Zephyrinus, save the prince of the apostles! The two are the Jachin and Boaz of the Church! Such was the estimate formed of Callistus in the middle ages. He would seem to have been thought the ideal of a Christian pastor!

If now we irreverently attempt to penetrate the *nimbus* with which mediæval Christendom has surrounded the form of Callistus, and venture to ask the particulars of the saintly life and brilliant martyrdom by which he earned such a name, the current Catholic tradition has nothing to point to save an old ecclesiastical legend, which, before criticism came into fashion, was believed to contain authentic details upon the subject. We shall afterwards have to present a rather different story from a more credible source, but shall at present content ourselves with giving the substance of the orthodox narrative. Certain 'Acts' of the martyrdom of St. Calepodius the Presbyter, who, as we have seen, is associated with Callistus in the mosaic mentioned above, and with whom the 'Acts' in question make him contemporary, are the source of our information. They purport to have been drawn up at the time by the notaries of the Roman church, and are printed by the Bollandists in their stupendous work, partly under May 10th, the day observed by Catholics in commemoration of St. Calepodius, and the remainder under October 14th, the feast of St. Callistus.

The document begins with stating that in the times of the Roman emperors Macrinus and Alexander Severus, or as one MS. more exactly defines the date, in the year of our Lord 222, which was the year of the accession of the latter prince, a great portion of the Capitol was consumed with fire. Upon this public disaster, which greatly terrified the city, the horuspices or soothsayers came in a body to the imperial palace, and represented to Alexander the necessity of appeasing the wrath of the gods with sacrifices and incense. The emperor accordingly ordered a national supplication. But whilst the priests were in the act of offering the victims to Jupiter on the morning of the day named after that divinity (i.e., on a certain Thursday, which fell within the time allotted to the solemnities), four of the officiating ministers were struck dead with lightning, the altar of the god was shattered in pieces, and the day suddenly became dark as midnight. The terrified people fled in all directions, and many of them, amongst whom was the consul Palmatus (whose name, however, is unknown to the Fasti), betook themselves across the Tiber, to Ravennatum, the Wapping of ancient Rome. Ravennatum was a species of Transtiberine suburb, which received its name from the circumstance, that Augustus had quartered there the sailors belonging to the fleet usually stationed at Ravenna, since that politic prince apprehended that if these tarry heroes were admitted into Rome itself, they might give rise to dangerous tumults. Here the throng of disconcerted pagans, dispersed by the disastrous prodigy, were astonished



at hearing their despair mocked, as it seemed, by a joyous burst of psalmody, which proceeded from the assembly of the Christians, who, under the guidance of the bishop Callistus and his clergy, were celebrating their unlawful worship in an obscure attic in the back slums of the city. It should here be remarked that this is the locality in which the Church of the Virgin, known as the *tithe* of St. Callistus, still stands, so that the site of the edifice appears to have been selected in accordance with the tradition with which we are now concerned. The consul Palmatius, who had thus become acquainted with the retreat of the proscribed sect, did not fail to make the emperor Alexander acquainted with his discovery: and since, as was the common practice of the pagans, he attributed all the recent portents to the defilement brought upon the city by the religious rites of the Christians, and the anger of the gods in consequence, he earnestly besought the prince at once to take vigorous measures for the suppression of these impious atheists. Alexander accordingly entrusted the consul with full power to drag the Christians to sacrifice at the altars of the gods, or in case of their obstinate refusal, to inflict upon them the most excruciating tortures.

Upon this, the conflict between heathen violence and the persecuted Church begins; nor must we feel surprised if, on the side of the latter, a profuse display of the miraculous intervention of Heaven now reddens our horizon. The consul, armed with the plenary sanction of the emperor, and accompanied with a band of ten soldiers, crosses the Tiber, and makes straight for the humble Christian sanctuary, where he finds the flock assembled, which he has already counted as sheep for the slaughter, with their faithful shepherd Callistus, and the presbyter Calepodius at their head. But no sooner have the soldiers entered than they are one and all struck with blindness, just like those sent by the baffled king of Syria to apprehend Elisha. Palmatius withdraws panic-struck, and informs the emperor of this fresh disaster, who immediately sends for the blinded soldiers, and takes pains to efface their impression of the alarming power of the God of the Christians, and to inflame their hatred against his votaries by attributing their misfortune to the magic arts of their intended victims. The soldiers in reply say, 'Then let our own gods be besought to show their superior power by restoring to us our eyesight.' To the reasonableness of this appeal the emperor cannot but assent, and decrees accordingly public sacrifices to Mercury, issuing his proclamation to all the inhabitants of Rome to be present at the Capitol on the appointed day (the day of Mercury, or Wednesday) on pain of death.

The imperial proclamation is very generally obeyed, and the consul Palmatius brings swine and calves to sacrifice to the god. But whilst the ceremony is proceeding, one of the vestals attached to the temple, by name Juliana, is suddenly seized with demoniacal convulsions, and begins to cry out, 'The God of Callistus is the living and true God! He is angry at the defilements and abominations with which your republic is stained, and is about to break in pieces your

earthly kingdom, because ye do not adore the truth!’ Upon hearing this marvellous testimony of the Prince of Darkness himself to the sanctity of Callistus, Palmatius is completely converted. He runs in all haste to Ravennatum, enters the church, and falling down at the feet of the pontiff, acknowledges Christ to be the only true God, and humbly solicits baptism. Callistus, who can hardly comprehend the sudden change, solemnly warns him against the danger of mocking one of whose power with Heaven he has so recently seen a proof. But at length, upon the convert’s insisting that he is sincere, and at the earnest entreaty of Calepodius, he appoints him a fast of a single day, at the expiration of which he catechizes his noble pupil. Then, having blessed the water taken from a well upon the premises, he made Palmatius repeat the Creed after him, article by article, and baptized him and his whole household, consisting of his wife, his children, and forty-two slaves of both sexes. The converted consul, we are told, grew rapidly in grace, and became especially distinguished for his charity to the poor.

The tidings of this strange event soon reached the emperor, who at once sent the tribune Torquatus to apprehend the renegade, and gave orders that he should be imprisoned in the Mamertine dungeon. The capture having been effected after the lapse of three days, and duly notified to the emperor, Alexander summons the criminal into his presence, and after directing the attendants to unbind him, addresses him in friendly tones, and asks him how he can be so bereft of sense as to forsake the service of the gods in order to worship a dead man. Palmatius at first is silent, but being urged to speak, delivers an eloquent apology for Christianity. The emperor in vain attempts to shake his faith, and at length hands him over to the custody of Simplicius, a senator, bidding the latter use him well, and endeavour to gain him by kind words. Upon this Simplicius takes Palmatius home, and inviting him to make the house his own, provides him with the most splendid raiment and the most sumptuous fare. Palmatius, however, refuses these luxuries, but testifies his gratitude for the kindness of his host by spending his time in severe fasting, accompanied with fervent prayers for the conversion of Simplicius. By these holy exercises, he so favourably impresses the mind of a certain pagan named Felix, that he entreats his prayers on behalf of his wife Blanda, who has been bed-ridden for four years, promising that if she be raised up he will become a Christian. Palmatius, therefore, offers up a very fervent prayer, accompanied with many tears, for the afflicted woman, the lady of Simplicius being present at the scene. The result is, that the miraculously-healed sufferer comes running to her deliverer the very same hour, accompanied by her husband, both begging to be baptized forthwith. Callistus is instantly sent for, and after a short delay administers to them the rite. The chain of conversions, however, is not yet at an end. Simplicius, after witnessing the ceremony, is so overcome by the multiplied proofs of the truth of Christianity, that, although charged by the emperor with the work of winning Palmatius back from that religion to paganism, he determines

himself to embrace the hated faith. He falls at the feet of the holy bishop Callistus, and implores baptism for himself and his family. Callistus, overwhelmed with joy, exclaims, 'The Lord will gather the wheat into his garner,' and at once proceeds to catechize Simplicius, his wife, children, and all his household, to the number of sixty-eight souls, the baptism of the whole of whom speedily follows, and Calepodius, who seems to have accompanied Callistus, breaks out into a burst of thanksgiving to the Lord, who has thus made the wrath of man to praise him.

The emperor Alexander, upon learning the frustration of his plans, and the baptism of such a multitude of persons by Callistus, is transported with fury. He sends his soldiers to seize all the neophytes, condemns them to die, and orders their heads to be suspended over the several gates of Rome, as an example to terrify the Christians. Calepodius was also apprehended and beheaded with the sword, and his headless trunk dragged through the city on the first of May, and at length thrown into the Tiber. Callistus, with ten of his clergy, contrived to escape this time. He concealed himself, under cover of the night, in the house of one Pontianus (probably the subsequent Roman bishop of that name, who sat A.D. 230—235, is meant), which was by the river side. In spite of his perilous circumstances, the pious pontiff could not rest until he had secured Christian burial for the body of Calepodius, and was urgent in his entreaties to the fishermen on the banks of the Tiber, to search for it. To his unspeakable joy they at length found it, and he interred it honourably with spices on the 10th of May, the day afterwards dedicated to the memory of that saint. The emperor, however, heard of this daring defiance of his power, and now redoubled his efforts to apprehend Callistus. Having received information of the place of his retreat, he sent and apprehended him, and gave orders that he should be starved to death on the spot. For four days he was kept without food, but gave no signs of emaciation, since he was supernaturally strengthened by the prayers with which he accompanied his compulsory and prolonged fast. Hearing this, the emperor issued his commands that he should be mercilessly scourged each day, and that he should be guarded so strictly, that it should be instant death for any but his jailors to approach him. To solace him, however, Calepodius appeared to him by night in a vision, after he had borne this inhuman treatment for many days. 'Be firm, father,' said his glorified fellow-witness, 'for thy crown is already perfect, that thou mayest receive from the Lord the reward due to thy labour!' Moreover, the conflict of the saintly bishop was rendered illustrious by a miracle, and by the conversion of one of his guards. This soldier, whose name was Privatus, was full of ulcers, and although a pagan, was so moved with the meek resignation and touching piety of the martyr, that he fell at his feet and besought a cure, professing sincere faith in Christ. Callistus baptized him upon this confession, and cleansed him of his wounds and disease, so that the man cried out, 'It is the true God, and the holy Lord Jesus Christ, whom Callistus the bishop preaches! The vain and dumb idols shall

be consumed, for Christ is the eternal God!" The emperor, hearing of this fresh instance of conversion, ordered that Privatus should be scourged to death with whips loaded with lead, and that Callistus, with a great stone tied round his neck, should be thrown out of the window into the well, which was forthwith to be filled up with rubbish. After seventeen days, however, one of the presbyters of the church, Asterius by name, came by night to the spot with some others of the clergy, and at length, by dint of hard labour, succeeded in extricating the sacred corpse of the martyr, which they honourably buried in the cemetery, afterwards known as that of St. Calepodius, situate on the Aurelian Way, on the 14th of October, the day still held sacred to the memory of the illustrious pontiff. For this act of piety the emperor Alexander ordered Asterius to be precipitated from the bridge of the Tiber, whose holy body, it is added, was floated down the stream as far as Ostia at the mouth, where it was found by some of the Christians of that city, and buried on the 21st of October.

B. H. C.

## Two Death Beds.

### I.

'NURSE, do bring me the baby; I am quite able to see it now.'  
'Not yet, if you please, ma'am; you must really rest awhile first. Do try to go to sleep.' The nurse spoke steadily, and looked her straight in the face; but there was a constraint in her voice, a determination to be calm, that at once roused the suspicion of the mother. Why should I hesitate to call her the mother? for though her first-born was dead, and she had given birth only to the little waxen image of a son, a child had come from God, and had departed to him again. And she *was* his mother. But now the fear fell on her heart that it might be as in fact it was; and looking in the face of her attendant with a face that showed all her fear, she said, 'Nurse, is the baby ——?' she could not say *dead*—for to utter the word would at once make it possible that the only fruit of her labour had been pain and sorrow. But the nurse saw that further concealment was impossible, and therefore went without another word and fetched the husband, who brought the quiet child-form, dressed in its baby-clothes, and laid it by its mother's side, where it lay too still. 'O ma'am, do not take on so,' said the nurse, as she saw the face of the mother grow like the face of the child, though she lay as still as he. But she was not 'taking on' at all; she only felt that pain at her heart, which is the farewell kiss of a long-cherished joy; and though cast out of paradise into a world that looked very dull and weary, yet used to suffering, and always claiming from God the consolation it needed; and satisfied with that, she was able to look up in her husband's face, and try to reassure him

by a dreary smile. 'Leave the baby,' she said; and they left it. She gazed long and earnestly on the perfect tiny features of the little plaster countenance, and tried to feel that this was the child she had been so long waiting for. As she looked she fancied she heard it breathe, and thought—what if it should be only asleep; but, alas! her eyes would not open, and when she drew it close to her, she shivered to feel it so cold. At length, as her eyes wandered over and over the little face, a look of her husband dawned unexpectedly upon her; and, as if the wife's heart awoke the mother's, she cried out, 'Baby! baby!' and burst into tears, during which weeping she fell asleep.

When she awoke, she found the babe had been removed while she slept. But the unsatisfied heart of the mother longed to look again on the form of the child; and again, though with remonstrance from the nurse, it was laid beside her. All day and all night long it remained by her side, like a little frozen thing that had wandered from its warm home, and now lay dead by the door. Next morning nurse protested that it could not be allowed to remain, for it made her fret; but she knew it quieted her, and she would rather keep her little lifeless babe. At length the nurse appealed to the father of the child, who was a surgeon, and the mother feared he would think it necessary to remove it; but to her joy and gratitude he said, 'No, no; let her keep it as long as she likes,' and she loved her husband the more.

Then she had the cradle brought near the bed, all ready as it was for a little live child, that had open eyes, and therefore needed sleep; needed the lids of the brain to close when it was filled full of the strange colours and forms of the new world. But this one needed no cradle, for it slept on. It needed, instead of the little curtains to darken it to sleep, a great sunlight to wake it up from the darkness, and the ever-satisfied rest. Yet she put it there, and had the cradle set near her, where she could see it, with the little hand and arm laid out on the white coverlet. If she could only keep it so! Could not something be done, if not to awake it, yet to turn it to stone, and let it remain so for ever? No; the body must go back to its mother, the earth, and the *form* which is immortal, being the thought of God, must go back to its Father—the Maker. And as it lay in the white cradle, a white coffin was being made for it. The tree is somewhere on the earth from which a coffin will be made for each of us. Let us rejoice, brother, sisters, those of us that can, that we shall go even from the face of this beautiful world (for as I write, I see a wide sea-channel, with many sails, and blue hills beyond, and a great depth of heaven overhead), and go to a yet fairer; or it may be, and I would gladly think so, only nearer to the heart of this world, to know its beauties better; to read the thought of God therein expressed more surely; and so reap the harvest of things invisible from the face of things that do appear.

But ere the little child, that had the prayer of Job in his grief, and died in its mother's womb, was carried away to be buried, the mother prayed over it this prayer—'O God, if thou wilt not let me be a

mother, I have one refuge; I will go back and be a child. I will be thy child more than ever. My mother-heart will find relief in childhood towards its Father. For is it not the same nature that makes the true mother and the true child? Is it not the same thought blossoming upward and blossoming downward? So there is God the Father and God the Son. Thou wilt keep my little son for me. He has gone home to be nursed for me. And when I grow well, I will be more simple, and truthful, and joyful in thy sight. And now thou art taking away my child, my plaything, from me. But I think how pleased I should be, if I had a daughter, and she loved me so well that she only smiled when I took her plaything from her. Oh, I will not disappoint thee—thou shalt have thy joy. Here I am, do with me what thou wilt, I will try only to smile.'

## II.

'He will live four-and-twenty hours yet, nurse.' 'No, doctor, I am sure he will die to-night.' And during this whispered dialogue the patient lay breathing quietly, for the time of suffering was nearly over. He was at the close of an ill-spent life, not so much selfishly towards others as indulgently towards himself. He had failed of true joy, by trying often and perseveringly to create a false one; and now about to knock at the gate of the other world, he bore with him no burden of the good things of this; and one might be tempted to say of him, that it were better he had not been born. The great majestic mystery lay before him—but would he ever see its majesty? God only knows!

He was now dying of disease brought on by trying to live as Nature said he should not live; and he had taken his own wages—for the law of the Maker is the necessity of his creature. His own children had forsaken him, for they were not perfect as their Father in heaven, who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good. Instead of doubling their care as his need doubled, they thought of the disgrace he brought on them, and not of the duty they owed him; and now, left by all to die alone for them, he was waited on by a hired nurse, who, familiar with death-beds, knew better than the doctor, that he could live only a few hours.

Stooping down over his pillow, she told him, for she thought she ought not to conceal it, that he must die that night. He lay silent for a few moments; and then he called her, and with broken and failing voice said, 'Nurse, you are the only friend I have: give me one kiss before I die.' And the woman-heart answered the prayer; 'And,' said she, 'he put his arms around my neck, and gave me a long kiss, such a long kiss, and then he turned his face away and never spoke again.' So with the last unction of a woman's kiss, with this baptism for the dead, he departed.

Poor old man! he had not quite destroyed his heart yet. Something of the child awoke within him at the last, when the only thing left for

his soul to desire, the only thing he could think of as preparatory to the dread something, was a kiss. Strange, yet simple and natural conjunction: eternity, a kiss. O kiss me, I am going to the Unknown!

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### A Child's Adventure.

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HEAVILY lay the warm sunlight  
Upon the green blades shining bright,  
An outspread grassy sea;  
She through the burnished yellow flowers  
Went walking in the golden hours  
That slept upon the lea.

The bee went past her with a hum;  
The merry gnats did go and come  
In complicated dance;  
Like a blue angel to and fro  
The splendid dragon-fly did go,  
Shot like a seeking glance.

She never followed them, but still  
Went forward with a quiet will,  
That got but did not miss;  
With measured step she went along,  
And once a low, half-murmured song  
Uttered her share of bliss.

It was a little maiden child;  
You see, not frolicsome and wild,  
As such a child should be;  
For though she was just nine, no more,  
Another little child she bore,  
Almost as big as she.

With tender care of straining arms  
She kept it circled from all harms,  
With face turned from the sun:  
For in that perfect tiny heart  
The mother, sister, nurse had part,  
Her womanhood begun.

At length they reach an ugly ditch,  
The slippery sloping banks of which  
Flowers and long grasses line;  
Some ragged-robins baby spied,  
And spread his little arms out wide,  
As he had found a mine.

What baby wants, that baby has:  
A law unalterable as—  
The poor shall serve the rich;  
She kneeleth down with eager eyes,  
And reaching far out for the prize  
Topples into the ditch.

And slanting down the bank she rolled,  
 But in her little bosom's fold  
 She clasps the baby tight;  
 Relaxing not nor letting go,  
 She in the ditch's muddy flow  
 At length doth stand upright.

Alas! her little feet are wet;  
 Her new shoes—how can she forget!  
 And yet she does not cry.  
 Her scanty frock of dingy blue,  
 Her petticoat wet through and through!  
 But baby is quite dry!

And baby laughs, and baby crows;  
 And baby being right, she knows  
 That nothing can be wrong:  
 And so with troubled heart, yet stout,  
 She plans how ever to get out,  
 With meditation long.

The bank is higher than her head,  
 And slippery too, as I have said,  
 And what to do with baby?  
 For even the monkey, when he goes,  
 Needs both his fingers and his toes:  
 She is perplexed as may be.

But all her puzzling was no good,  
 Though staring up the bank she stood,  
 Which as she sunk grew higher;  
 Till, sudden seized with dismay,  
 She, lest his patience should give way,  
 Plucked her feet from the mire.

And up and down the ditch, not glad,  
 But patient, she did promenade;  
 Splash, splash, went her poor feet.  
 And baby thought it rare good fun,  
 And did not want it to be done;  
 And the ditch-flowers were sweet.

But oh! the world that she had left,  
 The meads from her so lately reft,  
 An infant Proserpine,  
 Lay like a fabled land above,  
 A Paradise of sunny love,  
 In warmth and light divine.

While with the hot sun overhead,  
 She in the watery ditch did tread,  
 Amid the spawn and frogs;  
 And now and then from distant field  
 The sound of laughter faintly pealed,  
 Or bark of village dogs.

And once her little heart did quake,  
 When all the ground began to shake,  
 For fear of what was nigh;  
 Till looking up at last perforce,  
 The great head of a huge cart-horse  
 Went quietly grazing by.



And with a sound of tearing grass,  
 And puffing breath that awful was,  
     With horns of frightful size,  
 A cow looked through the broken hedge,  
 And gazed down on her from the edge,  
     With great big Juno eyes.

And so the sun went on and on,  
 And horse and cow and horns were gone,  
     And still no help came near;  
 Till at the last, she heard the sound  
 Of human footsteps on the ground,  
     And then she cried, 'I'm here!'

It was a man, much to her joy,  
 Who looked amazed at girl and boy,  
     And reached his hand so strong:  
 'Give me the child,' he said; but no,  
 She would not let the baby go,  
     She had endured too long.

So with a smile at her alarms,  
 He stretched down both his lusty arms,  
     And lifted them together;  
 And having thanked her helper, she  
 Did hasten homeward painfully,  
     Wet in the sunny weather.

And when she reached home, scarce a speck  
 Was on the child from heel to neck,  
     Though she was sorely mired;  
 Nor gave she sign of grief's unrest,  
 Till hid upon her mother's breast  
     She wept till she was tired.

And intermixed with sobbing wail,  
 She told her mother all the tale;  
     'But,' here her cheek did glow,  
 'Mother, I did not, through it all,  
 I did not once let baby fall,  
     I never let him go.'

Ah me! if on this star-world's face  
 We men and women had like grace  
     To bear and shield each other;  
 Our race would soon grow young again,  
 Its heart as free of ache and pain  
     As that of this child-mother.

## Parables for Youth and Old Age.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUENACHER.

### THE FOUNTAIN OF HEALTH; OR, THE HISTORY OF BARUCH.

IN Damascus, in the land of Syria, there lived a man named *Baruch*, who was renowned through all the land for his great wealth; so that the people all said, 'He is rightly named Baruch,' which means, *blessed*.

He possessed the treasures of India and Arabia, and lived in a splendid palace, with floors of fine marble, covered with rich carpets, and his riches were boundless. God had also given him a noble wife, and seven blooming children.

Still, he had neither peace nor joy in his heart. He tried therefore every day to add to the splendour of his house, and to exchange beautiful things for more beautiful ones still. Yet all this brought no happiness; he grew more and more discontented, until he could not even sleep.

Then he said to himself: 'What is the good of life to me? I cannot get anything better than I have had all my life-time, and now I know that everything is vanity, and I am tired in my heart of all.'

Thus he went about with gloomy thoughts, and so troubled his wife, and all his household, that it was said, he was possessed by an evil spirit. And he himself thought of putting an end to his life, to get rid of the torment.

But he heard that at Memphis, in the land of Egypt, there lived a wise man, a prophet, to whom God had given such wisdom, that he could always give good advice. So Baruch determined to set out and ask him what he should do.

And he called his most faithful servant, named Malchi, and said: 'Get two camels ready, and load one of them with gold and silver, and precious stones, and the most costly spices of Arabia.' And Malchi did so. Then Baruch blessed his wife and children, and set out with his servant over the mountains, and through the desert towards Egypt.

Thus they proceeded with their camels for seven days, and then for seven days more, through the desert, but they were still far from the land of Egypt. For they had missed the road, and did not know whether it was to the right or to the left. And both they and the camels began to suffer from thirst; for there was no spring or well in the broad desert. By night they spread out their cloaks to catch the dew, and then sucked them to moisten their lips.

And Baruch sighed and said: 'How gladly would I give all the treasures upon the camel, and much more out of my stores in Damascus, for one cup of the water which flows in my garden out of my marble and porphyry, or all the wine in my cellar for one little spring, to cool our tongue.'

The day was very sultry, and the heat increased, and they thirsted more and more, till at last their hearts sank within them. Then they killed one of the camels, hoping to find water within it, but there was not a drop for them to drink.

And Baruch said to Malchi: 'My faithful servant and companion, have I brought you here, to die on my account? At home I was a curse through my discontent, and now in the desert I am an angel of destruction to you. Yet you bear it like a lamb; no complaint escapes from your lips; nor do you murmur against your destroyer, who has brought a curse upon you for your fidelity. O Malchi, how can I repay you?'

But Malchi replied: 'What, ought I not gladly to follow my master even to death? I have always eaten of your bread, and drunk of your

wine. And if I have enjoyed happy days, ought I to refuse to share the evil ones? Would that the Lord would save *you*, and take my life as a ransom! I have no one to leave behind; you have a wife and seven children to mourn for you.'

Malchi could say no more. He fainted from exhaustion, and fell upon the ground.

Then Baruch's heart was broken, and in his grief he fell upon his face and wept, and said: 'Lord God of heaven and of earth, kill *me*, for I do not deserve the kindness thou hast shown me, and the burden of my sins lies heavy upon my soul. Therefore kill me, as my deeds deserve.'

And after Baruch had said this, he was silent, and wept bitterly.

And as he lay, he heard a sound in the distance like the rippling of a small spring. And he raised his head and listened, and the camel also lifted up his head, and turned it towards the rock from which the sound came. But Baruch said: 'Is the Lord then working a miracle to save us from destruction?'

And he hastened to the rock, and at the foot of it was a small spring of clear water. Then Baruch fell again upon his face, and cried: 'O Lord, now I know thou art merciful and of great kindness, and doest wonders, though I am not worthy of thy favour.'

He did not, however, drink of the spring, but fetched a shell, and filled it and ran back to his servant Malchi, and washed his temples, and moistened his lips. Then Malchi opened his eyes and looked at his master. And Baruch fell upon his neck and wept for joy, and said: 'O Malchi, friend of my heart, no longer my servant. How I rejoice at having recovered thee. Look, the angel of the Lord has shown us a spring. So drink, and refresh yourself, that we may both live.'

And after Malchi had drunk, he revived, and Baruch took him to the spring, and they took off the camel's back some food which they had brought with them, and sat at the cool of the spring and ate and drank, and were satisfied. They also gave water to the camel, and rested from their troubles, and their spirits were restored. And they remained there till the next day.

When the sun rose, Malchi said to Baruch: 'Look, the sun has risen. Shall I fill the skins, that we may go forward to the prophet, in the land of Egypt? We cannot be far off now.'

But Baruch smiled, and taking his servant's hand, said: 'No, my brother Malchi, not so! The Lord has given me the wisdom that I was seeking. The prophet would be of no use now. Let us go towards the east by the way we came.'

They then filled their skins with water, and gave to the camel to drink, and drank themselves, and blessed the well which had saved them from destruction, and cheerfully went their way.

And when they reached home at Damascus, Thirza, the wife of Baruch, was sitting with her seven children, under the palm-trees in front of the house; and she started when she saw Baruch and his

servant. But Baruch embraced his wife and children, and wept for joy.

Then Thirza said : ' Blessed be the wise man of Egypt, who has sent you back so soon, and blessed be Baruch my beloved. For see, you are altogether changed, and your face is bright like an angel of peace. Tell me the name of the man of God who has brought peace back into your heart, that I may bless him ? '

And Baruch smiled, and looked at his wife, and told her all that had happened to himself and Malchi, from beginning to end. ' Thus,' he said, ' you see that it is not a man and a prophet, but the Lord himself, who has taught me. In the desert I have learnt humility. In the spring I have seen the mercy and kindness of the Lord. And in my servant I have found a friend. And now I have come back to you a new man, with peace in my heart, which is better than gold and silver, and which my possessions could never give me.'

Thus spake Baruch, and his life was one of benevolence and uprightness to the end of his days. He distributed his treasures in doing good throughout all the land, and there was no poor man found whose poverty he did not relieve. Then the poor, whom he assisted, said : ' He may well be called Baruch, for he is both blessed of the Lord, and a blessing to others.'

But he said : ' All this the fountain has taught me.'

After a year had passed, he went with Malchi his friend, and with his wife and children, to the spring, and consecrated the spring and built a resting-place for pilgrims by the side of it.

And he called the name of the spring *Beor Refah*, that is, the fountain of health, and it is called so to this day.

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#### ATTALUS AND MENO.

In the neighbourhood of Antioch, in Syria, there dwelt two families, who had lived for a long time in a state of bitter enmity, inherited by the sons from their parents. The two heads of these families did all that they could to annoy each other, and their ill-feeling increased every day.

But Meno had a slave, who was a disciple of the Lord, and acted in all things worthily according to the gospel, and was faithful in every thing, so that Meno liked him more and more, and entrusted all his affairs to his hands. In everything that Silas—this was the slave's name—did, God was with him, and blessed his master's house for his sake. This led Meno to converse frequently with his steward, who so won his heart that he became a believer, and was baptized in the name of the Lord.

From this time Meno became quite a different man, and never spoke an evil word of his enemy Attalus ; though Attalus hated and persecuted him more than ever, and let no day pass without some annoyance.

He was even more provoked by the mildness of Meno, than by his anger, and engaged some men to strip his garden in the night, and destroy his finest trees, which he had planted himself, and particularly valued.

Meno's friends then came to him, and said : ' Will you not have your revenge for *that* ? If not, he will do something worse.'

But Meno replied : ' The evil was done at night, and he will deny it. It serves, however, for a lesson to me in patience. And I was possessed by the same spirit before.'

A short time afterwards his friends brought two of the men, whom Attalus had bribed to strip the garden, and said : ' These men have confessed ; now you can punish him.' But Meno answered : ' I have forgiven him, and will not make room for malice in my heart ; though I am sorely grieved on account of the trees.' At this his friends were very angry.

After some time a fire broke out in the house of Attalus. Meno hastened to the spot with all his servants, and rescued two of his enemy's children from the flames. He then went up to Attalus, and stretching out his hand to him, said : ' Do not let the enmity between us and our families continue any longer.' At the same time he offered to help him to rebuild his house, which was in ruins.

But Attalus turned away in a rage, and said : ' The fire is Meno's work !' And many believed him.

At this Meno's heart was grieved beyond measure, and his friends said : ' Leave the ill-natured fellow alone, and give him over to Satan.'

But Meno said : ' He is a man, and carries a fallen human heart within him. I will not curse him.'

Some time afterwards Attalus lost all his property, and was plunged into poverty. He suffered great distress with his wife and children ; and trouble and want made him ill.

Then Meno took heart and went to him again, and said : ' O Attalus, let this separation between us cease, and let us take each other's hands before they are cold. Look now, whatever I have is yours. Let us live together as brothers.'

When Attalus heard this, he looked at Meno with sunken eyes, and then with a distorted face, turned his back upon him. His wife and children, however, wept ; and Meno wept also.

Meno's friends then laughed at him, and said : ' Now surely your heart has exhausted itself about the worthless man. What else will you try ?'

And Meno replied : ' There is one thing more. I will pray for him.' And he secretly supported Attalus and his family, so that they wanted nothing.

After some days Attalus grew worse and died. When Meno heard this, he wept for him, and followed him to the grave, and became the comforter of the widow and the orphans.

And the people said : ' How can a man act thus ?' But they knew nothing of the spirit which dwelt within him.

## The 'Christian Spectator' on Mr. Cobden and the War Question.

SIR,—I ask permission to offer a few remarks on the article entitled 'Mr. Cobden on War,' which appeared in your number for May, and which by accident escaped my observation until nearly the close of that month. It appears to me an unfair and ungenerous attack upon a distinguished public man, at a moment when he is making most honourable sacrifices of personal popularity and political influence to his moral convictions, and for no reason that I can see, except that he has dared firmly to maintain his own consistency, instead of allowing himself to be driven into a course in direct contradiction of the declared purpose and policy of his whole life, in obedience to one of those sudden paroxysms of prejudice and passion, to which the discerning British public is apt to deliver itself at intervals. The writer acknowledges the cause of Peace to be 'a true and good cause,' but has 'grave suspicions' whether it has not been seriously damaged by the mistakes of its supporters and leaders. His cause of quarrel with them seems to be that they have refused to join in the extravagant sympathy and admiration for Turkey, and the equally extravagant fear and hatred of Russia, under the impulse of which a large proportion of the people of this country have been hurrying blindfold into a war, the extent and probable consequences of which not one in ten thousand of them has ever attempted gravely to calculate. I do not know what course your contributor would have prescribed to the 'friends of peace' in this emergency. They have been for years proclaiming their principles aloud in the most conspicuous capitals of Europe. And when an actual event has occurred to bring the value and sincerity of their professions to the test, would he have had them fling those principles overboard, and unite or acquiesce in the clamour for war in defiance of all consistency? Why, Sir, if they *had* done this—if they had contented themselves with indulging in vague and abstract generalities of sentiment, when the political horizon was cloudless and serene, but sought refuge in a cowardly silence on the first appearance of a storm, their lips must have been for ever after sealed in shame.

In regard to Mr. Cobden's views on this Oriental question, it is but fair, before pronouncing so peremptory a condemnation, to ascertain with a little more accuracy than your contributor has taken the trouble to do what those views really are. Mr. Cobden believes that the panic-terror of Russia overrunning all Western Europe—destroying every vestige of constitutional government, and submerging the liberty and civilization of the age beneath a deluge of barbarism, is a morbid and utterly irrational apprehension. On this point he is at one with the great oracle and idol of the war party, Lord Palmerston, who said, the other day, in the House of Commons, 'There never has been a great State whose power for external aggression has been more overrated than Russia. She may be impregnable within her own boundaries, but she is nearly powerless for any purposes of offence.' Mr. Cobden, moreover, believes that the maintenance of Ma-

homedan rule in Europe is impossible—that the internal condition of the Turkish empire is one of chronic and hopeless disorganization, and that our Government, by undertaking to prop up its ‘independence and integrity,’ is incurring a responsibility which will lead to endless embarrassments—that by identifying ourselves with a tyrannic supremacy which has crushed, and is crushing, twelve out of fifteen millions of the population beneath a degrading and brutal system of oppression—the ‘offspring of Mussulman fanaticism,’ to quote the words of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, ‘excited by cupidity and hatred against the Christians,’ we are more likely to augment than to diminish the power of Russia, by teaching these millions to look upon it as their patron and protector against their hereditary oppressors, and so giving it a hold and an influence over the great majority of the people, which may prove much more formidable than any mere territorial aggrandizement. These are Mr. Cobden’s opinions. Whether right or wrong, they are not taken up for the occasion, but are adopted, as he himself stated at Edinburgh, after an elaborate and careful study of the whole subject for more than twenty years, a qualification for having and pronouncing a judgment on the question which I suspect is not possessed by one-twentieth of those who think themselves, nevertheless, entitled to speak of his views with an air of contemptuous pity and conscious superiority, which strikes me, I confess, as not a little ludicrous. For my part, I have not the smallest doubt that events will prove—as, in fact, they are rapidly proving—that he is right, both as to the power of Russia and the condition of Turkey.

But the head and front of Mr. Cobden’s offence is, it seems, that he has expressed a doubt ‘if democracy ever gained by war.’ This opinion your contributor brands as ‘pernicious’ and ‘fallacious,’ as ‘injurious to his influence,’ because ‘averse to the settled faith of mankind.’ If this latter assertion were true, it would hardly be accepted as conclusive by any thoughtful mind. ‘The settled faith of mankind’ has often taken very queer and questionable directions. There was a time when it might have been cited in favour of idolatry, and slavery, and religious persecutions, if, indeed, ‘the settled faith’ of the great majority ‘of mankind’ may not even now be cited on behalf of those venerable prejudices. We will not, therefore, attach too much importance to that, but pass on to the historical instances adduced to prove the ‘inaccuracy of the opinion.’ The first illustration which the writer takes to prove how much democracy has gained by war, is from the struggle of our forefathers with Charles the First. The essence of his argument is compressed into this sentence:—‘That the revolution of 1648 secured the privileges of Parliament against the fatal encroachment of prerogative, is as patent to every reader of our English annals as that the encroachment was made and resisted.’ Whatever partial failures may have marked that great movement, ‘proves nothing,’ he maintains, ‘against this only material fact—the establishment, for ever, of the inviolability of representatives.’ Now, Sir, I really do not remember having ever seen a statement more daringly at variance with facts than the above. The revolution of 1648 secured the privileges of Parliament! Why, never during the whole course of our history—not

even while the Stuarts maintained, in their most insolent mood, 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong'—was 'privilege of Parliament,' and the whole theory of constitutional government, treated with such absolute contempt, as after the revolution of 1648 had been triumphantly established. Has the writer forgotten that the very 'Long Parliament' of which he speaks *was* 'dispersed by armed force,' and all its leading members, the purest and bravest patriots of their day—Vane, Wentworth, Marten, and Algernon Sydney—driven out by Cromwell's musqueteers, amid the coarsest and most brutal insults from the military usurper? Is he not aware that after having committed this high-handed act, on the plea that the House then sitting did not represent the country, he himself not daring to appeal to public opinion, convoked a miserable parody of a free Parliament, not sent by the election of the people, but summoned by mere writ in his own name; and that even this poor simulacrum, composed of his own creatures and nominees, not being sufficiently subservient, had to be dissolved in five months, and its remonstrant minority 'cleared out by a file of musqueteers?' Need he be told that for some time afterwards, Cromwell exercised more despotic power than the Stuarts had ever dared to do—issuing in his own name ordinances which had all the force of law, and imposing taxes on the people without even the pretence of a consent from their representatives? That the next Parliament he called was weeded of its independent members by his usual conservators of the privileges of Parliament—'four companies of musqueteers;' that the members were summoned into his presence, and after having been snubbed and insulted to their hearts' content, were told that none should again enter the House but those who would sign a test of his imposing; and that even after this purgation it was abruptly dissolved in less than five months, contrary to the express law under which it was convoked? And, finally, must your contributor be reminded that the most upright and illustrious members of Cromwell's fourth and last Parliament, were severely punished for the mere exercise of free speech—Bradshaw removed from his judicial office, Sir Harry Vane, Rich, and Harrison committed to prison, and that the residue of the members found the door of the House guarded by soldiers, who admitted none but those who were provided with a certificate of approval from the Dictator? And yet he talks of the revolution of 1648 having 'secured the privileges of Parliament,' and 'the inviolability of representatives!!' No, Sir, what the revolution of 1648 secured for England was an absolute military despotism, mildly administered indeed, but no less in utter contempt of every semblance of constitutional government, the end of which was to leave the proud fabric of the free commonwealth for which the nation had bled, 'in a worse confusion,' to employ the sorrowful language of Milton, 'not of tongues, but of factions, than that at the Tower of Babel, and with no memorial of the work behind but in the common laughter of Europe.' So much for the first instance which your contributor adduces to prove how much 'democracy gains by war.'

He then passes to the American war of independence for his second illustration. He gets excessively indignant and impassioned because a



writer in the 'Herald of Peace' has ventured to say that American independence may have been attained in other ways than by war. Indeed, to hazard any supposition of what *might* have been the case if any past event had taken a different turn, is in his estimation an act of such monstrous folly, that he can hardly find language strong enough, even with the help of doggerel poetry, to express his reprobation. He worships the *fait accompli*, be it what it may. 'Whatever is, is right,' and no one is to imagine that it could have been better. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by sending the most skilled artizans of France as refugees to England, is generally believed to have contributed greatly to our industrial progress, and therefore let none execrate that act of perfidious tyranny! If any one were to say that other means might have been found to import French manufacturing skill into England, without the unutterable misery involved in the expulsion of eight hundred thousand persons from their country and home, that would be 'to disserve results from the means set at work for their attainment'—'to paralyze the sinews of logic'—and to commit I know not what other dialectic enormities. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes was the only possible way of promoting our industrial progress, and to suppose any other way by which it could have been accomplished is to affirm a principle which would 'deprive the physician of his fee and the philanthropist of his laurel.' And yet it is comical enough to find a writer who sternly interdicts to others any assumption of what *might or would have been* the case in the destiny of nations on certain given suppositions, constructs his whole argument in favour of our revolutionary war of 1648 on that very basis. 'For if,' he tells us, 'the Parliament had *not* waged war against the King, the Long Parliament *would have been* dispersed by force, and its members, one by one, *might have been hanged*,' and a number of other conjectural probabilities take place, calculated 'to paralyze the sinews of logic' in the most shameful manner. But notwithstanding this absurd invective against considering the possible alternatives of history, which anybody that studies history at all must continually do, I venture to express my entire concurrence with the writer in the 'Herald of Peace.' I firmly believe that American independence not only might have been attained without war, but might have been attained with far less peril to the cause of liberty than was incurred by the course actually pursued. For it was owing to a mere accident—an accident so rare that it has never occurred before or after in the history of nations—that the American war of independence did not end, as wars undertaken for freedom so frequently do, in a military despotism. It is notorious that the army, discontented with the acts of Congress, repeatedly pressed Washington to seize the supreme power by the sword. 'In 1782,' says M. Guizot, in his work entitled 'Monk and Washington,' 'certain discontented officers offered him the supreme power and the crown, which he refused "with great and sorrowful surprise." In 1783, as the time approached for disbanding, a plan of address circulated in the army, and a general meeting, was about to take place to consult on the *means of obtaining by force* what the Congress refused in spite of justice. When he was informed of this, he expressed

his severe disapprobation in an order of the day, himself called another meeting, and recalled the officers to a sense of their duty.' I say, then, that nothing stood between the infant republic of America and a premature and violent end by its own army of liberation, but the rare accident of Washington's sublime and incorruptible virtue. The friends of freedom, however, will do wisely not to run the hazard of finding a Washington in every military chieftain that may rise to the surface amid the heavings of political revolution, seeing that while there is but one Washington, your Cæsars, Cromwells, Monks, Napoleons, and Georgeys, are 'plenty as blackberries.' But why does not your contributor look a little further into history to aid him in the solution of this problem of how much democracy may hope to gain by war? The first French Revolution was pre-eminently the cause of democracy—much more so than either our own or the American revolution. The liberation and elevation of peoples was its watchword. For this was it attacked by the allied forces—for this did it go forth to fight—for this was there a wide-spread sympathy with it in all countries in Europe. The great soldier whom it placed at the head of its armies proclaimed himself as the 'armed apostle of democracy.' And let it be distinctly remembered that *its* cause everywhere triumphed so far as the battle-field was concerned. But what did 'democracy' gain by that 'war?' Why, it gained a military tyrant incomparably more imperious and despotic than the king it had displaced; and it gained the privilege of immolating its children by the myriads for the personal aggrandisement of a martial adventurer, without conscience and without heart. 'He left freedom chained,' says Lamartine, 'equality compromised by posthumous institutions, the human conscience re-sold, philosophy proscribed, prejudices encouraged, the human mind diminished, schools converted into barracks, literature degraded by censorship or humbled by baseness, national representation perverted, election abolished, the arts enslaved, commerce destroyed, credit annihilated, navigation suppressed, international hatred revived, the people oppressed or enrolled in the army, paying in blood or taxes the ambition of an unequalled soldier,' &c. And that is what French 'democracy gained by war' and its armed apostle!

But still more recently has the popular cause made its appeal to the wager of battle. And with what result? In France it placed the whole country in a state of siege, first under General Cavaignac, and then under Louis Napoleon, and thus prepared the way for its gliding once more by an easy, and almost necessary lapse into a military despotism, without even the shadow of constitutional freedom. In Hungary the military champion of liberty, as is the almost uniform practice of these gentry, betrayed his sacred trust, and carried himself and his army bodily to the feet of the oppressors. But why need I particularize? The whole condition of Europe at this moment is a practical commentary on Mr. Cobden's doubt, 'if democracy ever gains any thing by war.'

But though your contributor ignores these palpable facts, he has other illustrations to prove how much democracy gains by war. And what are they? Why, the Reform Bill and Corn Law Repeal! Englishmen have been hitherto accustomed to regard and represent these events, as the

triumphs of a peaceful and moral agitation, and have a hundred times commended them to other nations, as an example of what the popular cause may gain by the steady growth of public opinion, without having recourse to violence and menace. But it seems we have been mistaken all this while. Those great reforms were not the result of enlightened conviction as to their justice and policy produced on the minds of the statesmen who proposed, and the legislature which carried them, by free discussion, and 'unadorned eloquence,' but 'were notoriously yielded to terror.' Why Sir, I utterly deny the truth of this hardy assertion, if by 'terror' the writer means the fear inspired by brute force; nor do I envy the taste which reads history for the purpose of putting on events the most honourable to the intelligence and morality of the age, the coarsest and least creditable construction of which they are susceptible.

That any human being capable of the smallest political prevision should have expected any advantage to the cause of democracy from the *present* war, is one of the most extraordinary instances of hallucination that I ever met with! For who are the allies by whose help we are to promote the interests of democratic revolution in Europe! and who 'in making war for Turkey,' as the writer before us says, 'are in effect making war' for Poland, Hungary, and Italy? Why, the Emperor of France, and the Emperor of Austria. The one having built his throne on the ruins of a democracy, by the most ruthless slaughter and proscription of its leading defenders, and at this moment by his army crushing the democracy of Rome beneath the feet of a degrading priestly despotism. The other, holding a share of the spoils of Poland, having his mailed hand on the throat of Hungary and Lombardy, with Venice and Tuscany garrisoned by his troops, to keep down the democracy. These are certainly very likely champions to send their armies to the field to fight the battle of oppressed nationalities; even if any man in his senses could imagine that our own aristocratic Government would seriously lend itself to any such purpose. It is to be hoped that the recent declarations of Kossuth will serve to dispel this portentous delusion from the minds of those who have been shouting for war, in the interest of democratic liberty. 'You have meant,' said he at Sheffield, 'to fight for the independence and liberties of Europe, and you will discover that you have fought for securing oppression over many a nation on the continent.' It is true that Kossuth's invective is directed only against the Austrian alliance, because it is that only which affects Hungary. But let Mazzini come forth, and what picture will he draw of the prospects of Roman liberty from the French alliance? And what would M. Victor Hugo, or M. Schelcher say, if they were asked what they thought of the hopes of European democracy in general under the fostering patronage of 'Napoléon le Petit?' If anybody wishes to see the interpretation put by the French Government on the events now transpiring in Europe, let him read the article by M. Eugène Forcade, in the number just published of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' written obviously under the inspiration of the French Foreign Office. It is an elaborate vindication and eulogy of Austria. 'In taking the part,' says the writer, 'which restores to her her liberty and her power, Austria has united for her con-

servation at once the interests and the forces of Europe. It is impossible that minds, even the most prejudiced against Austria, can fail to be struck with what is passing under our eyes. Never was the utility and the necessity of that political combination, which is called the Austrian Empire, more conspicuously demonstrated than by these events. Suppose that the tie which binds in one bundle (*qui attaché en un faisceau*), the different elements of races and languages of which the Austrian empire is composed, were broken, where would you find that organized military force which can oppose to Russia an invincible barrier? In its place you would only have the Magyars, the Slaves, the Germans, the fragments of divided peoples, probably enemies of each other, an anarchy of nationalities, across which Russia might penetrate without obstacle. . . . United to the West, Austria will renew by the services she renders to Europe, the legitimacy of her power. . . . Here is the true conservative policy for Austria.' And that there should be no mistake as to his meaning, the writer goes on to speak of *les rouges en Italie et en Hongrie* as being then the only allies left for Russia. So that the people in this country who have been shouting for the war, in the interest of 'the Hungarian, the Pole, and the Italian,' and abusing Mr. Cobden for not uniting with them, have now the satisfaction of finding that one of the objects avowed by our principal ally in this conflict is to preserve unbroken 'the tie which binds in one bundle' that huge agglomerate of incoherent and oppressed nationalities called the Austrian empire, and to defend it against *les rouges en Italie et en Hongrie*.

Your contributor having done with Mr. Cobden, turns his edge against a tract issued by the Peace Society, and undertakes 'to impale the writer on a dilemma of his own making.' The writer in question, in dealing with the extravagant panic about Russia overwhelming all Europe, denies, as Lord Palmerston does, the mighty aggressive power ascribed to Russia. But in another part of the tract he maintains, that if the war once break out, it would not be confined to a 'little brush with Russia,' as the current phrase was at that time, but would probably swell into a general European war of indefinite extent and duration, and that a general war, in the present condition of Europe, would inflict unutterable calamities on mankind. What possible contradiction any one can see in these two statements I am entirely at a loss to conceive. But in order to accomplish the logical feat of which he boasts, your contributor finds it necessary to misrepresent the above statements in the following flagrant fashion:—'If Russia be so feeble as you represent her, whence are to come the disasters you prophesy? If she be strong enough to inflict those disasters,'—which the writer anticipates, it will be seen, not from Russian infliction, but from a general European war brought upon us by attacking Russia—'is it not time to arrest her aggressions?' &c.

Your contributor, lastly, finds fault with the Peace party because they have been praising Lord Aberdeen for the earnest and protracted efforts he made to avoid war. They would be a very anomalous party if they did *not* praise him for having so acted. 'They will probably,' adds he, 'quote and print as a motto his recent dictum that war, even when just and necessary, is the worst possible exhibition of human depravity.' If they

quote Lord Aberdeen at all, they will at least endeavour to do so correctly, which this writer does not. What he did say was, that war, even when just and necessary, is—not ‘the worst possible exhibition’—but ‘the *strongest possible proof* of human depravity.’ And if your correspondent doubts this, I should think he is about the only man in Christendom who does. He then goes on to say, with his usual recklessness of assertion, ‘that only a war against despotism has ever before been objected to by Lord Aberdeen.’ Had he the slightest acquaintance with the history of events within the last twenty years, he must have known that this assertion is glaringly at variance with the facts. He would have known that it was Lord Aberdeen’s strenuous exertions in favour of peace that saved us from war with France in 1841, and with the United States in 1842, and that both M. Guizot and Mr. Webster acknowledged that the pacific adjustment of the quarrels which had arisen under the administration of his predecessor was owing in a main degree to his timely accession to office instead of Lord Palmerston. And he would have known, moreover, that the same howl of false patriotism about betraying the interests and honour of his country, was raised against him by a party at home for ‘objecting to’ a war with constitutional France and republican America, as now for endeavouring to ward off a war with despotic Russia.

One word more, Mr. Editor, and I have done. Your correspondent states that ‘Mr. Cobden’s reputation has collapsed,’ in consequence of the course he has taken on this war. In your Monthly Retrospect, I find, also, that Mr. Bright is said to have ‘added to his unpopularity on this question’ by renewing his opposition to the war. But does the ‘Christian Spectator’ teach us that public men are to regulate their conduct at a great national crisis by a regard to popularity and that shifting reputation which dwells in the mouths of the multitude? Why, sir, every man who means to guide his life by any consistent principle, must lay his account frequently to make himself of no reputation. And it must be so pre-eminently with those who set themselves to resist the first impulses of a people in a passion. *Ira furor brevis est*, is no less applicable to a nation than to an individual. Your correspondent is angry with Mr. Cobden because he accuses his countrymen of ‘rushing into war with ignorant levity.’ And have they not always done so, and in so doing sacrificed their own truest friends? Did they not furiously assail Sir Robert Walpole because he resisted the Spanish war of 1739, although everybody *now* admits with Lord Brougham that that war ‘is one of the greatest blots in English history,’ and though the very nation that clamoured for it, realized, ere long, Walpole’s own prophecy, when he heard the city bells ringing with joy at the declaration of war,—‘They may ring the bells now; they will be wringing their hands before long!’ Was not George the Third’s constant argument with Lord North in favour of the American war, that it was so popular with the nation that he must proceed with it; and was not Burke, who led the opposition to it, as his biographer says, ‘assailed with a prodigious quantity of abuse,’ until, at length, he became so discouraged that he withdrew in despair from the House of Commons? Were not ‘the foolish and wicked authors,’ as your

correspondent justly calls them, of the last French war, applauded to the echo by all but the universal public voice, while Mr. Fox, so lately the idol of the nation, became the object of unbounded odium and reproach because he opposed the war, and according to his own pathetic complaint, 'could not walk the streets without being insulted?' And when Lord Aberdeen arranged the disputes which so imminently jeopardized our peace with America in 1842, was not the treaty nicknamed 'the Ashburton *capitulation*,' and he and all the ministry scurrilously abused by the newspapers, as I heard Sir Robert Peel, years afterwards, sorrowfully complain? And have the wisdom and moderation of the British public been so conspicuously displayed in other matters of late years, that we should be tempted to confide in the infallibility of its opinion in reference to this war? It is not three years ago since the whole nation surrendered itself to a perfect delirium of terror for the safety of the royal prerogative and of our Protestant institutions, because a few ambitious Catholic priests wished to clothe themselves in certain pompous ecclesiastical titles. Eighteen months have not elapsed since the whole island was in the crisis of a panic fever of French invasion; for resisting which Mr. Cobden was branded as 'the great Un-Englishman,' and was assured that he had for ever wrecked his character as a statesman. And having so recently witnessed these deplorable aberrations of the national reason, Messrs. Cobden and Bright may possibly think, that they are not called upon implicitly to follow such guidance against their own deliberate and carefully-formed convictions. Whether the community at large are now, or have been any time within these six or nine months, in a condition which should qualify them to form an impartial judgment on this Eastern Question, let any man decide who has observed the tone of the newspapers and public meetings, and private conversations on this subject; the resolute one-sidedness of view; the petulant rejection of evidence, save what ministers to the prevailing taste; the eager credulity with which all is welcomed on the one part, and the scornful scepticism with which all is repelled on the other; the fierce intolerance which impugns the common sense, even if not the personal integrity of all who venture to oppose the war; the headlong and unreasoning vehemence of passion, with which impossible and ridiculous demands are put forward as terms of peace; and a hundred other tokens of a feverish and unnatural state of excitement, as widely at variance as it is well possible to conceive with the calm and judicial temper from which we could hope for an unprejudiced and trust-worthy decision.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

R. H.

[Anxious that full justice should be done to the motives and principles involved in the discussion of the important questions mooted in the article to which our friend has taken exception, we have willingly consented to insert the above reply—a consent which the high character and talents of the writer would alone have secured. The arguments of our friend will be disposed of in a short rejoinder in our next number.—ED.]

## Record of Christian Missions.

A thoughtful mind is often perplexed with the slow progress of our race in well-being and well-doing. It is a wearisome thought when long entertained. Close upon six thousand years have passed since this world was made the home of man and yet it is only within the last few centuries that its best and noblest portions have been discovered and reclaimed from savage and from desert life. Our own country has been two thousand of these years in struggling up to its present position of Christian and social eminence. And in every land where the truths of Christianity have been proclaimed, we see the same law of slow and gradual development. The set time to favour Zion comes often in the ardent imagination of its disciples, but cloudy and dark days succeeding, dispel the dream, and a new call to arms proclaims at once the imperfection of past victories, and the necessity for fresh conquests. Yet amidst all, 'it moves;' the vitalizing influence communicated to a dead world by an obscure peasant out of the obscurest part of the narrow territory, once belonging to a bigoted people, still 'moves;' moves like the apocalyptic king, 'conquering and to conquer;' moves in slow but certain presage of universal dominion. No other moral power that has dawned upon this world has done, as a matter of fact, so much good, or wrought such great marvels, as this self-same Christianity. And when often desponding on account of what it has *not* done, we find ourselves lifted into a happier and brighter mood by reflecting on what it *has* accomplished. Although it has not done *all*, it has done *much*, and we believe will do *more* in quickly succeeding times, than has ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Faith in this idea is to us,

'that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened.'

Our monthly task of reading the journals of the leading Missionary Societies has suggested these thoughts, and many more, which the purpose of this 'Record' compels us to suppress.

Having in our last number dwelt at some length on the operations of the Baptist Missionary Society, we this month simply add that the present 'Herald' contains merely an account of its public meeting at Exeter Hall, which is doubtless, by this time, familiar to all our readers.

The 'Magazine and Chronicle' of the London Missionary Society contains both an abstract of its report and of its public meetings. The report, to our minds, is of unusual interest. We are glad for the first time to hear the Directors '*express their regret that the presence of a returned missionary at every local meeting is now deemed all but essential*;' we hope the hint will be taken by country auxiliaries. Men who come to England to recruit their health and refresh their spirits, ought not to be mercilessly dragged from the Land's

End to John o'Groat's house, to tell the same tale over and over again, until, through sheer exhaustion, they begin to lose interest in the whole affair. To say nothing of the expense thus incurred, we do think provincial auxiliaries might manage just as well among themselves, if they would bestow a little pains upon the getting up of their meetings.

To follow this society in its labours, is to travel round the globe ; the briefest summary must therefore suffice. In *Tahiti*, for a while the arbitrary power of the French has all but destroyed that once lovely mission ; and in *Raiatea*, *Huahine*, and the *Navagators' Islands*, intestine wars are blighting old expectations ; otherwise ' the Polynesian churches present many sources of Christian encouragement, and strong claims for devout thanksgiving.' From the *West Indies*, a chequered report comes, into which we do not enter here, though with tempting materials at hand, satisfying ourselves with a thankful expression of its wisdom and cautiousness. *South Africa* is another vexed quarter of Christian effort. Military despotism, Dutch stupidity, and native lawlessness have hung those fair fields of promise beyond the colony with a sable pall ; nor are we quite sure whether a bolder and more outspoken protest against these and similar forms of colonial misrule would not effectually promote the great objects the society contemplates. The Rev. W. Ellis still remains at the *Mauritius*, collecting information respecting Madagascar, and waiting to improve any opportunity that may arise for the re-introduction of European teachers into that ill-starred island : meanwhile Christian books, translated into Malagassy, find their way to the interior, and are used by the natives. *China* furnishes material for a 'record' in itself ; but we have so lately dwelt at large upon its patent facts, and the progress of its insurrection, that our passing over this mighty empire now must not be taken as an indication of little interest in that great world, with its fermenting peoples. We shall be glad when the first instalment of the additional 'ten' men is sent to China, as an earnest of future work. *India*, ' the golden peninsula,' has fields white unto the harvest ; the native teachers in connexion with different societies number nearly a thousand, and the communicants nearly twenty thousand. 'Bel koweth down ; Nebo stoopeth ! Over this Edom the Church of the living God will soon cast its shoe.'

Amongst the gratifying items in the financial statement of this society we observe that upwards of 12,000*l.* were raised at the missionary stations. The annual meeting was a very good one ; but we regret that the portion of Mr. Gill's speech which related to the deep interest taken by her Majesty (whom heaven preserve and bless), on the progress of Christianity in Polynesia, is omitted. We sum up our aspirations for this and other 'co-workers' in the fine words of Cowper :—

'Heav'n speed the canvass gallantly unfurled  
To furnish and accommodate a world,  
To succour wasted regions, and replace  
The smile of opulence on sorrow's face ;  
Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen,  
Impede the bark that ploughs the deep serene,



Charged with a freight transcending in its worth  
 The gems of India, Nature's rarest birth,  
 That flies like Gabriel, on his Lord's commands,  
 A herald of God's love to pagan lands.'

The 'Record of the United Presbyterian Church' opens up another phase of Christian activity. From Jamaica we have a valuable statistical and discriminating report. We quote the following, and refer our readers to the September and October numbers of the 'Baptist Magazine' for 1853, in which they will find corroborative testimony from the report of the 'Western Union,' that is, a union of the Baptist churches located in the western division of this island:— 'The letters of the missionaries indicate that they have many things to grieve and discourage them; old African superstitions still linger in various places, and entice many; not a few in the congregations are lukewarm and apathetic, while numbers are falling into sin and imposing on the missionaries the painful duty of suspending them from the church.' We draw attention to such facts as these on account of the exaggerated statements made by some returned missionaries, which, if correct, would prove that Jamaica was more thoroughly evangelized than England. Not that we have any satisfaction in thus contravening the opinions of esteemed men, but because many of our speakers on missionary platforms little know the injury done to a good cause by the *couleur de rose* with which they paint the result of their labours. Our Scotch brethren in every part of the world are models in this respect. The annual report of the United Presbyterian Church also glances at the mission in Calabar and in Caffraria, and with singular exception to other societies, it is thankfully stated 'that no breach by death has, during the year, been made in any of their mission fields.'

The 'Church Missionary Society' presents us with a noble report; its income during the past year was upwards of 123,000*l.*, with which it has sustained 152 European missionaries, at 118 stations. Like other societies, it pleads earnestly for men! The money is in hand, but suitable agents are not forthcoming, and we fear that during the present war, and the continuous tidal flow towards Australia, all societies will suffer from this great want. In the words of the following appeal we heartily sympathize, and hope the response to it will be loud and ready:—

'The circumstances of the times also encourage the hope that the men will be found. Military ardour is working in the breasts of thousands. How light the dangers of the sea and the battle appear! How willingly parents part with their sons to join the expeditionary force! Men who cannot obtain the Queen's commission still resort to the scene of action as volunteers, in hope of employment. "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown:" shall the children of light hesitate and shrink back, and yield to the soft remonstrances of friends, when the commission of the King of kings is in their hands, "Go ye unto all nations, and preach the gospel?"'

The 'Wesleyan Missionary Society,' with characteristic zeal and devotedness, presents another marvellous report to its constituents. Its income during the past year has reached nearly 115,000*l.* In addition to the ordinary report read

by one of the secretaries, the Rev. Robert Young,<sup>1</sup> who has just returned from a tour of missionary inspection of 40,000 miles, in which he visited Australia, Van Diemen's Land, New Zealand, Tonga, Fejee, Ceylon, South Africa, &c., made an instructive and eloquent speech, from which our space confines us to the following paragraph, alike surprising and gratifying :—

'The society, in sending missionaries to scattered and neglected emigrants, as well as to dark Pagans, has in Australia realized a great reward. It has established a cause in that island-continent which is Christianity in aggressive action; going everywhere through the land, and communicating its benefits to "squatters" far in the wilderness, and to diggers on the gold-fields, as well as to numerous villagers, and the communities of large towns and cities. Openings for usefulness are everywhere presenting themselves, and more ministers are earnestly desired. During the last thirteen months nine missionaries from this society have arrived in Australia, nine more are on their way; three have been received from Polynesia, four have been called out in the country, and I have brought with me cash to pay the outfit and passage of six more, making altogether an addition of thirty-one labourers. Nor do our excellent friends in that country ask for any further pecuniary aid from the parent society; but with an enlightened and generous liberality engage to make provision for all their ministers, to maintain their own institutions, and to contribute a handsome sum annually for purely missionary purposes. And when the churches of that land shall be formed into a distinct connexion, as is intended, it is my deep conviction that, in their confederated form, their progress will be most rapid, their benefit to that interesting country incalculable, and their contributions to the missionary fund most munificent.'

The American missionaries in Syria, under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, write full of hope and spirits. Dr. Smith, the veteran of a quarter of a century's labours in Palestine, has nearly completed his translation of the Scriptures into the Arabic. At Beyrout Mr. Hurter has '*a steam press* (!) in his printing office, and is sending off the impressions of this beautiful Arabic character in words of life.' Nearly on the summit of Mount Lebanon the Rev. Simeon Howard Calhoun has a seminary of young men who were recently examined in 'philosophy, natural and moral, and in various departments of literature and science,' and the united testimony of the examiners was that 'no ordinary class in an American college would have acquitted themselves with more credit.' And in China, in Turkey, in the East, and among the North American Indians, the energy of our American brethren is telling wondrously on the spiritual welfare of thousands.

Nor in this brief survey should we forget to mention that our nearest continental neighbour and ally has its share in these great results. The 'Protestant Bible Society' of Paris, fettered by a narrow basis, has circulated nearly 10,000 copies of the Scriptures in France during the past year; the 'French and Foreign Bible Society,' with a wider and more liberal basis, has circulated nearly 60,000 copies of the Old or New Testament; the 'Evangelical Society of France,' altogether unsectarian in its character and aim, prospers greatly, amidst much intimidation and persecution of its agents by the Popish clergy; the

'Sabbath question' is awakening much attention in Paris, and many of the political papers are advocating the closing of their offices on that day. The Archbishop of Paris aids the movement in a pastoral letter addressed to his clergy, urging them to make strenuous endeavours to 'prevent every member of their flocks from buying or selling on that day,' but, the report adds, 'instead of himself giving the example, the Archbishop still allows his weekly organ, the 'Christian Week,' to be published on the Sabbath morning, and to be sold on that day at the doors of all the churches in his diocese !

From Canada and America we hear of the great excitement produced by the visit of Dr. Duff, not only of Indian, but of European reputation. A few items of our information will we believe be new to most of our readers, and will amply repay perusal. From Montreal the correspondent of the 'News of the Churches' writes thus concerning the Doctor :—

'The most interesting event of recent occurrence has been the visit of the Rev. Dr. Duff, of Calcutta. Brief, far too brief, though this visit has been, it has left a deep and powerful impression. Dr. Duff was able to spend no more than a fortnight in Canada. During that time he addressed crowded audiences in the principal towns and cities, passing from west to east,—viz., London, Hamilton, Toronto, Cobourg, Kingston, and Montreal. Unfortunately he reached this city at the very period of the year when access to Quebec is all but impracticable,—when the *snow* roads are at an end, and the ice has not yet left the river,—the navigation is not open. The Doctor was therefore obliged to renounce his intended visit to Quebec, and proceeded from Montreal by railroad to Boston.

'The Doctor has used all plainness of speech in telling us our unfaithfulness and unprofitableness to the Lord. He has been with us crying aloud, and sparing not, and lifting up his voice like a trumpet.

'The practical result at once appears in this community, where Christians of several denominations are earnestly considering how they may further the cause of Foreign Missions. It is rightly felt that Canada, than which no country is more prosperous, should not be wanting to any great Christian enterprise. How seemly that the young lands of the West should devote their vigour to the evangelization of the aged, superstitious, but ever interesting East !'

From the same source we gather the following information respecting Dr. Duff's movements in America, which appear to have awakened an extraordinary feeling, and to have produced a most singular and delightful union of purpose among Christians of all denominations. The letter is dated New York, May 13, from which we make the following extracts :—

'From his first appearance amongst us in public to the very last, thousands have crowded to hear him, and thousands had to go away without being able to enjoy the privilege. His passage through our States, and his visitation of our cities and churches, has been an ovation. His preaching and addresses in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, in the Canadas, and other places, have produced an extraordinary excitement and impression, far exceeding that of any other minister that has visited our country since the days of Whitefield.

'A convention, called by the committee to which I have above alluded, com-

menced its sessions in New York on the 4th of May, which were continued for two days. As far as I am now informed, it was the first meeting of the kind ever held in this country. There, for two days, in the most fraternal and loving conference, were the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Baptist, the Congregationalist, the Reformed Dutch, the Reformed, and the Associate Reformed. There were the Secretaries of the American and Presbyterian Boards of Foreign Missions, and of the American and Foreign Christian Union, —and there were missionaries, worn out by labours on the foreign field, from China, India, Asia Minor, Turkey, Africa, and from Hamburg. The questions discussed took a very wide range; and on every question the convention came to an unanimous deliverance. If ever I was at a meeting over which the Spirit of God seemed to hover, as did the cloud rising between the cherubims over the ark of the covenant, that was the meeting. A stranger simply looking on, and hearing the debates, could not tell who was Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopalian, Baptist, or Congregationalist. They all seemed one in Christ, as they really were, and members one of another; all seemed astonished at the magnitude and number of the points in which they agreed, and seemed to forget the trifling points in which they differed.'

The convention was concluded by a public meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle, which was 'filled to its utmost capacity.' From the resolutions of the Convention as his text, 'Dr. Duff for upwards of two hours poured forth a torrent of eloquence of surpassing power. The grandeur of the object of missions, the conversion of the world, the means to be used, the difficulties to be encountered, the duties of ministers and membership of the church, were brought out in solemn and most impressive review, now with a pathos that drew tears from every eye, now with a gorgeousness of imagery which convulsed the immense assembly. His irony as to those who exalt the missionary work as not beneath the talents of Gabriel or the dignity of princes, and their work as one which angels might well court, and yet never go, and never give, whose words on the subject fall as fleecy, and as beautiful, and as soft, as flakes of snow upon a running stream, was the most intensely caustic that we have ever heard or ever read.'

We are tempted to add the following, and this will appropriately close this month's 'Record'; our hearts have been made glad by writing this abstract; may a similar feeling possess our readers. The writer of the above adds—

'With us, as it may be with you, there is a feeling that second-rate men, who cannot command ordinary pulpits at home, will do for the heathen; and that, after all, there are other duties more pressing on the Church than the conversion of the heathen to Jesus Christ. And there is among our people, and, alas! even among some of our ministers, a feeling which induces them to think that the mere clippings of their extravagance is all that is required of them for the conversion of the heathen; that foreign missions have no claims upon our self-denial. In his own person Dr. Duff has given the most effectual denial to the first; and, everywhere, in his public addresses, he has intensely refuted and scornfully scouted the other. His influence on the cause of foreign missions amongst us cannot be otherwise than very great. It must in the nature of the

case result in the multiplication of missionaries, and of the contributions of our churches. Until the Church is thawed out of its frozen selfishness, the living streams will not flow into the arid wastes of our world, nor will the wilderness and solitary places rejoice.

## Monthly Retrospect.

'THE summer is put off on account of the war,' said the *Momus* of the periodical press in the middle of June—and the war is waiting for the summer,' added political satirists. In the last week of the month, however, with haymaking going on under our window, the fidelity of Nature cannot be impeached—and if it be true that on the 21st the Baltic fleet turned its steam screws in the direction of Cronstadt, we may be sure that neither is the philosophy of character to be belied by an inactive Napier.

At another point of the field, the cloud that had hitherto only lowered and sputtered, has burst in a tempest of fire and blood. The siege and defence of Silistria have been conducted with a resolution and recklessness seldom surpassed, even in this bloodiest form of war. The Russians seem to have concentrated upon it all of the army of invasion that was not in the Dobrudja, and to have employed by turns bombardment, mining, and assault—the first method, ineffectually; the two latter with frightful loss to themselves. Eight or ten thousand men are said to have been killed or wounded by Turkish sallies. Five of the Russian generals, besides the commander-in-chief, have been disabled—one of them, it is believed, mortally. Their self-exposure seems to have been rendered necessary by the imperious orders of their master, and the reluctance of their troops. The chief loss on the side of the garrison appears to be that of their brave commander, Mussa Pasha, who was killed by a cannon-ball falling in his house. The arrival of English and French divisions at Varna enabled Omar Pasha to detach a portion of his army—concentrated at Shumla—to the aid of Silistria. They arrived in time to assist at a final sortie of the garrison; by which the besiegers were literally driven across the Danube, their own batteries turning upon them, under the hands of the victorious Moslems. It is believed that the Russians are now in full retreat upon Jassy, and have even received orders to recross the Pruth.

The result would probably not have been different even had Silistria fallen. The communication at St. Petersburg of separate demands from Austria and Prussia for the evacuation of the Principalities, with the presence of a large Austrian army on the Moldavian frontier, must at once have convinced the Czar that his case is desperate, and have offered an alternative less humiliating than absolute surrender to the Western powers. The immediate conclusion of a peace, simply re-establishing the relations interrupted by the war, has therefore been positively asserted; and the assertion receives confirmation from the concurrent expressions of opinion by opposite authorities.

One of these authorities is Louis Kossuth. To the right of speech upon

the conduct of the war, conferred by his intimate knowledge of Eastern politics, and his natural anxiety as to coincident results, he has added the right that grows out of prudent self-denial. Having done nothing to excite the war in which he has so vast a stake, he is the more entitled to be heard as to its direction. At Sheffield and at Nottingham he has thus spoken during the past month—and if his health permits, will go on to speak at Newcastle and Glasgow. His counsel and entreaty is, Strike at Russia through Poland. His arguments are, You thereby at once escape the stultifying alliance of Austria, and nullify her hostility; you make the war a real one, and almost certainly a short one. To us, his reasoning is not less conclusive than his appeals are pathetic. But we fear it requires a longer education in the philosophy of history and the science of political strategy, than our countrymen have yet received—too deep a distrust of kingcraft and diplomacy than is congenial to the English character—to give due effect to his citations and warnings. The history of the war, we firmly believe, will add another to the many illustrations already extant of the truths which Kossuth embodies in aphorisms; but our belief is, alas! a painful sense of helpless foresight.

This conviction and feeling is rather strengthened than otherwise by incidents which might seem of quite another tendency. We refer to the language held by those great governing powers of England—Lord John Russell and the 'Times'—on the war and the expected peace. His lordship, from circumstances presently to be explained, presented himself for re-election by the City of London. He was threatened with at least a verbal opposition by Mr. Urquhart—whose unsurpassed knowledge, signal ability, and unimpeachable earnestness, are nearly neutralized by an insane contempt for ordinary methods of procedure. The candidate who presented himself as an accuser, found no proposer. It would seem, therefore, that only a part of the speech prepared for the defence was delivered. It was of a sort that will bear expansion or compression with perfect impunity. It consisted of emphatic denunciations of Russian ambition, and promises of vigorous war as the means to a 'durable, honourable, and lasting peace.' A few days later, Sir George Grey—dragged into the Cabinet by Lord John as the backer of his policy—delivered to the electors of Morpeth ('free and independent' of all but gentle Carlisle's lordship) a fluent homily on the horrors of war; which would imply that Sir George had forgotten to ask his cue before going down. The 'Times,' ridiculing Kossuth's proposal as casting away the alliance of a power 300,000 bayonets strong,—and reviling Lord John for reasons of another class,—writes up the anti-Russian sentiment; insisting that 'material guarantees' of respect for the integrity of Turkey must be the lowest price of peace. Lord Lyndhurst urged the same doctrine on the evening of the 19th ult., in a speech of remarkable power; Lord Clarendon assented to it, with a great show of earnestness; the Earl of Derby expressed his concurrence with characteristic force; and the Earl of Aberdeen dissented! His dissent was not only unqualified by allusion to the sentiments of his colleagues, but expressed in language that sounds like that of a studied reply. Lord John Russell had said it was the object of the war to 'preserve the independence of

Europe against the ambitious power of Russia'—the Earl of Aberdeen could not say he felt 'what was called the security of the world was in much danger from any chance of Russian aggression.' The Foreign Secretary had just declared that 'all Europe was not to be disturbed for an insignificant result;' that the present object and interest of Europe must be to 'curtail the power and check the policy' of Russia—the Premier begged leave to say, 'If we can secure tranquillity for twenty-five years to come, we shall not do amiss.' The glaring contrariety, in letter and spirit, of these utterances, could not escape observance. Even the journals which are believed to have a special affection for the Earl of Aberdeen, censured the speech so redolent of Muscovite affinities. Mr. Layard gave notice of his intention to call to it the attention of the House of Commons; and the leader of the House—either in spite or gallantry—readily appointed a day for the purpose. Within an hour after the notice had been given, the Premier named a still earlier day for an explanation of 'remarks that appeared to have been misunderstood.' The explanation was certainly ingenious, and so far effective, that Mr. Layard has recalled his notice. But such is the unconcealed animus of the Premier's policy and speeches, that we believe his lordship's own drawing-room would contain the entire number of his sympathisers; for he is not only the apologist of 'a monstrous tyranny,' but of an exposed and exploded sham—the long dominant but now for ever vanquished lie of Russian invincibility.

Why then do we distrust the conduct or the termination of the war, in a manner favourable to the liberties of Europe? For two reasons—First, because antipathy to Russia does not always include zeal for continental liberty; and, secondly, because the *status quo* in English politics, and the *status quo ante bellum* in European relations, are alike precious to our governing classes. Lord John Russell cannot exact from Russia the terms he would, without endangering the whole continental system; and he cannot run that danger without destroying allies essential to his own political existence. He may throw out Aberdeen if he will, but only to let in Derby; therefore he will not do it. The wily thane, keeping office, will also keep faith with himself—will hold well in hand the dogs of war, till the hunted beast is safe in his lair. The 'Times' we believe to be privy to this policy; and the louder that unprincipled journal shouts for vengeance on Russia, while it continues to laud the value of Austrian help, the surer shall we be that an ignominious and unsafe conclusion is being put to a war, the very necessity of which consisted in its earnest prosecution; and all the glory of which has thus far accrued to the people that were to be the passive spectators of foreign intervention. We are not alone in this view. Any attentive reader of the political press, must see that it is even common;—but to a nation so impotent in its faculties, or so debauched in its conscience, that it permits a divided ministry to conduct a costly war,—why should any man say, You are deceived and dishonoured!

It is not in the matter of the war alone that the national sentiment is utterly set at naught by governmental action, even when that sentiment finds utterance through the House of Commons and the ministerial press. We have been exulting that with the fall of the Derby-Disraeli Cabinet;

government by clique, family, and faction, went out for ever—that the age of patriotic, talented, and energetic administration had set in. Fools that we were! was not a Russell still among the Queen's Ministers? Lord John held no responsible or active office. Free from the vulgar toils of a department, he was to exercise his hereditary and acquired influence in the rapid transit through the lower House of great measures. There were just seven bills, or groups of bills, announced at the opening of the session. At the time of our last writing, four of these had disappeared. The defeat of the Parliamentary Oaths Bill—which ingeniously tied up the Jewish claims with anti-Catholic prejudices—disposed of the sixth. The voluntary withdrawal of a batch of bills for the disfranchisement of corrupt voters left only the seventh—already on its way through cross divisions to rejection or abandonment. Mr. Disraeli would have been unworthy of the indisputable eminence he enjoys as a political satirist and party leader, if he had not taken the opportunity of this position to exhibit ministerial failure and Whig degradation. Lord John replied angrily. Mr. Disraeli rejoined triumphantly. Sir George Grey attempted the rescue of his prostrate chief, and Lord John had at least the feminine consolation of the 'last word'—rather diminished in its solacing property by Mr. Bright's off-hand criticism. It was, no doubt, the smart of this retort that stung Lord John into making a *coup d'état* during the Whitsun recess. Mr. Strutt, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, on returning to town, was informed in a note from his political chief, that his place was wanted for somebody else. The somebody proved to be the Earl of Granville, whom Lord John had displaced from the post of President of the Council. The appointment of the Duke of Newcastle to the new Ministry of War, vacated the Colonial Office,—into which Sir George Grey was hoisted from his seat behind the Treasury bench. This re-distribution of places may be supposed to give Lord John more authority in the Cabinet; but at what price in public and parliamentary influence is already seen. The aspiring talent of the Ministry is naturally enraged, and makes its anger felt through the leading journals; aspirants for office are deterred from too faithful service of so unfaithful a chief; and the country is rather shocked at so barefaced an exhibition of the way in which it is governed in its own name. Worse than all,—the Government has found occasion to cast upon Radicals and Dissenters the obligation of deserting them. On the Ballot debate, Lord Palmerston opposed with contemptuous carelessness the resolution for which Sir William Molesworth had prepared a massive speech, and which the constituencies like to see at least decorously refused to them. But it is in ecclesiastical questions that Lord John displays his political dexterity, and a delicate sense of his relations to Dissenters. Thus on the second reading of Sir W. Clay's Church-rate Abolition Bill (rejected by a majority of 27 in a House of 400), he reiterated his ultra-conservative objections, and promising a measure next session, (what has he not promised when hard pressed?) urged upon Dissenters that as they had waited so long, they might wait a little longer. There was no satire in the expostulation—the speaker was too conscious of his difficulty to have spare breath for satire; else might it have been prompted by the re-



collection that immediately after his last pro-church-rate speech—on which Mr. Bright had just been so eloquently severe—he found City Dissenters, even such as Mr. Morley, prompt as ever to give him their unquestioning support, as the champion of civil and religious liberty. The difficulty was got over by a severe whip—certain members of the Ministry being coerced into a vote which would ensure the loss of their seats but for the long-suffering of Dissent, to which their leader so touchingly appeals. On the Oxford University Reform Bill these appeals and tactics have had less success. Mr. Heywood's clause, for the admission of Dissenters, was adopted by a majority of 91 (252 to 161). Lord Stanley, and some 57 other Conservatives, were in the majority; but it was Mr. Walpole who divided the House against a second clause, admitting Dissenters to degrees, which was rejected by a majority of 9. A compromise has since been effected; the Dissenters contenting themselves with admission to B.A. degrees, and the Government assenting. The numbers recorded on these occasions, as for church-rate abolition, is a triumphant proof of the progress of Dissenting principles; largely aided, we know, by the recent change of Dissenting organisation. Should the University Bill, with its appendage, be rejected by the Lords, this triumph will not be the less.

Other incidents, parliamentary and judicial, cast a passing light upon the great question of ecclesiastical equality. In the discussion of the miscellaneous estimates, Mr. Spooner, aided by the Voluntaries, obtained the excision of the usual vote for Roman Catholic chaplains of gaols. In supporting this Protestant move, we think Nonconformists were deluded by a verbal sleight. We do not see that the objection to State payments for religious services logically extends to State institutions; but only to social, voluntary arrangements. The pauper and the prisoner, deprived of the means of paying their religious teachers, seem to have a claim to their support by the State. Besides, it was beginning the process of disendowment at the wrong end; giving a triumph to sectarian prejudice instead of political principle; and justifying a vote against the Maynooth subsidy. We are borne out in this view by what followed. Mr. Scholefield proposed, a few days afterwards, to withdraw the usual vote for the chaplains of Lunatic Asylums—the strictly logical sequel of the former vote, but revolting to the sentiment of the House, and therefore rejected by an immense majority. The judicial incident to which we allude is that of the imprisonment of two labouring men, of Ringwood, Herts, for the non-payment of a paltry church-rate. That it was rather their poverty than their conscience that withheld the due, does not lessen the general disgust; nor does the use of handcuffs and a felon's cell form an unimpressive departure from the routine of Church exactions. The circumstance is especially useful as a warning to Mr. Gladstone how impracticable is his division of the country into pro-church-rate and anti-church-rate districts.

The inauguration of the Crystal Palace was accomplished on the day appointed (June 10th), with every auspicious detail. Bright was the sky, great the concourse, brilliant the spectacle—in some part, even solemn the ceremonial. The Queen, with Prince Albert, several of their children, and

their visitors, the King of Portugal and his brother, gave to the occasion whatever of splendour the presence of royalty could give, without its cumbersome stateliness. The Ministers and Primate seemed to add the joint sanction of the State and the Church. The musical performances, on a scale of rare magnitude, and wonderfully successful, resembled the blended voices of mechanism and individual art—the two forces of which the Palace is the product. Neither as a place of entertainment nor as a place of teaching, is it yet complete. The work of another twelvemonth will hardly suffice to set up the fountains and spread out the parterres that are promised. Even the design of the educational arrangements is incomplete, and appears to have suffered by arbitrary deviations. Nevertheless, it is a glorious place, whether for recreation or learning. Within and without the walls, the eye feasts on beauty of form and colour—and may feast without fear of satiety; while in the furniture of the architectural and industrial courts, of the natural history department and the galleries of sculpture, minds of all orders may find infinite stores of interest and instruction. These latter objects are much aided by the literature which the institution has already called into existence—and which is not confined to the Handbooks issued on authority; the ‘*Illustrated Crystal Palace Gazette*,’ devoting its very respectable resources as a weekly journal to the work of exposition and direction. It is not the least of the glories of the institution, in our eye, that it is a commercial undertaking; and we rejoice in the prospect of its commercial success; for there can scarcely be a greater service to this age than the demonstration that to do good it is not necessary to lose money.

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In our next number we shall brace ourselves to the task of dealing with the monstrous array of the arts of all nations which have now taken up their position in our midst, and will begin their silent work of either marring or making our moral principles and taste. Now, our readers well know that a great question has arisen out of museums of art in almost every country—Are they injurious or beneficial on the whole to the life of a religious people? This question can only be dealt with when treated on a somewhat large scale, and from several important points of view. We are sensible how much can be said, and has been uttered by men of great discernment, and of undoubted piety, against giving any degree of prominence to the artistic movement; and we are equally aware how much is said by artists, by amateurs, and by their admirers, in favour of the religious influence of the arts. If it be true that the arts cannot elevate the feelings and purify the taste without diminishing the mental energy, the question is soon settled in the estimation of those persons who think energy is better than beauty. Or, if it can be shown that the development of the ideally beautiful does not injure, but rather increases the energy of the soul, then the world must contain some remarkably decisive examples of this point, which ought to be examined and produced. The question, though often mooted, has seldom been discussed in England, where, as elsewhere, we presume it has been granted that the cultivation of the arts must be favourable to the growth of liberty, of religion, and of intellect. We shall look at these points in the next number.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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**AUGUST, 1854.**

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## *The Domestic Claims of Young Men.*

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How abused is the fine name family! It includes almost every word of special charm in the language; as love, wife, child, home, hearth, ease, comfort, and refuge; and then what scenes start up when the word family is uttered in the ears of fancy! We think of the birth of our children, the transfusion of wife into mother, the breaking forth of another and another young voice within our walls, shaken with the same passions, and uttering similar cries of pain to our own; the birth of parental charities and fears, which make a second wedlock; the nursery's (that model room of man) quarrels and lectures; the diamond-lined perspective of youthful hope, the patience and crisis of virtue, the bursting buds of genius, the first flashes and skirmishes of passion; the husband, big with grief, silent on the hearthstone, and the wife chaunting some snatch of a hymn, to cure, by at first indulging his melancholy, the dispersion of our children, and the benedictory prayer and advice when they leave the paternal roof, and lastly, death. Such are some of the family scenes! and we have been accustomed to think that too much notice has been taken of man individually, and too little of him when incorporated into families. In this state he is a condensation of the world, and we may every day see all the massive powers and motley interests of mankind, shown in the domestic microcosm, which has arisen out of his own hands, and of which he is at present the keeper. The family is a shrine, where the true charities are preserved; a confederacy of natural friendships; the dressing-room of real characters; the forcing-bed of passions; now its scenes are pantomimic of states, then tragical with genuine woes, and always dramatic; in short, families have made the best of men and mended the worst; and, if vice ascribes too many of its successes and sufferings

to families, virtue owes nearly all its triumphs and looks for most of its consolations to the hearthstone and fire-side.

Now it is in this family that we should find the just admeasurement of the young man. In the world almost every character appears with paint, masked, and assuming some one or other of the cloaks which exist, perhaps, in a greater variety than original characters, but in domestic life the heart throws off the majority of its disguises. Passion awakes at home, and uses her natural speech; there she feels her freedom and fears no spy. The volatile are seldom grave at home, and the tyrant there rarely relaxes. The consciousness that all defects are known; the assumption of a supposed right to be natural there; the recollection that he is surrounded by forgiving affections and lenient judges, that the censor is love, that hope never abandons a child, that others are as defective as himself, that if he have imperfections they are counterbalanced, that he has just cause of provocation, that his faults will never be divulged, that there is no end to be served by the assumption of any of the fictitious characters, and that the world overlooks him, all unite to make the young man act in his real nature at the fireside. Now, the knowledge of the evil is the first element in the cure. If our remedies for the defects of the character be only founded on its public appearance, they will probably be as adapted as depletion to babes or blisters to the dying. The master passion, the real object, the genuine taste, the ruling motive, the besetting sin, and the deepest affection, must all be ascertained, where the character feels itself at home; and every remedy must depend for its suitability on that knowledge.

Now, while home is the unveiling of the young man's character, and where, indeed, it would be impossible long to be supposititious, how fearful is the inference which is that public life must be considered a vast scale of mental hypocrisy, proved by the indisputable testimony of private life! Hypocrisy, what an empire is thine! Every family is included, for every member is a subject! How necessary, then, to distrust history, and to explain the public monuments by the domestic manners. How different is the moral map of man kept in heaven from that which is received on earth! The natural shape of the heart is thus but a physical intimation of our disguised and double being: for it is known that man lives a double life, appears in two incarnations, and the habit is now so natural, that he glides into either with as much simplicity as if both had been his primitive constitution. He can be in the course of an hour the eloquent defender of public liberty, and its foe at home; the panegyrist of benevolence, and a churl; the bountiful patron, and the domestic niggard; the orphan's protector, and the unnatural despiser of his own child; the defender of virtue, and the harlot's pander; sensitive as a spirit, fresh descended to earth, on public justice, yet growing rich by fraud.

This is man, who, long before the days of the poet, had '*errori nomen virtus possuisset honestum.*' We have said that the character of the young man is in its most natural state at home, and it is in that character that he exerts his greatest influence. In any of the artificial

personifications which the mind assumes, its influence is either confined to a blow or to a succession of feeble impressions; but in the natural state, that influence is a constant pressure. The full force of the trite '*cavat lapidem*' is felt at home. In public life a temper may only once break through the barriers of caution, and may be forgotten, but at home it is a daily action. The lie or oath may once escape the youthful lips abroad, and may not have been noticed, but at home they are weekly items, and swell the moral account to a fearful sum. From home, the defect once discovered may be counteracted; but in private life it is so often repeated, that the very recollection that it is a defect leaves the mind, and children, wife, and servant imitate without being conscious that their pattern is a vice.

Home is the great antagonist to the world, and for this reason ought to be made attractive, and continued a home to the young man as long as practicable. What parent does not complain of the despotism with which the world opposes the virtue of his children, and soon carries them, despite his entreaties and tears, far beyond his control? We have seen that the world forces the character into an artificial manifestation and false attitudes, but that at home it reverts to its natural state.

Every domestic establishment is, therefore, a countercheck to the world, and an auxiliary on the side of sincerity. For in a well-ordered family, principles are treated with solemnity, affections are sacred, tenderness is a virtue, consistency is beloved, conscience has a throne, integrity is praised, but worldly welfare is only a subordinate thing; and as the parent has the greatest interest in the prosperity of all, he instructs with the ardour of a poet, or with the authority of a priest, while filial affection makes memory favour admonitions that fall from paternal lips.

In the world, *talent, fortune, and manners* are the prime elements in request. How few stations *there* really *seem* to require genuine morality! How rarely does the profligate feel himself shunned by the world if he possess these qualities! How easily it can dispense with morals if all the other requisites that subserve its interests are possessed! Whatever home is therefore made is of the highest consequence to the young man. If it be his armoury, as it should be, he will feel its ennobling influences, and, long after its dissolution, ascribe to it the victory. If it be charmless, the scold's haunt, or the cynic's den; where the young man is familiarized with every species of domestic torture, he will be probably driven into the arms of the world, and his ruin may be ascribed to those whom nature and God had designed to avert it. How many of the tavern-haunters, or the mere fire-flies that flit from glare to glare, *could* this hour ascribe the first wanderings to the repulsions of home!

The dependence of the young man on home strengthens his domestic claims. In the early part of life the proportion of time which is passed at home by young men is considerable; and even when engaged in distant employment their periodical returns are not infrequent, nor unattended with the happiest results. Abroad, the young man is mis-

represented, but he rejoices to think that he is understood at home. In the world the young man is undervalued; but at home he knows that his price is adequate and fixed! His master may suspect his fidelity, but his heart appeals to his home! His companions may treat him with unkindness, but he has got a mother, whose love is strong and unchanging. He may become wearisome to strangers, but he is always welcome at home. His plans may miscarry, but still there is home; and at least one glad heart to comfort and encourage him to repeat the trial. He may err; and the world seldom forgives when its interests are sacrificed; but at home he is forgiven. Affliction may overtake him; and, then, what nurse can be found like those at home? Or, he may need respite from care: and where does the soul so soon thaw as in the bland refuge of home? He may require counsel; and where can he be so sure that he is disinterestedly advised as at home?

Or his first-born may become motherless, and then what a recompense if it can adopt *his* home! What youthful eyes daily flash through the earth upon home! What a meeting every day of juvenile wanderers is there! What hearts of expectant hope look out thence on the scattered array of youth! What juvenile spirits weekly overflow when they leave home for the first time, embodying, as the smoke of the paternal dwelling curls fainter on the sight, the filled heart's vow, 'If I forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning!' On how many youth who stand far off in the slippery path is the thought of home condensed admonition! How interesting a number of young souls daily break into eloquent sorrow when they are first made to feel that the world is *not* home! What children of grief wail every night for the broken-up home! At every sunset, what groups of youthful labourers are busy in founding the new home, while fancy canonizes the spot, and hope sings its benedictions! Ah! the young man does indeed depend on home. The weary find rest there; the hunted spirit bounds into its *own* covert. There the dead revive, and the faint collect strength. This dependence ought not to be spurned; it is the foundation of great claims. The parent has entailed on the son moral rights, and he must meet them. Let every father, then, be true to himself, and his dwelling will be of greater worth to his child than a monarch friend.

At home the young man sustains a multiplicity of characters, which he probably never assumes again till he becomes the head of his own house. He is a child; he may be the parent's idol; he is his virtual ruler—for the welfare of the child is the parental star; and not few are the instances in which the son is the father's unintended counsellor—his miniature friend—his domestic paraclete. The young man is a brother; the juniors aspire to him, or he may countervail the errors of the first-born; while he is the sister's knight to avenge her wrongs, afford her instruction, and to secure to her at least one faithful friend for the next generation. There are younger children, and he becomes their instructor; he is perfection to them, and they echo his thoughts. The mother looks to him in the absence of the husband to assist in

the government of the family, and to lighten her cares; and if the fear of widowhood should flash upon her heart, she wipes away the tear as she glances at her son. The servant defers to him, and considers him a mixture of the master and the equal. He is the partner in the business, and the success of the first speculation or the last risk may much depend on the son who thus doubles the energies of the father. He is the companion, and his tone will preach; his aspect will instruct; he will recall the forgotten fact; supply the omissions in the tale; condense the book into analysis; or convey to the group in a few minutes what has cost him years to learn. He is one of the principal elements of the family, and must either draw or repel the guest. He is one of the domestic channels through which the family conveys its benefits or injuries into society. He is a servant; and if his obedience be prompt, and the co-operation enlightened, he may improve the hireling. He is also an inlet from the world, and the new acquaintances of the family will be the similitudes of himself. He is a proprietor in the family stock, and his own wisdom may cause a noble appropriation of all the shares. He is one of the pillars, and may either uphold the house in the tempest, or break its flood. The young man is the natural substitute, ready, when the domestic centre is struck out by death, to take its place—to continue the plans of the family, and be as jealous of its name. The young man is also the ‘prepared mourner,’ and the parent souls feel sad satisfaction to think that it will not be left to strangers to close their eyes or to make their graves, but to their ‘only Isaac.’ And then, when the young man becomes himself a parent, what an accumulation of characters does he feel! What *was* imaginary becomes real; what was subordinate is now chief; what was vicarious must now be personal; the temporary has become lasting, and the movable fixed. Now he is the depositary of the family power. All eyes turn on him. His lips pronounce the law; his hands reward ‘well-doing.’ ‘He bears not the rod in vain.’ His example sways; his opinion ends the dispute; his benevolence regulates the alms at the gate and the offerings at the temple; his frown quashes the scheme, and his smile disarms despair. So that we perceive the young man at home is a concentration of all the characters of life; and as the manner in which he will consummate those to which he shall hereafter receive vocation in the world will depend on his previous carriage in the family, his right matriculation to its duties is of the first moment, and must primarily depend on the parental wisdom. Barabbas might have owed his notoriety to his father, as Timothy did his virtue in part to his grandmother Lois. All these views prepare us to see how extensively the happiness of the family is kept in the hands of the young man. The father may be successful in business, honoured by the public, beloved in his neighbourhood, and have almost divine prospects, and yet the whole may be neutralized by one vicious son, whose wanderings may compel the paternal breast to feel that it has virtually lost, or

‘So won as towns with fire—  
So won, so lost.’

The mother may have received the homage of beauty, felt that her thrift has added usury to the family wealth, that her virtue has been valued, be conscious that she has raised a lovely cluster of daughters resembling herself, and who are the 'sweet Pleiades' shedding on their neighbourhood the frequent southern shower, and yet hang down her head, heavy with the experience that 'a foolish son bringeth his mother to shame.' The brothers may have set well on the tree of life, and the sisters may exhibit how the graces and the most rigid virtues combine and girdle the family together into a 'bundle of life,' and yet all this prosperity may be wounded in the eye by the son's hand.

Two anecdotes will illustrate the importance of young men; the first relates to a youth of our own acquaintance. His father was a country gentleman of ample fortune, beloved in his cottages, admired by the literary, the popular friend, and even honoured by his superiors. His manners were as refined as his mind was capacious, and on this son his heart worked its central thoughts—he was, in truth, the focus where all the rays of hope met and took fire. Nothing was spared in his education that schools and colleges, private tutors and foreign travel could procure. As his paternal estate was large, and his father's indulgence in proportion, his purse was never empty. From one of his immediate ancestors whom he much resembled in features, he was supposed to have derived an hereditary vice which, before he was twenty-one, had brought him within that maelstrom of youth, the harlot's embrace. With one part of the family in the Church, and himself soon to become the patron of several livings, every means of course was used to disentangle him from the snare. A mother's fears, the influence of accomplished sisters, the persuasions of two brothers, both attaining eminence, the alternate indignation of the father, and larger offers of indulgence, the high reputation of the family, its endless branches, which all struck deep into aristocratic life, the jeers of foes, and the contempt of inferiors, were all urged as dissuaves from his vicious course, and for a time appeared successful. A matrimonial connexion with the heiress of another distinguished family was obtained, and in a few months, Mr. Fellers\* was united with Miss Manton, a lady whose personal charms, though extraordinary, were seldom mentioned by those who knew the undying beauty of her soul. But the husband had scarcely become a father before he returned to his vomit. His reaction was what a vicious reaction generally is, for he rushed into the mire of debauchery as if he had made a desperate vow never to be saved again. In this state, a second, third, and even fourth child was born to him at home. Vice is speedy in levelling the mind to the heart, and the manners to appetite; and in 1829 I saw Mr. Fellers winking in tipsy freedom in a pothouse in the small town of L———, where the repute of his college honours in 1816 had created no little stir, now the companion of a junto of canine amateurs, horse-dealers, black-legs, and two or three sunflower-like

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\* All names connected with this note are, of course, imaginary.



harlots, and he was not otherwise in appearance distinguished from the men than by those nameless vestiges and lingering airs of grace which never forsake the well-bred gentleman. In 1830 a formal separation occurred from his wife, who, by the close of the year, had lost her reason, and was placed under the care of Dr. Burnaby, at whose house we heard, more than once, this now once-noted tropic bird with inimitable plaintiveness longing after her carrion-living mate in her only phrase—'World! hush! I hear William.' In eight months more the doting father sunk into the mope, and has since never lifted up his fine eyes into the sunlight. One of Mr. Fellers' sisters in a few months afterwards died of consumption, induced, as was believed, from her frequent habit of tracing her poor fugitive brother. Mr. Fellers' mother withdrew from society, and confined herself to a private room, where she was often heard responding to the wind that howled through the aged elms that surrounded Bilderby Hall, 'Poor William! my poor William! D'ye see him coming?' One of the brothers left the neighbourhood; the other, whose spirit was frail and elegant as music of Æolian wires, could bear touching no more, and died a few years ago; and now this ancient family—one of the Doric pillars of its country—is reduced to a heart-wounded daughter, and a pair of moping parents, living in the vast hall of Bilderby, which, from being the palace of fancy, as it was in 1817, has been changed to a spirit-dungeon, among whose saddened inmates, when we were last near it, not the least interesting was the eldest son and heir of the prodigal (who must learn the history of his father), who still flutters in a neighbouring country, the dung-fly of the courtesan, but the father of six illegitimate children, the slaughterman of the peace of seven families, and a combination of the patricide and the killer of reason! This shows to what a fearful extent one young man is the keeper of domestic peace; and how far a vicious youth may resemble the volcanic force, which not only strikes a hundred families and remotely affects a thousand, but leaves eternal proof of its power in unobliterable desolation. Posterity will never be what it would have been if William Fellers had never lived. His influence admits of no human remedy. A hundred Howards could not neutralize it, and what could compensate society for the loss of one of its choicest maternal minds?

If it be urged that the above is a rare case, though we do not agree with the objector, we will quote another example, which will illustrate to what extent a youth in the lower grades of life exerts this fearful sway over domestic happiness; and we vouch for the substantial truth of this, as well as of the preceding narrative. In one of our large towns, in 1811, there was a family of three sons and two daughters. The most gifted of the sons, after a course of juvenile delinquency, which is but too common in such places, entered the army. He was the favourite son; and his parents, who were of the independent poor, had a peculiar aversion to that life; and as they had saved about 10*l.*, were not in debt, and had the prospect of increasing their surplus, they borrowed on the credit of

their influence and character, enough, with their small stock, to procure the freedom of their son. He again enlisted, and they again borrowed, and with the sale of almost all their furniture, procured his second discharge; and by extraordinary vigilance kept him for a time from the company of soldiers, but in two years he was again in the army; and from the inability of his parents to borrow more, he went. Then his expenses exceeded his pay, and to save him from disgrace or the halberds, the parents, who mourned for their son as if he had been dead, drained themselves to supply his vicious appetites, which of course increased. The result was, the father, from having to sleep on the debtor's pillow, as the Spanish proverb describes it, was tempted to the tavern, and thus increased all the difficulties. The mother, whose love is the last element in a family to corrupt, was now daily compelled to drive her thrift through the pawn-shop. The original loan-lenders dunned for the money, which to this day has never been paid. The other sons felt the injustice of the parents, and imitated, and even surpassed, the vices of the father. One of them soon died from disease; the other became the bad head of a large family of prospective imitators. The lower morals of the family ministered to the corruption of both the daughters; and in this instance, to my knowledge, the character and peace of five families were jeopardized by the young man who had first entered the army, and whose bias for that life probably arose from the teacher of a large public school where he had been educated. England alone has too many counterpartive narratives of this class to tell from some of the million mouths of her sorrow, which are ever pouring into the all-receiving ears of time the tales of the broken-hearted. Young men must then be considered a part of the privy council of the human race, affecting from the recesses of domestic life all that is abroad.

It would be unjust, however, to omit the noble and beneficent use which some of the young men have made of their domestic importance. How many parents every day on earth might emulate the virtue of their sons, and, indeed, feel more from the force of their 'conversation and life' than they would if instructed by Peter or admonished by John. How often has the sister's beauty been guarded from the libidinous assassin by the more than dragon power of the fraternal shadow! Many are the widows of Britain who have found in their own sons a rich atonement for the loss of a drunken husband. Many a blot has been burnished from the domestic name by the 'continuance in well-doing' of a son. What an affecting army of independent pensioners would be seen if all the superannuated parents in England could be collected who are gone to depasture their old age in the green sanctuary ground of their son's dwelling, where they encourage his struggle and forget their own. Not a few are the orphan families which have realized in the first-born the domestic trinity—the father's gravity, the mother's tenderness, and the brother's friendship.

There is one direction in which the domestic influence of the young man strikes with great force; we mean his influence on the character of woman. This character is one of the most simple and mysterious

subjects of thought. Every whipster feigns acquaintance with it, while the gravest philosophers and the profoundest theologians have acknowledged that it is too like those places in the sea which are either bottomless, or whose under-currents for ever sweep the mariner's line away. In the heart of man the passions are mostly graduated on one scale, but in that of woman her love is the queen affection to which all the rest make obsequious obeisance, and whose right of rule is as undisputed as its mode is infinitely various. There is no latitude in life which alters the empire of woman's love, nor station which converts it into a slave affection. The monastic cowl, which only disfigures its manifestation; the gay dungeon-life which woman leads in the East, watched by her eunuch-guard; the state prison in which virgin royalty is often kept for want of a monarch lover; the philosophic bias which rarely leads to the celibate vow, make no actual difference in the natural supremacy of woman's love. Neither the flaunting silks of lordly halls, nor the many-coloured rags of poverty, affect its empire. A province is not too large, nor a garret too small, for its dominion. It combines, however, the fragility of a moth's wing with the eternal sameness of spirit. It is as sensitive as the new-born eye, that cannot bear the pencil beam of softest light; and yet consolidated as the crystal rock, which is polished but not worn by the ceaseless wave. It trembles as an ominous leaf, and stands undismayed in a whirlwind. It sweeps the horizon of life, nourishes the least, bends the stoutest, and rules all. It first awakens in trifles, feeds on everything, dies only with the last sigh of life, or transmigrates into eternal love, where its nature and object are both divine. It is a foretype of angel life, for it needs no slumber and has no night. It is a minor image of the Infinite goodness, since no ingratitude makes it really indifferent to its object, nor base returns effectually tempt it away; but long after its manifestation is forbidden, it only retires into concentrated existence to wait for the fit opportunity which it is credulous to believe will yet come.

The wide field of life is animated by woman, and her approbation may be ranked high among the universal motives. Do you meet the soldier? He fights for the victory, that his sister, mother, or wife, may share the reward. The merchant visits the desert for spices and the caves in search of gems for 'the pearl of great price' at home. The artist rivals nature for his Beatrice; the scholar carries his researches farther for the sake of his mother; the orator becomes more eloquent when he thinks of the mother of his children; the statesman rises in the senate greater against cabal when the eyes at home are imaged to his memory. The exile hastens his return, the slave endures his chains, the mechanic improves his craft, and the poet mends his song; while the hungry and purseless candidate for place haunts every patron hall from the same motive; for all are influenced by some of the forces of woman's love. It is graceful everywhere, but never more so than when it conducts its object to religion or works, as in a devout heart it ever does. It is, however, only of woman's intellectual qualities that we thus speak; for, alas! the cynic emperor who

ascribed all the ills of life to this cause, had but too much reason, from its almost universal perversion, for his satire. For woman is now as corrupt as man! They are mutual tempters, and act on each other as neighbouring comets, mutually attracting from their already irregular spheres. It would be difficult to decide which is stronger in the struggle of life, or which is prior in the work of destruction, or in the labour of 'doing good.' Nor is it necessary for us to decide. If the children of earth are at first what she makes them, and the whole genus of manhood takes counsel at her lips, she between the ages of fifteen and thirty is almost entirely under man's control. She looks to him as her husband, her first friend, her teacher, the defender of her rights, her own protector, the pledge of her children's welfare, her comforter in distress. She feels herself but one hemisphere of being; an image without its mould; a dove without a mate; in short, her whole being is a self-consumption 'to do man honour.' Over such a soul, who could calculate the influence which young men in this country are diffusing upon the extreme destinies of mind through the heart of woman? How many ruined hearts are now stealing through the earth, from shade to shade, that first entered the tortuous path through a word, a look, an accent, or a gait of the young man? Myriad, myriad harlot graves! ye contain sad witnesses. Shades of youthful widows and abandoned 'wives of youth,' ye shall be avenged. Heartbroken host of womankind, for what grieve ye? Is it a husband's shame, a lover's treachery, a son's dishonour, or a brother's fall? Grey-headed multitudes! standing on the lowest stair of life, why look ye back with desire on its thorns? To catch some tidings of your fugitive daughters? Earth, what broken-hearted sisters and crushed wives — what soul-sick mothers and immature daughters, prematurely sleep in thee, through the wickedness of young men. Fair and frail wanderers, who now stand by thousands through earth on the doom line between vice and virtue, what phantasma brought you to the perilous edge? Young men, listen to their reply!

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### The Greek Church.

ALTHOUGH Christian churches have existed from the days of the apostles in Asia Minor, Macedonia, and Achaia, the origin of the Greek Church, as a great ecclesiastical body, cannot be dated further back than the foundation of Constantinople. Soon after Constantine had clothed himself with the purple, and professed himself a Christian, he resolved to transfer the seat of empire from the banks of the Tiber to the shores of the Bosphorus. His resolution formed, he proceeded with his accustomed energy to carry it into effect. Possessed of despotic power, and almost unlimited wealth, the emperor commanded

at once the labour of myriads of obedient subjects, and the work proceeded with extraordinary rapidity. While carefully providing for his new city, everything that could minister to its safety, its comfort, and its splendour, Constantine was not unmindful of the interests of religion, for, side by side with his palaces and porticoes, arose numerous churches, and ample provision was made for the public ordinances of Christianity.

Since Constantine had taken the Church under his patronage, he considered it proper to confer upon the rising capital an ecclesiastical dignity proportioned to its political pre-eminence; and, encouraged by the zealous emperor, the bishop of Constantinople, measuring his own rank by the magnificence and importance of the new metropolis, regarded himself as in no respect inferior to the bishop of Rome, who had begun to pride himself on being the bishop of all bishops, and the head of Christendom. The successors of Constantine were deeply interested in sustaining the claims of the Constantinopolitan prelates, and thus the audacious pretensions of the Western pontiffs were somewhat held in check. The three great ecclesiastics who, by the general consent of the Christian world, enjoyed pre-eminent dignity at the commencement of the fourth century, were the bishops of Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria; the bishop of Rome, standing first in order out of deference to the capital, was regarded as merely *primus inter pares*. In the year 381, at a council held in Constantinople, the emperor Theodosius authorized the bishop of the new imperial city to take the second place among the ecclesiastical dignitaries. This innovation was highly resented by the pope; but, supported by the Imperial favour, the bishops of Constantinople advanced their pretensions, obtained ghostly jurisdiction over the provinces of Asia, Pontus, and Thrace, and, in the council held at Chalcedon, A.D. 451, it was decreed that the bishops of Rome and Constantinople should be regarded as equals in ecclesiastical importance.

And now a long and desperate struggle commenced between these great rulers of the Christian world, who, instead of endeavouring to extend the triumphs of the Cross, spent all their energies in contending for supremacy; the great question with them was not—How shall the world be evangelized?—but, Which of us shall be the greater? A variety of circumstances tended to foment this great dispute. In the sixth century the Greek patriarch had the cool audacity to assume the epithet *oecumenical* or *universal*; this roused the watchful jealousy of the Roman pontiff, who, instead of exposing the unscripturalness and falsity of such a title, retaliated by adopting it himself. In the eighth century, Leo the Isaurian increased the power of the patriarch at the expense of the pope. That emperor, taught some wisdom perhaps even by the fanatical followers of Mohammed, was violently opposed to the worship of images, a practice which the bishops of Rome not only tolerated, but even encouraged. To show his displeasure, Leo withdrew several valuable provinces from the spiritual jurisdiction of the pope, and added them to the ecclesiastical dominions

of the patriarch. This was the 'unkindest cut of all;' this rendered permanent and implacable the hostility between the rival chiefs of Christendom; there was now a substantial subject of dispute. It must not be supposed, however, that the Eastern Church submitted very readily to the iconoclastic propensities of Leo the Isaurian; the removal of images from the churches was not unaccompanied by tumults and assassinations; but in general, as might be expected, the Eastern bishops were of much the same opinion as the emperors; and, accordingly as the sovereign patronized images or condemned them, the loyal prelates placed them in the churches, or ordered them to be withdrawn.

In the midst of these disputes about territories and images, another fierce contention arose between the rival churches with reference to a clause in the Nicene Creed, which presumes to define a mystery of the Divine nature, of which it may be safely affirmed that all the combatants were profoundly ignorant, and which it is the part of Christian wisdom, no less than of Christian humility, to regard as one of the secret things which 'belong unto the Lord our God.' The Latins maintained that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son; the Greeks that the procession of the Spirit is from the Father alone; and, accordingly, the orthodoxy of the words *filioque*, as they appear in the creed, was disputed with the utmost rancour, and this mysterious dogma, of which no one really knew anything at all, threatened to rend Christendom asunder.

In the year 858 the emperor took the liberty of deposing Ignatius from the patriarchal chair, and raised to the Greek popedom an ambitious favourite of his own. No fewer than 318 bishops, who were always prepared to endorse the most unrighteous exercise of Imperial despotism, approved of the change in the Patriarchate. The deposed prelate, in his distress, appealed to the pope, who assembled a council of Western bishops, and excommunicated the new bishop of Constantinople; whereupon this worthy, nothing daunted, convened the Eastern bishops, and excommunicated the pope; such was the edifying spectacle which the Church presented to the world about one thousand years ago.

As time rolled on, the controversy sometimes slumbered for a while, but was again and again roused to activity and rancour by popes and patriarchs pugnaciously inclined. Mutual charges of heresy were frequently made, while popes and patriarchs excommunicated each other, with all their respective adherents, and in the most unceremonious style consigned them all to perdition. Passing by, however, the numerous internal commotions of the Greek Church, and the not unfrequent outbreaks of the old quarrel with Rome, we come down to the middle of the fifteenth century, and find Constantinople invested by a brave and determined foe, and the Greek empire in the very crisis of its fate. The warlike Turks had wrested the sword from the now enfeebled Saracens, and the Sultan now shouted the watchword of the Caliphs, 'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God.' Mohammed II. appeared before the city of Constantine at the

head of a prodigious force, numbering at least a quarter of a million of men, while the Imperial garrison was only about 8,000 strong. In the name of God and the Prophet, the Sultan summoned the capital of Eastern Christendom to surrender. All Europe gazed with astonishment, and yet with indifference, on the invasion which threatened to extinguish the once proud empire of the Cæsars. The Western kingdoms, engaged in their own feuds, and exhausted by the crusades of a former age, either would not, or could not, render assistance. The pope saw, in the ruin of the Eastern empire, the aggrandisement of the Western Church, and the humiliation of his ancient rival; if the patriarchal chair were overturned by the Turks, the catastrophe would add new dignity to the papal throne. The emperor, in his extremity, implored the help of the Holy Father, and promised, in return, submission to the Catholic Church. To save appearances, a legate, with a train of priests, was sent from Rome to Constantinople, and, in the great church of St. Sophia, the names of the Greek and Latin pontiffs were associated in the public service. But, unhappily, the Romish priest who officiated at the Eucharist, in strictly adhering to the practice of his own church, by consecrating unleavened bread, and mingling water with the wine, committed what the Greeks regarded as an act of fearful profanity. With shouts of horror and indignation the vast assembly rushed from the church, execrating the pope and all his adherents. The infatuated people implored the Virgin to deliver them from their invaders, while, on every hand, the bishops, the priests, and the mob cursed the religion, the worship, the bodies, and the souls of all who dared to profane the holy sacrament by the use of unleavened bread. Hatred of the Sultan was almost forgotten in fury against the pope, and the prime minister declared that he had rather behold in Constantinople the turban of Mohammed than the tiara of the bishop of Rome. His preference was soon realized. The garrison fought with desperate valour, but their bravery was vain against such overwhelming numbers; every attempt to effect a compromise failed; the Sultan had come to find in Constantinople a throne or a grave. At last the city was taken by storm, and the emperor fell in the struggle; thousands now flocked to the church, and made it their sanctuary; for it was superstitiously believed that though the Turks stormed the city, yet, when they should reach the square opposite St. Sophia's, their progress would be miraculously arrested; but while they indulged this delusive hope, and offered earnest supplications to the saints, the doors of the sanctuary were battered in, the cathedral of Eastern Christendom was startled with the cry, 'Mohammed is the prophet of God,' and the cross lay prostrate in the dust before the ascendant crescent. Thus fell Constantinople, and with it all the glory, the power, and the independence of the church which for 1100 years had ruled the Eastern empire, and maintained its cause against all the machinations and hostility of Rome.

And now the crafty pontiff endeavoured to cajole the victorious Turk into the adoption of Christianity, or rather of Romanism—a step which would have been followed by the supremacy so

long desired by the Western Church; happily, however, for the interests of Europe, the Sultan rejected the proposal tendered by his Holiness, and the policy of the Vatican was defeated. At a subsequent period, Jesuits were employed in endeavouring to persuade the Greek Christians to acknowledge the papal supremacy, and though they were strongly tempted to comply with such an invitation—inasmuch as once members of the Catholic Church they would have claimed the sympathy and aid of all the Catholic powers—yet, so inveterate was the hostility to Rome still cherished in the down-trodden and enfeebled Church of Constantinople, that no temptation could prevail upon it to surrender, and it has continued to this day, poor, but independent of the Papacy; and the dispute which originated in the fifth century exists in all its earnestness in the nineteenth—for the Greek Church persists in rejecting with disdain the claims of the bishop of Rome to the spiritual sovereignty of Christendom.

In the present posture of public affairs, a few remarks on Russia's connexion with the Greek Church may be acceptable to such of our readers as may not have devoted their attention to the subject.

Until about the middle of the tenth century, the countries to the north of the Black Sea were immersed in pagan darkness. As the northern savages, in their piratical expeditions, had often disturbed the peace and imperilled the safety of Constantinople, the emperors wisely endeavoured to convert their rude and dangerous neighbours; but although, in the year 935, the Czarina of Russia submitted to baptism and received the flattering name of Helena, the pious efforts of the patriarchs for a long time produced no appreciable effect on the people, whose conversion they desired. But the grandson of the Czarina just alluded to sought to ally himself by marriage to the Imperial house of Constantine, and one of the conditions imposed by the Greek emperor was, that the aspirant for such an honour should profess the Christian faith. The ardour of the lover easily overcame the scruples of the pagan; he was baptized, he was married, he commanded his subjects to forsake the religion and to destroy the idols honoured by their ancestors; the terrified people obeyed, the rivers of Russia were filled with converts, who, by receiving baptism, escaped the vengeance denounced against all non-conformists—and thus Russia became a 'Christian country.'

The conversion of Russia greatly extended the ecclesiastical influence of the patriarch of Constantinople; he was the spiritual head of the new Christian nation, and on him devolved the honour of appointing the metropolitan or archbishop. But when the Eastern empire fell into the hands of the Turks, the Russians very naturally refused to receive a spiritual ruler from a subject of the Sultan; and, accordingly, in the year 1589, the patriarch of Constantinople gave up his claim, after having constituted the Russian Church an independent patriarchate. From that period the grandeur of the archbishop of Moscow, the head of the Church in Russia, rose until it almost rivalled that of the popes in their palmyest days, and greatly surpassed the state and style of the fallen patriarch from whom



he had derived his authority. The Czar paid a deference to the Russian patriarch similar to that which, at an earlier period, the kings of Western Europe had accorded to the Romish pontiffs. At one festival the Czar, on foot, led the horse on which the patriarch rode in state through the streets of Moscow; at another, the head of the Church dined in the palace of the Kremlin, and the emperor humbly waited on him in the capacity of a servant. The power and wealth of the clergy became prodigious; in almost every department of government they were supreme; scarcely anything escaped their rapacity; from the adjudication of the most important causes in law, down to the superintendence of weights and measures, nearly every institution, nearly every office, was under clerical management and control; and these great and varied powers were confirmed by an Imperial declaration to the effect, that the man who dared to refuse instant obedience, even in the smallest matter, should obtain no forgiveness either in this world or the next. Pious frauds of the most infamous character were systematically perpetrated; the clergy taught the people that whatever they gave to the Church, they should receive a hundred-fold in the life to come; and so fearfully did superstition abound, that it was firmly believed that the vilest criminal who bequeathed his estate to the clergy, and put on a black robe in the hour of death, would infallibly secure eternal felicity. Thus the Church prospered, from one generation to another, until, by the end of the fifteenth century, the Russian monasteries and religious houses possessed an enormous extent of landed property, valuable moveables to an almost incredible amount, and amongst the goods and chattels belonging to the ministers of liberty and love, more than a million of slaves.

But the fortunes of the Church in Russia were doomed to experience an extraordinary change. In the beginning of the last century a Czar arose who, superior to the bondage of superstition, and justly considering that the power of the Church was one great obstacle to the civilization of his people, determined to restrain the clerical influence, and subject it entirely to the authority of the Crown. Judging that one king at a time was enough for one country, he abolished the patriarchal dignity, or rather assumed it himself; he established in lieu of the Patriarchate a holy synod, consisting of twelve ecclesiastical dignitaries; he seized the enormous revenues which superstition had yielded to the hand of clerical cupidity and fraud, and, making a more equal distribution of the church funds, reduced the successors of the apostles to a state more closely resembling that of the primitive preachers of the Cross; he munificently encouraged all means of educating his savage subjects, and, abolishing the edicts which restricted religious freedom, granted his people liberty to worship God according to their own convictions of religious truth and duty; such was the reformation effected by the genius and resolution of Peter the Great. Nor was this the end of the tribulation; the empress Catherine II. dared to lay her hand on the immovable property of the Church, and appropriated it to the

service of the Crown, paying the clergy certain fixed salaries. And thus the temporal power of the Church in Russia was annihilated, yet the interests of religion have suffered nothing from the catastrophe; the Church is, perhaps, no better now than it was in the days of its grandeur, but it certainly is no worse, and for this simple reason—that worse it cannot be.

Having thus briefly sketched the history of the Greek Church, we shall conclude this article by a few observations on its constitution, its doctrines, and its present state.

There are, it will be seen, two Greek churches—one in Turkey, the other in Russia; these churches, while in all doctrinal matters perfectly unanimous, stand quite independent of each other. The head of the Greek Church in the Turkish empire is the patriarch of Constantinople, who, by retaining the title 'Œcumenical,' maintains the old dispute with the pope. It is a somewhat anomalous, and certainly very humiliating circumstance, that the head of the Greek Church is virtually appointed by the Sultan; for, though elected by the bishops of dioceses that are in proximity to Constantinople, the patriarch cannot assume office without the sanction of the Mohammedan sovereign, which is not often obtained without a very handsome bribe, amounting, in some instances, to 50,000 or 60,000 crowns; in fact, the patriarchal chair has often been put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder. Besides the patriarch of Constantinople, the Greek hierarchy provides patriarchs for Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. These three prelates are nominated by the patriarch of Constantinople, then elected by the bishops of their respective patriarchates, and afterwards confirmed in their appointments by the Sultan. Of the three subordinate patriarchs, he of Alexandria ranks first, and acts as head of the Church when the chair of Constantinople happens to be vacant; but each patriarch is independent and supreme in his own province. From all this pompous parade of style and dignity we might be led to infer that the members of the Greek Church in the Turkish empire were exceedingly numerous, seeing that there are four patriarchs, a multitude of bishops, and hosts of priests, to attend to the spiritual interests of the flock; yet, according to the most probable estimates, all the Greek Christians in the dominions of the Sultan—European, Asiatic, and African—can scarcely exceed 10,000,000.

The Russian Church, which is perfectly distinct from the Church in Turkey, devoutly recognises the Czar as its head, and proclaims him 'the vice-regent of God on earth;' the emperor of Russia, therefore, must be considered as occupying a spiritual position in his own dominions similar to that accorded to the pope in Catholic countries. The hierarchy, subordinate to the Czar, who must be looked upon as an ecclesiastical person, consists of metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops, with about 215,000 inferior clergy. Perhaps no ecclesiastical functionaries are more scantily remunerated than the ministers of the Russian Church establishment. The senior metropolitan receives a sum only equivalent to about 600*l.* per annum, while 40*l.* is

an unusually large salary for the head of a monastery; the 'Regium Donum' distributed among the priests is so miserably small that, even with the addition of numerous fees and perquisites, great multitudes of the clergy are compelled to resort to some secular employment, and are largely engaged in agricultural pursuits. Yet, wretched as their remuneration is, their office is by no means a sinecure. In Russia, the aspirant for ecclesiastical preferment would advertise in vain for a living with light duty and a large salary; for the salaries are, almost without exception, exceedingly limited, and the duties exceedingly onerous. At one period, the priests in the Greek Church were obliged to read prayers eight times a day—a ceremony which occupied about fourteen hours; and even now, they must go through three very long and tedious performances. Having so little time or encouragement to cultivate their minds, it may readily be inferred that the clergy are not remarkable for their literary acquirements; with few exceptions, their ignorance, like their poverty, is unparalleled in any Christian ministry. Unlike the priests of the Romish Church, whose celibacy enables them to live comfortably on very restricted means, the Russian clergy, with the exception of the bishops, are at liberty to marry, and upon the secular priests marriage is, in fact, compulsory.

It is not very easy to determine with precision the doctrines maintained by the Greek Church, for it can scarcely be said that they exist in any universally received formulary or confession; and it seems probable that the views of the few more enlightened clergy are very superior to those entertained by the great majority of the priesthood. According to Philaret, archbishop of Moscow, who drew up a comparison between the doctrines of the Greek and Romish churches, the former professes to recognise the Scriptures as the all-sufficient source of Christian doctrines, and asserts that it is not only the right, but also the bounden duty of all men, to read them, and edify themselves thereby. The best of the Greek divines, including the authority just quoted, appear to regard the apocryphal writings as 'books the Divine origin of which is hidden from our faith, or is subject to doubt,' and they are accordingly excluded from the canon of **INSPIRED** Scriptures. Although the Bible is acknowledged, at least by some, to be 'the only supreme judge of controversies, and the decider of misunderstandings in matters of faith,' the Greek Church defers much to the authority of the first seven general councils, and to the traditions of the Church; the decisions of the councils, however, and the ecclesiastical traditions, are held by the best Greek divines to be subject to the authority of Scripture, and their value is determined in much the same manner as in the 21st and 34th Articles of the Church of England. Of the way of salvation, the learned archbishop Philaret declares, that 'the sufferings and death of Christ are an abundant satisfaction for the sins of the whole world,' and that 'good works, which are the fruits of faith and grace, do not constitute in man any kind of personal merit.' We fear that views so clear, scriptural, and satisfactory as these, are very rarely entertained by either the ministers or the members of the Greek Church.

In the ordinance of baptism, the ceremony of trine immersion is usually observed, and the service is tedious and superstitious in the extreme. Immediately after baptism, the mystery of the chrism is administered, the baptized person being very copiously anointed with an ointment composed of a great number of ingredients, consecrated, with great solemnity, by a bishop. In the administration of the Eucharist, the Greek Church differs from the Romish, and agrees with Protestant communions in permitting the laity to communicate in both kinds; whether the dogma of transubstantiation is fully acknowledged or not can scarcely be determined; in its grossest form it would probably be denied by a few of the better educated clergy, but by the masses of priests as well as people it is unhesitatingly received. It is generally supposed that this monstrous notion was introduced into the Greek Church by the Jesuits, who, in the seventeenth century, zealously laboured to extend in the East the cause of Romanism; but, in all probability, some obscure idea, similar to transubstantiation, had long prevailed in the Greek Church, and the Jesuit missionaries only introduced the more definite and decided manner of expressing it adopted by the Catholic divines. Although the Greek Church denies the doctrine of purgatory, it is so inconsistent as to offer prayers for the dead, and the ceremonies observed at funerals are of the most superstitious character; for example, in Russia it is customary, before shutting the coffin, to place in the hand of the corpse a document styled '*the passport*,' which has been previously read by the priest and paid for by the family, and which is, in fact, a plenary absolution of all the sins of the deceased. Fasting is practised in the Greek Church with great austerity: there are four great seasons of abstinence. In addition to the Lent observed by Western churches, the Greeks honour the Lent of St. Peter, immediately after Whitsunday; the Lent of the Mother of God, occupying the earlier half of the month of August; and fast for the forty days immediately preceding Christmas. In the number of its saints and the honours paid to them and to the Virgin, the Greek Church, if possible, outdoes the Church of Rome. There is not a day in the year which is not dedicated to some holy person or persons, and almost all the services of the Church contain prayers addressed to the Virgin or the saints. Practically speaking, also, the ordinances of religion are administered in an unknown tongue: in Turkey the language of the Liturgy is the ancient Greek; in Russia the service is read in the old Slavonic; in either case, the people cannot comprehend the ritual, and, as it is so lengthy, it is hurried over in such a manner that, even if it were delivered in the vernacular tongues of the people, it would scarcely be intelligible. We have seen that the Greek Church, at an early period, abolished the practice of erecting images in its sanctuaries; but, though such representations of the saints are scrupulously avoided and conscientiously abhorred, numbers of pictures are suspended in almost all the churches; before these pictures the people cross themselves and bow down to prostrate themselves upon the pavement fifty times in a morning, in all the

agony of genuflexional devotion; lamps, candles, and incense burn before the pictures day and night, and the idolatry is perhaps more gross, and quite as general, as in the Latin Church. The practice of picture-worship prevails also in private houses; each family has its patron saint, whose portrait, perpetually illuminated by blazing candles, is regarded with profound reverence by the household. While the Greek Church in Russia generally enjoys the credit of being tolerant of all other sects, it ought to be observed that this toleration is of an exceedingly limited character, for it does not admit of proselytism, no member of the National Church being suffered, under any circumstances, to abandon the religion of his ancestors.

On the whole, it must be affirmed that the Greek Church is to the full as superstitious as the Romish; its rites and ceremonies are perhaps more numerous, more childish, more barbarous, and more revolting. It is all but utterly destitute of spiritual life, it is little more than a confused mass of the weakest and most beggarly elements of drivelling formalism, and the most enlarged charity can scarcely entertain the hope that it is doing much to enlighten, to elevate, and to bless the multitudes, numbering, perhaps, nearly 70,000,000, who live within its two-fold pale, while the Mohammedan cannot but view with abhorrence and contempt a religion which to him is polytheistic and idolatrous. Indeed it may be safely affirmed, that no greater obstacle to the extension of Christianity among the Turks exists than the wretched mass of corruption which, under the form of the Oriental Church, assumes the Christian name. As the Greek Church recognises the supreme authority of the Scriptures and the people's right to read them; as it does not claim to be infallible; as it does not seek universal supremacy; as it is not absolutely intolerant of other sects; it is perhaps capable of improvement, and it is just possible that it may be raised from its present degraded condition; but, in its present state, it is one of the saddest and most loathsome spectacles presented by the Christian world, destitute of all life and power, sunk in the most debasing and grovelling superstitions; like the bells which in Russia form the principal feature of its ceremonial, it is but as sounding brass, and its voice is meaningless as a tinkling cymbal.

### *The Crystal Palace; or, its Schools of Art.*

HITHERTO, Great Britain has, properly speaking, possessed no schools of art at all so extensive as to justify the application to them of the title; but if we read aright the official directory to the Crystal Palace, and view its extraordinary contents from the right point of view, this glazed institution, the produce of individual energy and skill, whatever it may be as a collection of curiosities to amuse the fashionable and the saunterer, is intended to be regarded as our school of art, vast, perma-

nent, costly, and diversified, and as such we opine it solicits our criticism. We will, therefore, accept this construction of the Crystal Palace, and devote to it a few papers designed to test its competency, to eliminate the spirit of its several portions, and chiefly to ascertain how far a school of art is calculated to act as a moral teacher, and to state the kind of instruction which schools of this class are adapted to convey.

Before, however, we can enter upon the subject, it will be necessary to devote a few pages to the explanation of that system of symbolic language which at least belongs to the department of Christian art, if not to the classical also; for without this knowledge be in the possession of our readers, we shall be talking in a language understood only by ourselves. The arts of architecture, of sculpture, and of painting, have always been considered the productions of imagination; by it they have been fabricated and beautified, and by it only can they be understood or read. The enormous fragments of classic art, if invested with a spirit of symbolic meaning, will rise before us pregnant with vivid, if frequently also with vicious significance; but if the symbolic language be obliterated from these forms of art, they will be of little better use than so many human bodies from which the souls had departed, merely curious contrivances of matter, which, however exquisite or mechanical, are of very little value without a soul. Let two men, therefore, visit the Crystal Palace, one with a mere eye for the beautiful, and another adding to that qualification for enjoyment, the knowledge of the allegorical history of the ancient Greeks, and of the universal science of symbolism that was spread on all their works of art, as well as that which is displayed in the Christian department, it will not require a moment's hesitation to prefer the latter to the former gazer at the schools of art at Sydenham. The one looks at a fountain, an absis, a crescent, or a cornucopia, as so many different objects, worthy of admiration if beautifully wrought; while the other sees through his knowledge of symbolism in those objects so much history, fable, or poetry, beside the beautiful exterior forms that constitute the whole of the attention of the first beholder.

Nor can we commence our remarks without protesting against such books as the general classical and mythological dictionaries usually prove. Take up Lempriere, to wit, and consult the articles Hercules, Saturn, and Thoth, and what do you learn from the story? A few traditional anecdotes, with a heap of barbaric names, and two or three quotations from classical writers to illustrate the supposed meaning of the terms, is all that you get, without, in general, one hint at the real and symbolic meaning of the fabulous history! Well have they called it a *mythological* dictionary, for it is nothing else; and yet this is the book with the rabble rout of whose names, amours, bastardy, concubinage, and their theft and murder, that is put into every young scholar's hands, and upon which he must be able to stand a rigid and constant cross-examination, or else be pronounced a dolt. It may be that these young and unfledged scholars would care as little about the symbolism and symbolic meaning of the classical myths with

which they are supposed to be familiar, as they think about the care of those profound thinkers of Germany, France, and England, who have eliminated their sense; at all events, however, their school-books should contain the ideal meaning of the fabulous histories. Saturn, in the fabulous narrative, is the oldest of the gods, eats his own children, is armed with a scythe, is represented as an old man, bent with age, and to him all liberated slaves dedicated their chains. To these are added a rabble of other embellishments from Hesiod, from Apollodorus, Pausanias, and from Tibullus, Homer, and Virgil, which leave the reader wide at sea whether to conclude that Saturn was some antique cannibal bandit, or some more respectable personage sadly mutilated by the fragments of fable. Now take our interpretation, and you find in this Saturn the symbolic representative of agriculture, the eldest of the arts of life, which necessarily consumes his own productions, uses a scythe to mow down his harvests, and is represented as a being of interminable age, because the Greeks did not know the origin of agriculture; and as it is one of the progressive sciences, it destroys slavery. Thus allegorically described are most of the arts of life under some mythological history, and so long as scholars busy themselves with the mythology alone, the youthful mind will be corrupted with classical allusions, and the real signification of the Greek biographies will be lost.

We may, then, safely conclude that over the whole fragments of classical art there is a profound symbolic significance distributed; and though we cannot now perhaps penetrate the actual meaning of some of the myths, we can attain without difficulty to the knowledge of most of them. When this allegorical sentiment was imparted to language we are not able accurately to define, but it no doubt took place in the earliest periods of time, when imagination was more active than it is now; and when the tendency to symbolize history, characters, and places, prevailed to a greater extent than it has ever done since. Nor are we better able to explain the causes that conspired to induce mankind to symbolize its ideas; it is enough for us to know that the earliest opinions on record are symbolic histories, and we arrive at this conclusion from the fact that mythological history taken in its literal sense is illogic and unnatural, whereas it makes good sense only when the principal characters and events are referred to their symbolic signification. So long as we understand the names of Ceres, Vesta, Bacchus, and Pan, as the names of real historic personages, mythology will confound and mortify us with its uncertainty; but if we consider these names as allegorized to typify harvest, fire, vintage, and the universal nature, we shall find them scattering precious rays of historic truth over the page of history. Thus, when we enter the Greek school, and see one of the relics of the age of gold, we shall find ancient Greece talking to us the common sense of universal humanity, if by this age of gold we understand that period of comparative repose during which men enjoyed the abundance and prosperity of an agricultural state. In this symbolic delineation of the fragments of Greek statuary, we shall find the moon represented by figures of Astarte and

Phoebe ; Castor and Pollux will denote the sun of the summer and of the winter months ; the Centaurs will be the representatives of agricultural labourers, whose bodily malformation and bad mental habits well enough describe the correspondent states of such workmen. The power of the sea and of maritime commerce are represented by Neptune : the twelve great gods of paganism portray the twelve months of the year ; dragons describe the equinoxes ; while water was represented by the mythological personage of Uranus ; the sun was denoted by the name of Elion ; and the Augean stables, which are said to have been cleansed by the river, was to import that December was the period for performing some of those quiet labours of agriculture for which the busier portions of the year had not furnished time. The Muses were the symbolic personages which described the nine months of the year dedicated in Greece and Egypt to agricultural labours ; and the three Graces represented the remaining three months, when, in consequence of the improved weather and the joyful temper of the people, they devoted themselves to dancing, feasting, and games. In the same symbolic grammar, Hebe is reckoned to represent health and youth ; the twelve successive labours of Hercules were designed to memorialize the monthly performance of rustic employment ; and that these labours were known long prior to the period of Grecian fables, is at once evident from the fact of these twelve labours of Hercules having been painted on the oldest temple walls of Egypt and of Phœnicia. The horses of Diomedé were intended to prefigure the terrible powers of Nature in winter ; while the Nemean lion was one of the representatives of the sun. Mercury is the ideal symbol to describe the invention of astronomy and the calendar ; his being the god of roads and boundaries, and of commerce, was to imply the connexion of these with time. May was the month that represented the period for all religious ceremonies, as April, which was imaged by Venus, was intended to portray the period of fertility, and Cupid the representative of the higher and lower passion of love, the one being a state of the intellect, and the other of the animal passions. The apples of the Hesperides disclosed the natural alliance of danger with beauty ; while Proserpine was the protector of the germinating principle of the vegetable world.

We have probably given more than sufficient specimens of the symbolic meaning that is contained in the pictorial and objective biography of mythology ; but not more than enough for some of our readers. We find, however, in the mythological dictionaries that we possess the contributions of at least three different languages, namely, that of Egypt, that of Assyria, and, lastly, that of Greece. While, however, we say three languages that have contributed their symbolic histories, we might have said six, as for the moon and sun we have the following numerous titles, which were drawn from different nations, and at length, by the course of victory, to Rome, where, when mixed, the Northern barbarians destroyed all :—

The moon was called by the Romans Diana ; by the Greeks, Artemis ; by the Syrians, Astarte ; by the Phœnicians, Eoropa ; by the



Chaldeans, Semiramis; and by the Egyptians, Isis. The sun was called by the Romans Sol; by the Greeks, Apollo; by the Syrians, Adad; by the Chaldeans, Bel; by the Egyptians, Osiris; and by the Tyrians, Melicertus.

In the same manner, we have a various nomenclature to Pan, the universe; Isis, fecundated nature; Diana represented the times and seasons; Vulcan and Vesta, fire; Juno, the atmosphere; Ceres, the cornfields; Bacchus and Ariadne, the grape-gathering; Minerva, industry; and the three-stringed lyre was to represent the flat, the sharp, and the natural notes, which are the basis of all musical science; and Prometheus, to describe inventive power. Now this diversity of terms acted on by poetic writers and philosophical speculators, who had lost the knowledge of the symbolic meanings of mythology, must greatly increase our difficulty in decyphering the purport of some parts of the Greek statuary. And it may be that a considerable number of readers, agreeing with us in censuring the filthy and unprofitable chaos of mythological biographies, may, instead of drawing from symbolic sources suitable explanations, choose to consider that nearly all the fabulous records of Grecian poetry would be better illustrated by supposing them to be corruptions of scriptural history. These persons would therefore begin by finding Noah changed into the character of Deucalion, Chronus into Cham, or Abraham, Misor into Mizraim, Rhæa into Sarah, Minerva into Hagar, Juno into Rebecca, Thoth into Moses, Mercury into Joshua, and Hercules into Samson, &c. When, however, the names of the Bible have been exchanged, there remains little further profit from the interchange; but if, by adopting the principle of symbolic interpretation, we get as far as we can in giving a real and a manly sense to the mythologic characters, we shall certainly, at least, do more justice to the understanding of the ancients, and be less likely to receive from their feculent sources corruption to our own. No system of symbolic expenency that can be given will be without difficulties, will serve to explain all the mythic records of antiquity, or will escape the censure of many of our readers; but if the one that we suggest would put windows of clear light into those huge dark halls of unclean imagery, the advantage, in our opinion, would be very great.

Classical is, however, a different subject of thought and object of vision from Christian art, though the latter, like the former, has both its symbolic and mythological phases. The art of the classical era ranges over a vaster period of time, and is now confined for the most part to three distinct developments—architecture and statuary, with a very small proportion of painting; but the arts Christian, while they are scarcely more than sixteen centuries old, divide themselves into mosaics, sculpture, frescoes, paintings, etchings, drawings, engravings, medallions, and the whole historic series of architectural erections. The spirit from which classical art arose was destitute of all the higher qualifications of progress, though for the most part it possessed kingly patrons and imperial purchasers; but ignorant as classical artists were of the true nature of men, of the proper extent of the universe, and of

the secrets of science, as well as of the whole range of primitive history, they could only idealize the actual, or beautify the deformed. So that this ancient development of art made comparatively few advances beyond that of giving perfect imitations to the human form, and of erecting, at least in Greece, and perhaps in Rome, some of the most extraordinary edifices that the world has ever yet witnessed. For, notwithstanding all the praises that have been lavished on the Greek artists by their countrymen, there can be little doubt that they never equalled the golden age of painting that began in Italy about a century before the birth of Raphael, either in the knowledge of perspective, of *chiaro scuro*, or of their vivid colours in oil. Plato tells us that in his time, about 400 years B.C., painting had been in practice for several thousand years among the Egyptians. Egypt, however, made no very sensible improvement in this art, for the artists were as much under the rigour of the stereotype regimen of the priesthood as the general body of the people were in reference to theologic opinions. In the tombs and pyramids at Thebes and Denderah, there still remain many objects of Egyptian painting, of which the greatest excellence is their vivid colouring, while the portraiture of the composition are of the rudest description, bearing neither graceful similitude to the human figure, nor that easy propriety in the composition, which characterise modern productions. The portico of the Athenian Poecile was devoted to the commemoration by painting of the brilliant achievements of their warriors, their poets, and their distinguished citizens ; but though Pliny, with a taste for this art, has extolled its productions in the most extraordinary language, the artists of our own day have never been able to place much reliance on his record. Compared with what Egypt had produced, the painting of Greece may have seemed comparatively miraculous ; but if the paintings that were found in the various mansions of Pompeii and Herculaneum are to be taken as specimens of Greek painting, they will not allow us to modify our deteriorated opinion of this division of the arts. And yet we have an account of the battle of the Magnesians, by Bularchus, 720 years B.C., which was purchased for its weight in gold by Candaules, king of Lydia. Phidias, the immortal sculptor, painted about 440 B.C. a picture of Pericles, representative of the Olympian Jupiter ; and his brother Panæus painted Atlas supporting the world, and Hercules preparing to relieve him of his load. This artist's chief work was the battle of Marathon, in which he is said to have portrayed from the life all the principal generals, both of the Greek and the Persian camps. The siege of Troy was painted by Polygnotus, and, according to Pliny, he surpassed all his predecessors. Teuxis produced a small picture of Penelope and one of Helen, which seem to have captivated the attention of their age, and an assembly of the gods, which is described as a prodigious effort ; and Parrhesius effected a high priest of the goddess Cybele, which Tiberius is recorded to have purchased for 60,000 sesterii. Euxenidas painted the battle-piece between the Greeks and the Persians, which contained above 100 figures, and was bought by Mæson, the tyrant of Elatria, for 1000 minæ, or some 3,750*l.* of our

money. Apelles, who lived under Alexander, painted that monster holding a thunderbolt, which was placed in the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and another figure of Alexander on horseback, at which a strange horse is said to have neighed! The battle of Mantinea, by Euphranor, is praised by both Pausanias and Plutarch; and Ætion painted the marriage of Alexander with Roxana, which drew applause from every one who saw it, and amongst the rest, from Cicero. These pictures prove that some great progress had been made by the Greek artists; but as the inferior daubings of the earliest painters in all schools probably elicited similar applause, such witness and prices can never establish the fact of the excellence of Greek paintings. Rome, on the other hand, produced no such illustrious artists, nor had she even a name of mediocre excellence prior to the times of Christ.

In statuary, however, and in architecture, Greece has excelled the whole human race; for as we have specimens of both still existing among us, we can speak with confidence where the productions of Greece can be compared with those of any other nation. Nothing need be said of Greek sculpture beyond that of reminding the reader of the statues of Niobe and her daughters, and a figure of Pallas in the Villa Albani, one of the Muses in the Barberini Palace at Rome; of the young satyr in the Villa Albani; the Minerva of Phidias, and that of Jupiter Olympus; the Apollo of the Vatican, in anger against the Python; and the Laocoon, with various other of the *chef-d'ouvres*, of which the Crystal Palace contains castings.

Now if we interpret these works of art as containing true likenesses of human beings only, they will disappoint our criticism and mortify our feelings; but if we regard these ancient works of art as expressive of a vast symbolic sentiment, intended to give the ideal exponents to the things they represent, however imperfectly, they still claim our attention.

How different is the many-formed field of Christian art, rising in architecture from its sombre and rude catacombs to the most exquisite and composite productions of Gothic building; having the niches of those buildings filled with the most costly pieces of sacred sculpture; while painting, besides filling our gorgeous and vast halls, is distributed through some of its forms into many of the ordinary dwellings of Christian men. But in all this Christian art there is also a symbolism which has grown out of the progress of ages of devout feeling, and without the knowledge of which the work of art loses a great part of its value. In these various works of Christian art we shall therefore often find heaven to be signified by the segment of a circle, and God the Father by a hand partly clouded and issuing from the same segment. The Son of God is frequently exhibited under the notion of a rock, 1 Cor. xvi. 4; a lamb, with or without a radiance of glory; and the cross by a pelican, Ps. cii. 6; or a lamp or candle, John ix. 5; or sometimes by a monogram. The Holy Ghost is symbolically represented by a dove, with and sometimes without the olive branch; by water, John iv. 14; or by a candlestick, Rev. i. 12 and iv. 5. The Trinity is often symbolized by the three-coloured rainbow circling our Lord,

or by three beams of light radiating from the head of Christ; Paradise is represented by a mountain; Satan by a serpent, a goat, or a dragon; while the obedience and atonement of Christ are exhibited through the symbols of a cross with flowers and gems, and sometimes without those appendages. The course of human life is symbolized by representations of the sun and moon; the church by a mountain, which indicates invincibility and its being above the world. For the church militant we have a suppliant woman lifting up her hands in prayer, or by the vine from Egypt, Ps. lxxx. 8; or by a vessel in full sail; while the church triumphant is symbolized by the new Jerusalem, Rev. xxi. and Ezek. xlvi. The two covenants are typified by a wheel within a wheel, Ezek. i. 16; baptism by water poured on the cross, or by the symbolic representation of the Holy Ghost, a dove. The Lord's supper is exhibited by ears of corn, by loaves of bread, or by a vase of wine. The twelve apostles are symbolically illustrated by twelve sheep issuing either from the city of Christ's birth, Bethlehem, or by the city where he died, with a central lamb in the middle to represent Christ himself. The four evangelists are portrayed by the four symbolical animals mentioned in Rev. iv. 7, or by the four rivers from the mountains of Paradise. Believers in Christ are exhibited under a variety of emblems, such as sheep under the care of the Good Shepherd, John x. 14; by fish, denoting the lowly origin of the disciples; by doves, to indicate them as inhabitants of a loftier sphere; by stage at a well, Ps. xlii. 2; by date or palm trees, as in Ps. i. 3; or by little children or infant genii sporting among their branches. Sanctity is developed by the nimbus of glory, an old circlet of which has been found in the religious ceremonies of India, Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and adopted from the last place by the early Christians. An anchor symbolizes the Christian hope, Heb. vi. 19; and charity is represented by the heart. Purity is embodied in the lily; and incorruptibility in the rose of Sharon; while the cock describes the virtue of watchfulness. The palm-branch, or a crown, represents, in some of the artistic productions, the Christian victory; and the state of peace is designated by a branch of olive. In symbolic language, the phoenix and the peacock denote the resurrection; and a circle larger or smaller represents eternity; while eternal life is imaged forth by the mystic Jordan, which makes glad the city of God. These symbolisms are all selected either from the ancient tombs of Ravenna, from the inscriptions in the catacombs, or from the old Byzantine mosaics. They arose before the end of the third century, and seem to have been superseded generally by the end of the seventh. This old symbolism revived for a short period in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with new meanings appended to the old representations; but, as it was worn out, it did not long remain in general use. A new symbolism arose, which is thought to have been of Persian and Teutonic origin, and which no doubt became the fountain-head of many of the symbolic and pious myths of modern heraldry. There was also in early use among the first Christians a symbolism of colours, as it appears that white, which denoted purity,

was always the colour of some part of the apostolic dresses; and the Virgin Mother is always, in the works of the old masters, either dressed in a robe of blue or red.

But as we advance in the progress of time we find the biblical symbols changed, to make room for a newer and a more historic symbolism among the artists of the Church. Thus St. Agatha is represented with a pair of pincers, and her breasts either amputated, or she is exhibited as about to undergo that dreadful operation of martyrdom. St. Agnes is accompanied with a lamb, which she fondles, or leads in a string; whereas St. Ambrose is generally painted with a whip, with which he scourged the impious and tyrannic Theodosius from his church. The cross of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland, always accompanies his portrait, and is intended to indicate by what instrument he suffered martyrdom. St. Anthony, the Nitrian abbot, bears the symbols of a staff and a bell, accompanied with a pig, in allusion to his having subdued the flesh. The pincers and a tooth symbolize St. Apollonia, who is reported to have lost all her teeth in the course of martyrdom. The noble St. Augustin has no other symbol than a heart, which is sometimes varied by its being represented on fire. St. Barbara appears with a tower, in which, the story relates, her father had shut her up from the sight of men, but that she, having announced her conversion, was immediately delivered to the executioners. Poor St. Bartholomew, whose vast services in the church are scarcely mentioned, simply appears with the symbolic knife, by which he was flayed alive. St. Benedict is painted, carved, or sculptured with a broken cup, in which poison had been offered to him, but which his faith is represented to have neutralized. St. Bernardino, the Franciscan, bears a tablet inscribed with the letters, 'I.H.S.' and sometimes a globe of fire, with which it is pretended the memorable impediment of his speech was removed. St. Blaise, the patron saint of the wool and card-combers, is distinguished by a comb or a rake of iron, which was one of the instruments by which he suffered death. St. Catherine, the favourite saint of Corregio, and of other of our great painters, is denoted by a broken wheel, with inverted knives; but she is also often represented, in her marriage to the Saviour, as wearing a crown. St. Catherine of Sienna is known by her image always bearing the stigmata of our Lord inflicted on her hands and feet, as well as on her side. St. Cecilia, the saint about whose image irradiate so many of the transcendent touches of Raphael's pencil, is symbolically described by a small organ, to denote that she is the estimated patroness of church music. St. Christina is represented with a millstone about her neck, with which she was cast into the lake of Bolsena, but, by the sudden appearance of angels, she was borne up to the surface, when Christ appeared to her, gave her baptism and his name, and bade St. Michael carry her safely to the shore. She was afterwards martyred. St. Christopher, who is always represented as a person of gigantic dimensions, carrying the infant Christ on his shoulders, with a staff, and generally passing through some deep waters.

St. Clara, of the third order of St. Francis, is symbolically represented with the lily of chastity, or the receptacle of the host, with which she is said to have discomfited the Saracens when they appeared before Assisi. St. Dominic, the man of world-wide renown, bears for his symbol a star on his head, to denote that he was the source of divine light, and a dog at his feet, to portray his contempt for the world. St. Dorothy is represented with a basket of roses and apples; while St. Elizabeth of Hungary is symbolically described with a basket of bread and roses, at once to prefigure the solid and the beautiful nature of her character. The stigmata of Christ are universally known to represent St. Francis, who has no other symbols that we know of, except some to denote his life of self-denial and seraphic love. A banner and a cross, with a dragon at his feet, commonly symbolize St. George, the patron saint of England, which, through its successive wars from the Plantagenets to the present, has always exhibited the symbol of St. George in war, and in many of its municipal devices. A dove on the shoulders of St. Gregory, as if whispering something to his ear, is intended to represent this saint as inspired by the Holy Ghost. The memorable mother of Constantine, St. Helen, is always symbolized as carrying the cross which she has the credit of first having found. St. James the Greater, the patron saint of Spain, is symbolized with a staff and scallop-shell, from which many of the Spanish pilgrims imitated this gear in their pilgrimages; and St. James the Less is known among artists by the fuller's bar, by which he was martyred. As a naked devotee, with a cross, a book, and a stone for a seat or a table, with his lion in the desert, St. Jerome is usually exhibited. John the Baptist has no other symbolic character than a lamb, with or without the scroll bearing the *Agnus Dei* and a cross. But John the apostle is denoted by a cup with a serpent creeping out of it, in allusion to his having drunk poison from the cup; part of his dress is always green, with his accompanying eagle to symbolize the loftiness of his flight. St. Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mother, is always exhibited as an old man with some part of his dress of saffron colour, and he is accompanied with the rod blossoming, and the dove, to indicate the origin of his reputed son. The club with which he was rudely murdered denotes St. Jude; while Judas Iscariot is symbolized with a purse; his garments are in bistre, and he is always represented with yellow hair, as that colour was esteemed by the Italians as the colour of deceit.

St. Lawrence—the subject of whose martyrdom has formed the favourite topic of the greatest artists—is represented by the gridiron on which he was roasted alive, with some of the persecutors, who are busily employed in stirring the fire. The hideous symbol of St. Lucia is a woman whose eyes have been plucked out, which is asserted to have been the method of her martyrdom; she has, also, a bleeding wound in the neck. St. Luke is represented with a sedate ox, either writing his gospel; or, the ox being sometimes absent, he is exhibited as if painting the portrait of the Madonna and Child, from which the Papal

Church believes that all the likenesses of that illustrious woman are derived. St. Margaret bears a cross, which she sometimes merely grasps, and at others carries; she is usually exhibited as trampling on the dragon, to denote at once her greatest source of power and her most vigorous enemy. St. Mark is represented with a symbolic lion writing his gospel, and perhaps sometimes in company with Peter, whose amanuensis the early church believed him to have been. The mother of our Lord appears in the church calendar under the name of St. Mary the Virgin, and is symbolically exhibited as seated near the lily of chastity, robed in red or blue, and bearing a star on her shoulder. To St. Matthew the Apostle is assigned a purse, to denote that he had been a tax-collector, accompanied with a sword; and he is generally attended by an angel, who is supposed to superintend the composition of his gospel. St. Matthias, of whose apostolic history very little is really known, is described by the halberd which occasioned his martyrdom, and which is often attended with some historic inscription. To St. Michael—who, by the way, ought not to be reckoned in the muster of human saints—is symbolically devoted an armed and a mailed warrior contending with, or trampling on, the devil; and sometimes holding a pair of scales in his hands, with which he is supposed to measure good and evil. St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the pawnbrokers, is represented by three golden balls, to denote the acts of his benevolence to the poor. The great apostle of the Gentiles, who did more for our world than the greater part of the church saints, has acquired no other symbolic representation than the sword with which he was beheaded, with, perhaps, some of the executioners or witnesses. St. Peter is known from all the other characters of ecclesiastical history by his possessing the keys of the kingdom of heaven; he is always represented as a bald old man, robed in yellow or in a blue dress. St. Peter the Martyr, the favourite saint of Titian, is symbolically pictured with a knife or a hatchet struck into his head, which denotes the manner of his death. St. Philip, but whether the apostle or the deacon we do not know, stands simply symbolized by a man carrying a cross, on which the early tradition of the church was that he was martyred. But St. Roch, whose history is much more doubtful, is exhibited with a staff and a pilgrim's dress, which is drawn aside so as to exhibit the plague-spot on his left thigh, which he received from his zealous attention to the sick who were then in Piacenza, where the pestilence was most active. To St. Sebastian are assigned for symbols a man tied or nailed to a tree, and pierced through with arrows; but this saint is sometimes exhibited, before the punishment had been inflicted, with one or more arrows in his hand. St. Simon, according to the law of giving the most simple symbols to apostolic persons, is merely exhibited with a saw, by which it is said he was deprived of life. A stone, which often rests on his head, or a number of stones lying about, represent St. Stephen, who is usually at prayer in a kneeling figure, and with his eyes and hands extended to heaven. St. Thomas, who is the patron of all the architects,

and which may have occasioned so many of the older churches to have been dedicated to this saint, is merely described in the symbolic language by a carpenter's square. St. Titus carries a crook with a mitre, and sometimes is exhibited by a head alone; while to the more modern and alleged seraphic doctor, Thomas Aquinas, there is symbolically appropriated a star on his breast, and the tabernacle of the host in his hands. St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin, is represented often by the Spanish artists as teaching the young virgin to read; while St. Veronica is always represented with an open pocket handkerchief that contains the portrait of Christ. St. Phocas is exhibited as cultivating his garden for the use of the poor; and St. Ephrem is symbolically described as giving away his shroud to the poor.

This tedious selection of symbolic characters from the modern saints and the objects of classical art, may seem ridiculous in the estimation of some of our readers; but at all events, insignificant as the thing may be, judged by our standard, it is the established language of arts, and as necessary to be known as any other language which refers to things otherwise unknown. Let the objector, however, to this tedious story of the symbolic representations of the old mythological and of the modern Christian periods, go either to the British Museum, to the Louvre, or to the Crystal Palace, and test the validity and usefulness of this apparently frivolous catalogue. He will find himself, by the aid of this symbolic language, admitted into a new world, the objects of which curiously harmonize with these terms; and he will find himself also able, with this article in his hand, either to reply to the question so often asked in all artistic representations, 'Who or what is this?' or he will at least find a hint among these numerous particulars of the right course in which to procure the solution of his doubts. The arts must, however, be read before they can become instructors; and as there is no language but the symbolic one that can develop their sense, we must now bid our disputative readers farewell till the next number, when we will endeavour to reply to the question, *What do the arts teach?*

## Glimpses of the Western Indies.

NO. IV.—IN CONTINUATION.

READERS of magazines! whenever you discover a want of coherence between consecutive articles, think not of the writer, but remember the editor and printer, and bestow your anathemas on *them*. The 'Christian Spectator' is well known to have Procrustean tendencies, and for their sumpence its readers often get an extra sheet over and above the allowance guaranteed from the editor to the other high contracting party, his subscribers. But the month before last, for want



of some such expansiveness, this article was shorn of its fair proportions, and the illustrative tail of No. IV. was cut off by printer's scissors, and is now lying before me, and creating the greatest imaginable difficulty. If not inserted, I shall feel mortified, 'for none but a writer knows a writer's cares,' and I am rather afraid that between writer, editor, printer, and his janissaries, my poor cerebral offspring should realize the old story,

'The child that many parents share,  
Seldom knows a father's care.'

Reference was therein made to some 'strong-thoughted proverbs' and colloquial phrases in use amongst the black people, which we deemed worth preservation, as Trench has preserved some of our own in the setting of his unrivalled English. Altering slightly, and dovetailing one mutilated fragment, we shall proceed to our illustrations. The following specimens may be adduced.—We had occasion once to adjust a dispute (unfortunately this was of frequent occurrence) between two who ought to have been one; when, according to true negro fashion, a long rigmarole of antecedents and concomitants were produced in regular array, until, with 'whispering humbleness,' we begged the 'chief speaker' to be kind enough to come to the matter in hand. Firing with indignation at my discourtesy, he curled his lip and said, 'Just like buckra; never wait; never hear our country-word, "*If you don't take time to kill a fly, you never see his heart.*"'

On another occasion I referred the faithful servant alluded to in the previous chapter to an old leper, apparently deserted by every one, and expressed my surprise that he managed to live on so well. She quickly replied, 'Minister never hear the common bye-word in our country for any poor somebody that have nobody to take care of him, "*When cow have no tail, God Almighty brush away the flies.*"'\* Is not this quite as forcible as Sterne's 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb;' or Isaiah's phrase (a mistranslation confessedly, but popularized by common usage to the same idea), 'He stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind.'

Take also the following:—A young man once gave me this as a commentary on Eccles. x. 20, which had been read, 'We have a country word just the same; when people do what is wrong in the night, and are afterwards found out, "*Dark night has no master.*"'

Or the following from a little vixen of a woman, who had poured out, as only negresses can, a torrent of abuse on a man who, in some way, had offended her; bridling up her rage at last, she said, 'Hope you satisfy now! Ah! boy, go you find out "*Maugre dog have sharp teeth.*"' (West Indians always say *maugre* for *meagre*.)

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\* The force of this can only be felt in a hot swamp like Demerara; I have there, in the mosquito season, seen the crows run into the trenches and into the sea, and sticking in the mud, were quickly drowned, to avoid this 'plague of flies,' of all the plagues the most pestiferous and aggravating.

Or the following, said to a brother-in-law in reference to the alleged loquacity of women (an utterly incredible thing, *men*, it is well known, always having the lion's share):\*—'You know, minister, woman can't keep a secret like man; she hasn't got *the bump in her throat to keep it down*.' How this notion got into Africa who can tell? But how strange it is that the idle European idea, that a piece of the forbidden fruit stuck in Adam's throat should anyhow have travelled thither. Of course, our sable physiologists are not aware that the *pomum Adams* is only the convex part of the first cartilage of the larynx, and belongs to both sexes alike, that of the gentler sex being smaller and less disfiguring. *Nature*, we think, intended the beard for its graceful covering, but man has made barbarous neck-ties, stocks, cravats, &c. (*Anglicè* 'chokers'), to cover this protuberance.

To return. Here is another specimen of humour and thought. An old boat captain, a very good old man, who suffered long and patiently before he died, said to me during a visit, 'Minister, I don't fret: once I did; but as the Bible says (and here he gave a free translation into his own trade of the idea), "Those whom God loves the most he often *capsizes* the most." ' The same man, on another occasion, said to me, 'Minister, I have got a piece of good furniture in my house; I mean a good wife; you don't want much else when you got that.'

The same element of character, a vivacity of temperament, a mercurial humour, that makes them too often 'all things by turns and nothing long,' may be seen in a thousand ways. It often gives a satire to the negro speech of a most refined character, and in a *jeu d'esprit* perpetuates effectually the memory of a wrong. Perhaps no people are naturally more polite, more courteously polished, than the negroes, especially to the white people;† and sometimes this courtesy runs to seed ludicrously. Two instances occur to my memory in illustration. I once overheard two negroes quarrelling; in the midst of the wordy strife, one went up to the other, and with a bow that would have done honour to the first gentleman in Europe, he said, 'I say, brother, excuse me. I beg your pardon, but you are a terrible liar.' Surely the force of courtesy could no farther go. The same man said one day to me, 'Minister, I want you to unmarry me: my wife does not regard what I say; how does she treat what I say? like a piece of cane trash you put upon the ground, and the breeze carries it away.'

The same vein of character may be seen in the names many of the people have given their little freeholds, purchased immediately after

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\* This is an old prejudice. In the Talmud we read that when God made man he threw down twelve baskets of chatter from heaven, and that woman, through her nimbleness, secured eleven. Miss Strickland says that Raleigh deserved to die on the scaffold for introducing tobacco; I think the Jews deserve banishment from Palestine for the above groundless libel.

† For instance: let a traveller call at a negro cottage, not alighting from his horse, and ask for a glass of water; the glass will be brought to him on a waiter covered with a snow-white napkin. I do not remember ever to have seen a black or coloured person hold a white man's glass in his hand, it is always in a waiter.

emancipation, and which by law they were obliged to register in the island office. The names are, it will be perceived, significant of the feelings awakened by freedom, not without a hint of a keen remembrance of the past. In my immediate neighbourhood were, and still are, small cottage properties rejoicing in such titles as these: 'Easy Mind;' 'Thankee;' 'Poor Man's Corner;' 'Rest Myself;' 'Bad Time Done;' 'Old Woman's Garden;' 'Long-wished-for Town;' 'Queen's Contrivance;' 'Please me Hall;' 'Thank God;' 'Bit of my Own;' 'Me never thought it;' &c., &c.

We do not apologize for these little matters of fact; we very much question whether untaught English agricultural labourers have so much native wit in their composition, and our object in placing these specimens on record is to save them from the rapid oblivion to which, through the amalgamation of distinct tribes, and the introduction of other customs, they are fatally doomed.

Amongst such a people it may be asked, '*What, upon the whole, have been the results of Christian teaching?*' And we do not hesitate to reply that the results are far less satisfactory than we were led to anticipate. Freedom; which released the people from a bondage as unjust as it was demoralizing, released them also, to a great extent, from the influence of the missionary. Previously, he was not only their religious teacher, but their political adviser, oftentimes their shield from oppression, and the purchaser of their civil rights. When emancipation came, no tie existed between the people and the missionary but the love of the truth, and it was soon seen how feeble that professed love was. For a while, in the enthusiasm of the first few succeeding months, the schools and congregations were vastly increased, and largely liberal things were done by the native congregations. But this first love soon cooled; a change came over the spirit of this beautiful dream; some missionaries believing that 'to-morrow would be as to-day, and much more abundant,' had rashly cast off all connexion with the parent societies, and these were the first to suffer ruinously. Unfinished chapels were left standing for months roofless and burdened with debt; the trifling school fees were with difficulty collected; the missionaries had often to *enforce* the voluntary principle by doubtful expedients; and the people in many cases became as openly regardless of the missionary as they had been devotedly fond before. In addition to this, the planter policy of Jamaica and British Guiana became suicidal. Immigrants—idolatrous, Mahomedan, and Roman Catholic—were introduced by twenties of thousands, *solely at the people's expense*, for the express purpose of supplanting these people in the labour-market. Wages thus came down, and the price of provisions was increased at the same time, and now inability was added to the negro's manifest unwillingness to support religious institutions. In the train of Indian and Portuguese immigration, we don't say introduced by them, but certainly quickly following them, came the cholera, that decimated the industrial classes of several islands, Jamaica suffering most severely. No sooner had that plague passed away than small-pox came and consumed another tenth of the fragment left;

with that fearful propensity of human nature\* to indulge in excess of crime in time of imminent danger, unheard of and unnatural wickedness appeared amongst the supposed Christianized black people, and white men were horrified at seeing hundreds of professing Christians not only without natural affection, but savagely and remorselessly plundering the cottages of the dying, and leaving the unburied dead a prey to the vultures.

It is but within the last twelve months that in Jamaica things have taken a turn for the better; and although missionaries write privately and officially very despondingly, yet all appear to be convinced that a terrible ordeal has been passed through, and that brighter days are beginning to dawn.

Taking the two leading colonies, Jamaica and British Guiana, we may conclude this article by a few words of comparison between them. That Jamaica has had, and must still have for a long while to come, a heavy up-hill progress, may be accounted for in various ways; to us the chief reason is very obvious, and although in stating that reason frankly, we are compelled to abandon the positions we have frequently and earnestly maintained, both in conversation and in print, and shall no doubt come into rough collision with the deeply-cherished convictions of many esteemed friends, we shall nevertheless give that opinion, and leave our readers to take it for what it is worth.

Our opinion, then, is, not that too little, but that *vastly too much has been done for Jamaica*. This is a hard saying, but we are driven to believe it a true one. Had there been fewer missionaries and fewer places of worship, we believe the people would have been much more religious. Paradoxical as this may seem, we boldly avow it as one of our deepest convictions. Placing the sects in their order of priority, *i.e.*, in regard to the time when their labours were commenced, the Moravians, the Methodists, and the Baptists, we believe it would have been far better if the Presbyterians, with the English and the American Congregationalists, had left Jamaica out of their consideration, and sought other and less occupied fields of labour.

In saying this, we do violence to strong feelings. *We* were amongst those whom we now think to have been intruders, and our mistake gives us no pleasure in its recollection. We do not mean that no good was the result; we know to the contrary; but that *vastly greater* good would have been the result of greater economy of labour. *Jamaica has been, and still is, too much a sectarian battle-field, rather than a sphere of enlightened missionary enterprise*. Chapels have been run up against chapels, and schools against schools; the same district has been contended for by rival parties, while mountain fastnesses have been wholly neglected. We have no census of religious worship for Jamaica, on which we can rely, later than one made rather more than

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\* For illustrations of this we may look at the Jews in Isaiah's time, and read chap. xxii. 11—14, as a graphic description of this anomaly. Byron's 'Don Juan,' canto ii. v. 33, 34, furnishes another illustration. See also 'Hare's Mission of the Comforter,' vol. i. p. 125.

ten years since by Mr. Candler, of the Society of Friends, and from that we gather the following tabular view, in which the disproportion of the population to the cumbrous machinery put in motion for its welfare, will be seen at a glance. Here is with a vengeance the embarrassment of riches. In such a state of things, nothing could prevent Judah vexing Ephraim, and Ephraim envying Judah. Substantially the following is correct and reliable :—

|                          |               |
|--------------------------|---------------|
| Episcopalians . . . .    | 76 ministers. |
| Scotch Kirk . . . .      | 3 „           |
| Congregationalists . . . | 14 „          |
| Presbyterians . . . .    | 11 „          |
| Moravians . . . .        | 8 „           |
| Wesleyans . . . .        | 31 „          |
| Pinnockites* . . . .     | 8 „           |
| Baptists . . . .         | 20 „          |
| Native preachers . . .   | 12 „          |
| Catholics . . . .        | Not known.    |
| Jews . . . .             | „             |

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The population of Jamaica at that time was 432,000, comprising all colours and classes; out of that population there ought to have been, taking 58 per cent. as the guide, according to Mr. Horace Mann, 250,560 persons able to attend a place of worship, and for this small population, 80,000 less than the population of Liverpool, at a vast expense of money, and with countless loss of life, no less than 183 ministers were provided. Surely this was a terrible overdoing of the thing, and the result is, that religious society in Jamaica is broken up into petty *fractions*, which are frequently petty *fractions* as well. There is time even yet for consolidation, and as some old chapels are decaying, and old stations becoming very feeble, let Baptists and Pseudo-baptists waive their water-mark, and like 'kindred drops' mingle into one strong and healthy whole. It must come to this, or to ruin, and that speedily. Jamaica has long been the laughing-stock of all who know her internal weakness. This is our decided opinion, and we hope we have supported it by facts, and also that we have not stated anything unkindly.

In *British Guiana* there is a totally different state of things. The colony has long been under the religious influence of one denomination. The London Missionary Society has reaped well-earned laurels there. With few exceptions it has been singularly fortunate in the agents it has selected since 1866 for the occupation of this missionary field. The names of Wray and Smith among the past are familiar: among the living are their compeers and worthy successors; we name *them* not. The ancients burnt not incense to the living hero until sunset;

\* A split from the Wesleyans, led by a Mr. Pinnock, a half-crazy man.

† The Established Church is a terrible drag on the energies of Jamaica; this poverty-stricken island, with its ruined proprietors, last year voted 34,000*l.* to its clergy, or 447*l.* on an average to each!

neither will we. Substantially the English Congregationalists possess the colony, and long may they hold what has been so honourably won, and honourably held, in one of the deadliest climates of the world. One of the results of this unity of labour is seen in the peculiar political character of the negro population of this colony. They are thoroughly Dissenting in their feelings; for any one to touch the government chest is quite sufficient to settle his claims as a religious teacher. Hence the Wesleyans have so feebly succeeded among the *negro* population; they secure the coloured or half-breeds, and the poorer whites. The Church of England is a cypher among the black people, and the two oldest churches, the Scotch and the Lutheran, considerably less than nothing; to this, however, the openly immoral character of the leading clergymen of the two last sects has greatly contributed.

The stations of the London Missionary Society are nearly self-supporting, and nothing is wanted to make this mission a model mission but the separation of one of its best men from all ministerial and other engagements (the press not excepted), and his entire devotion to the education and thorough training of a dozen picked men, who might form a noble band with which to begin the work of the native ministry. It is worse than madness, it is fighting wilfully against God, to try and Christianize the people of a hot swamp, like British Guiana, with *white* men. They know and do better at the Horse Guards; we have native West India regiments, officered by Europeans. Let us have native teachers and preachers, and a few wise Englishmen, who will not work too hard, and kill themselves with imprudence, to superintend and advise; there is no difficulty in the way of this scheme for modern missions in the Western tropics, but prejudice and a want of faith in the native character. We have just done; finish the chapter, courteous reader, and our thoughts shall bless you. Next month we will leave man and talk about natural history; meantime, it is a great relief to think that we don't talk and write about the people of the West Indies as Sir Hans Sloane did in his day, in the old book we have quoted once or twice before; we now know them to be men and brethren, and though not blind to their faults, believe them capable of an education for 'glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life.' 'The punishments,' says the complacent doctor, whose ideas of black men no one can doubt, 'of the crimes of slaves are usually for rebellions, burning them by nailing them down on the ground with crooked sticks on every limb,\* and then applying the fire by degrees from the feet and hands, and so burning them gradually up to the head, whereby their pains are extravagant. For crimes of a lesser nature the foot or the arm is chopped off with an axe. These punishments are suffered by them with great constancy. For running away they put iron rings of great weight on their ancles, or pottocks about their necks, which are iron rings with long hooks riveted to them, and a spur in their mouth.

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\* Like the verbenas in our gardens,

For negligence they are usually whipt by the overseers with lancewood switches till they be bloody. After they are whipt they put pepper and salt on the places to make them smart, or drop hot wax on them, and so use other exquisite torments. These punishments are deserved by the blacks, who are a perverse generation of people.'

At any rate, He who came to seek and to save them that were lost, has not overlooked this perverse generation, and through his transforming influence, though black, they have become comely,

W. G. B.

## Protestantism in France.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE Protestant Church of France has warm friends and admirers amongst the evangelical Christians of every land. Its history, written in the blood of the saints—its sufferings and bonds—its faithfulness and firmness in keeping that which it had, even unto death—have made its faith known in all the world, and drawn towards it the warmest sympathizing love. And when lately the reports crossed the Rhine of its works of love—its zeal for the gospel—its labours and conflicts amongst its brethren after the flesh—many a heart shared with it its conflict, and prayers, and hopes, and to the present day continues its fellowship of love. But notwithstanding this, there is, strange to say, but little known of the actual condition of the French Protestants. Their various sects—the kind and amount of Christian life amongst them—their organization and controversies respecting it—as well as their scientific efforts and labours—are all things of which but little is known beyond the Rhine. The half-opaque veil of the past hangs over the present state of the evangelical Church of France, and the little we hear of the activity of a few congregations is supposed to furnish the standard by which to measure the whole. Hence it seems to be a labour by no means superfluous to make some contribution towards an acquaintance with the religious affairs and ecclesiastical condition of the Protestants in France. Here and there, probably, an ideal will be destroyed, or some cherished preconception modified; but it is *truth* to which we bring this offering, and after all there will remain a rich store of faithfulness and good, even when we have sifted out all that ought to be rejected.

The French Protestants are divided into two sections—a *Reformed* Church, and one subscribing the *Augsburg Confession*, or Lutheran. The former is that which actually sprang up and grew upon French soil, and is therefore the national, and, so to speak, the *real* evangelical Church of France. The Church of the Augsburg Confession, on the other hand, is of German origin, and only became French from the fact that France took forcible possession of the countries in which it

existed, namely, Alsace and Montbéliard. The congregations in connexion with this church are still almost exclusively confined to these provinces. It was not till very recently that they gained any firm footing in Paris; and in the old French territories, on the south and west, they are not found at all. Hence they stand entirely without the circle which bounds the movements and efforts of French Protestantism. Their theology, their constitution, their field of labour, their spirit, and their interests, are thoroughly *German*. The whole character is unmistakeably different from that of the Reformed National Church. But, for all this, wherever the two come into contact with each other, their intercourse is most friendly and fraternal. The attempt to introduce the old Lutheranism and High Church into Alsace has met with but little success; whilst in Paris there is so little sympathy with it, that one of the most esteemed and popular of the ministers of the Augsburg Confession is a *reformed* Genevese. The existing church in these provinces does not profess to be the supporter of *Lutheran* so much as of *German* interests, and is pervaded by a thoroughly catholic and evangelical spirit. It is not my intention to speak here of individual pastors; but I cannot abstain from confessing, that I have seldom seen in any church so great an abundance of every variety of gifts—such expansive zeal—so much theological erudition—as well as love to sinners and watchfulness for souls combined, as in the churches of the Augsburg Confession in Paris. Their whole condition is better organized than that of the Reformed churches. They have divided themselves into two parishes, and have also taken under their care the mission-parishes of the Faubourg St. Antoine and St. Marcel, with the hope of bringing the gospel to the immense population of German working men residing there.

The number of Lutheran Christians in France is somewhere about 600,000 or 700,000—half as many as there are of Reformed Christians. There are about 233 ministers connected with the churches. Their church government is Consistorial, with Presbyterian intermixed. There have, however, unfortunately been signs of late, that under the hands of the directory resident in Paris, the latter will either be destroyed, or at least forgotten, unless a holy zeal should be kindled throughout the churches to maintain this invaluable good.

The French Christians of the *Reformed Church* are divided into several sects. Within the last ten years, more than one secession has taken place from the *one* ancient national church, and the seceders have taken up their positions either by its side or in professed opposition to it. There are also the sects which have adopted English denominational forms, such as the Wesleyans, Baptists, and Plymouth Brethren. For the last three or four years these have been firmly established in the southern part of France, and have carried on the work of propagandism with some success amongst the Catholics and Protestants. We hear already of a 'French Wesleyan Society' as standing on its own foundation, and holding its conferences in connexion with the Methodists of French Switzerland. It has also its



representative amongst the religious publications of evangelical France, its literary organ being the 'Archives du Methodisme.' For some time, but which generally happens when sects are formed where an established church already exists, occurred here. The Reformed National Church looked upon these new brethren who had come from abroad with suspicious eyes, and the Methodists on their part did not always act towards the officers of the church in the most courteous and friendly way. But, thanks to the formation of the Evangelical Alliance and the insults received from the Roman Catholic clergy, the best understanding has existed between them of late. They labour and fight—they pray, and love, and hope together—feeling that they are but different members of *one* body, and animated by *one* soul. The same cannot be said either of the Irvingites or the Plymouth Brethren, who live in the south of France. The most arduous work—of evangelizing the Catholics—is not attempted by them, but their chief efforts are directed to the gaining of proselytes from the ranks of the Protestants. By these means they bring trouble and discord into the midst of many a true and faithful church. They will have no connexion with the Evangelical Alliance. Everything they do is characterised by hostility to the existing churches; and, instead of working for the kingdom of Christ in the wide field presented by this large Catholic country, their whole endeavour is to conquer for themselves a small strip of land out of the little possession already gained by the evangelical Church in France. May the renewed power both of faith and life which is now flowing through all the veins of this church cast out without delay these unhealthy elements from its midst; for no improvement on their part is ever to be expected—the spirit of party pervades too thoroughly their very blood.

Of far greater importance than these sectarian movements is the formation of churches, which maintain their position on the basis of the Reformed Church, and, in this case of the *French Reformed Church*, with fidelity and decision; but, as they themselves say, for that very reason take their stand and seek to extend themselves *outside* the National Church. I call the existence of these churches important, not because of their number or the extent of their resources—their association, the 'Union des Eglises évangéliques de France,' does not comprise more than about twenty churches and 3,000 members, mostly from the lower classes—but because the movement which gave birth to it originated in the bosom of the Reformed Church of France itself, and is so intimately connected with the changes in that church since the commencement of the present century, that its history may be regarded as the history of the whole of the Reformed Church of France. In order, therefore, that the present condition of this church may be understood, a short review of the course of affairs which gradually led to the separation is indispensably necessary.

In the year 1802 Napoleon completed his work of church-restoration, by the law of the 18th *Germinal* of the 10th year, which conferred to the Protestants all their civil and religious rights, gave them a church constitution (but not their old one), and even provided

for the payment of their ministers by the State. The Reformed Church accepted this gift as one that involved an *internal* change on its part, quite as much as an external one. Had it been accompanied with the strict form of the church of the past, it would neither have been able nor willing to retain it; but would of its own accord have broken it asunder. But that which the persecution and coercion of the Romish Church had never been able to accomplish, had been gradually effected by *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*, by the so-called philosophy (!) of that age, and the whole spirit of the last ten years of the 18th century; they had robbed the Reformed Church of France of its faith. Not that the persecutions, the wars, and the complete overthrow of all church organization during the first republic had had nothing to do with this result. They had destroyed all discipline and the settled forms of government, in which, as in a sound vessel, the faith of the church had been so preserved as to be handed down to the churches from generation to generation, uninjured and unchanged. Formerly, in times of persecution, when the churches became churches of the desert, the best and most zealous were ever striving to prevent 'these walls of the tabernacle of David from falling entirely to ruin.' There were not only *preachers* of the desert, but also *synods* of the desert, and during the most severe oppression from royal edicts and judicial condemnation the last *general synod* of all the Reformed churches of France was held, in the year 1763.

But when the toleration granted by Louis XVI. brought back the 'newly converted' from all directions to the confession of their fathers, and churches which had long been in the grave began to rise again, whilst those which still continued were inundated by the stream of new comers, it was the more impossible to organize these fresh masses, as formerly, since the edict of the unfortunate king had restored to the Reformed Church only the possibility of existence, but by no means freedom of action. And even this trifling gift was taken away again by the republic; for *every* religion and religious exercise was forbidden, and thus, for the first time for three centuries, a perfect equality was established between the Romish and the Reformed Churches in France, the persecutors and the persecuted; but only the equality of the scaffold. In the bloodshed of these years, the last remains of the government and discipline of the Reformed Church perished, and with them the old spirit of truth and earnestness. In this state Napoleon found the Protestants of France in the years 1801 and 1802, and bestirred himself to provide a remedy; nor can anyone deny that he went to work with the best intentions. But if the Protestants themselves, whose opinions were consulted, had so thoroughly lost all conception of the difference between a *church* constitution and a political one, and were so destitute of the spirit of faith, that they considered it necessary to lay for the Church, as well as for the State, a material foundation, composed not of spiritual but of earthly power—how could it be expected that Bonaparte would see more deeply into the nature and actual wants of a

church-organization? He simply applied his political principles to the Church, and as he could not govern it either monarchically or absolutely, he transferred to it that which seemed to him the best theory of constitutional government—viz., to place the control of the life of the State exclusively in the hands of those whose interest naturally led them to desire the maintenance of peace and order—the *possessors of property*. ‘Those who are most interested in any cause will be the best to watch over and manage it.’ This is indisputably correct; but then the question arises, *Who are the most interested?* And if we must reply, with regard to State affairs, the holders of property, the rich; it becomes at once apparent into how disastrous an error we fall, if we make the same reply when interest in the Church is spoken of. The rich in this world the most eminent in this society of spiritual poor! The amount of capacity to tend the Church of Christ measured by the amount possessed of earthly goods, of ‘the unrighteous riches!’ It would not be easy to bring into the Church an element more opposed to its nature, or to entangle it in a more humiliating way with the ‘elements of this world.’ The most spiritual is here made dependent upon the most material. Yet it was upon this basis that all the affairs of the Reformed Church (and also of the Lutheran) were organized by the law of the 10th Germinal. The possessors of property were the electors of the presbyteries and consistories; and the rich were the members elected.

And it was a *reformed* church which was based upon such a foundation! Let the Lutheran form of Protestantism comfort itself, if it will, with the belief that the most unsuitable outward form of the church can never extinguish the inward life within its bosom; that the faithful and true evangelical church, even when it falls into the hands of worldly powers, remains the church of Christ still! The Reformed Church, the reformation which proceeded from Geneva, has never contented itself with any such consolation, but has always insisted that spiritual things must be *spiritually* discerned and arranged, that a distinction must be drawn between that which is God’s and that which is Cæsar’s, and that to everyone is to be rendered that which is his due. ‘Christ the only Lord of his church’ had been the watchword of the Scottish Reformation, in opposition to a Protestant government, which claimed for *itself* the government of the church; and, now, was the Reformed Church of France, after confessing the same for two centuries and a half, to acknowledge as its lord a Catholic state? It is evident that such a state of things could not continue long without assault. At first, indeed, it was accepted willingly, or rather with delight. The reason of this was partly that the churches had entirely lost the inward *power* of faith, by which alone *true church* forms can be called into existence, yea, which alone is able to sustain them; and partly, also, that the outward right and advantages, which accompanied the publication of the new constitution, blinded men to the disadvantages, the wrong, which the church would suffer in consequence. For the first time for three hundred years the equality of the Catholic and Pro-

testant was proclaimed, equality in their freedom of worship, equality before the laws, and equality in their civil rights. It was no longer mere toleration; the Protestant Church was now *recognised* by the State, and its ministers, for whom, but a few years before, the government had nothing but the gallows and the sword, was now paid by the funds of the State in the same manner as the Romish priests, and were invested by the supreme authority with those very functions, the exercise of which had but just before been punished with death. Such gifts seemed worth a sacrifice, especially a sacrifice of which men did not know the importance, and which was therefore brought with readiness, or, at least, without opposition.

But this state of feeling soon ceased to be universal. The religious indifference, which had spread through the churches from one end of France to the other, began here and there to give place to various kinds of religious excitement. The equality, which had been proclaimed, by no means weakened the feelings of hostility which were entertained by Protestants towards Roman Catholicism. The fearful cruelties, by which the Romish clergy had taken revenge on the innocent Protestants for the loss of their rights during the last days of the falling monarchy, and the renewal of their butcheries, which attended the return of the Bourbons twenty-five years after, had again separated the Protestants of France from their ancient enemy and persecutor by a broad stream of blood, and in those provinces the seed, which was thus sown in blood, continues to bear its fruits of enmity and hatred to the present day. And now, again, there began to grow by the side of this *Protestant* feeling an *evangelical* sentiment also. The old faith of the fathers woke up in many a heart; and the grand, fundamental ideas of evangelical Christianity, repentance, faith, regeneration, salvation by grace, regained their supremacy in thousands of souls.

From the very nature of the case, it is impossible to trace to its origin this so-called 'réveil religieux' in the Protestant churches of France; for 'the wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.' There is no doubt, however, that intercourse with the Protestant churches out of France, especially those of England and Scotland, contributed greatly to produce this result. The movement appeared in a double form at the same time, both within and outside the existing church. A number of Catholics who were converted to the gospel formed the germ of this latter form. They had been converted through the reading of the Scriptures and the efforts of a few faithful preachers; and they went over to the *gospel*, and not to another *church*. No historical associations connected them with the Protestant Church of France. Its glorious history, the very remembrance of which exerts so powerful an influence upon its members, and cements them so closely together, was not *their* history, nor that of their fathers. The simple confession of evangelical truth, the preaching of salvation as offered in the gospel for the rescue of individual souls, *this* was the foundation on which they established themselves, and the task which

they adopted as their own. They did, indeed, feel themselves attracted towards each other by the inward law of religious life, and here and there congregated in small groups. But they did this rather for the purpose of mutual improvement and affection, than with any idea of uniting as a church.

The time was not long, however, before they were joined by many of those in whose hearts personal Christianity far outweighs the feeling of fellowship, at least of church-fellowship, and who left the national church to unite with them. *In the one* there was offered to them an outward fellowship, a church which was either destitute altogether of the soul of faith and love, or else was inwardly divided and shattered by the working up of this faith. *In the other* they found an inward fellowship; people who associated together with no outward bond, perfectly free, but were all of one mind, all brethren. However, it was not possible for them to continue long in this condition. The church-forming element is too truly a part of the very essence of Christianity for any to neglect it, and yet to continue long upon the *one* foundation of faith. And thus this free evangelical Christianity entered upon its 'second period,' passing from the link of mere sympathy to that of an organized church-connexion. In each particular locality those who were of one mind formed themselves into a church; *e.g.*, in Paris (Chapelle Taitbout), Lyons, Bordeaux, Sainte-Foy, and other places. The overthrow of the Bourbons and the establishment of the government of July led to the recognition of perfect freedom of worship; and this was quickly turned to account in the arrangement of regular services, the building of chapels, and the appointment of such church officers as are always found in Calvinistic reformed churches, and are, in fact, rendered absolutely necessary from the wants and the whole character of these free churches. The principle on which these were formed was that which distinguished the Christianity of the men who composed them; namely, that of absolute individuality and spontaneity in religious affairs, in accordance with which personal faith (regenerating, not historical), and the express confession of it, are the *indispensable* and *only* conditions requisite to church membership. There was no public declaration to this effect, still less was it contained in any confession of faith; it was, rather, a Christian instinct, which prompted all the arrangements connected with the formation of these churches. It was Alexander Vinet, the great theologian of the future, the 'prophetic,' as Neander calls him, who gave utterance to this instinct and developed it into a complete theory.

The Christian life moulded itself in these free churches just as in the churches of the apostolic age. From the small number of members (often not more than thirty in one place) the church life resembled that of a family; all the members were well known to each other, and whilst they helped each other, they prayed, and loved, and hoped together. None of these churches had a confession. They did not, indeed, actually declare themselves unconnected with the *Galican*, but they did not profess adherence to it; partly because,

like the first Christians, they required no written rule of faith, and partly because a written confession so detailed and traditional would only have cramped the free and independent action of their minds.

A still further step remained to be taken. The different churches, which had hitherto been isolated in consequence of the great distance by which they were separated, gradually began to form an acquaintance with each other, to act together, and thus to acquire a common character. And in 1846, the three which were closest together, Bordeaux, Sainte-Foy, and Orthez, combined together to adopt a common confession and common discipline. At the same time these Reformed Christians, who were altogether unconnected with the State Church, began to extend their efforts outwardly. The smallness of their numbers did not hinder them from venturing upon the most extensive undertakings for the spread of the kingdom of God; for they were conscious that in their unity of mind and living faith they possessed a power, greater far than that which can be given by numbers. And the world and the church have seen, again and again, with astonishment, from the days of the apostles down to our own, what a fulness of inexhaustible resources is possessed by the smallest church, when truly filled with love to Christ and zeal for his kingdom. The history of their own Christianity soon showed these men whither to direct their efforts. To bring the gospel to all their nation, to become messengers of peace to their fatherland, became their dearest earthly hope. We have the history of their undertakings 'for evangelizing France,' and shall give in a subsequent article a sketch of that which they have accomplished during twenty years of labour. Suffice it here to say, that this small handful of believers have manifested a spirit of sacrifice, and a force of love and fidelity truly astonishing, and that no tongue can render such a tribute as is rendered by the deeds themselves.

But what was the course of the existing church during this 'réveil religieux?' We find there the fulfilment of the words of the Lord, that he came not to bring peace alone, but a sword. For indolence and indifference, in religion especially, become opposition and bitterness whenever newness of life threatens their existence. It was so in this case; and shortly after the revival of religious life two antagonistic parties arose in the quiet and self-satisfied National Church. In 1849 a secession took place, caused by the fact, that the 'evangelical' party, as they call themselves, made such slow progress, and were so impeded and weakened by conflict, that little was done to build up the churches, and hence the most zealous and determined of their number became dissatisfied and left the church. Here and there the disputes led to individual separation, especially in places where the consistory and the minister belonged to different parties. This was the case in Lyons in the year 1831, when *Adolphe Monod* declared, before the whole congregation, that he 'would rather trample the body of Christ under foot, and throw the blood of Christ to the winds, than offer them to an unbelieving and unconsecrated mouth in a church which is a congregation of the world, and not of believers, without discipline,

without order, and without a common faith.' And when the Consistory refused to allow the exercise of discipline, and at Whitsuntide, as usual, a number of profane people pressed forwards to the table of the Lord, this renowned preacher, as Calvin had done once before, declared that he would never again administer the Lord's Supper to that church, tore his gown from top to bottom, before the table, and left a church 'whose Lord was Satan rather than Christ.' A large part of the church followed their pastor's example, and Monod's labours are said to have been more successful and blessed during the year in which he thus preached the gospel in freedom, than at any other period. The reasons which he himself assigned for entering the State Church again, and even continuing in it after the Synod of 1848, were first, that it afforded him a wider field for working in; and secondly, that the sound doctrine was making such decided and rapid progress in the churches, that a general return to the old foundations of the Reformed Church of France, to its confession and discipline, was to be expected before long. 'With this hope,' he says, 'I remain in the church, and would rather wait patiently than secede.'

But those who agreed with him in other respects did not all share this hope and patience. 'Our work,' said some, 'is to save souls and to build the church of God with diligence and with all our power; and how is this possible if we are for ever to keep the sword in our hands, and if that which one builds to-day is overturned by another to-morrow? Away, then, with this disorder. Either let the Church again declare before the world that it is established upon its eternal foundations, and cast out the elements which do not belong to these, or let the faithful go out of her and find for themselves a new home; for it is not *antiquity*, but *faith*, that gives its worth to the Church; it is not its history in the *past*, but its life in the *present*, that marks it as the Church of Christ.' It was easy to foresee that the former of these two alternatives would never take place; and this soon became an indisputable certainty. In the year 1848 there was no longer any government authority to interfere with the holding of a general synod. The opportunity was therefore afforded of speaking as *one* body on the questions of doctrine and government. And the result was just what might have been expected. One of the speakers described the state of the existing Reformed Church as a 'frightful disorder,' and what help was there since there was no unity of principle, and, as E. de Pressensé expresses himself, 'the *one* church bore two churches in its womb?' Whilst the two leading parties in the Assembly, in which the Rationalists had certainly the majority, effected a species of compromise, those who had been long inclined to secede, pressed from the very first for the question to be decided, whether the Assembly would adopt such a confession as befitted a Christian church.

But how was this possible in an assembly which Francis Monod pronounced to be composed of 'adherents of two religions.' The question was indefinitely postponed. Thereupon *Francis Monod* and the *Count de Gasparin* declared, that they would no longer take part in a synod which refused to lay a firm and Christian foundation at the

outset of its work, and that they could not belong to a church which had no such foundation, and affirmed that it *wished* to have none. Thus these men seceded from the existing church. A number of ministers and distinguished laymen in different provinces of France followed their example. And in most places the earnest members of the churches followed their pastors and seceded.

In this manner a number of new independent churches were suddenly formed, and the question arose whether any closer connexion should be established between them. Those who had just seceded had not done so from the same principles as those which led to the establishment of the free churches that already existed. They had separated from the church not as a State Church or as a National Church, but as one which had degenerated, and whose communion was corrupt. But if, strange to say, it is very seldom church-principles, but generally some peculiar circumstances, which induce secession; there are usually certain principles unconsciously prompting it, which are openly asserted as soon as the formation of a new society is in question. Thus the seceders soon declared their adoption of the principles professed by Vinet and the free churches already in existence. They laid as their foundation the great principle of 'individual profession of faith,' and the way was open for a union of the two fractions which had left the State Church. After some negotiations, the delegates of eighteen of these free churches met in Paris in May, 1849, to determine the basis of their union, and draw up the plan of a common organization. Their union in principles rendered this an easy matter, and the *Union des Eglises évangéliques de France* was established.

With a happy Christian tact, their 'Confession of Faith' is so constructed as to extract from the mass of church doctrines only that which forms the fundamental part of Christian truth, and is absolutely necessary both to the sinner who longs for salvation and to the evangelical Christian. The corruption of man; the mercy of the Father, who has given his Son to redeem those who were justly condemned; the sole mediation of the Son of God; the regeneration of the redeemed, 'of those who are elect according to the *fore-knowledge* of God' by the Holy Spirit; salvation presented by grace and not secured by works; and the expectation of the return of Christ in glory: *these* constitute the common belief of the churches—a confession, as it seems to me, which solves the difficult problem how the freedom of personal conviction and theological research may be united with a definite form of belief. This is the light in which it is regarded by the *Union* itself. 'Liberty and truth shake hands in our constitution.' 'Neither indifference nor exclusiveness' is our watchword. 'We regard all as brethren and as members of the Church of Christ, who love the Lord Jesus, and call upon him in sincerity.' With this their declaration concludes; a conclusion very different from that of creeds, whose last word is not *amen*, but always *damnamus*.

One important characteristic of these churches is, that they declare



the propagation of its faith to be a duty of every church. 'Our churches must be missionary churches. This is the duty of every church; but much more of that in France, which is surrounded by crowds of the superstitious or unbelieving.' But the peculiar distinction of the Free Church has yet to be mentioned. It rejects all human authority in religious matters, and thus leaves the fullest liberty to each individual. Each church decides its own form of government, of worship, and of discipline. The only proviso is, that it must not oppose the principles on which the Union is based. Thus no church can belong to the *Union*, which adopts as its term of communion either confirmation or a particular age; which accepts aid from the State, or, in fact, is sustained by any other means than the free contributions of the members; which neglects the exercise of discipline, and is not in all respects independent.

The Synod, to which every church sends one or more representatives, is occupied about the common affairs of the churches. It meets every two years. Such is the outward form of the Free Church of France. There are in addition a few free churches; e.g., that at Lyons, whose attachment to independence is too strong for them to unite with the *Union évangélique*. Their intercourse, however, is most friendly, and probably it will not be long before an amalgamation takes place. The greater part of the seceders from the Catholics are already associated with them. Whatever the result may be, to judge the tree by its fruit, we cannot but say, This church is a good tree, and its formation is not the least important result of the newly-awakened religious life in France.

### 'R. H.' and the 'Christian Spectator' on Mr. Cobden and the War Question.

IN replying to the strictures of our correspondent 'R. H.' on the article in our May number—'Mr. Cobden on War'—we have only one complaint to make; and it is fortunate for the purposes of honest argument that we can make it at the outset and have done with it in a few minutes. He characterises that article as 'an unfair and ungenerous attack upon a distinguished public man, at a moment when he is making most honourable sacrifices of personal popularity and political influence to his moral convictions.' Of this we complain, not that it is unjust to us, but that it is unworthy of the writer and dishonouring to his client. What does he mean by 'unfair?' He does not allege that we have imputed base motives—garbled quotations—indulged in invective—or practised any of the low artifices sometimes employed to the disgrace of controversy. What does he mean by 'ungenerous?' He does not allege that we have betrayed confidence, or selected a moment of private disability to make a

public attack. He can only mean that we have taken sides against his distinguished political friend at a time when that gentleman happens to be in the minority. Unless it is meant that we were influenced by considerations of popularity, where was the unfairness and ungenerousness of this? Are not our convictions as binding upon us—as sacredly entitled to faithful expression—as are Mr. Cobden's, although we do not give them an air of pretentious sanctity by the unmeaning prefix 'moral?' Are we to put off the avowal of dissent from a politician we have generally followed, until the avowal is convenient to him? Pshaw! the notion is despicable. Besides, Mr. Cobden is no dainty or delicate sentimentalist. He professes to be a practical politician, and he acts up to the profession. The parliamentary representative of the Peace party is notoriously bellicose in that capacity. The combativeness that upbore him even in a brawl with Ferrand, he now exhibits in the form of a furious advocacy of quiet. The dove is the true emblem of his principles,—but of his temper, a better symbol might be found in the bull-dog. And for this quality we applaud him. He has a hard battle to fight, and he is not such a simpleton as to spare hard knocks. But 'they who play at bowls must expect rubbers.' To do him barest justice, he has never shown any other expectation. He has taken blows with as much good temper as he has delivered them with goodwill. It is only our friend 'R. H.' among all the warriors of the white feather, who exhibits the fierceness of the soldier without his fortitude—who cries 'unfair!' 'ungenerous!' at receiving a sharp knock from an unexpected quarter; and then proceeds to lay about him with a weapon that is seldom ineffective, and never tender. We would rather have lacked this testimony to our strength than have had this proof of his weakness. We promise him and all men, that though even reduced to a minority of one, they shall never hear from our lips a puerile and peevish cry for 'generosity'—that we will never use our 'sacrifices' to shield ourselves from an attack upon our logic. We commenced our career in opposition to one of those 'paroxysms of prejudice and passion' to which, as our correspondent justly says, 'the discerning British public is apt to deliver itself at intervals.' We did not then fear to speak for the true and sober cause—why should any man expect us to be silent now that the madness is with the few? now that we happen to be on the wave, instead of in the trough, of the restless sea of opinion?

Passing now to the statements and argumentations of our friend, we notice first that he has misstated our 'cause of quarrel' with Mr. Cobden. It is not that he has refused to join in what his defender calls the 'extravagant sympathy and admiration for Turkey, and the equally extravagant fear and hatred of Russia'—still less, that he is acting consistently with his systematic professions and labours. We did, to be sure, express our dissent from Mr. Cobden's estimate of the antithetic sentiments of the English people towards the countries in question. We expressed that dissent with a guarded precision of language, and in a single sentence—which it would have been more candid, if less convenient, had 'R. H.' transcribed. We said—and we say it again:—

'We have marked, from the opening of the question that is now to be decided by the dread appeal of battle, in the language of Mr. Cobden and his

*confères*, an unqualified depreciation of Turkey, whom they acknowledged to be menaced with wrong—an apologetic and deferential tone towards Russia, whom they also acknowledge to be the aggressor—and a petulant depreciation of the interference of England, in whose power to interfere with effect they have yet flattered belief.

This was our summary of Mr. Cobden's 'views on this Oriental question.' 'R. H.' alludes to it as 'a peremptory condemnation'—insinuates, but does not venture to prove, that it is inaccurate—and attributes its 'inaccuracy' to a careless ignorance. He then calls Lord Palmerston as a witness to the weakness of Russia for aggressive purposes, and Lord de Redcliffe as a witness to the oppression that is exercised in Turkey—insists that to identify ourselves with a 'tyrannic supremacy,' will lead to 'endless embarrassments'—declares that 'these are Mr. Cobden's opinions,' and assures us that events are rapidly proving them to be right. No doubt of it. They are also our opinions. But they are not the whole of Mr. Cobden's any more than they are the whole of ours. Included among the former, according to 'R. H.,' is the doctrine, 'that the internal condition of the Turkish empire is one of chronic and hopeless disorganization.' Were we wrong, then, in attributing to Mr. Cobden 'unqualified depreciation of Turkey?' Our friend should really 'ascertain with a little more accuracy' what it is that he undertakes to censure and refute. As it is, his correction of our assumed inaccuracy, and his prophecy of justification by events, will go for little worth—an easy triumph and a safe prediction—the pre-luding flourish of a skilful performer on a bad instrument.

It must have been want of care, again, which induced him to represent our 'attack' upon Mr. Cobden as without reason, 'except that he has dared firmly to maintain his own consistency, instead of allowing himself to be driven into a course in direct contradiction of the declared purpose and policy of his whole life.' This is nothing less than an astounding misapprehension—originating, we suppose, in the inability of an enthusiast to discriminate the remonstrance of a friend from the assault of an adversary. 'R. H.' either mistakes or ignores the entire purport of our remarks. It was our purpose to argue the war question not with the *Peace Society*, but with a leader of the *Peace Party*—one who declines to say that all war is unjustifiable; who professes only to have discovered a method of avoiding recourse to it; and who, therefore, stands in altogether a different position from the Sturges and Burnets. From the latter, we expect nothing less than an unwavering protest against war for Turkey as for any other state. We dissent from them, but have no 'cause of quarrel' with them. Any 'attack' upon them, such as we have made on Mr. Cobden, might have been justly and sufficiently answered by an appeal to the 'purpose and policy of their whole lives.' In pursuance of this error *in limine*, our correspondent says, 'I do not know what course your contributor would have prescribed to "the friends of peace" in this emergency. . . . When an actual event has occurred to bring the value and sincerity of their professions to the test, would he have them fling these principles overboard, and unite or acquiesce in the clamour for war in defiance of all consistency?' If 'R. H.' were a constant reader of the '*Christian Spectator*'—had he even looked into

the political article at the end of the number in his hand—or had he, which is the least that can be asked, but have duly considered the article he undertook to answer—he would have been spared this confession of innocent ignorance and wonder. Our course upon this Eastern question has been definite enough, right or wrong. In commenting on the proceedings of the Edinburgh Peace Conference—so long ago as November, 1853—we expressed an opinion from which we have never swerved, and which certainly deprives our friend of ground for astonishment at our present position. We have not clamoured for war with Russia—but neither have we denounced it; from the former deterred by sentiment, from the latter by conscience. We have accepted it as a Providential necessity, since we saw that there was not in our rulers wisdom and energy enough to avert it. We have striven to direct it into channels that would at once narrow its evils and conduct its course to a beneficent consummation. In this, we have not been alone among ‘the friends of peace’—and that we have been unsuccessful, we attribute in not the least degree to the mistakes of our whilom leaders.

The largest of these mistakes—‘the head and front of Mr. Cobden’s offence,’ as his champion expresses it—we certainly deem the sudden and contemptuous expression of his disbelief that ‘democracy has ever gained anything by war.’ It was to the exposure of the magnitude and mischievousness of this mistake that we devoted our former article; and our correspondent has shown a just perception of the importance of such a position by his ardour in its defence. That ‘the settled faith of mankind’ is on our side, we instanced not as a reason for belief, or even assent—but as a reason why an eminently practical politician should not parenthetically proclaim himself as of another opinion; for while it would be hard to show that the ‘settled faith of mankind’ was ever in favour of idolatry, slavery, or persecution, it would be still harder to show that those practices were successfully encountered by men who only let out in an exclamation the disbelief they formally disclaimed. Against the Quaker doctrine of passive submission, we regard it as a good argument, that it is at variance with an instinctive sentiment of humanity; the sentiment on which civil society and all governmental institutions are based—which actuates the individual a thousand times a day—and is not seldom confessed in action by the very men who boast its extirpation from their own minds, and essay its extirpation from the universe in which God has given it so large a place. That that doctrine has at this day scarcely more professors than in the life-time of its apostle, is reason enough for letting it alone; but that ‘a distinguished public character’ should attempt to make it operative on public affairs, while carefully repudiating participation in it, and yet retain his ‘personal popularity and political influence,’ is too much for him to expect or his countrymen to tolerate.

That democracy gained by the war made against Charles the First by the English Parliament and people, ‘R. H.’ thinks a statement ‘daringly at variance with facts’—inasmuch as, according to his reading of the history of those times, never was the inviolability of representatives more flagrantly and frequently violated than by the power which grew out of that war. We do not care to question his epitome of Cromwellian history,

though our correspondent has spread it over a whole page of our precious space. Since he has introduced the authoritative name of Milton to clench his array of accusations against Cromwell, we will be content to answer him with a sentence or two from the noblest of English pens;—and that, not in defence of our argument, be it understood, to which it is irrelevant, but of our venerated Cromwell—from whose battered effigy, as it hangs before us, there seems to smile a sorrowful contempt upon the pitiful sentimentalists and hide-bound theorists who have succeeded to the scurrilous bigots of two centuries as the defamers of his memory; even of the memory of him to whom they owe the very liberty of slander. In the ‘Second Defence of the People of England,’ Milton thus apostrophizes the Protector:—‘In this state of desolation’—the ‘worse confusion, not of tongues, but of factions, than at the tower of Babel’—‘you, O Cromwell, alone remained to conduct the government, and to save the country. *We all willingly yield the palm of sovereignty to your unrivalled ability and virtue.* Except the few among us who are ambitious of honours which they have not the capacity to sustain, or who envy those which are conferred on one more worthy than themselves, or else who do not know that nothing in the world is more pleasing to God, more agreeable to reason, more politically just, or more generally useful, than that the supreme power should be vested in the best and wisest of men.’ So much for the judgment of the most illustrious of democrats on the character of the man for whom our rose-water republicans have no better title than ‘military usurper.’ And let us hear the same eloquent sage and statesman as to the less illustrious soldiers of the Commonwealth. He tells the Protector there is no better way of ruling England than that of ‘associating in your councils the companions of your dangers and your trials . . . who are more zealously interested in the preservation of liberty in proportion as they have encountered more perils in its defence . . . *men prepared not only to debate, but to fight; not only to argue in the senate, but to engage the enemy in the field.*’ As if minded to put on record an eternal rebuke of political day-dreamers, he adds:—‘Unless we will continually cherish indefinite and illusory expectations, I see not in whom we can place any confidence, if not in these men and such as these. We have the surest and most indubitable pledge of their fidelity in this, that they have already exposed themselves to death in the service of their country;’ and so on, through sentences of ‘linked sweetness long-drawn out.’—Our assertion was, not that there was no peril to ‘constitutional government,’ and even to more substantial interests of a people, in the use of the sword: we expressly admitted the peril—but that an indubitable result of the Revolution of 1648 was, the security of the privilege of parliament from kingly aggression. The assertion, so far from being disproved, is still undisputed. ‘R. H.’ exults over the fact of a military interregnum and a monarchical restoration; but is too cautious to deny that by ‘teaching kings they have a lithe in their necks,’ the Revolution effectually deterred them from attempting to rule without parliaments, or in spite of parliaments. Since that great event, we have had corrupt kings and idiot kings, licentious kings and tyrannical kings, but no-

one despot. The ghost of the first Charles has kept safe from the foot of kingly intrusion the road down Whitehall to St. Stephen's Chapel.

Still more unreasonably exultant is our friend over our second illustration—the case of the American colonies. That Washington, having achieved by the sword American independence of foreign domination, exerted the force of *military authority* to defend it from the paw of domestic treason, is so luminous a comment on the last of the sentences quoted from Milton—so splendid a service rendered by the warrior to democracy—that we need only thank our correspondent for having contributed it to the argument he had engaged to overset. And we are scarcely less grateful to him for having illustrated as well as endorsed the sentiment quoted from the 'Herald of Peace.' Undertaking to defend the assertion that whatever good has resulted from war *might* have been attained by other means, he instances the emigration of French silk-weavers into England, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This, if not a 'dialectic enormity,' we take to be an argumentative curiosity. It is an illustration of a thing by its reverse, and a confusion of the coincidental with the resultant. It is as if one who, intending to kill a man, only drew blood, and so saved him from death by apoplexy, should make that a defence of homicide. The *object* of the 'act of perfidious tyranny' was, the extermination of Protestantism from the French soil: the introduction of silk-weaving into England was, therefore, not its legitimate result. But of the war waged by the American colonists against England, the *object* was independence, or a certain 'gain to democracy;' and that object attained, even had the 'discontented officers' who wanted a crowned general prevailed over the integrity of Washington, the legitimate result of the war would have been unaffected. In his merriment over our protest against reading history in the subjunctive mood—because, as Carlyle has said, there is in history no *could*, *would*, or *should have been*, but only the unalterable *fact*—and in his amusing endeavours to turn against us our own satire, by representing as 'conjectural probabilities' things actually done or attempted, 'R. H.' forgets to tell us how English freedom or American independence 'might have been attained without war.' He is content to express his 'firm belief' in this romantic faith. Nor is this the only instance in which our friend substitutes what he is pleased to call in us 'hardy assertion' for the modesty of proof. That the Reform Bill and Corn-law repeal were 'yielded to terror,' is the assertion he thus characterises. We are sure it was not for want of candour he omitted to notice our other two examples of the same fact—the Catholic concessions of 1780 and 1829;—the former indisputably conceded to the United Irishmen because they had arms in their hands; and the latter because, said the Duke of Wellington, civil war 'must have been the result' of refusal. That the same great soldier did not give up his resistance to the Reform Bill till the eve of the day the Birmingham Unionists were to have commenced their march, we are informed by Miss Martineau's History of the Peace. That the 'unadorned eloquence' of the League leader converted Sir Robert Peel to the League economy, we do not deny; but that it overawed the Richmonds and the Howlers of the Cabinet, only the simplest of Mr. Cobden's disciples can

believe in the face of Sir Robert's reiterated appeals to the fears of the propertied classes. We should have been glad could 'R. H.' have put upon these rude facts the gloss of his own sanguine nature and refined 'taste': for we, too, would be glad to believe that this rough world may be smoothed into fraternity and freedom by the Orphean melodies of moral suasion. As it is, we must repeat, that 'while there is no example in history of a people pledged not to fight, or unable to fight, for its liberties, obtaining them—and there are examples of nations perishing under foreign or domestic tyranny from lack of strength or courage to resist—no one has the shadow of an authority for saying that England and America would have been free if they had abstained from fighting.'

The argument from the French Revolution so nearly resembles that from the English Revolution, that they may stand or fall together; in neither case can it be disproved that immense benefits resulted—that an irrevocable gain to democracy was accomplished, in the establishment of fundamentally democratic institutions—and that, in the case of France, the right of a nation to alter its institutions was so successfully defended against overwhelming odds, that that right has never since been questioned. Here, then, we close the discussion on the historical dictum so rashly enunciated by Mr. Cobden, and pass on to considerations of temporary policy.

To the defence of our criticism on the Peace Society's tract, we will devote only a sentence; and that to inquire, whence was to come 'the general European war' threatened to be 'brought upon us by attacking Russia,' if not from the diplomatic relations of that empire? so essential an element of strength, that the writer must have been trifling with the common sense of his readers if he excluded it from his calculations—and may, therefore, resume his place upon the horns of his own dilemma.—In nearly as little space may be performed the vindication of Lord Aberdeen from the damaging admiration of the Peace party. That he is, as contrasted with Lord Palmerston, a pacific statesman, we do not deny; and of the facts which our correspondent parades, he may be quite sure we were *not* ignorant. Nevertheless, we demand, Has there been anything in Lord Aberdeen's career of the systematic opposition to a war polity which Mr. Cobden and his friends have displayed? Has he ever spoken or voted for arbitration courts as a substitute for armaments? or did he resist those most disgraceful of wars—the wars upon China, the Kafirs, or Burmah, as he has resisted wars that menaced the European *status quo*? In short, has he not worked up to, after his own method, the result which Palmerston has secured by an equally congenial course? Both together were parties to the fall of Poland and Cracow, of Hungary and Rome—to the secret correspondence and the Vienna note—and let both be denounced as enemies to the peace of Europe, because enemies to the rights of other nations and the honour of their own. They have shared between them, since the death of Canning, as Cabinet Ministers or party leaders, the control of our foreign relations—and let them share the odium of that disastrous and disgraceful *régime* under which free states have died out of Europe, beneath the suffocating clouds of a spurious peace, faster than they could have perished in the storm of war.

Lastly, our correspondent deems it a most extraordinary instance of hallucination, that we should have expected advantage to the cause of democracy from the present war. If we confess that here, at last, he has us at a disadvantage, we make the confession with a groan that no argumentative defeat could have wrung from us; and with a reproach that will leave him no room for triumph. We deny that it was unreasonable, up to the moment of our writing, to entertain the hope with whose improbability we are now taunted as with a madness of the heart. And we do not envy to the Peace party a political triumph based on misfortunes to humanity which they had the power to prevent. It is the alliance of Austria with England and France that renders hopeless, or nearly so, the liberation of Hungary and Poland and Lombardy by the humiliation of Russia. That alliance was, till recently, in the highest degree improbable—it is not even yet a *fait accompli*. To prevent it, we relied on that section of the House of Commons of which Mr. Cobden is the leader. We had every right so to do. He was known to be free from those trammels of creed which are so gracefully worn by his larger-minded coadjutor, Mr. Bright. He was known, also, as the zealous platform friend of Kossuth. When, therefore, we heard him, at the opening of the session, speak to this effect—‘I am, in respect to this war, in the position of a man going into committee upon a bill which he voted against at the second reading: I have a right to effect what change in its character I can,’—we had no doubt that his earnest opposition would be given to unnatural alliances and fruitless occupations, pregnant with infinite bloodshed on the continent, and incalculable debt at home. We have been disappointed. He has kept silence on the war from that day to this on which we write. He has suffered extensive armaments to be equipped, and tens of millions to be voted, without a single inquiry as to the direction of the one or the expenditure of the other. Kossuth has emerged from his painful retirement, and gone from London to Glasgow, pleading with more than Demosthenic power, because with more than Demosthenic fervour, against complicity with perjurious Hapsburg; but his quondam sympathizer, the sharer of his ovation from Southampton to the Guildhall, is absent; immersed in the business of a session that postpones all to the war, and leaves the war to the Cabinet. Our men may perish in inglorious inactivity, restrained by diplomatic engagements or designs—our money may be poured into the sea, or sown upon the swamp—the most trusted tribune of the people looks on with a sardonic smile. The hope that flushed the pale cheek of exile, and throbbed in the hearts of half-murdered nations, may die away into the death of despair, or inflame into the madness of despair—still will the once loud-tongued advocate of Hungarian claims hold his peace? It may be so: it may be that the Manchester compact with Aberdeen shall be carried out to the letter. As the result, we venture the prediction, and invite attention—Europe will not be pacificated, but *Cobden will be destroyed*. It is in his power—for he holds the balance of parliamentary power—to make present peace with Russia, or so to prosecute the war that it shall not cease till Europe be free. But peace with Russia will not be the quieting of awakened Europe. There is afoot a conspiracy of nations which diplomacy cannot suppress, even with the



aid of English Liberalism. The failure to repress it will indefinitely retard the cause of peace, and fatally wound the reputation of its short-sighted leaders. Oh that they would be wise in time! that they would trust to the impulses of their generous, philanthropic hearts, instead of being fettered by the devices of their understandings, mis-called 'principles!' Oh that they would prefer the prayer of nations to the dictates of a narrow and selfish, however amiable, policy! So would they lose the victory which the logic of events may, perhaps, bring to them—victory over reasonings such as these we have just now urged;—but they would also lose the reproach and pain of looking on wide tracts of earth blighted and desolate under the continued reign of despotism, which one brave blow of the sword would have dissipated for ever; the reproach and pain of looking on cities without trade or literature because without freedom, villages without security for life or love or industry, families whose chiefs are in the patriot's grave—the living grave of exile; the reproach and pain of knowing that they have earned for their country maledictions which she did not deserve, yet cannot avert—for another generation of brave people, the perdition that is paved with good intentions. We never write or speak on this theme but we feel moved to desert the decorous usage of modern political argument so far as to invoke for our pleadings supernal aid; and we need not be deterred, at least in the pages of a Christian organ of thought and sentiment, from supplicating Him who is no less the Lord of Hosts than the Prince of Peace, now to inspire the hearts of our distinguished and influential countrymen with courage to break the bonds of faction, to direct the councils of the warrior, and so bring to England and to Europe a joyful deliverance from a worse than Punic dishonour, and a worse than Babylonian bondage!

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## Record of Christian Missions.

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WE shall resume our survey of missionary operations without preliminary note or comment. This month is unusually rich in intelligence that we rejoice to transfer to the columns in which, month by month, we garner up the chief results of the labours of catholic Christendom.

Beginning with the 'Unitas Fratrum,' or Church of the United Brethren, commonly called Moravians, we linger with intense interest on the story of the vessel employed in the service of this mission on the coast of Labrador. For eighty-three years have the Moravian heroes attempted to plant the cross amongst the rude and barbarous people of Greenland and Labrador, and for eighty-three years a vessel has annually left London with supplies of food and clothing for the little band living in voluntary exile among the eternal snow of the frigid zone. During all this time the Labrador ship, amidst perils of a frightful character, amidst huge floating fields of ice, and gigantic ice-bergs, threatening momentary destruction, has gone and come in safety. The superstitious sailor, looking to his good hemp and iron, rejoices in the thought that there

'Is a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft  
To watch for the life of poor Jack;'

but underneath his superstition lies a solemn truth which the Christian mind alone can recognise. In the long-vouchsafed safety of this mission ship Admiral Gambier saw that which, to his mind, well skilled in all the perils incident to the navigation of the North Atlantic, was the 'most remarkable occurrence in maritime history;' while our merchant princes at Lloyd's do homage to the fact by annually insuring the vessel employed by the Moravians 'at a premium considerably less than that which is charged' for other vessels on the same course.

We have read few things so interesting for a long while as the history of this ship; from the little 'Jersey packet' of only eighty tons, carrying out the men and their provisions in safety to Labrador, to the 'Amity,' a larger vessel, and the 'Good Intent,' captured by a French privateer in 1778, but released immediately by the French Minister of Marine as soon as her benevolent mission was known, the American minister at the Court of Versailles, who at that time happened to be the celebrated Dr. Benjamin Franklin, giving her a letter of safe convoy and a right of all needful assistance to all American privateers (facts we delight to record), to the 'Harmony,' that, amidst so much knocking about and marvellous perils, worked well for the mission so many years, to the 'Resolution,' and the 'Hector,' and the 'Jemima,' to another and a stouter-built 'Harmony;' through all this genealogy of ships we see material for devout and thankful contemplation. We refer our readers to the 'periodical accounts' published by the society for a new story of the arctic regions, which he that begins will read to the end. We cannot forbear quoting verbatim the following as an appropriate sequel to our notice last month of the good and gifted James Montgomery, a 'revered and beloved member of the Unitas Fratrum.'

'The following stanzas, by the skilful hand of the greatest master of English sacred song whom this generation has known, and whose peaceful translation to the heavenly rest is among the solemn occurrences of the last few days, will, it is hoped, be considered to form no inappropriate sequel to the foregoing narrative. They form part of a beautiful hymn, composed in 1841, for the centenary of the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel, of which the writer was an esteemed and faithful member:—

"To-day, one world-neglected race  
We fervently commend  
To thee, and to thy word of grace;  
Lord, visit and befriend  
A people scatter'd, peel'd, and rude,  
By land and ocean solitude  
Cut off from every kinder shore,  
In dreary Labrador.  
Thither, while to and fro she steers,  
Still guide our annual bark,  
By night and day, through hopes and fears,  
While, lonely as the Ark,  
Along her single track, she braves  
Gulphs, whirlpools, ice-fields, winds, and waves,  
To waft glad tidings to the shore  
Of longing Labrador.

How welcome to the watcher's eye,  
 From morn till even fix'd,  
 The first faint speck that shows her nigh,  
 Where surge and sky are mix'd!  
 Till, looming large, and larger yet,  
 With bounding prow, and sails full set,  
 She speeds to anchor on the shore  
 Of joyful Labrador.

Then hearts with hearts, and souls with souls,  
 In thrilling transport meet,  
 Though broad and dark the Atlantic rolls  
 Between their parted feet;  
 For letters thus, with boundless range,  
 Thoughts, feelings, prayers, can interchange,  
 And once a year, join Britain's shore  
 To kindred Labrador.

Then, at the vessel's glad return,  
 The absent meet again;  
 At home, our hearts within us burn  
 To trace the cunning pen,  
 Whose strokes, like rays from star to star,  
 Bring happy messages from far,  
 And once a year, to Britain's shore  
 Join *Christian* Labrador."

Of honourable and heroic women meek and quiet Moravianism has had not a few; sublimely unostentatious, out of weakness they have been made strong, and have put to flight armies of alien doubts and fears. Here is a sketch of such a heroine in the 'widowed sister Hartmann.' She had long laboured in Surinam, a dismal swamp of mud and mosquitoes, for the good of the negroes; she chose that part of the colony called 'the land of death,' because to that part no others could be spared, so rapid had been the quick succession of one and another to the grave.

'Wherever the climate was most unhealthy—wherever the service was most laborious—wherever the greatest self-denial was required—thither our departed sister delighted to repair. She kept the forsaken flocks together; admonished, comforted, instructed the adults; taught the children; in short, bore all, of every age and class, upon her motherly heart; and all this she did with the greatest humility and in the most unassuming manner, as a servant and handmaid of the Lord, who looks not for praise of men. She was not deterred by the aversion, or rather the enmity, of the manager of the plantation, who would gladly have driven her away, had he not been too much afraid of incensing his negroes by such a procedure. Nor did bodily infirmity and the negro disease, elephantiasis, from which she suffered much, prevent her from the performance of her work and labour of love. She joyfully shared with the negroes the contempt, the poverty, the temporal distress, and even the diseases, which they had to endure, in order to win their souls for the Saviour.' In December last she rested from these labours of love and singular devotedness.

In another section of the catholic Church we light upon other memorials of equal beauty. The 'Colonial Church Chronicle and Missionary Journal,' which is the organ of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, contains a letter from the bishop of New Zealand, from which we gladly make the following extracts. For information we may add that a certain district in the Pacific has been named the diocese of Melanesia, which 'may be understood to include an unknown number

of islands, lying in the western side of the Pacific Ocean, between the 150th and 170th meridians of east longitude; and between the equator and the tropic of Capricorn. This definition, though not strictly correct, will be sufficiently exact for our present purpose. The islands included within these limits have been divided into groups, bearing the names of the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, Loyalty Islands, Banks' Islands, Santa Cruz Islands, Solomon Islands, New Ireland, New Britain, New Hanover, &c., &c., all closed in to the westward by the large islands of Australia and New Guinea.'

In reference to 'other men's labours' the bishop thus gracefully refers to an honoured name:—

'The exertions of John Williams, of the London Mission, are well known; but they were cut short at once by his death on the island of Erromango, in the New Hebrides. A few faithful native teachers, acting in the spirit of their master, had gone forth among the same islands to risk their lives in the cause of the gospel. At the Isle of Pines, at Futuna, and at Faté, some of these faithful men underwent a death not unworthy of the name of martyrdom; others died of the new diseases, which attacked them in these unhealthy islands, where their simple knowledge of medicine was of no avail, because every plant and herb of the country was unknown to them. Nearly fifty persons from the missions of Rarotonga and Samoa, including women and children, have lost their lives in the attempt to plant the gospel in Melanesia.'

Of Tonga Bishop Selwyn writes in words we must not abridge; so large a catholicity is too rare in the sectarian Christendom of England; Churchmen and Dissenters alike may mark, learn, and inwardly digest the following:—

'Our first anchorage was at Tonga, well known to all readers of Cook's voyages as Tongataboo; and here began my first acquaintance with the tropical missions of the Pacific. The Wesleyan missionaries received me in a most friendly and hospitable manner, and all our differences of system seemed to be forgotten in the one absorbing interest of the work in which we were all engaged for the conversion of the heathen. Nature itself had marked out for each missionary body its field of duty. The clusters of islands, grouped together like constellations in the heavens, seemed formed to become new branches of the Church of Christ, and each a church complete within itself. It was of little consequence whether these babes in Christ were nourished by their own true mother, or by other faithful nurses, provided that they were fed only with the sincere milk of the word. The time must come, I thought, when they would be no longer under tutors or guardians, for this present government by English societies is admitted to be preparatory to the introduction of self-government into the native churches, and then I should be free to communicate with every faithful branch of the great Polynesian family, as with bodies in no respect liable to the imputation either of schism or dissent. It would surely be a sin to inflict the curse of English controversy upon these lovely islands, which seem made to rest in peace, like the light of stars reflected upon the surface of this tranquil ocean.'

Take also the following picturesque description of Tonga:—

'Passing Eaooi, or Middleburg Island, we followed Cook's sailing directions with perfect confidence till a native pilot boarded us and took charge of her Majesty's ship. Then, for the first time, as we threaded through the narrow passages of the coral reef, I saw the marvellous beauty of colouring which has been so often described; the deep blue of the unfathomable sea; the dazzling whiteness

of the surf breaking upon the reef; the delicate tint of light green on the shallow waters of the lagoon; and, on shore, the tufted fringe of cocoa-nut-trees overshadowing the native villages, each marked by its row of canoes drawn up upon a glittering beach of coral sand. There are, no doubt, some portions of the mission field, and especially Sierra Leone, where true faith and Christian courage is required in the missionary, liable as he is at any moment to fall a victim to the "pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day;" but in these favoured islands in the Pacific, as well as in New Zealand, I must say, without disparagement to the zeal of our missionaries, that the self-denial would be shown, not in residing in them, but in consenting to leave them. The ordinary drawbacks arising from human infirmity and sin must be the same everywhere; and it is most true that every mission-field is not the paradise which it seems to be; but to any one who has been conversant with parochial duty in an English town, it becomes impossible to think of a residence in our lovely islands as an exercise of ministerial self-sacrifice. It is a pure enjoyment to walk round such an island as Tonga, passing along open and level paths shaded by groves of cocoa-nuts and bananas, and halting from time to time in some grassy glade, where a wide-spreading *ouava*, with its thousand clustered stems, marks the meeting-place of the chiefs; and where the slender *toa* (*Casuarina*), crowded with enormous hats (*beka*), droops over the coral tombs of the dead. A walk of a few miles more through the same shady paths, lighted up with glimpses of a cloudless sun, and rustling with the restless tradewind, brings the visitor to a village, where the incessant tapping of the mallets used for beating out the native cloth, gives an air of industry and cheerfulness to the place. Every house is partially concealed under the shade of its own fruit-trees, and within its light fence of reeds; but the stranger may freely enter everywhere, and finds a hearty welcome wherever he goes. On going down to the beach, the maritime habits of the islanders are seen; fine double canoes, drawn up under spacious sheds, each with its mat-sail and large steering paddles carefully laid by its side, lying ready for use on state occasions, and for long voyages; with a swarm of smaller canoes, some drawn up upon the beach, and others passing to and fro upon the smooth water of the lagoon. It was a noble sight to see King George and his fleet of war canoes on a visit to the Navigator Islands. He is a worthy "Lord of the Isles," and his fleet, entirely of native style and workmanship, is worthy of its monarch.

We look forward with interest to the continuation of Bishop Selwyn's letter, promised in the next number, which feeling, we doubt not, will be shared by all our readers.

Long as our extracts have been, we must give another. The bishop of Newcastle (Australia), in a graphic letter, gives an account of a colonial bishop's work, which, in this mosaic of missions, comes in well. These men, be their creed in externals what it may, are true successors of the apostles; would that we had more of such self-reliant, single-hearted labourers! Of course we do not indorse every expression; we have our own shades of thought, why should not a bishop have his?

'A colonial bishop's office cannot be better described than in St. Paul's words—it is a good work; unceasing, anxious, almost killing, and, at the same time, noble happy, and blessed work. With mind and heart given up wholly and entirely to this work; having no hope, or wish, or thought, short of heaven; rich, because

literally you possess nothing, esteeming yourself and every shred that belongs to you the property of the Church; thinking not of present show, but trying to lay a sound underground foundation which may be built upon hereafter; and esteeming yourself but a link—you know not and care not how short—of that Christian ministry which began at Pentecost, and will last till the Saviour come again. Here there is an office which, as I fully believe to be the case with every order of the Christian ministry, wherever exercised, affords the highest earthly happiness, just in proportion as we give ourselves wholly and entirely to the performance of our duties. And what are those duties? What a visitation? Suppose that you were to set out from your pretty rectory, mounted on a strong horse, with servant behind, well mounted too, and leading a pack-horse; you have a ride of twelve weeks before you; you are going through Edinburgh to John o'Groat's house; but you must make diversions from the main road to the right hand and to the left: first turn to the left to the Land's End; then to the right to Yarmouth; then to the left again to Holyhead; and then at last reach your journey's end with the same horses, which, after this journey of fourteen or fifteen hundred miles, require a full year's rest. Then you leave your horses and put yourself on board a steamer, or coaster, and make your way back to Dribden. Such is the visitation which I shall take this year, as I have hitherto done every alternate year since I have been bishop.'

We hesitate to throw one shade of darker colouring into the picture of primitive Christianity the preceding extracts have called up before us; but as it may serve to throw out the lights all the more vividly we cannot help calling emphatic attention to the absurd trash talked by Archbishop Whately at the meeting of this very society, at which several colonial bishops, among them Bishop Selwyn, were present. Archbishop Whately has got beyond Christianity, and has something besides a 'kingdom of heaven' to preach among the heathen. Speaking of this venerable society, for really it is so, notwithstanding the very indifferent work it has done, and the very indifferent twaddle it publishes at times, in the very worst slip-slop style, the archbishop says:—'The only exception I can take to the society is, that its name does not express the whole of its objects. It is called the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. But we want to do more than propagate the gospel, or scatter Bibles to spread Christianity; we desire to plant a church; and what church should that be but our own? We know this society propagates the doctrines of our Church by means of ministers bearing a commission from the Church. It is a true Church society. It cannot be charged with encouraging Romanist tendencies. It is open to every complexion of theology which is allowed within the limits of our Church.' Ominous words! 'every complexion of theology,' &c.; but we are not in the vein for criticism; let our readers ponder the hidden Jesuitism of such tenets.

From the West Indies we learn much that is cheering, amidst the fearful and increasing ravages of the cholera, especially in Jamaica and Barbadoes. The Baptist missionaries in Jamaica have most appropriately addressed the new governor, Sir Henry Barkly, whose enlightened administration of the government of British Guiana leaves nothing to fear for impartiality and wisdom in Jamaica. From their address we learn what, though not new to us, may be to our readers, and which we take pleasure in recording—that they have forty-five day schools and upwards of sixty Sabbath schools, with upwards of 10,000 scholars, in connexion with their mission. Past and comparatively recent days of government oppression

and vindictiveness, remembered by those who knew Jamaica but a few years since, make Sir Henry's reply a welcome document to those who see in such official statements one of the remarkable signs of the times, indicating the real progress of truth, amidst difficulties once deemed insurmountable. We quote the following from it.

'Ample opportunity has been afforded me, during my present tour, of judging for myself of the good which has attended your labours in districts very often so remote and difficult of access, that they must otherwise in all probability have remained destitute of the means of religious worship or secular instruction; and I should be unworthy of the position I have the honour to fill, were I to permit my personal connexions, as a member of the Established Church, to weaken my testimony as to the great value of the services rendered to the cause of civilization and humanity by the society to which you belong.'

Our space forbids us to refer to the Free Church of Scotland and the 'United Presbyterian Church,' this month; the large space devoted to other communications must be our apology. We shall hope to bring up all arrears, and do justice to the neglected next month.

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## Monthly Retrospect.

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TIMES of great excitement, especially those preceding the crises of momentous events, are always marked by the singular infatuations of common sense people. The friend, who at other times and on another subject than that which now happens to be the exciting cause of his hallucinations, we could trust with the defence of our dearest rights and most precious principles, gets at this time a twist or crook—call it what you will—and no power in morals or metaphysics can turn him. Like the stem of a tall and stately tree which, from some defect of nourishment or great exposure to unfavourable atmospheric influences, gets turned from its hitherto normal course, and which nothing short of a miracle could bend back to its proper position, so will be our admirable friend and trusted champion when brought under the distorting influence of the great event. History and its lessons might as well not have been written, for all the good he will get from them to lighten up this question; his knowledge of human nature will be of no avail, syllogisms will lose their customary virtue, and mathematics themselves be of no more use than a cable of sand or a silk-worm's thread in keeping a frigate at its mooring. The only thing you can do with him is to muzzle him as you would a bull-dog in July, or get him altogether out of the way, for fear he should do mischief.

This is exactly the course we should like to pursue with the amiable members of the public press, and of Parliament, who have been struck with the Palmerstonian infatuation. Since the appointment of the favourite *protégé* of Sir Robert Peel to the Ministry of War, Lord Palmerston has become, in the eyes of these gentlemen, the most injured statesman in existence, while the war with Russia has lost half its chance of success. With Lord Dudley Stuart and his friends, he is his 'country's pride,' and he the champion of the oppressed and down-trodden of every name or nation! Poland owes its glory

and freedom, and Portugal her constitution, to him! Does not Hungary owe him her present liberties, Italy her rescue from foreign rule, Kossuth his place amongst the governors of the earth, and Mazzini his consul's robe and honours? It is a dream, infatuated people, who think Palmerston has done less than nothing for you! Wake! aye, wake, Lord Dudley Stuart, and see him hold out the right hand of fellowship to Austria over Hungary's tombstone, invite her to occupy Wallachia out of friendship (?) to Turkey and her allies, and see next under which thimble you will find the pea! We fear the clever 'rigger' will have proved more than a match for his credulous customers.

Yet this is the turn that the war is now taking. The Palmerstonian influence is again in the ascendant. As a direct result of this influence, 'negotiation' is still kept up with Austria, who, without any reliable assurance of her friendship, is invited to occupy the Danubian Principalities in place of Russia, the result of which most probably will be that we shall have to drive two armies thence in place of one. Another result is, that no assistance is given to Turkey. She is left to fight all her battles single-handed, although English troops have been within a few days' march of the main body of the Turkish army for three months past; when they are defeated the Government organs parade the circumstance as a proof of the necessity for interference; when they are victorious, the same organs claim the credit of the victory, just as Mr. Sidney Herbert and the 'Times' claim the credit of the defence of Silistria for England, because two English officers, a captain and lieutenant, assisted the besieged, one of the said officers having been there for his own pleasure, and the other being under the ban of the English Commander-in-Chief, and about to be ordered to leave the army. It is true—and may we have such news to report every month—that the heroic defence of Silistria has been successful; that the Russian generals who conducted the siege have been disgraced; and that the Turks have retaken several important fortresses from the enemy, amongst others Giurgevo. It is also true that the allied forces have been what is courteously termed 'engaged' in the war for more than six months; that the most favourable season for active operations, whether by sea or land, has passed; that winter will soon render Sir Charles Napier's Baltic squadron unnecessary; while malaria may drive every European out of the influence of the Danube before a single gun has been fired for other purposes than those of courtly compliment or kingly salute. No wonder that the brave Turk calls his foreign allies 'Cowards!'

We have, however, since we last wrote, the solemn assurance of the leaders of the Houses of Lords and Commons, that the war shall not cease with the return of the *status quo*. We are now promised by Lord John Russell and Lord Clarendon that Bormasund shall be taken, and half promised that Sebastopol shall be reduced, although the latter promise has been explained away to a mere assertion of opinion, that its possession and its present occupation is 'dangerous to Constantinople.' When these events are to be attempted is as yet unknown; if accomplished they would be a virtual 'conquest of a peace,' and there it is to be hoped the present contest will cease. With the allies that we seek, the influences at work at home, and the necessary results of their operation, it is now morally impossible that any great material good can flow from it. The sooner, therefore, consistently with our honour, that it ends the better.



The results of Parliamentary legislation during the month bear a rather close analogy to the results of our operations abroad. Whatever good has been done has been done entirely without the assistance of Government. Thus the Oxford University Bill has passed the House of Lords by the compulsion of the moral suasion excited by the lower House, rather than for an attachment to the best of its reformatory clauses. The plea of Lord John Russell against the insertion of the Dissenters' clause—that it would be useless, for it was sure to be struck out by the 'other House'—has been bared of its plausibility by the division lists of the Lords, to which the Earl of Derby appealed, in proof of the power of Government to carry that very clause, or any other clause they pleased!—The Bribery Bill has nearly passed the House of Commons—who, we were afraid, would hardly have voted for some of its clauses but for the threat of its only alternative, the ballot. The bill, which has been twice committed, especially prohibits 'treating;' provides that all payments on account of election expenses be made through a public officer; and requires of every member of the House a declaration that he neither has made, nor will make, any payment, or meet any claim, but such as may be sanctioned and approved by the Law Officer. He who, after this, connives at treating, or other description of bribery, will be open to prosecution, and be at once branded 'liar.'—The debate of the 24th and 25th, on the Vote of Credit of 3,000,000*l.* for carrying on the war, was remarkable for nothing but a speech from Mr. Cobden, reiterative of all his previously expressed opinions, and a sharp succession of personal attacks on the Government, ending in the Supply being voted.

We pass—but not with pleasure—to the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Parliament of these realms. Both Houses of Convocation have met and adjourned. Two or three subjects of importance during their brief and tantalizing sittings came up for discussion. One was the estrangement of the working classes from religious institutions; and it was proposed, in order to attract them to the services of the Church, that the services should be shortened. It was considered, however, that some degree of missionary effort was necessary in order that people might be found to whom the blessing of the short service might prove an attraction, and it was therefore recommended that suitable clergymen should be looked out, and the State asked to support them, so that it might be made 'worth their while' to devote their talents to this service. Finally, it was recommended that the number of bishops be increased! And this is all that the united piety and wisdom of the Church of England can devise for strengthening, not professedly, *her* stakes and bulwarks, but for bringing the people to the knowledge and love of their forgotten or unknown God.

A sign of progress, and a valuable practical fruit of the interest excited by the educational controversies, is afforded by the Exhibition of the Society of Arts at St. Martin's Hall, where the most complete collection of the means and appliances of education that has ever been brought together may now be seen and studied. To teachers and others interested in educational matters, this collection will be highly suggestive, and cannot fail to be of the greatest practical use in improving an art which, although the highest, is as yet in its very infancy.

Crops, we need hardly say, are 'up,' and every country and kingdom sends

forth glad tidings of a bountiful harvest. Thus, though Peace be denied us, Pestilence is withheld, and Plenty is crowning the year with her goodness.

We cannot so write of all nations, for surely a state where civil war combined with the most sensual and gross of vices are together spreading, cannot be said to be free from moral pestilence. But Spain, with Espartero as her ruler, may yet possess an honourable future. A week's war has driven the profligate Queen-mother from the country, her tools from power and influence, dispersed the paramours of the young Queen, and lifted to power the only statesman who can, if not betrayed, yet secure a name and place for his country in the unwritten roll of history. If the decay of this once great nation has proceeded not solely from the vices of its people, but principally from those of its rulers, there is no law forbidding the restoration of its glory. But if the people incline not to a higher morality than the Court, the work of the past two hundred years could sooner be undone than the memory of a happy and more distant past be forgotten. The lesson as yet taught by Spain is a fearful one, both for rulers and people. 'They that do iniquity and practise deceit I will judge, saith the Lord', for there is a judgment of nations as well as of individuals.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'J. Davies.'—We will keep our correspondent's suggestion in remembrance, but meantime refer him to Mr. Mann's Introduction to the Educational Census.

'T. B.'—Our friend's communication was accidentally mislaid last month, and therefore overlooked. On reperusing it, we do not see that any object would be served by its publication. We thank him for the letter as an expression of his own sentiments.

'T. Willcocks.'—1. Declined. 2. We must beg to be excused from the rather unthankful office of criticizing rejected addresses.

'W. Stokes.'—Received, and, as our friend will see, attended to.

'J. W.'—Our publisher will attend to his request.

We are requested to state by the proprietors of the 'Scottish Press' that we erred in our May number in stating that journal to be an organ of the United Presbyterian Church. It professes to be unconnected with any denomination.

\*.\* A friend has directed our attention to an anonymous letter in the current number of the 'Christian Witness,' attacking the remarks made by the editor of this journal on Mr. M'All's speech at the Congregational Union. The writer of the letter appears to be of the same opinion with Mr. M'All, that the Congregational Union should exclude all churches from its membership that are not up to *their* notions of Christian doctrine. Of course the Union, by *changing its constitution*, would have a perfect right to take such a step, but it has no such right at present. The Union might also choose to become a second Council of Trent, but not under its present constitution. Our anonymous assailant charges us with saying that 'doctrine is nothing.' Will he have the kindness to state where and when we said so? We do say that doctrine and polity are different; and we repeat, in opposition to Mr. M'All and his supporter, that a Congregational church has a right to profess its belief in any doctrine it likes. Mr. M'All says this right should be limited, and that every Congregational church ought to be Calvinistic. We simply say that no power but that of the *State* could possibly limit it. Any 'act' of the Congregational Union which should attempt to touch the independence of the Congregational churches in this respect, would, we hope, be the signal of its dissolution. Mr. M'All could afterwards organise a 'Calvinistic Congregational Union' if he liked.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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SEPTEMBER, 1854.

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## Schism.

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THERE are very few rules of universal application that run greater risk of being regarded as antiquated, than the important but simple truth, 'the tree is *known* by its fruits.' The history of the last century or two of Christianity is especially replete with evidence of this, and shows that, to a very great extent, Christians themselves have altogether disregarded it. During all this time the Church has been attempting to explain to the world what the gospel is. By its preachers, its missionaries, its Sunday-school teachers, in its books of various descriptions, its catechisms, its tracts, which it publishes by the million, its magazines, and its volumes of greater pretensions, it has laid itself out to *explain* the gospel. But, to its great disappointment, it has failed to get the world's ear, and its explanations have been generally thrown away. As is usual in such cases, the blame of this is all thrown on others. The worldliness of the human mind, the depravity of man, the hardness of the heart, and the wilful blindness of the seared conscience, are regarded as the *only* causes of the failure. Seldom, if ever, does the self-satisfied Church even hint at the thought that perhaps the fault is on its own side. Yet there is room enough for supposing that this is the case. The failure of the Church's efforts is very much owing to the fact that worldly men like to economize their time, and will never read a treatise when a page would do, or read a page where a look would suffice. Business habits train them to this. They buy cotton from samples and not from descriptions, and price machinery when they see it working; and you will never persuade them that these rules are to be inverted when we come to the departments of morals and religion. You present a treatise, and they rightly ask for samples; you preach a sermon, and they justly say, 'Let us see the machinery in working.'

And the fact is patent to all, that this machinery in working is constantly before them, forcing itself upon their attention; for it makes no little noise in the world. With all our religious societies, our chapels and churches on the one hand, and with our thousands of religious men in factory, shop, and market on the other, Evangelical Christendom furnishes no lack of samples, and shows everywhere the machinery working. Now, whether it be actually the case or no, we are prepared to ask whether we ought not to expect that the world will say, 'We don't want your tracts and treatises to describe what your evangelical Christianity is. We can see it. Here are fruits: and by your works we judge your faith.' It is utterly in vain that we protest against such conclusions, and say, You must not look at the lives of professors, but at *our* books. We have no right to make such a demand. The world is justified in its process, and correct in its conclusions. This fruit, this working, does show what *our* Evangelical Christianity is. And however important we may suppose our opinions to be, we have no right to demand that another should embrace them till we can show that they have made us what it is worth his while to wish to become.

This method of judging by results we all adopt ourselves, and cannot therefore complain if others employ it too. What Christian is there who knows anything about the claims of Mahometanism, the main features of Hinduism, or the arguments of the Buddhist? Or, how many Protestants enter into the Catholic controversy, and, from an examination of the whole system of Romanism, reject it? And if there be scarcely any, then on what grounds are they pronounced untrue? Clearly, where there is any other reason than the prejudice of education, only from their results. We do not hesitate for a moment to look at these and say, Systems of which such are the fruits cannot be true. And we must be content that every system and form of Christianity should be thrown into the same crucible, and tested in the same way.

We may be quite sure that this kind of test is constantly applied by men outside to the Christian Church. And hence, the general aspect of the Church and the lives of individual Christians furnish the most powerful aids, or oppose the greatest hindrances to the increase of its numbers and influence. If, then, others are constantly engaged in thus watching and weighing, it is a very safe method to apply to ourselves. We are a great deal too reluctant to do this. We have been trained up in the midst of things as they are; and, therefore, nothing seems to us as strange. Everything, on the contrary, comes natural to us, and we can hardly conceive of a single part being wrong or out of place. We have, therefore, no idea how things look from the outside, and are utterly surprised that our cherished heirlooms should appear to any to be worthless, and not be prized by others as highly as by ourselves. This happy but unfortunate delusion would be cheaply parted with on any terms, so sadly has it retarded the prosperity of the Church. And one of the healthiest exercises imaginable would be, were it possible, for us all to spend some time in looking at

the Church with the eyes of other men, or, at least, from their standpoint, that we might

‘See ourselves as others see us.’

This is clearly the only method in which we can examine ourselves, and prove our own works. And there is no more important end to which we can apply it than to the solution of the problem—to what extent the Church, as it is, represents the Church of the Saviour, and clearly exhibits the real nature of Christianity. Our object at present is simply to apply this test to the external aspect of the Church itself, with its various sects and societies, its rival denominations, and self-chosen distinctive names.

The slightest glance at the New Testament is sufficient to show that, according to Christ and his apostles, *unity is an essential feature in the Christian Church*. All the figures which are employed indicate it. ‘I am the vine; ye are the branches.’ ‘The temple of the Holy Ghost:’ ‘built up a spiritual house:’ ‘the body of Christ.’ It is not only mentioned, but repeated in the Saviour’s prayer, ‘that they may be one.’ And whilst the apostles give prominence to the fact, they deprecate everything that tends to division. ‘We, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.’ ‘We being many are one bread, one body.’ ‘From whom (Christ) the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by every helping joint maketh increase of the body to the building up of itself in love.’ This unity is not indicated as something hard to attain, but yet to be aimed at; on the contrary, it appears as the natural result of that Christian love which, wherever it exists, is stronger than all the repulsive elements in the nature of man, and draws into the closest living cohesion all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. ‘If they had been of us, they would have continued with us.’ ‘We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.’

The force of such passages, however, is generally turned aside by the assertion that they refer to, and are actually fulfilled in, ‘the invisible Church;’ and that, notwithstanding the outward distinctions and apparent hostility which prevail, the Church is actually one, its real members being bound to each other by the closest and most indissoluble ties. But if this be true, what becomes of the dictum of divine authority and universal application, ‘By their fruits ye shall know them?’ What unity can that possibly be whose *only* prominent symbol is diversity, and whose fruits are division and strife? And where is this ‘invisible Church,’ which is brought forward so readily as a safe retreat whenever the faults of Christians and the Christian Church are unpleasantly exposed? Invisible it undoubtedly is; so invisible that it is not without reason that its existence is often questioned. Such a phrase and such an idea are alike unsanctioned by the teaching of Christ, and may justly be regarded as mere fictions, by which the attempt is made to blind the minds of others, and by which men unwittingly deceive themselves. The constant aim of Christ, whenever he spoke of the Church on earth, was evidently to

show that it could not be invisible. 'A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.' 'Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles;' but, 'The good tree bringeth forth good fruit.' Tares may sometimes look like wheat, but wheat can never look like tares. A wolf may assume the clothing of the sheep, but for what earthly purpose would a sheep make itself 'invisible' in the skin of the wolf. Disease may cause a hectic flush, and paint the cheek with a health-like bloom; but if there is health, the cheek must show it, and cannot resemble disease. Evil, that is, may be made to deceive by an assumed likeness to good; but good cannot mislead by a resemblance to evil. There might be, and have been, under the outward form of both unity and uniformity in the Church, all the bitterness of enmity and fierceness of strife. But actual unity cannot be concealed under an appearance of the opposite. There ought to be some outward and visible form of this inward and spiritual force. If unity be a mark of the Church, then in some shape or other we should see on the surface the attesting seal.

There are at least two facts which may be adduced in proof of this. The first is, that *the Saviour prays not merely that unity may exist, but that it may be seen*. In fact, he refers to it as the necessary attestation of a true church: 'That they all may be one . . . that *the world may believe* that thou hast sent me.' 'By this shall *all men know* that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one toward another.' Here unity, apparent, striking the eye of every man, is the true mark of the Church, and the convincing fact by which the world is to be brought to believe. The whole Bible scarce contains a passage more clear and definite in its meaning than this. And if evident unity is the strength of the Church, and the fact which alone can convince the world that Christianity is from heaven,—the opposite must also be true, that the evident want of it is the Church's weakness, and a fact which overpowers all the arguments by which it would convince the world that its religion is divine.

The second fact to which we allude is, that the *apostles always opposed separations*. In every locality the church was but one. If the numbers were large or the distance great, the peculiar wants which arose thence were met by separate places of meeting. Different individuals might have each a 'church in his house,'—yet this did not take the form of a secession from the 'church at Corinth' or at Laodicea. There is nowhere a hint at sanctioned separation. Greater differences of opinion with regard to doctrine and form could not possibly exist than those which regarded the Jewish and the Gentile Christian; but, whilst admonitions were frequent enough to heal their dissensions, no apostle ever says 'secede.' Contentions could scarcely have been more fierce than those which raged in Corinth. In modern days, four *sects* of Paulists, Petrites, Apollonians, and Christians, would have been established without hesitation; yet Paul never says, 'For the sake of peace divide.' And, perhaps, the corruptions of the dark ages at their worst did not exceed those which had crept into the same church; yet even in spite of these the apostle does not say, 'Let the best come out.'

Evidently division was never thought of, even as a *dernier ressort*; and the actual secessions of the time of John were at once set down as proofs that Christianity itself was wanting—‘they went out from us, but they were not of us, for if they had been of us they would have continued with us.’ From all this we may legitimately infer not only that division was discountenanced by the apostles, but that they regarded it as alien from the first principles of Christianity, and destructive both of the stability and efficiency of the Christian Church.

We need not ask, whether the proofs are not apparent everywhere that a very different opinion prevails now with regard to the worth of outward proofs of unity. What is the inevitable conclusion which an unbiassed mind would draw from a survey of the Church, with regard to the nature of Christianity? Would it not be that the power of Christianity is a *power of repulsion*, and the mark of the Church *divisibility*? Books may teach the opposite; creeds may proclaim the communion of saints; every sect may uphold in word the unity of the Church;—but can any other inference than that we have mentioned be drawn from the attitude towards each other of the twenty-five sects into which British Christians are content to be divided? And if so, whatever else we may be, and whatever else we may teach, we are unfaithful, in that we have left the first principles of the gospel, and the aspect we present to the world is perpetually proclaiming a lie. If this be true (and is it not?) it is surely not too soon for something to be done to heal the breach—gradually and on right principles to restore the Church to that state in which its Master left it; and by the removal of all that needlessly distinguishes and divides, to fulfil his desire ‘that they all may be one . . . that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.’

The *causes* which have led to the divisions that exist in the Church have been almost as various as the sects themselves. But in nearly every case they have arisen from some dispute which has been admitted by all to have no bearing upon the Christian character of either party. In some cases the secession has been voluntary, in others it has been the result of expulsion. Sometimes a dispute has arisen on points of church-government, as in the case of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Independents. At other times it has related to some ceremony, as in the scruples of the Quakers with regard to the modes of worship adopted by all others, and the one point of difference which separates the two sections of Congregationalists—Baptists and Pædobaptists. Very often it has been caused by personal pique or jealousy, and the promptings of pride to seek notoriety at the sacrifice of Christian love. But most frequently it has sprung out of a morbid disposition to invest the indifferent with all the importance of the essential, and to regard every accident as an indisputable part of the substance of Christianity. And with this disposition has been connected the idea, that the work of the Church is not to exhibit and work out truth for the good of the world, but to solve moral and metaphysical problems; to canvass and refine with the greatest subtlety upon the nicest points of doctrine; to split hairs *ad infinitum*; to count up all the possible shades of the same colour, and then to shut

out everybody from communion who is unwilling or unable to admit the worth of distinctions which are thus microscopically magnified into intense importance. The test of membership in the first age was Christianity; but every succeeding age has made it Christianity *plus* something else, and, as the quantity after the + has increased, the importance of the former has continually declined. In the third century, it was Christianity *plus* a belief that Easter should be kept on a certain day. At a subsequent period, it was Christianity *plus* a readiness to subscribe the nicest points of doctrine which the minds of the schoolmen could refine upon. Later still, the latter was sufficient with or without Christianity; the only prerequisite to connexion with any party being a professed ability to distinguish things which do not differ, and an undoubted disposition to anathematize all who did not enlist under the same colours. The Reformation, especially in England, was, if not the cause, at least the antecedent of innumerable differences and divisions. Controversies had existed before; but an outward force, and possibly an indisposition to sever long-cherished connexions, had prevented their issuing in decided separation. The outward restraint was removed by the blow which broke the tie that bound all together. The power to separate was followed by a disposition to exercise it continually. From the acknowledged fact, that no other has a right to force to uniformity, the inference was drawn that every man has a right to multiply diversities to whatever extent he pleases. And content with the assertion that the unity of the Romish Church was a sham, the majority seemed eagerly desirous of proving that there is no Christian unity amongst Protestants, even in name.

The separations which have issued in twenty-five English sects, have been partly compulsory, partly voluntary. Nearly all secessions from the Established Church have been compulsory. This is frequently disputed; but there is nothing more evident. For so long as its articles and catechism, its ritual and prayer-book, are unalterable by any congregation, and every member must declare his belief in them,—so long he who does not believe must either separate or declare a lie. The secession is, therefore, forced; and if there be schism, the Church of England is the real schismatic. Future secessions, however, from first seceders have been caused in the same way. The origin of the division has been often supposed to be a question of minor discipline; the colour of a surplice, the bending of a knee, or the use of a word; but the actual cause has been the attempt to limit the communion of a church by an inflexible creed. This error has been constantly repeated; and the very evil which drove out the Reformers from Rome, also drove out Puritans from the Reformed Church, Independents from the Puritans, and Baptists from the Independents.

In other cases the secession has been *voluntary*. No creed has been enforced which could not be conscientiously subscribed; but small points of church-government have been magnified into vast importance; and rather than remain and seek to leaven the mass if there is really error, each has been anxious to start at once for himself, and give his peculiar notions a fair trial.



But whether the secession has been voluntary or not, the cause may almost invariably be seen, as we have said, in the disposition to overstrain points which are not Christianity, however closely connected with it; and to regard the Christian Church less as an institution to lead men to truth, than as one which requires, as the basis of admission, a complete acquaintance with every truth. In the one case, the minority are expelled, because they are supposed to be unbelievers in something which is true. In the other, they secede because they suppose that the others are believers in something which is not true. The difference causes a breach, which even their common Christianity is insufficient to heal.

The question then arises, *when is schism justifiable?* This question, we think, may be answered in few words. Where a secession has been involuntary, and the seceders have been expelled for some conscientious conviction; on their part it has been simply inevitable. The stronger bear all the responsibility. The only thing to be decided is, whether they were justified in making the demands they did. The guilt, if any, resides at their door. There can also be no doubt that if in the opinion of any, the errors which have entered and are generally fostered in a church, are such as to undermine the foundations of Christianity, and if efforts to effect a change have been thrown away, secession is right. To them it is not secession from a Christian church. A field in which there are more weeds than wheat, and where the wheat is being killed, is not a wheat field. And a church set for the defence of errors which are choking all the Christianity, is not a Christian church.

Again, it is admitted that every man has a *right* to think for himself. But this is only half a truth. It is a Christian *duty* that every man should do so; and that practical truths should be practically applied. If, then, in any community this right is denied and the power refused, a faithful man dare not for his conscience' sake remain. Liberty is dearer than life; and liberty to be faithful to conscience and to Christ far dearer than Christian association. For the sake of the freedom wherewith Christ hath made him free, he must secede. And here we think is the limit to the right. The call to union on the part of Christ is so strong, that only when fidelity to this claim involves unfaithfulness to others, can there be even a question whether schism is right or wrong.

*When, then, does schism become a sin?* We reply in a sentence, Whenever Christ would not be dishonoured by the maintenance of union. It is easy to exaggerate differences of government, points of doctrine, and even the insignificant trifles, which are the subjects of dispute at many a church-meeting, till, to a diseased vision and heated mind, they seem all-important. Even the colour of a coat and lighting of a chapel may be strained into points of conscience. But with those who do such things no one would reason. And when splits occur from trivial causes, the only rational question is, not whether it is a Christian church from which they have gone, but whether *they* are Christians who have left it. For those who are not carried away by

passion and pride, but wish to act as becometh the gospel, it is surely enough to know that union, visible and indissoluble, is the desire of their Lord ; and if so, it is self-evident that nothing but a conviction of equal strength with an express command could justify an act of schism.

We need scarcely stop to say, that unity by no means requires the existence of a vast corporation, embracing all under one central government and a supreme earthly head. On the contrary, the complete independence of every community is no departure from entire unity. The churches of the same town may be as independent of each other as that of Galatia was of that in Ephesus, and yet be as truly united as they. No man with common sense regards it as a breach of unity for several congregations of the same sect to be working in the same town. But every man of sense knows that it is so, when the spirit of rivalry leads each denomination to build a chapel in districts well provided already, simply that '*our* views' may be represented there.

Again, different forms of government and worship are no infringement upon unity. Each church has a right to adopt its own, and a departure from uniformity may be the strength of unity. A man belongs no less to the same family because he eats with a steel fork and his sister with silver, or because he walks on crutches and she without. And so long as each church adopts those forms most suited to the existing wants of its members, the very differences will only render it more easy to 'keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace.'

There are, however, two things so essential to Christian unity, that a neglect of one or the other must either deprive a society of all claim to be called a Christian church, or inevitably split it into fragments. The one is agreement in the one thing which constitutes a man a Christian ; the other the maintenance of the right and duty of every member to examine for himself, and act out his convictions, without fear of exclusion or disgrace. These must be secured. Without the former, a Christian church is a mere fiction. Without the latter, each member is robbed of his undoubted right, and of the power to perform his solemn duty to God ; and in proportion to his anxiety that this should be discharged, will he run the risk of misrepresentation and expulsion. This was the basis of the apostolic churches. The members all agreed in this, that they were believers in the Lord Jesus Christ ! And the right to prove all things was steadfastly maintained. From such a church secession was indefensible. Freedom of thought was fully granted ; and he who broke away, disproved his own pretensions to be a Christian.

But it was a different thing when churches themselves began to add other conditions, and to say, 'The points of agreement must be not one, but two.' It was they who then became the authors of schism ; though the reproach was always cast upon those who left them. A parallel to the process through which the churches passed, we can picture to ourselves, if we fancy a classification intended to embrace

all four-sided figures, and that step by step then should be added the conditions, that all the opposite sides should be equal, that all the angles should be right angles, and then that all the sides should be equal. One after another trapezium, rhomboid, rhombus, and oblong, would be forced out of the category, till at last you had reached the satisfactory unity of the universal square. And even then the parallel would be hardly complete, until every square had been brought to equal dimensions with every other. Exactly in this manner, by the addition of dogma after dogma to the one point of agreement, has one after another been severed from the rest, till the Church, as we find it, exhibits to the world the points in which each differs from the others, instead of that in which all agree.

The influence of this is most prejudicial to the Church itself, and obstructive of its progress. It actually divides the Church. The fact that meetings to promote Christian union, and the formal conclusion of an Evangelical *Alliance* (!), are felt to be necessary, is a proof of this. However strongly the churches may all feel their relation to Christ, they have ceased to feel that they are related to each other. Of the latter, they must be reminded or informed—it never suggests itself; and all the emotions which the consciousness thereof would enkindle must be reared like exotics, and soon wither as in an ungenial soil. Nay, the churches openly confess that the thought of brotherhood has died out, when as aliens, if not as foes, they conclude an *Alliance* with each other.

And no great candour is required to confess so evident a fact. There is no link to bind the members of one sect with those of another. All our sympathies are locked up in our own. Our exclusive attention is given to *its* statistics; our great desire is for *its* extension. The feeling is strong enough that *our* denomination has a great work to do, namely, to spread its peculiar opinions. But the thought seldom suggests itself that we all are called and combined to do *one* great work. And hence the triumph is regarded as equally great when an acquisition is made, whether it be of converts from the world, or merely to our opinions from other denominations. The absurdity of exaggerated joy on such account is as great as if a man should congratulate himself on growing wealth when the money was simply passed from his wife's pocket to his own. Or rather, it is the selfish joy with which an unfeeling brother will grasp the whole inheritance, though the others starve. The division of the Church must be nearly perfect when there is often more joy within a sect over one (especially if rich) added to itself, than over ninety and nine added, not to its own numbers, but *only* to those of the Church of Christ.

If such are the fruits of sectarian distinction within the Church, we cannot overrate the extent to which they *injuriously affect the world*. Men of the world are met, not by one phalanx of united Christians anxious to win them to their ranks, but by small companies of different names and pretensions, each anxious that he should test its claims and join its number. And, thus met, he regards them all as *different religions*. He cannot discern beneath these outward diversities and

rivalries the unity of faith ; and it is not to be expected that he should. When the churches themselves are scarcely conscious of it ; when they lay all stress upon their distinctions, and follow the example of those whom Paul calls ' carnal,' because ' one saith, I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos,' by glorying in the names of *Calvinist*, *Arminian*, or *Wesleyan* ; and when by trust-deeds, confessions of faith and order, and other things, the determination is evinced to perpetuate these divisions for ever ; unless the whole Church will shrivel itself up to their small dimensions,—the Church must lose an immense amount of power and influence in the world, and throw in its own path the greatest stumbling-blocks which have ever impeded its progress to universal triumph.

But these are necessary evils ! Such is the assertion often made with a sigh by those who regret their existence. We admit this to some extent. We admit, that is to say, that many of those who have been the originators of sects had no alternative. They were forced out by harsh creeds. They must either suppress their convictions or leave. Liberty could only be enjoyed outside, and they justly came out that they might breathe freely. They were not schismatics in that they came out ; but they were schismatics inasmuch as they mostly denied to others the liberty they demanded for themselves, girt their society about with the iron bands of creeds as hard as those which they had thrown off, and in their turn forced others out from themselves.

*Is it necessary that sects should continue*, and the schism never be healed ? So long as creeds are made the basis of communion and church-membership, it is. They are all of them barriers which men have set up to limit the field of human inquiry. But the only limit which God has placed is found in the powers of the mind itself. And so long as inquiry is free, and man finite and fallible, differences of opinion are inevitable ; and if membership is to be based upon opinion there will be sects to the end of time.

But so far are they from being actually necessary or right, they constitute the greatest anomaly of Protestantism. The first act of the Reformers was to denounce an assumption of infallibility as absurd, and assert the right of every man to think for himself. And yet nearly every Protestant sect adopts an unalterable form of belief, which is absurd unless it is infallible ; and declares what the opinions of its members must be, which is equally absurd if they are to think for themselves. The first step, then, towards the abolition of sects—and it is one which consistency demands—is the abolition of a creed as a test of church-membership. Every man must have his creed, of course ; but there is no reason why churches should have them. The creed of every thinking man alters in some respects every year of his life ; it is only the unthinking who never change. And, therefore, a church with a fixed form of belief is only the representation of the stolid and indifferent portion of its members ; the best portion will either be cramped or withdraw.

And no harm could result from such a step. Let every church be

free to adopt its own forms, and modify them as often as it will; and you will have expansive forms growing with the times and fitted to the age. And the very differences which would arise would only be such as would befit the classes who composed the churches and the localities in which they met. Let, too, the distinction between the essential characteristic of Christianity and those things which are not so, be fearlessly examined. Let the former be strenuously maintained, but let it be the only thing required for admission to any church; and as churches will thus have returned to the pattern set by the apostles, the first blow will be struck at the root of schism. There would be then no room for distinctive titles; since every church, with all diversities, would be a church open to all Christians, deciding its own mode of government, and leaving all its members free to think for themselves.

There are many difficulties, no doubt, which would lie in the way of reaching so happy an end; and, therefore, even if all wished it, and girt themselves for the work, many a long year would elapse before the good was seen near at hand. Doctrinal trust-deeds, those obstructive imitations of Popery and worthy inventions of the dark ages, would raise everywhere a threatening hand. Many who cannot work, except when spurred on by rivalry and competition, would predict the ruin of the church. Narrow-minded bigots would cling to the forms of belief their good fathers prepared, as the pillars of the truth, and the last bulwark of the pure gospel. But these difficulties would be despised by men only anxious to see the Saviour's prayer realized, 'that they all may be one.'

Such a work as this would, of course, be only spoiled by the attempt to force it. Yet there are movements visible in the right direction, which we should like to spur more quickly on. For many a year the Baptists have been engaged in the good work of breaking down the barriers which excluded from the communion all but their own adherents. Some churches have done better still, and no longer *demand* immersion from Christians, who do not believe it to be right, as a preliminary to membership. Open churches, as they are called, are rapidly on the increase. And now the question is rising up continually in both denominations, why should not the Baptists and Congregationalists be one? Alike in all points but one, no sacrifice would have to be made. Each could follow the dictates of his conscience, and his liberty would be as perfect as it is now. As rivals, they weaken each other; united, their power for good would be immensely increased. Every movement in this direction we would warmly aid and hail with applause, not only as a proof of the decay of bigotry on both sides, but because such an amalgamation would add to the efficiency of the two rival efficient British sects, would be the first step towards the removal of the great obstacle which the divisions in the Church have laid in the way of the conversion of the world, and by an example so illustrious, would be likely to excite in the breasts of the members of other sects a holy ambition not to be the last in adding their efforts towards the accomplishment of the Saviour's desire, 'That they all may be one, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.'

## The Preachers—A Modern Tale.

### PART V.

SERVICE being ended, Mr. Fluxible waited at the door of the chapel to invite Charles and Eliza to accompany him and his brother-in-law, Rigorhood, to his house to supper. Harry Fluxible also induced Alfred Bailly to return with him. The old gentlemen led the way, the two young men next, and Charles and his fair companion followed at a greater distance and an easier pace. In less than half an hour they were all quietly seated in the beautiful villa of Mr. Fluxible. We observed a remarkable indisposition in the party to talk that night for some minutes; even the loquacious Mr. Fluxible was very mute: all shared the quietistic mood. For some minutes the whole group, especially those who had heard Mr. Mistmind, sat in almost Quaker silence. This taciturnity became a problem with us, and we sought to account for it. We thought of two probable causes. First, the temperature. It was one of those very close dog-day evenings in August when old Sol seems to absorb our solvent and digestive juices, and leave us half dry and dead. The very birds sing scarily on those murky days. The tongue, like the windmill, requires a good stirring breeze to go well: it halts in the stagnant air. No one can be eloquent without fresh waves of oxygen.

And, secondly, we thought of the sermon as a reason: it was a poser. What could they say? Though some admired it, none understood it: it was a wilderness to all. There were many beautiful flowers scattered through it here and there, with occasional gleams of sunshine, it is true; still it was a wilderness of thought, shadowy and confused. Good Mr. Fluxible would have spoken in admiration of it—for he thought everything very profound he could not understand—but he was afraid lest his brother-in-law Rigorhood would pronounce a different judgment. And Rigorhood would have severely censured it, but his modesty for once suggested that perhaps he had not the capacity to understand it; and Charles and Alfred would have pronounced their criticism but for the feelings of Harry, who was Mr. Mistmind's faithful disciple and admirer. Thus no remark was made on the sermon until Miss Rigorhood, who was reclining on the couch, lifted her head and asked, 'Well, pa, dear, how did you like Mr. Mistmind?'

'Like Mr. Mistmind!' repeated the father, rubbing his face with his hand, as if roused from a reverie, and turning his great grey eyes towards the ceiling; 'well, I don't know what to say, my dear. I never heard such a discourse in all my life; I confess I could not make either head or tail of it. Did you like it, brother?' said he, turning to Mr. Fluxible.

'Well, I cannot say but I did,' replied Mr. F.; 'he was so earnest, and had such a nice voice.'

'But did you understand him, brother?' returned Mr. R.

'Well, no,' answered Mr. F.; 'he was so learned, and so very deep.'

I cannot say,' added he, 'that I like him equal to Mr. Sentiment. Indeed, I do not expect to hear any one approaching him; he is so soft and winning.'

'What was the text?' inquired Mrs. Fluxible, in one of those faint under-voices which art makes for the would-be lady-like.

'Let me see!' responded her husband; 'it was somewhere in the Hypocraphy.'

'Where, sir?' said Alfred Baily.

'Why in the Hypocraphy, wasn't it?' repeated Mr. Fluxible.

Eliza, who, like all great natures, was full of humour, and keenly alive to the ludicrous, was almost convulsed with the spirit of laughter at this new word; Charles, participating in the feeling, and seeing the agony with which Eliza sought to repress her swollen tide of humour, laughed outright, and thus became the organ of relief. Mrs. Fluxible joined in the laugh, and Eliza felt that now she might laugh with grace; and laugh she did, in successive bursts. Miss Rigorhood thought it very impolite for her to laugh at the blunder of her kind host, at whose hospitable table she now sat for the first time. But it was natural—it was in obedience to an emotional law. Impolite, Miss Rigorhood! Is it impolite in *Æolus* to howl in palaces, and break the slumber of sovereigns? and in old Neptune to make fine ladies roll in sickness on dirty decks, and in still dirtier cabins? But it is their nature, and they will do it. Nature defies your artificial politeness. She has a time to laugh, and laugh she will.

Mr. Fluxible looked with amazement at this display of levity, and addressed himself to Charles, saying, 'What are you laughing at, Charles?'

Charles, recovering himself, said, 'You mean Apocrypha, uncle, don't you?'

'Yes,' responded Mr. Fluxible, rather pettishly, 'I said hypocryphy.'

This was the signal for another and final burst of laughter. After this wave of mirth, the tongue-strings of the party were loosened, and the spirit of conversation came, and all felt inclined to talk.

'You have not told me the words of the text, dear,' said Mrs. F. to her husband.

'Well,' said he, 'the words were, "Whose talk was of bullocks."'

'Well, I never!' shouted Mrs. Rigorhood, with amazement; 'you are surely joking, brother.'

'No, indeed,' interposed Mr. Rigorhood; 'but I never heard such a text before—never.'

'Whatever did he find to say on such words, brother Rigorhood?' inquired Mrs. Fluxible. 'I suppose he spoke a great deal about farmers, for they certainly do talk much about bullocks.'

'No,' replied Mr. Rigorhood, 'he did not say anything about farmers, I think; but, bless my soul, I don't know what he said; he certainly said a good deal with much pleasantness and warmth, but whatever it was all about the Lord knows—I don't. He used words that I never heard before, and spoke of persons that I believe never existed; at least, I never heard such names before.'

By this time Harry Fluxible, who was, as we have said, a great admirer of Mr. Mistmind, felt impelled to defend his minister, and addressing Mr. Rigorhood, said, 'Uncle, what persons did Mr. Mistmind mention that you believe never existed?'

'Well, Harry, I can answer that question; for it so happens that out of curiosity I wrote down some of the names he mentioned and sentences he uttered.' Here turning to his note-book, he said, 'Well, here is Hermes Trismegistus, who ever heard of such a name as that? Then there is Mæonides; and then here is another, Apis.'

'Well, uncle, I am sorry to say, for your sake, that these are all historic personages, and almost household words to every classically educated man. Are they not, Charles?' said he, turning to his cousin.

'Well,' said Charles, 'they are certainly found in ancient literature; but I do not know that people are so familiar with them as you think.'

'What!' exclaimed Harry, 'what educated man has not read of Hermes Trismegistus, the great priest, sage, and divine of ancient Egypt? He taught his countrymen how to cultivate the soil, measure the land, to understand hieroglyphics, and worship Osiris, their god. Who does not know that Mæonides was the surname of Homer? and who has not heard of the sightless bard of Greece? And as to Apis, who that knows anything of ancient mythology, does not know that this is the name of one of the Egyptian gods, who was worshipped in the form of the ox?'

This reply of Harry, whilst it made both his father and uncle feel that they did not know everything—a very important impression, by the way, for such gentlemen—did by no means satisfy Mr. Rigorhood that the sermon was worth anything after all; and appealing again to Harry, he said, 'Well, whether these are true names or not, it does not alter the character of Mr. Mistmind's sermon. Indeed,' added he, 'a sermon it was not—there was not a word about original sin, or Divine grace; nothing to comfort the dear people of God, or to warn the sinner. Such a discourse could answer no possible good.'

'Nevertheless, it did me good,' said Harry.

'Nonsense,' returned Charles, 'what good could it have done you?'

Here Harry, whose inventive faculty was remarkably agile, enumerated a few of the benefits he thought he had derived from the sermon.

'In the first place,' said he, 'it revived many of my classical ideas. The names he mentioned were talismanic. His allusions threw me back on the fair fields of college study, and made me look on many a sweet flower and sunny scene in a light that made them sweeter and sunnier still. Many of the facts of Herodotus started up in new forms, and some of Homer's lofty conceptions swept over my memory as a gale of music coming up from the ages that are gone.'

In the second place,' continued he, 'the sermon did me good, inasmuch as it appealed to what I may call the love of the *inexplicable in man*. I regard the love of mystery as the deepest and divinest sentiment of the soul. Your logical explanations well connect the intellect to



speculative theories; but it is mystery that connects the soul to God. You may give your interpretations, but the soul wants mystery—wants something that cannot be defined—something infinitely beyond the reach of your syllogisms. Throw the system of Nature into interpretable propositions, and the soul of humanity will recoil from it as an educated man from his spelling-book. It would be a sad day for souls, should such a day ever come, when Science reduces Nature to common-place postulates. It is, I confess, the mystery that overhangs every part of Nature that gives to me its charms—awakens within me the sentiments of wonder and worship. Thank God, Nature swims on the billows and is canopied with the sky of mystery.

‘You may smile, Charles, but I *must* have mystery. I despise the logic that attempts to keep me from it. As the little rill a thousand leagues from the great ocean rolls towards the boundless waters, so the soul tends to mystery. Yes, and as that rill, as it proceeds, gathers new energy to bear down all obstructions before it, so I believe the soul that is proceeding in the true line of destiny gathers energy to bear down the logical systems which lie between it and mystery. The sermon of Mr. Mistmind, then, I say, did me good, because it stirred this mystery-loving sentiment within me.’

Mr. Fluxible, who had always considered his son a prodigy in the way of genius, had listened to these remarks with admiring interest; and at the close he turned to his wife, who was sitting at his side, and whispered with a gratulating look, ‘What a wonderful talent he has, dear.’

To which she responded by raising her hand and eyes as with unutterable amazement.

Charles, who had been especially appealed to by Harry, now answered, ‘I am not disposed to discuss with you at this late hour the merits of Mr. Mistmind’s sermon. I must say, however, that I admire the ingenuity with which you have defended the discourse, and also I approve of many of the sentiments you have uttered; nor have I the slightest inclination to depreciate Mr. Mistmind. Indeed, there are several things about him which I much like. He does not follow the beaten track of thought; he has done what all men should do—cut out a pathway in the great field for himself—such a one as it is. He does not whine and minister to the morbid feelings, like Mr. Sentiment; nor does he deal in old theological platitudes, like Mr. Creedman; nor does he rave in vulgar declamation, like George Allfroth. I candidly say I like him better than these. He is thoughtful, intelligent, refined, independent, and devout. But as to his sermon to-night, it seemed sublimated nonsense. To your imagination, Harry, it seemed like some portentous prodigy far up amongst the stars of God, filling you with wonder, and calling out, as you say, your mystery-loving tendency; but to me it appeared as a gorgeous bag of wind floating amongst some sky-rockets.

‘Aye, I say more: so far as the sermon had power, its tendency seemed to me very prejudicial—it went to insult and prostrate the reasoning faculty in man. Mr. Mistmind, I think, called it the “queen bee of

the hive of errors." Whilst I agree with you and him in regarding the *intuitional* element as supreme, I cannot consent to your reprobation of the reasoning power. That is a miserable philosophy, Harry, which exalts one part of human nature to the degradation of another. Man is one, and the perfection of one faculty of his nature *requires* the perfect action of all. Why, the intuitional element would be dead without the reasoning. As the sensuous ministers to the logical, the logical ministers to the intuitional. It is the reasoning faculty that translates your intuitions into a living language. Nay, that rolls off their sensuous grave-stone, raises them into life, and surrounds them with an atmosphere of ideas, where they grow like the lily, and put forth their branches like Lebanon.'

Charles had no sooner ended the last sentence than some half-dozen of the party sought to speak. For Charles, in his reference to the various ministers, had put himself into collision with all in the room save Alfred Baily and Eliza.

All gave the precedence, however, to Mrs. Fluxible, whose voice had reached almost a screaming point.

'Charles,' cried she, 'I *will not* have Mr. Sentiment spoken disrespectfully of. You should have heard him this morning!'

Alfred Baily, in order to prevent Charles and his aunt from an unpleasant contact, kindly interposed, by asking what Mr. Sentiment had preached about that morning? Here Mary Anne opened the Bible, and read from the fourth chapter of Solomon's Song the following words:—'Thy breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies.' On the reading of these words Mr. Rigorhood humorously remarked, 'I confess that I would sooner preach in public about "bullocks" than "breasts." But bless my heart,' continued he, 'what has either to do with the simple gospel? Fancy St. Paul preaching about bullocks and breasts! Eh! Bless my heart! I *can* say in reference to our minister, that I never heard him select such texts. What was Mr. Creedman's text to-night, dear?' said he, turning to his wife.

'I did not feel well enough to go to-night, dear,' she replied.

By the way, Mrs. R. seldom went to public worship more than once in the day, and her plea was generally her want of strength. She considered herself too delicate to go to the evening service. She was strong enough to attend parties, and join in all the pleasures of domestic life. She ate, and drank, and slept well, and showed a good build of bone and muscle; in fact, she was strong for many things, but weak for worship. She professed to be deeply interested in the ministry of Mr. Creedman too; and often told him so with touching pathos. Did he believe her? If so, call him *simpleton*. Yes, though a Calvinistic divine, still a simpleton if he believed her. Fie, Mrs. Rigorhood, fie! for falsifying your nature and fooling your minister. Henceforth be honest, and say that it is the want of *heart*, not *health*, that keeps you from the evening service.

But to return to our narrative. Harry, who had been for some time anxiously waiting to reply to Charles's remarks, at last had opportunity,

and said, 'I am surprised, Charles, that you should have pronounced the productions of such a man as Mr. Mistmind "sublimated nonsense" and a "gorgeous bag of wind." It is easy to coin sonorous epithets, and where there is not much conscience easy to apply them. But your remarks, however clever, have not altered my opinion of the discourse. Mr. Mistmind is pre-eminently an *intuitional* man, and such a man, it seems to me, is as far removed from the mere logical man as the logical man from the sensuous. Indeed, I think that there is less power of communion between the mere logician and the spiritual intuitionalist, than there is between the gross animalist and the logician. Mr. Mistmind, I say again, is an intuitionalist; he lives in the highest realms of thought, up on Himalayan heights, and has landscapes and stars before him which the man down in the misty valley of logic can never see.'

'Very good, Harry,' said Charles; 'I understand you. Mr. Mistmind preaches to intuitionalists, and it is no use for us poor fellows to go and hear him. It is my want of the visual power that makes his thoughts so foggy. His thoughts roll in sunshine, but my eyes are filmy. This is what you mean, and I have nothing more to say, for I cannot plead the power of my own faculties. That would savour too much of egotism.'

Alfred Baily gave a turn to the conversation by asking Harry Fluxible if he did not think Mr. Mistmind was, in appearance, something like the Rev. Gildy Veneer, whom they had both heard a few weeks before preach at the opening of a new chapel in the neighbourhood.

'There is, I think, a little likeness,' said Harry, 'but I think you will agree with me that Mr. Mistmind is a far more intellectual looking man.'

'Veneer, Veneer,' said Charles, recollectively, 'I think I know him; describe him, Alfred.'

'Well, I have not much descriptive power, Charles,' replied Alfred, smilingly. 'He is a thin man, about the average height, with dull blue eyes and bloodless face, rather grey than white—call it whitish grey. His shoulders are high, his head seemed small, his hair light brown and thin; his nose was the most prominent part of his face; indeed, all his forehead seemed to run into the nasal organ; his voice was clear and strong, but without compass, monotonous and rather nasalized. Do you recognise him by this, Charles?' asked Alfred.

'I think I do,' replied Charles. 'Did he talk about some Greek or Hebrew word in the text, as the case might be?'

'Yes, he did,' said Alfred; 'he dealt a good deal in what you would call a pedantic verbal criticism.'

'Did he read his discourse?' inquired Charles.

'Yes,' responded Alfred; 'he never lifted his eyes from his paper.'

'Did he talk much about Greece and Rome?' said Charles, 'and introduce many pretty little figures—such as the sun fringing the clouds, the trees bowing reverentially to the sun before the breath of Æolus, and the moon softly kissing the waters?'

'You have got the very man,' returned Alfred.

'Then I have heard him twice,' continued Charles, 'and on each occasion it was the same kind of thing. I saw one of his deacons the other day, who told me that he is always at the same work. He has always a few little prettyisms and references to some Greek or Roman character, or incident which you may find in the school-books of children.'

'Then I suppose,' said Harry, sneeringly, 'you did not like him any more than Mr. Mistmind?'

'Like him! I should hope not,' replied Charles.

'But he is very popular,' said Alfred; 'he is considered one of the most finished men of the denomination—the pet of the body—and a great historian!'

'I am surprised at you, Alfred, in referring to popularity as a test of a man's greatness,' said Charles; 'you know my opinion on that point. At the present scale of British intelligence and thinking the popularity of a teacher is a presumptive argument against his intellectual worth. On this I am sure you, Harry, and myself, are agreed. But I do not wish to say anything disrespectful of Mr. Veneer personally. My objection is to his teaching—if teaching it may be called. He is a type of a large class in the ministry who spend their time not in penetrating the depths of Divine truth, in order to discover new mines of spiritual wealth to enrich the souls of men, but in elaborating a few stale thoughts into certain forms of composition that will make the thoughtless stare and the semi-educated admire. They seek to dress truth in the tawdry robe of their own imagination. Dress truth, indeed! My soul is shocked with the presumption. Vain men! Let them seek to give new lustre to the stars, to give new tints of beauty to the rose, with their clumsy brush, or to decorate the rainbow with their gaudy ribbons, but let them leave truth alone in her own sublime simplicity!'

'But what if they do not see the truth?' inquired Alfred.

'Ah! that's it,' replied Charles. 'After all, it is not truth that they decorate; for if they saw *that*, their efforts and aim would be not to garb, but to strip it; not to embellish, but to expose it! It is their own poor thoughts about truth that they seek to set off to advantage. By the way, the name VENEER, by a strange coincidence, expresses the work of the class. It is to cover their own poor common deal timber thoughts with the rose-wood or mahogany of classic story or poetic trope. I loathe the *veneering* school of preachers.'

'When I heard him preach the other day, I confess,' said Alfred, 'I was reminded of the following piece of forensic eloquence, which is said to have been delivered before a court of justice in Pennsylvania:—"Your honour," said the speaker, "sits high on the adorable seat of justice, like the Asiatic rock of Gibraltar; while the streams of Justice, like the cadaverous clouds of the valley, flow meandering at your feet."'

'Pshaw!' said Charles; and just as Mr. Rigorhood was about to offer some remark, there came a most vivid flash of lightning into the

room, followed by a tremendous peal of thunder. It was several times repeated, and seemed more terrible at each return. The storm, which continued in full fury for upwards of a quarter of an hour, terminated the conversation, as God's voice of old 'out of the whirlwind' hushed the discussion of the Arabian patriarch and his friends.

## The Progressive Character of the Religious Life.

ALL life is derived from, and dependent upon, God. He only is self-existent and eternal. All forms of derived and dependent life are subject to the law of development and progress. God alone is the absolute, unchangeable, unprogressive life. We may observe the operation of this law in the various forms of life around us. We see it in the vegetable kingdom. A seed is sown in the earth, there it takes root, thence it springs up, and, by the sustenance it receives from the general powers of nature, becomes gradually complete. So, also, is it in the animal world. All living creatures reach maturity by a gradual process, varying in the period of its duration according to the class to which a particular animal belongs. So, also, is it with man in the several departments of his constitution. It is so with his physical nature, his body. He is born into the world, small, feeble, helpless; gradually he obtains strength, his limbs enlarge, bone and muscle and sinew acquire their due proportion of elasticity and power, his whole frame expands, and he grows up to the full stature of a perfect man. It is so in like manner with his intellectual nature, his mind. When he enters the living world he has no thought within him, and no power of thinking. The faculty lies dormant and inactive. It is incapable of the slightest exertion. Almost the lowest form of instinct is all that he possesses. But soon mind opens; the dull, vacant eye of infancy begins to brighten—it emits a faint gleam, indicative of the inward rising of thought and reason—it is lit up with the pure ray of dawning intelligence. By and bye, instinct is succeeded by intellect, but intellect feeble and undeveloped. By right training and exercise, it gradually obtains tone and vigour; and the man rises to that mental stature to which his natural faculties, the culture they receive, and the circumstances in which he is placed, destiny and conduct him. The same characteristics belong to his religious nature. When he comes into the world, he has no idea of God—no discernment between good and evil—no conscience—no sense of responsibility. With the opening and manifestation of mental life, the faculties of the religious nature generally begin to manifest themselves also. Then they appear in a condition which demands wise and diligent cultivation. In the absence of this cultivation, or when counteracting influences prevail, the religious life remains un-

developed, or its faculties take a wrong direction ; and, in such cases, which form an overwhelming majority amongst men, there is rendered necessary, in after life, that great spiritual change which in popular religious phraseology is called *conversion*. But whether the religious life be rightly cultivated and trained from its earliest manifestation, or stirred and awakened after years of slumber and bondage, it is invariably characterised by progressiveness and increase.

In the first place, *the progress of religious life is that of the religious principles of our nature*. These principles are, trust—love—reverence. They constitute man ‘a religious animal.’ They are laid deeply and immoveably at the foundation of human nature. They are primary elements in our moral constitution. They are original and inherent faculties of our moral being. They belong to all men. They are common to humanity. They can be traced throughout all branches of the human race, however widely they may differ from each other in their physical conformation, their social condition, or the objects and expression of their religious sentiments and feelings. All manifestations of religiousness, however varied, may be resolved into these fundamental principles. All false religion proceeds from the perversion and prostitution of these noble and divine instincts. All true religion is their right development and exercise.

These principles and tendencies are manifested in early childhood. Then they are directed to human and earthly objects, but when brought under right training they take a new direction, become centred in God, and form the basis of a truly religious life and character. *Trust in God*, the Supreme, the Ever-good, the Universal Father ; *love to God*, which secures harmony and fellowship with him ; and *reverence for God*, whose authority is joyfully recognised—these belong even to the first stage of *conscious* religious life ; and although at this period there may be only a partial development of the religious faculties, still the direction which they take is decided, and the result of their exercise is satisfying to the wants of the spiritual nature in proportion to their development and power. The religious progress of an individual is seen in the growth of these faculties, the advancing power of these principles, their steadily-increasing ascendancy within him and over him. By the very nature and tendency of spiritual life, he is brought into conscious intercourse and oneness with God, the source and sustainer of life, and thereby he becomes the subject of a continuous advancement of the life itself. The exercise of its functions necessarily promotes its growth and vigour. The constant activity of the religious principles secures their establishment and strength. The exercise of trust in God, which is called forth by the passing occurrences of life, invigorates and matures faith ; every outgoing of the heart in love to God kindles the sacred fire into new fervour ; and the homage which true reverence pays produces reverence still more profound. The reflex influence of the expression of religious life is one of those divinely-ordained laws by which the spiritual progress of the true and earnest soul is secured. The religious life grows, like the physical and intellectual, by the exercise of its own powers. Its tendency is

ever upward and onward. It maintains a constant and victorious struggle against those influences by which it would be retarded. It lays all circumstances and all events under contribution, and makes them 'work together' for its own advancement. All things minister to its growth. And the spiritual man, as he passes on through the diversified scenery of time, is conscious that the noblest and divinest part of his being is rising up steadily towards that perfection which will characterise the life to come.

In the second place, *the progress of religious life is that of religious intelligence*. By religious intelligence we mean, the faculty of spiritual perception, and the knowledge of spiritual truth acquired by its exercise. Between these two—the truth and the perceptive faculty—there is an evident congruity. We assume the existence of the faculty, and the adaptation of truth to its nature.

The revelation of spiritual truth is not a thing merely of past ages. It does not belong solely to 'the years of ancient times'—to the countries of the poetic and gorgeous East, and the grand old bards and prophets of Israel. It is a light which shines through all time, and over all lands. It is a voice circling the globe—sometimes loud and inspiring, as the ocean's trumpet when filled with the breath of the storm; and sometimes gentle and subduing as the rippling rivulet when it murmurs over the sandy beach. It speaks in all nature and in all history—from the unsearchable heights of creation, and the abysmal depths of humanity. It speaks ever, and it speaks to all. 'There is no speech nor language where its voice is not heard.' It tells of the solemn past, and whispers of the mysterious future. It proclaims the great fundamental truths of the universe. It shows 'the invisible things of God, even his eternal power and Godhead.' Its utterance never ceases. It is fresh every morning, and is lit up with new splendour every night. As a great volume, it lies ever open to the devout student; and it constantly repeats its testimony, to impress it more deeply upon the forgetful heart of humanity.

But the most perfect and the most precious revelation of spiritual truth is that word which has been given 'by inspiration of God.' It is the true key to all other departments of revelation. It is the clearest expression of the Divine will. It is the great instrument by which the soul of man is quickened. It possesses the power to call forth his religious faculties from the slumber of death, and give them a right direction. 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.' It supplies the aliment by which the growth of man's religious nature is promoted, and it is suited to the condition of his spiritual powers in every stage of his religious course. It is at once a means and a test of religious progress. An increasing acquaintance with it, and clearer perceptions of its spiritual character and import, both manifest and secure spiritual advancement. The converse is equally true. Of this the condition of the church at Corinth, when Paul addressed to them his first epistle, is an obvious illustration. The low state of their religious life, the feebleness of their religious principles, and the imperfect and partial development of their

religious nature, were manifested by their unfitness to partake of the higher truths of that gospel which the apostle preached. Hence the upbraiding language which he employs in 1 Cor. iii. 1, 2. But a still more striking illustration is to be found in the Epistle to the Hebrews (chap. v. 12—14, and vi. 1—3). Let our readers peruse these passages for themselves. The spiritual condition of those who were thus addressed was very similar to that of the Corinthian church. The growth of their religious intelligence did not bear a right proportion to the time during which they had made a profession of Christianity, and the means and opportunities of improvement which were placed within their reach. Their spiritual perceptions should have been so strong, and their acquaintance with the truth so far advanced, as to fit them for the work of teaching; but, so far from this being the case, they required still to be taught 'the first principles of the oracles of God.' Like the Corinthians, they had need of 'milk' and not of 'strong meat.' They were in a state of spiritual infancy, when they ought to have been of full age—strong, skilful, experienced—having their 'senses,'\* their spiritual perceptions, exercised and matured. The writer of the epistle endeavours to rouse them from this low and imperfect development of religious life and intelligence, and urges them on to that perfection which should ever be their desire and aim.

We fear that the foregoing description applies with great accuracy to many Christians in our own times. Intelligent piety is one of the great wants of modern churches. A large proportion of the persons by whom they are composed have but a very contracted and superficial acquaintance with Christian truth, and very obtuse perceptions of the spiritual character of the gospel. Their religious life is formed too much 'after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ.' In their spiritual perception, the religion of Moses and the religion of Christ are strangely confounded together. They make the law of Judaism the law of Christianity. They transfer the ideas, the enactments, and even some of the institutions of the old worn-out system to the new. The gospel is with them not the freedom of the spirit, but the bondage of the letter. They are still in a state of spiritual minority, 'under tutors and governors,' 'ever learning,' and never arriving at 'the knowledge of the truth.' The only religious teaching they can appreciate is that which perpetually repeats the first 'principles of the doctrine of Christ,' and lays over and over again 'the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God. And deep—and perhaps ill-tempered—would be their dissatisfaction if these were not the constant topics of their ministers' sermons, as if the whole universe of spiritual truth were constituted of a few themes which almost everyone understands already. The cause of this may be, in some measure, defective reli-

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\* *Αἰσθητικὰ* are the organs of feeling, the nerves of feeling.' (Ebrard, *in loco*.) 'The *internal senses* of Christians—their moral powers or faculties of distinguishing and judging.' (Stuart.) 'The faculty of perceiving truth.' (Barnes.)



religious teaching, and the absence of that fearless independence in preachers of the truth which would lead them to strike out boldly from the stereotyped lines of theological and denominational thought, and to proclaim fully their own convictions. But we are persuaded that the principal cause is the prevalent feebleness of religious principle, and the absence of serious, thoughtful, intelligent attention to it amongst professors of religion. Multitudes take their religious opinions (if, indeed, they have any well-defined opinions), their views of truth, their knowledge of spiritual things, at second-hand. Theirs is unthinking assent to the truth, not intelligent acquaintance with it—credulity, and not faith. There is no exercise of thought; no searching after spiritual knowledge; and, of course, there can be no progress in religious intelligence. There are noble exceptions, it is true, and we rejoice to think that their number is rapidly increasing; but, alas! they are the exceptions, and not the rule. In most cases, religion, which should be the awakening of the true life and the noblest powers in man, their elevation to the highest of all objects, their consecration to the grandest purpose, their acquaintance and familiarity with the spiritual, the heavenly, the divine, does not accomplish fully its sublime mission through the mental indolence, the stolid indifference, and the unmeaning and narrow prejudices of those who profess to be its subjects. The want of mental activity and intelligence—the deep and wilful ignorance of spiritual truth—the narrow spirit and obstinate prejudices—the complete satisfaction which is felt with the most rudimentary Christian teaching—the fear, suspicion, and jealousy which are manifested towards all mental freedom and breadth of thought—these are the greatest evils which afflict our churches. They are the chief source of their spiritual feebleness. They bring upon them the (not undeserved) ridicule of the intelligent sceptic, and cause many an intelligent believer to stand aloof from all church organizations, and lead him to worship God not in man-directed edifices, but in the sanctuary of his own heart. And these great evils, added to the loss of the true family-spirit which at first pervaded the Church of Christ, has caused the primary object of church-association to be forgotten, until mutual edification in the church is almost unknown, the spiritual value of church-membership has been well-nigh reduced to an inappreciable quantity, and is little better than a name.

If we have within us true life, not mere artificial life—if we are living men, and not galvanized skeletons—if our religion is that of Christ, and not of churches or of creeds—if it is a quickening power in our souls, and not a dead letter or an outward profession and form—then shall we manifest true progress by higher spiritual perceptions and increasing acquaintance with spiritual truth. If we enter into the thoughts and feelings of Paul when he said, ‘I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord,’ we shall, like him, press onward with eagerness, even through suffering and sacrifice, for the attainment of that ‘hidden wisdom’ which the Spirit discloses to all earnest and inquiring souls. Nor

shall we, at any stage of our course, be satisfied with the knowledge we have already attained. We shall always remember that there is still something beyond us which we should reach forth to secure—that the region in which our spiritual perceptions should act is unbounded—and that the curriculum of our spiritual studies is everlasting. We shall obey the counsel of the Divine word, ‘leave the principles of the doctrine of Christ,’—remain not always in the A B C of religion; search more deeply into the exhaustless mine of truth, and seize upon richer treasures; ply a bolder wing; scale loftier heights; take broader views; stand not on the margin of the sea; launch out on the great ocean; *go on to perfection.*

In the third place, *the progress of religious life is that of religious character.* It is the nature of all life to express and manifest itself. Vegetable life finds its appropriate expression in the shooting up of the parent stem, and in the branches and leaves, the flowers and fruits, which it produces. Animal life expresses itself in various modes. Intellectual life manifests its thought, purpose, will, by word and act. Religious life, too, expresses its nature and tendencies according to the laws of its own being. The expression of the life is character, and the progressiveness of character, the external form, necessarily follows from the progressiveness of life, the internal principle and power.

True character is a growth from within, not a formation from without. It is not an incrustation on the inner life, the impression of something alien to its nature and constitution. There is sometimes a great deal said, especially in reference to the young, about ‘the *formation* of character.’ If anything more is meant by this phrase than the proper cultivation and development of the native powers and tendencies of the individual, there is a great deception and fallacy covered over by an attractive form of words. Attempts at the formation of character by bringing certain qualities to the individual, and not by training those which he already possesses, proceed on an erroneous view of human nature; and when made in reference to the production of religious character, they proceed also on a false view of the design and teaching of Christianity, and, therefore, they must fail; or if, for a time, they appear to succeed, their result is only an outward seeming, not an inward reality—art, not nature—hypocrisy, and not truth. All true character, we repeat, whether religious or otherwise, must be a growth from within.

Religious character includes the whole outward life of the religious man—his manifested disposition and temper, his words and acts. It is seen not wholly, nor chiefly, in so-called religious exercises, in any particular place, on any particular day, or in connexion with any particular institution. It is seen in all the circumstances and doings of every-day life. The religious principles of a man’s nature can never obtain the ascendancy over him without producing very marked results in his outward life. Wherever they are thoroughly awakened and active, there will be a growth and completeness of character in proportion to their activity. Whatever has been morally repulsive

in the man will give place to the attractive; the holy, the beautiful. He will translate with increasing clearness into the actual of his life, that perfect ideal of spiritual excellence presented in the words of Paul, 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.'

The religious life in man is not an artificial production. It is not grafted upon man's nature. It is not an exotic transplanted from another soil or another sphere. It is a growth indigenous to humanity. It is a Divine germ within us. It springs up in the soul of man, which, in its primal state, was a true paradise filled with the beauty, the melody, and the joy of heaven. Then, it bore in rich and spontaneous profusion its celestial fruit; now, it demands cultivation and care to conquer the barrenness of our desert-nature, to prevent its being overgrown by a noxious vegetation, and to train it up to a healthful maturity and productiveness. True religious progress is the gradual and simultaneous development of the several powers of the religious nature, as true physical or intellectual progress is the simultaneous growth of the several powers of body or mind; and the true maturity of the man of God is the complete and symmetrical manifestation of the various constituent elements of the spiritual life—principle, intelligence, character.

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### Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*.

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WE have no intention of *reviewing* this book. Before these pages meet the eyes of our September readers, 'Sunny Memories' will have found their way into a wider circulation than any reviewing, however favourable, could achieve. To this the recent extraordinary and unexpected decision of the House of Lords in the case of *Jeffreys versus Boosey* will greatly tend; and cheap editions for the many will rival the elegant two-volume copy for the drawing-room of the few, both in readers and admirers. Many have said they wished Mrs. Stowe had remained a myth; they would rather have imagined a fabulous authoress of the great prose epic which will ever be identified with her name, than have any actual knowledge of the real flesh and blood that make up the woman; they would rather have guessed the goings-out and comings-in of so rapidly renowned a writer, than have any illusion of fancy dispelled by actual fact. Not so do we judge. We love to know people, especially in their undress habits of thought and action. 'Uncle Tom' was the result of an inspiration; the inevitable safety-valve of a long pent-up passion; the necessity of a noble nature almost overpowered with masterful emotions. You never think of the

author in reading *that*. You are carried along in tears and in smiles to its tragic end, and are only too glad to think 'slaves cannot breathe in England,' when you come to its close. But in these 'Sunny Memories,' you are admitted to a personal interview with the writer; you see her modes of doing things, and all her unveiled idiosyncrasies of character; *she* herself, as well as her hero, now have a local habitation and a name in your memory, better still, in your heart. She may not be all you expected; in *this* she surpasses your expectations, in *that* she disappoints you; *here* she seems to have the lion's share of the conversation, *there* to be a little exhilarated with the fumes of over-much incense; *here* you may detect an apparent slip of the pen, running down very fast into——(almost any word of modification will do, dear reader, so as you suit your taste); *there* a little bit of heterodox dogmatism about men and manners. All this, and more than this, you may see in any author not largely gifted with reticence, especially if you are on the look-out for the warts and wrinkles on the portrait, instead of intent on studying its outline, its expression, and its power. But suppose you do see all this, and more, in 'Sunny Memories'—be honest, and think what you would be if, after becoming a notoriety, the observed of all observers, the fêted of the nobility and the lauded of the multitude, you sat for *your* likeness to all sorts of critics, not excepting the editor of the journal of Beadledom or 'our own correspondent' at Stoke Pogis.

If we may venture to give an opinion on these volumes—an unnecessary, and, perhaps, an impertinent thing, as all our readers will have formed their own already; and which we should not do, except that people, after all, like to know what is thought of a book—we have no hesitation in saying that a more charming volume of light reading, not using the word scandalously, we have seldom read. You rattle on from place to place; and hear a gifted woman discourse freely on people and places—aye, and discourse, too, with a power and a passion, and a poetic appreciation of the beautiful, that have greatly enhanced our previous admiration of the genius of the woman who wrote 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' If you do not agree with all the doctrines of 'Sunny Memories,'—remember that you are not asked to agree; and bear in mind the author's own statement, that the book was prepared for an American public, as the right position from which to judge a work necessarily of rapid composition and of ephemeral character. Of course, just now everybody wants to know what Mrs. Stowe thought of England, and everybody will soon know, and then there will be an end of it.—But as we *are* reviewing—unconsciously we fall into the vein—we will cease this style, and say no more about the book; but give a few of the passages that have impressed us in various ways in our pleasant reading of a truly pleasant and genial book.

In this autumnal month, when everybody is going from home, many of our readers who venture on the treacherous deep will sympathize with Mrs. Stowe's description of ship-board life:—

'It is a melancholy fact, but not the less true, that ship life is not at all fragrant; in short, particularly in a steamer, there is a most mournful combination of grease,

steam, onions, and dinners in general, either past, present, or to come, which, floating invisibly in the atmosphere, strongly predisposes to that disgust of existence which, in half an hour after sailing, begins to come upon you; that disgust, that strange, mysterious, ineffable sensation, which steals slowly and inexplicably upon you; which makes every heaving billow, every white-capped wave, the ship, the people, the sight, taste, sound, and smell of everything, a matter of inexpressible loathing! Man cannot utter it.'

Here are some wise words about 'prayers on board ship;' our opinion goes fully with Mrs. Stowe, and that opinion is based on the experience of a tolerable amount of sea-travel.

'On Sunday there was a service. We went into the cabin, and saw prayer-books arranged at regular intervals, and soon a procession of the sailors, neatly dressed, filed in and took their places, together with such passengers as felt disposed, and the order of morning prayer was read. The sailors all looked serious and attentive. I could not but think that this feature of the management of her Majesty's ships was a good one, and worthy of imitation. To be sure, one can say it is only a form. Granted; but is not a serious, respectful *form* of religion better than nothing? Besides, I am not willing to think that these intelligent-looking sailors could listen to all those devout sentiments expressed in the prayers, and the holy truths embodied in the passages of Scripture, and not gain something from it. It is bad to have only the *form* of religion, but not so bad as to have neither the form nor the fact.'

Premising that we are only supposing ourselves in company with an intelligent friend, who is also a good listener, we shall just go on picking out some tit-bits, and stringing them together with the least possible remark. Here is a generous-hearted word for the old country:—

'Say what we will, an American, particularly a New Englander, can never approach the old country without a kind of thrill and pulsation of kindred. Its history for two centuries was our history. Its literature, laws, and language, are our literature, laws, and language. Spenser, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, are a glorious inheritance, which we share in common. Our very life-blood is English life-blood. It is Anglo-Saxon vigour that is spreading our country from Atlantic to Pacific, and leading on a new era in the world's development. America is a tall, slightly young shoot, that has grown from the old royal oak of England: divided from its parent root, it has shot up in new, rich soil, and under genial, brilliant skies, and therefore takes on a new type of growth and foliage; but the sap in it is the same.'

Mrs. Stowe has said previously that there 'is not an unfavourable aspect of things in the old world that has not become perfectly familiar to Americans,' and she hopes reasonably enough that a 'little of the other side may have a useful influence.' Of our servants, as an 'institution,' Mrs. S. says:—

'Generally speaking, the servants seem to me quite a superior class to what are employed in that capacity with us. They look very intelligent, are dressed with great neatness, and though their manners are very much more deferential than those of servants in our country, it appears to be a difference arising quite as much from self-respect, and a sense of propriety, as from servility. Everybody's manners are more deferential in England than in America.'

Of our wild flowers Mrs. Stowe speaks as a New England woman: fresh from the luxurious south, a Georgian or Marylander would have scorned to notice a field daisy or hedge primrose.

'Here the wild flowers attracted my attention, as being so different from those of

our own country. Their daisy is not our flower, with its wide, plaited ruff and yellow centre. The English daisy is the

“Wee modest crimson-tipped flower”

which Burns celebrates. It is what we raise in greenhouses, and call the mountain daisy. Its effect, growing profusely about fields and grass plats, is very beautiful. We read much among the poets of the primrose,

“Earliest daughter of the spring.”

This flower is one also which we cultivate in gardens to some extent. The outline of it is as follows:—The hue a delicate straw colour; it grows in tufts in shady places, and has a pure, serious look, which reminds one of the line of Shakspeare—

“Pale primroses, which die unmarried.”

It has also the faintest and most ethereal perfume; a perfume that seems to come and go in the air like music; and you perceive it at a little distance from a tuft of them, which you would not if you gathered and smelled them. On the whole, the primrose is a poet's and a painter's flower. An artist's eye would notice an exquisite harmony between the yellow-green hue of its leaves and the tint of its blossoms. I do not wonder that it has been so great a favourite among the poets. It is just such a flower as Mozart and Raphael would have loved.

‘Then there is the blue-bell—a bulb which also grows in deep shades. It is a little purple bell, with a narrow green leaf like a ribbon. We often read in English stories of the gorse and furze; these are two names for the same plant, a low bush, with strong prickly leaves, growing much like juniper. The contrast of its very brilliant, yellow, pear-shaped blossoms, with the dark green of its leaves, is very beautiful. It grows here in hedges and on commons, and is thought rather a plebeian affair. I think it would make an addition to our garden shrubbery. Possibly it might make as much sensation with us as our mullein does in foreign greenhouses.’—Pp. 29—30.

To Americans who, as our author says, ‘have never seen any ruin more imposing than that of a cow-house,’ old castles and towers had a wondrous charm. Speke Hall, one of the old fortified houses of England, near Liverpool, was ‘the first really old thing’ they saw after their arrival in England, and from a full description of this feudal mansion we take this little bit about the ‘old yew in the centre of the court,’ which is quite as worthy of admiration as some little egotisms of much needless remark and sneer:—

‘Here in England, I think, they have vegetable creations made on purpose to go with old dusky buildings: and this yew-tree is one of them. It has altogether a most goblin-like bewitched air, with its dusky black leaves and ragged branches throwing themselves straight out with odd twists and angular lines, and might put one in mind of an old raven with some of his feathers pulled out, or a black cat with her hair stroked the wrong way, or any other strange uncanny thing. Besides this, they live almost for ever; for when they have grown so old that any respectable tree ought to be thinking of dying, they only take another twist, and so live on another hundred years. I saw some in England seven hundred years old, and they had grown queerer every century.’

Here, again, is another burst of the same poetic feeling:—

‘We went to Bothwell Castle, of old the residence of the Black Douglas. The name had for me the quality of enchantment. I cannot understand nor explain the nature of that sad yearning and longing with which one visits the mouldering remains of a state of society, which one's reason wholly disapproves, and which one's calm sense of right would think it the greatest misfortune to have recalled; yet when the carriage turned under the shadow of beautiful ancient oaks, and

Mr. S. said, "Here we are in the grounds of the old Black Douglas family!" I felt every nerve shiver. I remembered the dim melodies of the *Lady of the Lake*. . . . . Whatever else we have or may have in America, we shall never have the wild poetic beauty of these ruins. . . . .

"When we came to the arbour which commanded the finest view of the old castle, and saw its grey, ivy-clad walls, standing forth on a beautiful point, round which swept the brown, dimpling waves of the Clyde, the indescribable sweetness, sadness, wildness of the whole scene would make its voice heard in our hearts!

"Thy servants take pleasure in her dust, and favour the stones thereof," said an old Hebrew poet, who must have felt the inexpressibly sad beauty of a ruin. All the splendid phantasmagoria of chivalry and feudalism, knights, ladies, banners, glittering arms, sweep before us; the cry of the battle, the noise of the captains, and the shouting; and then in contrast this deep stillness, that green, clinging ivy, the gentle rippling river, those weeping birches, dipping in its soft waters—all these in their quiet loveliness speak of something more imperishable than brute force.'

Again we must rein in our Pegasus: for notices of other *places* the reader will go, perhaps has already gone, to the book itself. Here is a discourse about *persons*. Let us hear a critique on Milton and Shakespere: our readers will agree with us that it is much above the ordinary run of magazine writing:—

'I think Shakspeare is to Milton precisely what Gothic architecture is to Grecian, or rather to the warmest, most vitalized reproductions of the Grecian. There is in Milton a calm, severe majesty, a graceful and polished inflorescence of ornament, that produces, as you look upon it, a serene, long, strong ground-swell of admiration and approval. Yet there is a cold unity of expression, that calls into exercise only the very highest range of our faculties: there is none of that wreathed involution of smiles and tears, of solemn earnestness and quaint conceits; those sudden uprushings of grand and magnificent sentiment, like the flame-pointed arches of cathedrals; those ranges of fancy, half goblin, half human; those complications of dizzy magnificence with fairy lightness; those streamings of many-coloured light; those carvings wherein every natural object is faithfully reproduced, yet combined into a kind of enchantment;—the union of all these is in Shakspeare, and not in Milton. Milton had one most glorious phase of humanity in its perfection; Shakspeare had all united; from the "deep and dreadful" sub-bass of the organ, to the most aerial warbling of its highest key, not a stop or pipe was wanting.'

Shakespere (not Shakspeare, as Mrs. S. spells it) is a grand favourite. Her mind is steeped with the rich memories of our greatest poet, too little an earnest study in these days of frivolous reading. With how fine a touch our author can discriminate the man from the accidents of his age and place, let the following extract prove:—

'But little is known of the personal history of Mary, his mother; and one sometimes wonders where—in that coarse age when queen and ladies talked familiarly as women would blush to talk now, and when the broad, coarse wit of the "*Merry Wives of Windsor*" was gotten up to suit the taste of a virgin queen—one wonders, I say, when women were such and so, where he found those models of lily-like purity, women so chaste in soul and pure in language that they could not even bring their lips to utter a word of shame. Desdemona cannot even bring herself to speak the coarse word with which her husband taunts her; she cannot make herself believe that there are women in the world who could stoop to such grossness. For my part, I cannot believe that, in such an age, such deep heart-knowledge of pure womanhood could have come otherwise than by the impression on the child's soul of a mother's purity. I seem to have a vision of one of those women, whom the world knows not of, silent, deep-hearted, loving, whom the coarser and more practically efficient jostle aside and underrate for their want of

interest in the noisy chit-chat and commonplace of the day; but who yet have a sacred power, like that of the spirit of peace, to brood with dove-like wings over the childish heart, and quicken into life the struggling, slumbering elements of a sensitive nature.'

Once again of Shakespere, she says, with such frank earnestness and so entire a freedom from reserve that we must again quote :—

'The theology of Shakspeare is as remarkable as his poetry. A strong and clear sense of man's moral responsibility and free agency, and of certain future retribution, runs through all his plays.'

In the same way, the following decided judgment of the tendency of Sir Walter Scott's writings is expressed :—

'I am inclined to think that, although moral effect was not primarily his object, yet the influence of his writings and whole existence on earth has been decidedly good.'

In another page she adds of Sir W. S. :—

'I believe that he was perfectly sincere in saying that he would, "if necessary, die a martyr for Christianity." He had calm, firm principle to any extent, but it never was kindled into fervour. He was of too mild and happy a temperament to sound the deepest recesses of souls torn up from their depths by mighty conflicts and sorrows. There are souls like the "alabaster vase of ointment, very precious," which shed no perfume of devotion because a great sorrow has never broken them. Could Scott have been given back to the world again after the heavy discipline of life had passed over him, he would have spoken otherwise of many things. What he vainly struggled to say to Lockhart on his death-bed would have been a new revelation of his soul to the world, could he have lived to unfold it in literature. But so it is : when we have learned to live, life's purpose is answered, and we die!'

The reference to Scott's burial-place is full of tenderness. Speaking of Melrose Abbey, she says :—

'Underneath these arches he lies beside his wife; around him, the representation of the two things he loved most—the wild bloom and beauty of nature, and the architectural memorial of bygone history and art. Yet there was one thing I felt I would have had otherwise; it seemed to me that the flat stones of the pavement are a weight too heavy and too cold to be laid on the breast of a lover of nature and the beautiful. The green turf, springing with flowers, that lies above a grave, does not seem to us so hopeless a barrier between us and what was warm and loving; the springing grass and daisies there seem types and assurances that the mortal beneath shall put on immortality; they come up to us as kind messages from the peaceful dust, to say that it is resting in a certain hope of a glorious resurrection.'

Now for a sample of literary notes and gossipings :—

'In your evening reading circles, Macaulay, Sidney Smith, and Milman have long been such familiar names that you will be glad to go with me over all the scenes of my morning breakfast at Sir Charles Trevelyan's yesterday. Lady Trevelyan, I believe I have said before, is the sister of Macaulay, and a daughter of Zachary Macaulay—that undaunted labourer for the slave whose place in the hearts of all English Christians is little below sainthood.

'We were set down at Westbourne-terrace, somewhere, I believe, about eleven o'clock, and found quite a number already in the drawing-room. I had met Macaulay before, but as you have not, you will of course ask a lady's first question, "How does he look?"

'Well, my dear, so far as relates to the mere outward husk of the soul, our engravers and daguerreotypists have done their work as well as they usually do.



The engraving that you get in the best editions of his works may be considered, I suppose, a fair representation of how he looks when he sits to have his picture taken, which is generally very different from the way anybody looks at any other time. People seem to forget, in taking likenesses, that the features of the face are nothing but an alphabet, and that a dry, dead map of a person's face gives no more idea of how one looks than the simple presentation of an alphabet shows what there is in a poem.

'Macaulay's whole physique gives you the impression of great strength and stamina of constitution. He has the kind of frame which we usually imagine as peculiarly English; short, stout, and firmly knit. There is something hearty in all his demonstrations. He speaks in that full, round, rolling voice, deep from the chest, which we also conceive of as being more common in England than America. As to his conversation, it is just like his writing; that is to say, it shows very strongly the same qualities of mind.

'I was informed that he is famous for a most uncommon memory; one of those men to whom it seems impossible to forget anything once read; and he has read all sorts of things that can be thought of, in all languages. A gentleman told me that he could repeat all the old Newgate literature, hanging ballads, last speeches, and dying confessions; while his knowledge of Milton is so accurate, that, if his poems were blotted out of existence, they might be restored simply from his memory. This same accurate knowledge extends to the Latin and Greek classics, and to much of the literature of modern Europe. Had nature been required to make a man to order, for a perfect historian, nothing better could have been put together, especially since there is enough of the poetic fire included in the composition, to fuse all these multiplied materials together, and colour the historical crystallization with them.

'Macaulay is about fifty. He has never married; yet there were unmistakeable evidences in the breathings and aspects of the family circle by whom he was surrounded, that the social part is not wanting in his conformation. Some very charming young lady relatives seemed to think quite as much of their gifted uncle as you might have done had he been yours.

'Macaulay is celebrated as a conversationalist; and, like Coleridge, Carlyle, and almost every one who enjoys this reputation, he has sometimes been accused of not allowing people their fair share in conversation. This might prove an objection, possibly, to those who wish to talk; but as I greatly prefer to hear, it would prove none to me. I must say, however, that on this occasion the matter was quite equitably managed. There were, I should think, some twenty or thirty at the breakfast table, and the conversation formed itself into little eddies of two or three around the table, now and then welling out into a great bay of general discourse. I was seated between Macaulay and Milman, and must confess I was a little embarrassed at times, because I wanted to hear what they were both saying at the same time. However, by the use of the faculty by which you play the piano with both hands, I got on very comfortably.

'Macaulay made some suggestive remarks on cathedrals generally. I said that I thought it singular that we so seldom knew who were the architects that designed these great buildings; that they appeared to me the most sublime efforts of human genius.

'He said that all the cathedrals in Europe were undoubtedly the result of one or two minds; that they rose into existence very nearly contemporaneously, and were built by travelling companies of masons, under the direction of some systematic organization. Perhaps you knew all this before, but I did not; and so it struck me as a glorious idea. And if it is not the true account of the origin of cathedrals, it certainly ought to be; and, as our old grandmother used to say, "I'm going to believe it."

'Looking around the table, and seeing how everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves, I said to Macaulay, that these breakfast parties were a novelty to me; that we never had them in America, but that I thought them the most delightful form of social life.

'He seized upon the idea, as he often does, and turned it playfully inside out, and shook it on all sides, just as one might play with the lustres of a chandelier—

to see them glitter. He expatiated on the merits of breakfast parties as compared with all other parties. He said, dinner parties are mere formalities. You invite a man to dinner because you *must* invite him; because you are acquainted with his grandfather, or it is proper you should; but you invite a man to breakfast because you want to see him. You may be sure, if you are invited to breakfast, that there is something agreeable about you. This idea struck me as very sensible; and we all, generally having the fact before our eyes that we were invited to breakfast, approved the sentiment.

"Yes," said Macaulay; "depend upon it, if a man is a bore he never gets an invitation to breakfast."

"Rather hard on the poor bores," said a lady.

"Particularly," said Macaulay, laughing, "as bores are usually the most irreproachable of human beings. Did you ever hear a bore complained of when they did not say that he was the best fellow in the world? For my part, if I wanted to get a guardian for a family of defenceless orphans, I should inquire for the greatest bore in the vicinity. I should know that he would be a man of unblemished honour and integrity."

The conversation now went on to Milton and Shakspeare. Macaulay made one remark that gentlemen are always making, and that is, that there is very little characteristic difference between Shakspeare's women. Well, there is no hope for that matter; so long as men are not women they will think so. In general they lump together Miranda, Juliet, Desdemona, and Viola,

"As matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
And best distinguished as black, brown, or fair."

It took Mrs. Jameson to set this matter forth in her *Characteristics of Women*; a book for which Shakspeare, if he could get up, ought to make her his best bow, especially as there are fine things ascribed to him there, which, I dare say, he never thought of, careless fellow that he was! But I take it, every true painter, poet, and artist, is in some sense so far a prophet that his utterances convey more to other minds than he himself knows; so that, doubtless, should all the old masters rise from the dead, they might be edified by what posterity has found in their works.

Somehow or other, we found ourselves next talking about Sidney Smith; and it was very pleasant to me, recalling the evenings when your father has read and we have laughed over him, to hear him spoken of as a living existence, by one who had known him. Still, I have always had a quarrel with Sidney, for the wicked use to which he put his wit, in abusing good old Dr. Carey and the missionaries in India; nay, in some places he even stooped to be spiteful and vulgar. I could not help, therefore, saying, when Macaulay observed that he had the most agreeable wit of any literary man of his acquaintance, "Well, it was very agreeable, but it could not have been very agreeable to the people who came under the edge of it," and instanced his treatment of Dr. Carey. Some others who were present seemed to feel warmly on this subject, and Macaulay said,—

"Ah, well, Sidney repented of that, afterwards." He seemed to cling to his memory, and to turn from every fault to his joviality, as a thing he could not enough delight to remember.

Truly, wit, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. A man who has the faculty of raising a laugh in this sad, earnest world is remembered with indulgence and complacency, always.

The historian Hallam was also present, whose *Constitutional History*, you will remember, gave rise to one of Macaulay's finest reviews; a quiet, retiring man, with a benignant, somewhat sad, expression of countenance. The loss of an only son has cast a shadow over his life. It was on this son that Tennyson wrote his "In Memoriam."

Here is Mrs. Stowe's account of her interview with Kossuth:—

'From Richmond's, Mr. S., C., and I drove out to call upon Kossuth. We found him in an obscure lodging on the outskirts of London. I would that some of the editors in America who have thrown out insinuations about his living in

luxury, could have seen the utter bareness and plainness of the reception-room, which had nothing in it beyond the simplest necessities. Here dwells the man whose greatest fault is an undying love of his country. We all know that if Kossuth would have taken wealth and a secure retreat, with a life of ease for himself, America would gladly have laid all these at his feet. But because he could not acquiesce in the unmerited dishonour of his country, he lives a life of obscurity, poverty, and labour. All this was written in his pale, worn face, and sad, thoughtful blue eye. But to me the unselfish patriot is more venerable for his poverty and his misfortunes.

'Have we, among the thousands who speak loud of patriotism in America, many men, who, were she enfeebled, despised, and trampled, would forego self, and suffer as long, as patiently for her? It is even easier to die for a good cause, in some hour of high enthusiasm, when all that is noblest in us can be roused to one great venture, than to live for it amid wearing years of discouragement and hope delayed.

'There are those even here in England who delight to get up slanders against Kossuth, and not long ago some most unfounded charges were thrown out against him in some public prints. By way of counterpoise an enthusiastic public meeting was held, in which he was presented with a splendid set of Shakspeare.

'He entered into conversation with us with cheerfulness, speaking English well, though with the idioms of foreign languages. He seemed quite amused at the sensation which had been excited by Mr. S.'s cotton speech in Exeter Hall. C. asked him if he had still hopes for his cause. He answered, "I hope still, because I work still; my hope is in God and in man."

'I inquired for Madame Kossuth, and he answered, "I have not yet seen her to-day," adding, "she has her family affairs, you know, madam; we are poor exiles here;" and, fearing to cause embarrassment, I did not press an interview.

'When we parted he took my hand kindly, and said, "God bless you, my child."

'I would not lose my faith in such men for anything the world could give me. There are some people who involve in themselves so many of the elements which go to make up our confidence in human nature generally, that to lose confidence in them seems to undermine our faith in human virtue. As Shakspeare says, their defection would be like "another fall of man,"

Our readers will now be convinced that in thus noticing Mrs. Stowe's book we had no intention of reviewing it; and we hope no one who has yet read it will think we have quoted too freely. There is a fund of pleasant, quiet, wholesome reading in 'Sunny Memories,' and not much to which we are disposed to take exception; we therefore cordially commend it to the attention of our readers, and tender to Mrs. Stowe many thanks for the gratification the book has given us.

'It was a beautiful conception, this making of birds. Shelley calls them "embodied joys;" and Christ says, that amid the vaster ruins of man's desolation, ruins more dreadfully suggestive than those of sculptured frieze and architrave, we can yet live a bird's life of unanxious joy; or, as Martin Luther beautifully paraphrases it, "We can be like a bird, that sits singing on his twig, and lets God think for him."'

## The Rulers of the Primitive Church.

### LATER CYCLE.

#### CALLISTUS, PRELATE OF ROME.

(Continued from p. 438.)

IN spite of the old church-legend of St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr, little or nothing of an authenticated character could be said to be known of the history of this early pontiff until very recently. This, for him, fortunate obscurity, he shared with all the Ante-Nicene occupants of the chair of Peter, save Clement and one or two others. Along with most of his brethren, he lived in the dim twilight of ecclesiastical mythology, honoured by his mediæval successors on the papal throne, duly invoked by the faithful throughout the Catholic world upon his festival, and doubtless spoken of with unctuous enthusiasm by the garrulous *cicerone* who showed his famous cemetery to the Christian pilgrims who thronged to visit the tombs of the apostles. For many ages the story of his martyrdom, as recited in the 'Acts' of which we have availed ourselves, was allowed to pass unchallenged. That it cannot have originated later than the seventh century at least is proved by the fact, that it is related in substance by the Venerable Bede. In like manner, there was scarcely one of the popes of the first three centuries who had not by this time been presented with the martyr's bloody palm-branch, although of the thirty bishops of Rome whose names fill up the interval between Peter, and that 'peer of the apostles,' Constantine, it would be difficult to prove that more than three or four of the number were really entitled to the honour. We now know a little about the nature of the pretensions on which the claims of Callistus to rank with 'the noble army' were originally based, and what was the nucleus of fact whence in his case such a portentous comet grew to the proportions which we saw it had attained in the dark ages. The result of a better acquaintance with the true state of the case, in this particular instance, certainly does not tend to confirm our faith in those patents of spiritual nobility of which the monkish martyrologists were so lavish.

It is but fair to state that in modern times the spuriousness of the Acts of the Martyrdom of St. Callistus has been freely admitted by the best ecclesiastical historians belonging to the Romish communion, and that long before the new evidence upon the subject turned up. Indeed, the forgery is so palpable, that nothing short of a papal bull could have secured credit for it, save with the most incurably superstitious or ignorant. Hence the history of this pope was generally admitted to be as good as a total blank, although no doubt was entertained of his having been a most saintly and eminent pontiff. It is not everybody, however, who can be content to be no wiser than the rest of the world in such a tantalizing case. The spirit which had produced the imposture in the seventh or eighth century could not be brought to quit so congenial a homestead as the unreformed Church

within so moderate a space of time as a thousand years. Accordingly, in 1752, just a hundred years before the appearance of the Chevalier Bunsen's 'Hippolytus and his Age,' which was the first work to attract the attention of the general public to that father's curious disclosures relative to the secret history of the Roman Church under Callistus, a Roman canon, Piero Moretti, published two entire folio volumes all about the subject of this article.\* His big book is an elaborate *rechauffés* of the 'Acts,' with a liberal garnish of worthless annotations and gossip of all sorts, upon everything which could in any way be brought into the remotest connexion with Callistus. The Bollandists more honestly tell us that they know nothing, although they take forty or fifty folio pages to communicate this important piece of information. Tillemont has an article about St. Callistus, in which he frankly gives up the 'Acts' as a fable, and follows the Bollandists in a confession of ignorance. He remarks that one of the forged Decretals of Callistus makes him lay down the principle that prelates ought not to be deposed even for mortal sin, and indignantly styles this a palpable lie of Isidore, the presumed author of the collection, since such a maxim is contrary to all the canons. It turns out, however, that Isidore must here have laid his hands upon some genuine materials, for Hippolytus expressly attributes this same hierarchical *dictum* to that pope, as we shall presently see. It would thus appear that some faint echo of historical tradition respecting Callistus must have reached the seventh century, although it is vain to search for a trace of anything of the kind in the 'Acts.' In that veracious document, as we have seen, the mild and philanthropic emperor, Alexander Severus, is represented as a bloody persecutor, notwithstanding that he is known to have had images of Christ in his private chapel, along with those of Abraham and Orpheus, and to have had the words of our Lord, 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise,' ever upon his lips, besides inscribing them over the portals of his palace. As to the Christians at Rome, in particular, he is recorded to have decided a dispute between them and the corporation of cooks in that city, respecting the title to a plot of land, in favour of the former, remarking that it was better that God should be worshipped, in whatever manner, on that spot, than that it should be given up to the cooks. It is obvious, therefore, that the whole story of Callistus, under his reign, is a palpable anachronism, not to speak of the absurdity of any emperor's having ever issued a decree making it death for any Roman not to appear on a certain Wednesday at the Capitol to offer sacrifice, and other similar monstrosities. The only thing that would lead one to suppose that the forger of the extant 'Acts' may really have had ancient accounts of the martyrdom—or rather, confession—of Callistus before him (such as Callistus himself, who prided himself greatly upon his rank as a confessor, must have

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\* The title of the work is, 'De S. Callisto Papa et Martyre, ejusque Basilica S. Mariæ trans Tiberim nuncupata. Disquisitiones duæ critico-historicæ, duobus tomis exhibitæ.' Rome, 1752. Fol.

put into circulation), is his mention of the coincidence of two very remarkable phenomena in the year in which the pontiff is said to have suffered. These are, a conflagration of the Capitol, and an almost or quite total eclipse of the sun—two notes of time of the very highest value. But this date serves to explode the entire fiction. We now learn from Hippolytus that it was not under Alexander Severus, but under Commodus, that the pretended confession of Callistus took place. Hence it is in the reign of the latter emperor that we must look for the conflagration and the eclipse, if they really occurred in the year of that event. And there accordingly we find them in juxtaposition. Both Herodian\* and Lampridius† mention a remarkable solar eclipse which took place in the reign of Commodus, and the latter even mentions the day on which it occurred, which, according to his present text, was the kalends of January, or the first of that month—a reading which requires but a very slight change to bring it into accordance with the truth. As to the conflagration of the Capitol, it was too remarkable an event to be overlooked by the chroniclers, although they are not quite agreed as to the precise year in which it took place. Eusebius places it under the *sixth* year of Commodus, and the 'Paschal Chronicle' under his *eighth*. The probability, of course, is, that the *seventh* (A.D. 186—187), which lies between them, is the true date. And this is raised to a positive certainty by the astronomical note of time. We have taken the trouble to verify the eclipse of the sun, although not familiar with such investigations. By the help of Largeteau's Tables, we find that there really was an eclipse of the sun, which must have been well-nigh total, on the 28th of December, A.D. 186. For the meridian of Rome, the conjunction, or centre of the eclipse, happened at 2.30 P.M., according to our computation, which, as an unprofessional one, is, of course, open to revision. Hence, we see that the fabricator of the Acts of St. Callistus is self-convicted of having coolly transferred the martyrdom of the pontiff, such as it was, from A.D. 187 to A.D. 222, or thereabouts, although, in order to do so, he was compelled to transform Alexander Severus, than whom none of the pagan emperors was better disposed towards the Christians, into a very Decius. His motive for this outrageous anachronism is obvious. He was entirely bent upon glorifying Callistus as one of the *Dii Majores* of the papacy. Hence it would not do to put him off with the shabby dignity of a confessor merely. He must be made to shine in all the glory of a veritable blood-witness of the truth. But this necessitated a falsification of the ancient date, as well as the invention of an entirely new drama of the transaction; for it was known that the death of Callistus took place not under Commodus, but under Alexander Severus.—But enough of criticism, our readers will be disposed to say, upon this wretched stuff, which is too rank for even superstition to digest. We proceed, therefore, at once to confront with this mendacious monk, Callistus's contemporary, Hippolytus, whose depositions shall be given nearly in his own words, with an occasional remark of our own.

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\* Lib. i. cap. 14.

† Commodus, cap. 16.

Hippolytus prefaces his historical sketch of Callistus by a brief account of Noetus and his sect, of whose heresy he regards that of the Callistians, as he styles the followers of the pope, to be an offshoot. There was, he says, a certain man, Noetus by name, a Smyrnæan by origin. This man introduced a heresy derived from the doctrines of the Greek philosopher, Heraclitus. A certain Epigonus was his deacon and disciple, who, settling in Rome, disseminated his ungodly opinions there. Cleomenes became his disciple—a man whose life and conversation were alien from those of the Church, but who nevertheless greatly promoted the spread of the doctrine. Zephyrinus, a man ignorant and greedy of filthy lucre, was at that time the recognised head of the Roman Church. Seduced by his love of gain, Zephyrinus permitted those who listened to the teaching of Cleomenes to retain their *status* in the Church; and in process of time, being himself drawn into the snare, fell into similar errors. In all this he was countenanced by Callistus, who was always ready to champion those mischievous compromises with error. The result was, that the heretical school flourished and thrived greatly under a succession of teachers, through the connivance and sanction afforded to it by Zephyrinus and Callistus, although Hippolytus protests that he himself, as a member of the Roman presbytery, never gave way an inch, but often withstood his ecclesiastical colleagues, so that under his rebukes they were often, against their will, constrained to do homage to the truth. But after being thus shamed down for a season, and made to bow beneath the majesty of the truth, they never failed after a little while to return to their 'wallowing in the mire.'

Our author then proceeds to characterise the Noetian heresy, drawing a curious parallel between this Patripassian scheme, the Pantheistic colouring of which is everywhere very marked, and the system of Heraclitus. This, of course, we omit as unsuitable to these pages, simply observing that this portion of the newly-discovered patristic treatise is well worthy the attention of all who are interested in the history of philosophical and religious dogmas. It contains several new and very interesting fragments of the writings of the Dark Philosopher, as Heraclitus was wont to be called, which considerably augment our very scanty stock of authentic information concerning his system of thought. Unfortunately, these precious relics are handed down to us in a very corrupt text, for the restoration of which, however, the critical sagacity and profound scholarship of Dr. Bernays has already done almost all that was possible. With respect to Hippolytus's comparison between the respective systems of the Smyrnæan heresiarch and the ancient Ephesian sage, there is no denying that the analogies which he prides himself on having detected, are sometimes fanciful, if often striking and just. His jealousy on behalf of the purity of the Christian faith, and his energetic protest against any blending of it with heathen speculations, are deserving of the highest praise. The Noetians, he says, affirm that the same is both the Son and the Father. This is their express language:—'When the Father was still unborn, he was rightly styled Father; but when he was

pleased to submit to be born, after being born, he himself became the Son of himself, and not of another.' 'For by so teaching,' says Hippolytus, 'Noetus fancied that he was placing on the only secure basis the unity of God, by affirming the Father and the Son to be one and the same, being so called not as though the one were derived from the other, but the same from himself; being styled, indeed, Father and Son, according to temporal succession, although they were really one and the same, viz., the person who appeared and submitted to be born of the Virgin, and conversed with men as man, confessing himself to be the Son to those who saw him on account of the birth which had taken place, but not concealing from those who were able to receive it the fact that he was the Father. Him who was nailed to the cross in his passion, and commended into his own hands his spirit, who died, and did not die, and raised himself from the dead the third day, who was laid in the tomb, and was pierced with the spear, and was bored with the nails, him, Cleomenes, and those who sing in chorus with him, affirm is the God and Father of all; thus shrouding many in Heraclitan darkness.'

'This heresy,' he continues, 'Callistus greatly strengthened—a man crafty in wickedness and accomplished in deceiving, whose game was the episcopal throne. He used to egg on Zephyrinus, an ignorant and unlettered man, totally inexperienced in the ecclesiastical rules (whom, by the persuasive power of gifts and incessant solicitations, he led whatever way he chose, since Zephyrinus was a taker of bribes and covetous), to throw the apple of discord in the midst of the brethren, availing himself of which divisions he would curry favour for himself with both parties by his artful speeches. Thus, at times, by saying privately to those who were well affected towards the truth, that he thought as they did, he deceived them; and then again, in like manner, he took in those who were of the party of Sabellius. Nay, Sabellius himself Callistus turned out of the way, when he had it in his power to set him in the right path. For Sabellius did not harden his heart when we plied him with our exhortations; but when he was alone with Callistus, he was stirred up by him, who used to profess the same sentiments, to slink back to the dogma of Cleomenes.' 'At that time,' adds Hippolytus, 'Sabellius did not see through his cunning, but he afterwards found it out, as will be seen in the sequel.' Callistus would at one time put forward his tool, Zephyrinus, in the public assembly to preach such doctrine as this:—'I know but one God, Christ Jesus, and besides him no other, produced and passible.' Then again he would instruct the oracle to contradict this Patripassian doctrine to which he had before been made to give utterance, and to say:—'Not the Father suffered, but the Son,' thus keeping the ferment among the Christian people beyond control. 'To whose designs,' says Hippolytus, 'we, who were well aware of them, did not give way an inch, rebuking and withstanding him for the truth's sake; so that driven to madness, because, although all were carried away by his hypocrisy, we were not, he called us *disheists*, and vomited forth violently all the poison lurking in his heart.' 'The life of this man,'



adds the calumniated victim of his spite, 'it seems to us desirable to set forth (since it happened in our own time), in order that by bringing his conduct to light, the heresy set on foot by him may become the better understood by all men of sense, and perhaps even by the more simple sort.' Accordingly, the story of Callistus is now told to the following effect.

This man, it seems, was already at that early period cried up as having been a martyr (i.e., in the antique sense of the word, which included confessors), under Fuscianus, prefect of Rome. Now the manner of his martyrdom, according to Hippolytus, was really this. He was the slave of a certain believing man named Carpophorus, who was of Cæsar's household. To him Carpophorus entrusted a considerable capital, on the strength of his Christian profession, promising himself a profit from its investment in a banking concern. Callistus engaged a banking-office in the so-called *Piscina Publica*,\* and a good many accounts were opened with him by widows and the brethren, under the guarantee of Carpophorus. But Callistus having embezzled all, could not refund. Having managed things in this way, Carpophorus was soon informed of it, who said that he would insist upon his slave's rendering a strict account of his stewardship. With this prospect before him, Callistus, having sad forebodings of what he had to expect from his master, ran away, and directed his flight towards the sea. Making the best of his way to Portus, the harbour of Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber, he found a vessel just ready to start for the place of his destination, and went on board to sail thither. But he had not been able to get away unobserved. Some person who had seen him told Carpophorus all that had taken place. Carpophorus hurried down to Portus, according to the intimations he had received, and made great exertions to board the vessel, which was already in the middle of the harbour. But she somewhat slackening sail, Callistus espied his master, and knowing that he was as good as taken, although actually on board, despaired of his life, and reckoning it was all over with him, threw himself into the sea. But the sailors leaping down with the boats, picked him up against his will, in consequence of the loud vociferations of those on shore; and thus being delivered to his master, he was brought back to Rome. Carpophorus, acting too much in the spirit of a modern Virginian planter similarly circumstanced, consigned the runaway slave to the *Pistrinum*, the domestic treadmill of the Roman slave-owners. This was a horrible establishment, but which all the readers of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' that is, all the world, know, can be easily paralleled in any city of any Slave State in the land of the stars and stripes. It is thus described by Apuleius, in a passage which, had we not mentioned the source, might easily have been mistaken for a stray leaf from some book of American travel. 'Ye gods,' says Apuleius, 'what miserable wretches saw I there, with their whole hides furrowed, and painted, as it were, with the strokes of

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\* One of the fourteen regions into which Rome was divided, and the seat of the money-market.

the lash, their cut-up backs rather darkened than covered by the tatters of their coarse garments. Some amongst them had only a narrow girdle round their loins, and the naked bodies of all could be seen through their rags. They were branded on their foreheads; their heads were half-shorn; their feet were loaded with iron rings; their deadly wanness gave them a hateful aspect; their eyelids seemed as if corroded by the smoke and vapour of this dark atmosphere, so that they scarcely retained the use of their eyes.' After reading this description, we must admit that whatever the ill deserts of Callistus, Carpophorus might have been benefited by studying more closely than he seems to have done our Lord's parable of the Two Debtors, and Paul's Epistle to Philemon.

His fellow-Christians at Rome also seem to have thought that he was too hard upon his runaway slave. After a time, as was very natural, some of the brethren came to Carpophorus, and besought him to release his fugitive from the place of punishment, saying, that he had owned to having a sum of money laid out at interest in the hands of certain debtors. Carpophorus, like a pious man, says Hippolytus, answered that he forgave him his own money, but that he was concerned for the sums entrusted to Callistus by others. For many used to come complaining to him with tears, saying, that it was on his guarantee that they had entrusted Callistus with their money. At length, however, at their persuasion, he gave the order for the release of Callistus. But he having nothing to refund, and being unable to run away again, by reason of his being closely watched, preferred death to a return to the dreaded Pistrinum, and contrived the following scheme for making, if things should come to the worst, as glorious an exit as possible out of the world. On a certain Sabbath (Saturday), on pretence of going to look up his pretended debtors, he made an attack upon the synagogue of the Jews, whilst they were at their prayers, and taking his station in their midst, threw them into confusion. But they being disturbed by him, after venting upon him their abuse, and inflicting many blows, dragged him before Fuscianus, who was then prefect of the city. In his presence they laid their charge as follows:—'The Romans have accorded to us the permission to read in public the law of our fathers; but this fellow having intruded himself into our midst, has endeavoured to prevent us, avowing himself to be a Christian.' Whilst Fuscianus was adjudicating upon the matter from his tribunal, and expressing his displeasure as he listened to the things deposed to by the Jews against Callistus, somebody brought tidings to Carpophorus of what was going on. Whereupon he, hastening before the judgment-seat of the prefect, exclaimed, 'I beg you, my lord Fuscianus, do not give credit to him; for he is no Christian, but is seeking an occasion of death, because he has embezzled a great deal of my money, as I will prove.' The Jews, however, thinking this was a stratagem, as though Carpophorus sought to deliver him upon this pretence, were the more enviously clamorous to the prefect, and he, moved by their entreaties, after ordering Callistus to be scourged, sentenced him to be transported to the mines of Sardinia.

Some time afterwards, there being other martyrs (confessors) there, Marcia, the favourite amongst the three hundred concubines of Commodus (whom, by the bye, she eventually, although in self-defence, assisted in assassinating), wishing to do a good work, summoned Victor, the then bishop of the Roman Church, into her august presence, and inquired of him what confessors there were in Sardinia. We already knew from Dion Cassius that Marcia was a friend to the Christians, but Hippolytus informs us in addition that she was an adherent of their religion, since he expressly styles her 'a lover of God,' which, considering her scandalous character, is somewhat startling. Victor gave her the names of all the sufferers for the faith who were then undergoing their sentences in the unhealthy Sardinian mines, purposely, however, omitting that of Callistus, since he knew, as Hippolytus says, his guilty deeds. Marcia having obtained from Commodus her request for the pardon of these state criminals, delivered the imperial letter of release to Hyacinthus, a eunuch of the palace, and a presbyter of the church, who, upon receiving it, sailed for Sardinia, and upon handing the document to the then governor of the island, procured the liberation of the martyrs (confessors), with the exception of Callistus. But he, falling down upon his knees, and shedding many tears, besought that he also might be released. Hyacinthus, touched by his entreaties, besought the governor for his liberation, saying that he himself was Marcia's foster-father, and promising him that it should not get him into trouble. The governor suffered himself to be persuaded, and released Callistus as well, on whose arrival in Rome, however, Victor was not a little annoyed at what had been done. But being, says Hippolytus, a compassionate man, he held his peace. Nevertheless, he deemed it prudent to guard against the reproaches which he knew would be bandied about by many (for the crimes committed by the man had happened not long ago), and to appease Carpophorus, who was still very sore upon the subject, having now lost not only his money, but his slave also, since by the Roman law a master lost all his rights over one who had become amenable to public justice. Accordingly, he sent him out of the way to Antium, on the sea coast, assigning him, however, a monthly pittance out of the church-chest for his support.

'After Victor fell asleep,' continues Hippolytus, 'Zephyrinus, having had Callistus as his sworn confederate, with a view to the management of the clergy' (does Hippolytus here allude to the trick of the dove?) 'honoured him to his own injury, and transferring him from Antium, gave him the charge of the cemetery.\* Callistus, by always affecting the society of Zephyrinus, and as already observed, by hypocritical subserviency to him, completely befooled him, since the latter was a man neither able to judge of what was said, nor to see through the plot of Callistus, who talked him into just what he liked.'

'Upon the death of Zephyrinus,† having by these means gained, as he flattered himself, what had been his game all along, he

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\* In all likelihood, that which was afterwards named after Callistus.

† Sat from A.D. 201 to A.D. 218.

excommunicated Sabellius as not orthodox; fearing me,' adds Hippolytus, 'and persuading himself that he should thus rub off the accusation to be laid against him before the churches, as not being himself of any different sentiments. For he was a sorcerer and very crafty, and for a time he carried many away with him.' 'But having the poison still stored up in his heart,' Hippolytus goes on to say, 'and being animated by no upright sentiments, and at the same time also being ashamed to confess the truth, by reason of his having formerly reproached us, saying, "You are Ditheists," and not only so, but also by reason of his being frequently accused by Sabellius as an apostate from his first belief, he invented a heresy of this kind. He said that the Logos himself is called, so far as the name is concerned, the Son, and that the same is also called the Father, being in reality one indivisible spirit; and that there is no distinction between the Father and the Son, but that they are one and the same; and that all things are full of the Divine Spirit, both the things above and those below; and that the Spirit which took flesh in the Virgin was not different from the Father, but one and the same. And this he affirmed to be the sense of the passage, "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me?" For he asserted that what was seen, that is, the man, was the Son; but that the Spirit which was contained in the Son was the Father. "For I will not say," was his express language, "that there are two Gods, the Father and the Son, but one. For the Father who was in Christ, by assuming flesh, deified it by uniting it to himself, and made it one with himself, so that the Father and the Son are called one God; and this being one person, cannot be two, and so the Father shared in the passion with the Son, and Father and Son are one person." ' For,' adds Hippolytus, 'he did not want to say directly that the Father had suffered. In order to get out of his former blasphemy against the Father, the foolish and shiftily fellow, who extemporizes blasphemies backwards and forwards, constant only in showing himself a gainsayer of the truth, plunges fearlessly at one time into the heresy of Sabellius, and at another into that of Theodotus.'

'Having dared to vent such impieties,' the canonized Bishop and Martyr of the Roman Calendar proceeds to report of the canonized Pope and Martyr, 'the sorcerer organized a school in opposition to the Church, in which he taught his doctrine; and he was the first to think of conceding to men whatever they lusted after, saying, that sins were forgiven by him to all men. For his partizans affirm, that if one belonging to the congregation of any other teacher, and calling himself a Christian, have been guilty of any sin, it is not imputed to him if he desert to the school of Callistus. Accordingly, many who have become smitten in their consciences, and at the same time have been cast off by many of the heretical sects, and some, moreover, who have been thrust out of the Church by ourselves after solemn examination, delighted with that term of communion, have filled his lecture-room. This man laid down the principle that if a bishop be guilty of any sin whatsoever, even of one unto death, he must not be deposed. Under him bishops, and presbyters, and deacons, who had been twice and thrice married, began

to be received into the clerical body.\* Moreover, he taught that if any one, whilst a member of the clerical body, married, such a person was to continue a clergyman, as having committed no sin, since he used to affirm that the apostolic saying, Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? applied to such a case. But, besides, he said that the parable of the tares, Let the tares grow together with the wheat, was spoken with the following intent, viz., that those who sin are to be retained in the Church. Again he said that Noah's ark was intended as a similitude of the Church, in which were dogs, and wolves, and ravens, and all clean and unclean beasts; affirming that so it should be in the Church in like manner. And as many passages as he could scrape together for this purpose, he interpreted in this way, so that his hearers, fascinated with such doctrine, still continue to mock themselves and many others, crowds of whom stream to the school. Therefore, they are multiplied, and flatter themselves, by reason of their numbers, in reference to those pleasures which Christ has not permitted, whom despising, they forbid no one to sin, pretending that by Callistus it is remitted to those who take pleasure in it.'

Hippolytus then goes on to describe, in terms which do not admit of direct citation, the shocking immoralities which resulted from the papal indulgences accorded by Callistus. He particularly favoured single ladies of rank, who wished to have a substitute for a husband in the humble form of a slave, or of a low-born freeman, and who might prefer having no children, so as not to displease their aristocratic relations, who would be less censorious, if through failure of offspring from such unions, the large property of the offenders remained in the family. 'See,' says Hippolytus, after enumerating with painful minuteness the dreadful scandals to which these concessions gave rise, 'to what a pitch of impiety THE LAWLESS ONE† has opened the door, teaching adultery and murder at once! And yet they who have forgotten how to blush at such daring innovations, stick not to call themselves a Catholic Church; and certain who flatter themselves that they shall do well, side with them. Under this man, a second baptism was ventured upon by them. This is the system of the wonderful Callistus, whose school still continues to this day, keeping the customs and the tradition, making no distinction as to whom they shall admit to communion, but offering communion indiscriminately to all. From whom also they have derived the appellation by which they are called, viz., Callistians, on account of the originator of such practices—Callistus.'

Now, making every allowance for the fact that this portraiture of Callistus is sketched by a theological opponent, yet it is impossible for a candid judge to mistake its essential truthfulness to nature. One of

\* We learn from Tertullian and others that it was already deemed a great scandal for a man who had been married more than once to be ordained. Very early the apostolic rule, 1 Tim. iii. 2, was understood by many as a prohibition of successive as well as simultaneous polygamy.

† Hippolytus here applies to Callistus the very same epithet by which the apostle in 2 Thess. ii. 8 denotes Antichrist.

two things at least is certain—either Callistus or his censor must have been a man utterly conscienceless. But even were we to choose the latter alternative, not only would it not relieve Rome of her difficulty (since she has dubbed Hippolytus no less than her early pope, a saint and martyr), but it would, besides, still leave the historical problem unsolved. We should then have to suppose the good bishop of Portus a very Shakespere for creative power, from whom, with all his excellences, he was certainly the farthest possible remove. The character of Callistus, with its repulsive individuality, as drawn by him is a whole, which, if invented at all, could only have been imagined by a mind capable of producing a Shylock or an Iago. A genuine pope stands out before us from the canvas, *omnibus membris solutus*—the first of those full-blown hierarchs, such as flourish on Roman soil alone, and flower, as by a sort of natural necessity, at every great epoch of the papacy. So Callistus was a startling and precocious, but not an illogical embodiment of Victor's idea. It was a true instinct which led Prelacy to pick the ecclesiastical tyrant out of the *Pistrinum*. Such a man was fittest for rule according to a system adapted only for slaves. The ambition which neither stripes, nor the sea, nor the pestilential vapours of the Sardinian mines, could crush; the consummate hypocrisy and cunning which he had learnt in the house of bondage; the exhaustless fertility of shifts to which weakness is ever driven in its unequal contest with strong-handed oppression, and which could be turned to such formidable account by one who was baulked by no scruples; even his preternatural selfishness, thwarted so long, panting to indemnify itself for the past, and imparting to all his efforts at self-aggrandisement a force unflagging and strong as that of destiny;—all these were so many pledges that Callistus would be true to the spirit of his anti-Christian office. He was, however, none the less a knave for being a consistent hierarch, and the frantic efforts now making by Romanist writers to wash the blackamoor white, will never prove him otherwise. Certainly, the disclosure of his true character is not a little disconcerting. We hope that there are some at least in Roman Christendom who will blush and hang down their heads when their Church prays, as she has done for centuries, and will continue to do perhaps for centuries longer, every 14th day of October—‘May our advocate, the blessed Martyr and Pope, Callistus, render this sacrifice, which we offer with our hearts, acceptable to thee, O Lord’ . . . . ‘We beseech Thee, O Lord, that we may be succoured by the intercessions of thy blessed Martyr and Pope, Callistus: and make those who celebrate his *worthy* festival ever devoted to Thy name, through our Lord Jesus Christ.’

B. B. C.

## The Voluntaries and the late Session.

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THE election of the fourth Parliament of Queen Victoria may, we think, be regarded as an epoch in the history of Protestant Nonconformists. Prior to that event, although their political action had not been infrequent, they had not constituted a political party. They had sought to relieve themselves of the least endurable of the many legislative penalties levied on Dissent, and, at times, had struggled hard against the infliction of new wrongs; but they had followed the leadership of the Whigs, to whose pace they adapted their own, regarding independent action as impossible, and direct efforts to enforce their *principles* upon an altogether hostile Parliament as absolutely Quixotic.

The Anti-state-church movement commenced in 1844, avowedly aimed at revolutionizing Dissenting tactics. The removal of 'grievances' was asserted to be subordinate in importance to the uprooting of the evil system from whence they spring, and the claims of suffering religion to be stronger than those of maltreated Dissent. Five years of such teaching had created a school of political thinkers, not numerically strong, but widely spread, of rare earnestness, and capable of exerting considerable influence in their several localities. Their efforts, aided, no doubt, by other concurring causes, confessedly shaped the result of the general election of 1852—an election which, for the first time, sent to Parliament a small knot of men, with whom Anti-state-churchism was a ruling principle of action—a goodly band of other Dissenters certain to follow, though, perhaps, not very solicitous to lead; and an increased number of Liberal M.P.'s uncommitted to Nonconformist views, but pledged to support such specific embodiments of them as were likely for some time to come to be pressed upon the attention of Parliament.

Such an issue naturally diffused joy throughout Dissenting circles; but in thoughtful minds delight was tempered by solicitude, lest the strength thus acquired should be rendered unavailing by the absence of definite aims, and of a spirit which should fuse somewhat discordant materials into a compact and manageable mass. The experience of the first session dissipated fears and more than realized hopes. The new and untrained senators had brought no discredit on themselves or their cause, had availed themselves with mingled modesty and courage of opportunities presented for indicating their ecclesiastical position, and had found a parliamentary audience willing to lend an ear to their expositions and their protests.

Another year having flown, the nation is once more engaged in the work of parliamentary stock-taking, and lo! the Voluntaries, as distinct from Ministerialists and their opponents, are found reckoning up their 'gains and losses' with all the method of experienced parliamentary combatants, and are not only able to review a line of action,

sharply defined and unswervingly adhered to throughout the session, but have the felicity of finding that their position has been strengthened contemporaneously with the decline of every other political section. The session has, in fact, supplied two grand desiderata—it has made them a party; it has given to them a policy.

No such result could have been predicated on the 31st of January, when, under circumstances of unusual interest, the Queen inaugurated the session. The suspected treason of Prince Albert—the mysterious resignation of Lord Palmerston—the possibilities and probabilities of the approaching war—these were likely to engross the attention of Parliament, of the press, and of the people, to the exclusion of topics which had just previously excited a more than common share of public interest. But the work of preparation was wisely entered upon without regard to inauspicious omens, the *Liberation of Religion Society* establishing its parliamentary sub-committee, and a committee of liberal members being formed, with the more general purpose of promoting religious liberty by well-concerted parliamentary action.

After what has been witnessed during the late session, it may be predicted with safety that every coming session will be characterised by a plethora rather than a dearth of ecclesiastical business. 'There probably never was a year in which so many ecclesiastical subjects were brought before Parliament as in that which has just closed,' wrote the 'Edinburgh Review' in January last, at the same time enumerating some dozen topics in proof of the statement. These, however, were but as the drops before the shower, for in this session the number has been more than doubled; and taking a bird's-eye view of them, they will be seen to constitute a substantial bill of fare for parliamentary stomachs unable to digest anything in the shape of a religious debate.

The following is a list of the ecclesiastical or semi-ecclesiastical measures, twenty-four in number, submitted to the House of Commons, with the mode in which they were disposed of:—

## PASSED.

Oxford University.  
Ministers' Money (Ireland).  
Church Buildings Act Amendment.  
" " Continuance.  
Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction.  
Episcopal and Capitular Estates Management.  
Medical Graduates (London University).  
Portland Chapel Minister's Salary.  
Benefices Augmentation.

## REJECTED.

Parliamentary Oaths.  
Manchester and Salford Education.  
Scottish Education.

Simony.  
Stoke Newington Church.  
Carlisle Canonries.  
Removal of Churches.  
Church Rates Abolition.

## WITHDRAWN.

Church Rates Amendment (Mr. Packer).  
Testamentary Jurisdiction.  
Colonial Clergy Disabilities.  
Tithe Rent-Charge (Ireland).  
Episcopal and Capitular Revenues (Marquis of Blandford).  
Property of Nuns.  
Dissenters' Marriages.\*

These bills, however, do not embrace all the topics of the same class

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\* Brought in at the end of the session, with a view to its discussion next year.



which engaged the attention of the Commons. Mr. Sergeant Shée asked leave to introduce a bill redistributing the Irish Church revenues, which was not refused until after three small debates. Mr. Chambers' motion for a select committee on convents, and subsequent nomination of the committee, led to a series of hot discussions, by which he was ultimately baffled. The provision in the Middlesex Industrial School Bill for the appointment of Roman Catholic chaplains, allowed by the Commons after a debate and division, was disallowed by the Lords, and again debated; though not insisted upon in the lower house. Out of this and the rejection of a vote for Romish chaplains in the estimates, grew a retaliatory attack on Protestant chaplains in lunatic asylums, on a vote in the miscellaneous estimates. The annual educational vote was met by a proposal of Mr. Miall to reduce the amount, issuing in the understanding that the working of the Privy Council machinery shall be referred to a committee next session. The Revenue Charges Bill unexpectedly led to a sharp attempt to restore the Maynooth grant to the annual estimates, and to two debates and divisions. The estimates elicited several comparatively unimportant 'conversations,' together with a regular attack on the Irish *Regium Donum*. Sir J. Pakington made two or three abortive efforts, which were sustained in the Lords, to obtain redress for the Bishop of New Zealand, from whom a grant of 600*l.* a year had been withdrawn without notice. Mr. Heywood's motion for the printing of the alterations in the Prayer-book proposed by the commissioners in 1689, was not acceded to without resistance. And Mr. Bennett's escapade in re-marrying a couple of Dissenters would have consumed a night, if towards the close of the session one could have been found for the purpose. Finally, of 232 divisions, forty-six, or one-fifth, arose out of the bills and incidents just enumerated.

The first of these items at once suggests the idea that *the late session has secured for Dissenters another instalment of their rights, and has levelled another heavy blow at the dominant Church.*

The virtual establishment of the claim of Dissenters to share in all the advantages—intellectual, social, and pecuniary—afforded by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in respect to both the intrinsic value of the point gained and the mode of gaining it, is, in our judgment, one of the most memorable in the modern history of Nonconformity. At the outset we expressed an opinion that 'the battle was one which could not in honour be avoided,' but subsequent reflection has strengthened the conviction, that solid and direct results, over and above the mere triumph of an abstract principle, may be expected to accrue to the Dissenting community.

But, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the worth of the conquest, there can be none as to the brilliancy and decisiveness of the victory itself. Bearing in mind that the question had slept during many previous years—that it had not been made a testing point at the last general election, and that even throughout the session there had been no vigorous out-door agitation—it was an almost unparalleled

feat, under the leadership of a private member, having to face Government and the opposition combined, practically to win everything at the end of one night's debate, and by a majority which electrified the House of Commons, and made the Tory benches think that Church and Constitution would topple about their ears! We put out of sight the humiliation inflicted on the Government, and on Lord John Russell in particular, by adherence to a short-sighted, blundering policy. Their own journals have lashed them cruelly enough. But we attach immense importance to the fact that both Oxford and Cambridge now know that there exists a public feeling strong enough to annihilate every trace of that narrow, bigoted, monopolizing system, which has so long existed to the discouragement of learning and the embittering of social life. And as to the influence which the event is likely to exert on the fortunes of the Establishment, are not some of its most thoughtful supporters wringing their hands in grief at so 'deplorable' an issue?

*The session has been fruitful in successful resistance to mischievous measures.*

None of these, it is true, were of magnitude, but, in the case of some, their seminal principles were essentially dangerous. Mr. Packe's bill, treating the church-rate polypus fashion, by dividing it into two, that Dissenters might, on ignoble conditions, be relieved from one-half, and be irrevocably burdened with the other, never had the chance of obtaining fifty votes; but it is well that another of this class of specifics has been consigned to the limbo of Parliamentary contempt. The defeat of a local church job like that at Stoke Newington was a small business, but started the session well, and will not be forgotten by the promoters of other private bills.

The bill of Lord Harrowby and the bishop of London for demolishing churches in London and other cities, and re-erecting them in other localities, was a scheme of a more audacious order, and would have roused greater indignation had there been any anticipation of its success. We have no objection to shutting up, and in some cases pulling down churches, where they are clearly no longer wanted; but it is quite another thing to hand over, without any reference to the parties most closely affected, viz., the parishioners, the money received for the sites and materials, and, above all, the tithes and other ecclesiastical property of the extinguished parishes, to the bishops and ecclesiastical commissioners, to enable them to begin Church of Englandism over again in new and distant localities! The framers of the bill, of course, quietly assumed that the Church has an inalienable right to all that it holds, and sought to carry off useless churches and scandalously wasted revenues, before they could be dealt with by an Anti-state-church Parliament. But what the Lords assented to with unanimity the Commons rejected by a large majority, and now, we suspect, the remedy for an admitted evil will come from a very different quarter.

The Episcopal and Capitular Revenues Bill of the Marquis of

Blandford, though of a more respectable character than that just named, had a similar basis; and inasmuch as it foreclosed certain questions of great moment, called for the opposition of the Anti-state-church party. That an annual surplus of between 500,000*l.* and 600,000*l.* per annum may be created by a more provident management of episcopal and caputular estates, unquestionably indicates a state of things imperatively demanding a great legislative change. But to give to the very Establishment under whose administration so many millions of public property have avowedly been thus squandered, fresh powers of management over it, for the augmentation of existing, and the creation of new endowments, and, generally, 'for purposes most conducive to the efficiency of the Established Church,'\* would be to ignore both the lessons of the past and the present transition-state of public feeling in respect to the entire subject. The surface objections to the bill were based on the two facts, that it intercepted surplus revenues, which would otherwise be applicable as a substitute for church-rates and similar exactions; and that it gave fresh powers to authorities appointed under acts not embracing such a purpose, and which will shortly cease or be revised. Of course, there were also the objections of the conservators of 'things as they are,' represented by Mr. Goulburn; and although the bill was read a second time *nem. con.*, it was on the understanding that beyond that stage it should be dropped for the session.

The Colonial Clergy Disabilities Bill, which, like that of Lord Blandford, made its second appearance, was conceived in a different spirit, as it proceeded from another quarter of the ecclesiastical horizon. Indeed, by the representation of its supporters, it abjured public money; waived, on behalf of the Colonial Church, all the rights, privileges, and appurtenances enjoyed by her venerable mother, and simply asked for antipodal Episcopalians the liberty possessed by other and not more self-reliant sects. A plausible demand, most plausibly urged; but as confidence, according to Lord Chatham, 'is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom,' so the experience of Nonconformists justifies a degree of jealousy which High Churchmen may resent as inexplicable and illiberal. It may savour of presumption to speak decisively respecting a bill which cost the House of Commons as many hours' discussion as it contained lines, and was at last abandoned from sheer inability to make out what it would and would not do. But the Solicitor-General (Bethell), who acted as nurse to Mr. Gladstone's offspring, imparted one piece of information sufficiently unambiguous to vindicate Anti-state-churchmen in their obstinate opposition; 'For,' quoth he, 'the Church of England in the colonies is part of the United Church of England and Ireland, and is

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\* Sir William Clay, in opposing the bill, unconsciously put his finger on the vicious principle which characterises the State-church system, whereby, to use a felicitous phrase of Dr. Cumming's, *Churchianity* is put in the place of Christianity. 'An earnest member of the Church myself,' said the baronet, 'I could have wished that "the efficiency of religion" had been more prominently set forth than "the efficiency of the Church."'

so described in all statutes relating to the appointment of bishops. The colonial bishops and clergy wish to have their Church remain in connexion with the Crown.' Why, but because such connexion gives to them a measure of *prestige*, sustains the lordly pretensions of their bishops, and puts their travelling expenses into the estimates; and because, being so well placed, they are sure of having the preference in any patronage and pecuniary support which colonial governments may be induced to afford to religious bodies? It is, of course, of great importance to those who sigh for synodical action at home to initiate the innovation in the colonies; but so, too, must it be a fundamental point of policy with us to prevent the slightest relaxation of the requirements of the State-bond, without a corresponding relinquishment of State-favour.

*The foundation for future important successes has been laid during the session.*

It has to be remembered that the greatest success already achieved is far from being complete. Mr. Gladstone made a great point of the fact that the University of Oxford could, if so minded, ride a coach and six through Mr. Heywood's clauses, and doubtless the authorities will require vigilant supervision. Beyond this we have yet to struggle for the higher degrees, for if it were felt by Sir Robert Peel in 1834, that 'Dissenters at the universities never would remain contented with the empty degree of Master of Arts,' no one will expect them to be satisfied with even less than that now, but that they will 'continue to strive after—nay, peremptorily demand—a perfect equality in all things not necessarily connected with ecclesiastical affairs.' It appears to have escaped general notice that the Lords added a proviso to the second of Mr. Heywood's clauses, to the effect that degrees taken under it shall not qualify for any office hitherto held by Churchmen, for which the degree was necessary, unless the oaths dispensed with at the University shall be taken by the candidate for office—a shabby provision, intended to exclude Dissenting masters from the grammar-schools. This restriction cannot, of course, be allowed to remain on the Statute Book; and for its removal, and for securing all the corollaries of Mr. Heywood's clauses, as carried in the Commons, the way has been fairly paved by the character of the arguments by which the Dissenting case has been throughout sustained. The Matriculation oath is the Sebastopol of the University system, and that being demolished, the supporters of the Establishment are with reason alarmed for the results. 'It is impossible,' says the 'Guardian,' 'to read the debates on the admission of Dissenters to the University, without seeing that the principles on which the claims were mainly based cut much deeper than their application in that instance, and were stated in a way which showed that they were meant for future use;'—gratifying testimony to the fact of the avoidance of the mistake of Dissenting policy in bygone years, when the acceptance of an instalment of a right was sometimes accompanied by a concealment or concession of the claim to the whole.

But the most important incident of the session, coming under this head, is the measure of success which attended the bill for the unconditional abolition of church-rates. The defeat of the bill by a majority of 27 votes only, in a good House, has, it is allowed, put this on the list of questions for early settlement. But settlement of what kind? One which shall meet the fatuitous scruples of Lord John Russell, who will not concede anything to Dissenters because he knows that they will ask for something else all the sooner? Or a compromise to meet the wish of Mr. Gladstone to retain church-rates wherever retention is possible, with a prospect of another agitation ten years hence? We believe that both these statesmen will find that the subject has grown beyond their powers of management, and that every abortive proposal made by them will make more certain the ultimate success of the opponents of such exactions. This last session has witnessed a great increase of their voting power—an increase occasioned in some cases, as we know, by a feeling that the bold proposal of Sir William Clay is really the only mode of getting rid of a most embarrassing and repulsive question. Now if, as we predict, the promised ministerial bill be opposed and defeated by the Dissenters, the ranks of the abolitionists will receive additional accessions; for, apart from individual feeling, there is an increasing number of Parliamentary seats that cannot be retained by the upholders of such exactions. Meanwhile, we should be quite content with the continuance of the process which is going on out of doors, and with the repetition of debates such as that which took place on the second reading last session. Such speeches as those of Mr. Bright—whose two best efforts were on behalf of the Anti-state-church party—and on the other hand, such admissions as those of Mr. Gladstone, and such blundering policy as that of Lord John Russell, will, we opine, do quite as much to hasten the separation of Church and State as will church-rate abolition. It is grievous to find Lord John Russell taking the place of Sir Robert Inglis, and not very promising for Whiggism to see Lord Stanley stepping into the cast-off shoes of Lord John Russell; but his lordship cannot render a greater service to Anti-state-churchmen than by reiterating the suggestive fact that church-rates form an essential part of a Church establishment, and that the ‘irresistible’ arguments urged against them are equally valid against the system of which they are but a fractional part. The people will not be thereby led to hate church-rates less, but they will hate the Establishment more.\*

The continuance of the Church Buildings Act for two, instead of for ten years, as proposed by the Government, has cut out work for the Voluntaries for which they should prepare betimes. The Church Building Commissioners have existed for six and thirty years, at an ex-

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\* The committee of the Liberation Society, in order to facilitate church-rate contests, and so cut the ground from beneath Mr. Gladstone, have announced their intention to issue a much-needed work on the law of church-rates, and invite suggestions and information, with a view to render it as complete as possible.

pense of some thousands per annum, though the Legislature has long ceased to grant money for church-building; and it is alleged that two other ecclesiastical—and of course costly—boards, being mainly composed of the same members, frequently meet at the same time, and so snugly transact their business with the least expenditure of time to themselves. The character of Church Reform as effected by Parliament, is aptly illustrated by the eighteen acts which have been passed from time to time, to amend or extend the act under which the commission was appointed, they being described by Churchmen themselves as being ‘in a confused and utterly unintelligible condition’ (*Mr. Walpole*), and as being ‘about as disgraceful a specimen of ecclesiastical legislature as the enemies of the Church could desire’ (*Dr. Phillimore*). Yet Lord Palmerston—the energetic Palmerston!—tenaciously clung to the slovenly expedient of prolonging the existence of this discreditable piece of patchwork for ten long years. Doubtless, his lordship was influenced by the fact that, as we understand, no one can be found, either for ‘love or money,’ to undertake the hopeless task of consolidation; but we believe that the Government are also conscious that the existence and growing strength of a new party in Parliament renders the revision of these acts a very menacing business, seeing that it is hardly likely that the powers with which ecclesiastical functionaries have been gradually and silently invested in the palmy days of Churchism, will be renewed when they come to be dealt with in the mass. Mr. Hadfield’s pertinacity has brought eight years nearer this probable source of danger to the Establishment, but of advantage to its foes.

It is a curious evidence of the extent to which the Parliamentary atmosphere is charged with the ecclesiastical element, that so purely secular a measure as that for bringing the charges for collecting the revenue under the control of the House of Commons, should have led to a debate on the Maynooth Grant, and speculations as to the whereabouts of the Protestantism of the constitution! Yet, by an adroit stroke of guerilla tactics, Mr. Spooner—regarded by Mr. Gardner, M.P., ‘as a special instrument designed by Providence to hasten the destruction of the Irish Church’—raised the whole question by proposing that the grant to Maynooth College should be included among the estimates to be sessionally laid before Parliament. There are cases in which ‘a miss’ is said to be ‘as good as a mile,’ but this is not one of them; for the smallness of the majority by which Mr. Spooner was foiled has given a startling glimpse of the fragility of the tie which unites Maynooth with the Treasury. Mr. Lucas—too valuable to the Romish party to be contemptuously treated—has wisely counselled his friends to prepare for a graceful abandonment of the grant, and then to turn the tables on Mr. Spooner by assailing, in all the strength of consistent voluntarism, that institution of which Sir Robert Peel’s Maynooth Act was intended to be a buttress.

Such advice—backed, as it has been by another active member of the same party, Mr. Maguire—gives increased importance to the attack made on the *Regium Donum* in Ireland, led by Mr. Bright, who

sought to reduce the amount proposed by striking off the increase, for the present year, for new congregations. No speech ever did more to damage the reputation of a religious body—to show conclusively the paralyzing influence exerted over congregations by pensioning their ministers—or to point out the inutility and injustice of endowing Irish Presbyterian Dissenters, while other Nonconforming bodies flourish more without such aid, than that which was delivered by the member for Manchester, and to which none but a reply of the feeblest character was attempted. The publication of this speech by the 'Liberation Society,' and its wide circulation in Ireland, will surely help to put this grant into the same perilous predicament as that to Maynooth. Nor is this the only missile to be hurled against it; for Mr. Hadfield, just at the close of the session, obtained an order for a return in respect to the Belfast professorships and the *Regium Donum*, which will furnish the latest and fullest information relative to the working of endowed Presbyterianism. It has, we learn, 'fallen like a bomb-shell' among the body, who, with the prospect of being attacked by Irish Romanists as well as English Voluntaries, must now begin to realize the disadvantage of being an outwork of the Irish Establishment.

*The session has been a highly instructive one to the Government, to the House of Commons, to Liberal politicians, to the press, to Churchmen, and to Dissenters.*

To the Government—who would have sacrificed their own avowed principles and the interests of their Dissenting supporters\* to baseless and unworthy fears, and who have been made to eat the dust as their reward. To the House of Commons, which, on ecclesiastical questions, has listened to arguments it could not answer—has had forced upon it facts with which it knew not how to deal, and has found itself more and more involved in entanglement, extrication from which is increasingly difficult. To that class of politicians loosely designated 'Liberal,' who may see that certain questions which they have been wont to ignore are coming up for discussion and settlement, and that, after all, hostility to Church Establishments may soon be a winning 'cry.' To the press, which has systematically tabooed the party and the principles the session has done so much to strengthen, and which has found that battles could be won without its boasted aid, and that where it has most confidently predicted failure, there success has been most brilliant and decisive.†

Churchmen may learn much both from their own failures and our successes. The debates on the Clergy Disabilities Bill, the Simony Bill, and the Marquis of Blandford's Bill, must have produced a pain-

\* In their soreness at the defeat of the Scottish Education Bill, Ministers gave out that they would 'do nothing more for Dissenters.' Towards the close of the session, when the Dissenting Marriages Bill was under discussion in private, it was intimated that the Government would like to push forward some Dissenting measure! 'Sweet are the uses of adversity!'

† The 'Spectator' is the only journal which has made a candid confession of mistake, and a handsome acknowledgment of the wisdom and the success of the policy it condemned. It was misled by Lord John Russell!

ful conviction, that while, on the one hand, the evils existing in their Church are gigantic, the ability and the desire of Parliament to grapple with them are conspicuously small. On the other hand, they do not conceal their alarm at the spread of sentiments the triumph of which will be death to the Establishment. 'It is evident,' said Lord Harrowby, 'that Parliament less and less identifies itself with the Establishment.' 'The separation of Church and State is now only a question of time,' says the 'John Bull.'

And Dissenters, have they not to learn as well as to rejoice? Unquestionably. They have acquired a knowledge of their political strength, but it is of greater moment that they should be prepared to use it wisely. A session or two of indolence, of mistakes, and of obvious failure on their part, would destroy the *prestige* of one successful campaign. Both in Parliament and out of it their responsibility has increased. In the former, vigilance, well-matured tactics, and, we will add, greater expository power in debate,\* will be required to turn to account the advantages already obtained. Out of doors, there should be wider and better organization, greater liberality in supplying the sinews of war, and, above all, preparedness for the next general election, which may make or mar the fortunes of the party. The 'extreme Dissenters,' as they have gained in hope and courage, must steadily seek to improve their position, as the potential Dissenting party, by a skilful combination of educational with legislative effort, that there may be no losing sight of their first principles and ultimate purpose, in immediate struggles for isolated and minor objects.† The remaining sections of Dissent, whether choosing to be still known as 'Moderate,' or by any other appellation, will, we trust, and are sanguine enough to anticipate, be led by recent events henceforth to approximate, at least, in political action, to those from whom they have hitherto been too widely severed. There are not wanting indications of a better state of things in this respect, and with prudence and conciliation these buds of promise may expand into bloom, to be followed by the ripened fruit. Were the entire body of Voluntaries thus united in spirit and aim, bent alike on developing the sovereign power of the

\* There were, at least, two or three neglected opportunities for protesting against the assumptions, and exposing the fallacies of Churchmen, as well as for illustrating the operation of their system.

† We observe that the 'Patriot' endeavours to convey the impression that recent successes are the result of an abandonment of the first position of the Anti-state-church party, and of a return to a 'practical' policy. But the fact is, that that party always intended that their business should in the first instance be to educate the public mind in respect to the positive principles of Dissent, with the intention of applying those principles to legislative action as soon as the requisite strength had been acquired. The difference between the present and former efforts to obtain a redress of grievances we take to be—that whereas that redress was at one time regarded, for the most part, as an end, it is now looked upon as only a means for securing what is of far greater moment. Lord John Russell evidently clearly recognises the changed character of Dissenting movements, and hence his reactionary course. This friendly caveat we regard as due to those who are now in fact resaping the success of labours which for years past have been carried on amid discouragements and reproaches.



principles they hold, and on winning the world over to an appreciation of the 'more excellent way' of promulgating God's gospel, and maintaining the institutions of Christian men—then they would,

'Come as the winds come, when forests are rended,  
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded !'

Yet, with their power for destroying ecclesiastical coercion, the whitened sepulchre of State nominalism, and the corruption and enslavement of 'the Church as by law established,' there would also be associated the more blessed ability to shed a softening influence over social life, to eliminate from politics an element of intensest bitterness, and to unite Christian men by ties genial as charity and enduring as truth.

'Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.'

## Record of Christian Missions.

THE present is the era of locomotion. Many run to and fro, and knowledge is multiplied. And, in the main, it is locomotion for good and not for evil purposes. The same mighty power, so lately evoked, which lands our troops at Varna or in the Crimea, and which carries our 'blue-jackets' to Cronstadt or Aland, is with equal swiftness and certainty carrying all the appliances of modern culture, and all the means of the world's evangelization, to the uttermost parts of the earth. The barbarian wonder of Sheba's queen at the wisdom of Solomon would now stand abashed at the calm and noiseless marvels of modern science. She who confessed that the half was not told her, and who had no heart left in her when actual observation overtopped all hearsay, would have been 'as one dead' in presence of the facts of daily record connected with the onward progress of humanity.

The facts of missions confirm our deepest convictions. Christianity is and must be the root and groundwork of all modern civilization. Science and commerce do not and cannot get beyond it. It is the only true pioneer, the only infallible harbinger of a people's peace. All the world over this is seen in the annals of its progress; and those annals written not always by interested parties, and often by minds of a philosophic cast. Sir George Grey, the late Governor of New Zealand, recently bore this emphatic testimony at the Mansion House, before the merchant princes of London, before a half-score of bishops:—

'He had seen himself, he said, in the islands of the Pacific, holy and pious men who passed long lives in endeavouring to reclaim and civilize the races amongst whom they resided. He had seen them regarded by those races as friends and benefactors. He had seen them impart not only the knowledge of Christianity, but the arts of civilized life, raising in them wants for manufactured goods, and the articles which our merchants were so well able to supply. He had landed on lands on which, a few years before, no European dared to set his foot, and the

whole population had come down to welcome him to their coasts. Such being the case, he felt confident that, regarded as a mere money investment, the very best money investment this country could make was to send out, in advance of colonists or merchants, missionaries to pave the way for those who would follow them. It was said those races received the new comers as fellow-Christians. The fact was, they received them really as fellow-countrymen, not only as fellow-Christians; for on the islands of the Pacific, the proudest object of the natives was to identify themselves with the British race; to be considered, if possible, connected with an empire they thought the greatest in the world, and the subjects of a queen whom they regarded as the wisest and most benevolent. He had heard aspersions cast on missionaries. He was a disinterested witness, and although he did not mean to contend that every missionary was a good man, he could solemnly affirm that amongst the large number he had known, the proportion of really good, pious, and self-devoted men had surpassed what he had found in any other class in life.\*

Such testimony is invaluable, and no philosophic mind will pass it by unheeded; it is a part of the material of which our future history will be composed.

From the *governor* to the *bishop* of New Zealand the transition is easy and pleasant. *Par nobile fratrum*; we may congratulate our readers on being able to place before them the joint testimony of two such witnesses at the same time. In continuation of the charming document from which we quoted so largely last month, the bishop adds—a bishop, be it remembered, who is ‘willing to try the experiment of a self-supporting episcopate;’ who means, supported or not by the Government, to go ‘back to his diocese, prepared to dig or to beg for his maintenance, and ashamed of neither;’ and who has no very alarming apprehensions of starvation, inasmuch as he can extemporize a very satisfactory dinner from ‘fern roots,’ and knows well ‘the haunts of birds and fishes,’\* and is thus ‘more fitted than any man’ to reside in New Zealand as an apostolic bishop—he adds—and we give the extract at length, as full of attractive interest to all believers in the ‘holy catholic church:—

‘Jan 22nd, 1848.—One day’s pleasant sailing down the trade wind brought us to Apia, in the island of Upolu, a spot of deep interest to all missionaries, as the burial-place of the few remains which could be recovered of the body of John Williams. They lie in front of the large chapel, where a simple tablet records the time and manner of his death. That grave, so strangely marked, as being neither a cenotaph nor a tomb, will be visited with feelings of respect and gratitude by many who have learned from his “Missionary Enterprises,” and still more from the narrative of his death, what Christian missionaries ought to do and to suffer for the heathen. You have already seen that the effect of his example has not passed away; but that from his former stations of Samoa and Rarotonga a faithful band of native teachers has gone forth to risk their lives, and in many cases to lay them down, for the gospel and for Melanesia.

‘Among our first visitors on board the “Dido” was Mr. John Williams, the son of the missionary. Though following the secular calling of a merchant, he was not unmindful of his father’s example; but maintained at his own expense a

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\* We were surprised to see the ‘Leader’ sneer at all this. Surely this is heroism, and would be counted such if found in naval or in military life. The true philosopher wouldn’t despise it, found anywhere.

boarding-school of thirty native girls, whom I examined with the greatest interest; and was struck with the evident proofs of the maternal care which Mrs. Williams had bestowed upon them. When I saw that excellent lady among her Samoan maidens, leading some simple hymn, or showing me with real pleasure their specimens of writing or needlework, I could not fail to hope that her life might be prolonged in a work so vitally important to the future stability of the Samoan mission. But so wonderfully are the domestic interests of life linked together, that I never saw her again till I arrived at Sydney with my island scholars in 1853, and there renewed my acquaintance with her husband, on the very day on which he was watching over her death-bed. When I had offered to him my assurances of condolence, and encouraged the Christian hope which sustained him under his sorrow, I led him to the window of his house, and pointed out to him our three Erromango boys playing on the green below, as a proof that there is no season so dark, and no events so terrible upon earth, out of which God in his mercy will not bring forth light and comfort. It was indeed a comfort to him to know that Erromanga was at length yielding to the influences of the gospel.'

A good bishop this, who, amidst all the excitements and attractions of a huge city like Sydney, was ashamed to give the cold shoulder to his host of Upolu, and who sought out diligently and refreshed the Dissenting layman in the hour of his poignant anguish. Here, again, is a picture of progress among irreclaimable savages :—

'At Leulumoenga, the mission printing-office exhibited the delightful and instructive sight of a native people, so lately converted to the faith, labouring to give freely to others the same gospel which itself had freely received. On the ground-floor of a large stone building, native compositors and pressmen were engaged upon portions of the holy Scriptures; and in the upper story a cheerful party of native bookbinders were folding, stitching, and covering the sheets received from their fellow-labourers below. In the depository I found a store of little books, which were treasures indeed; translations of striking texts of the Bible, and elementary books of instruction prepared by the Rarotongan and Samoan teachers, for the use of their Melanesian scholars, and printed by the native artificers of Leulumoenga. By the kindness of the superintendent I obtained copies of these publications, in the languages of Tanna, Futuna, Nengone, Fate, Lifu, and in one of the dialects of New Caledonia. Now, I thought, we shall be indeed disgraced, if the older mission of New Zealand cannot do as much for Melanesia as its younger brethren in Samoa and Rarotonga.'

Making a sudden leap 'o'er half the globe,' we learn that one of the results of the present Eastern question is 'the erection of an English church at Constantinople, by public subscription, to serve as a memorial of the British expedition for the defence of Constantinople and the Ottoman empire.' We heartily rejoice in this. We are not indiscriminate Dissenters. By all means let Episcopalians have their free church at Constantinople. They will learn, by free churches and apostolic bishops, ere long, that State alliance is an incumbrance and a snare. The good Lord grant them much success!

The Free Church of Scotland has an able minister, in the Rev. J. Drummond, at Gibraltar; and as all eyes are turned eastward just now, we quote the following in reference to this half of the Pillars of Hercules :—

'The Presbyterian Church might become a missionary institution, in which Spanish and Arab native preachers might be reared, who would carry the gospel into the Popish darkness of Spain on the one side, and the Mohammedan night of Africa on the other. This is what ought to be kept in view. It is of great moment, undoubtedly, to bring the gospel within reach of our countrymen stationed here, of the regiments forming the garrison, and of the multitude of men of all ranks continually passing to the Eastern world, or returning thence; but we should aim at something greater still, even the planting of a mission school beside the Presbyterian Church, where the Arab, and the Mohammedan, and the Jew, and the Romanist, may assemble, and read, in their own tongue, "the wonderful works of God." Providence would seem specially to have destined the rock for some such sacred and noble end in these latter times. It rises proudly, a land of freedom, in the midst of countries groaning under despotism. Slavery is all around—here is liberty. But what is more wonderful still, this rock rises where it touches the confines of various idolatries. On the north, it meets Romanism; on the south and east, Mohammedanism. The rock is visited, moreover, by multitudes of Jews, and the professors of other creeds, all of whom are thus brought within reach of the missionary, who can here carry on his operations without the drawbacks of an exhausting climate, or the interference of a despotic government. We have done well in planting the light in such a place; but we trust the time may come when we shall have here, too, a school of native converts and evangelists, prepared to act both on Spain and Africa.'

Crossing the narrow strait, and penetrating to the southern parts of that mysterious interior, which seems to defy every attempt at successful exploration, we look with much interest on Caffraria and its present desolated condition. The following remarks are worthy of deep attention:—'The present state of the country,' writes the Rev. M. Govan, 'and the changes it is undergoing, manifestly form a loud call for increased efforts. I cannot but apprehend a dark future for South Africa—a series of fierce struggles between hostile races. It is from the gospel only—its speedy and extensive prevalence—that I can perceive light shed on the dark prospect. Here is a special and strong motive for prompt and vigorous efforts. It is in the speedy elevation of the native races, and the diffusion among all classes of the purifying and peace-inspiring influences of the gospel, that my hope in reference to the future of South Africa mainly rests.'

With regard to the West Indies, we call attention to the following remarks, and again implore such missionaries,—and we know there are several,—as may read these pages under other skies, to make this the 'one thing they do,' for unless the people of the West Indies are educated, Christianity cannot hold her own among the negro population:—

'Whatever may be the case in reference to nations old and highly cultivated, on the mission field—and Jamaica still is, and will be, a mission field for a long time to come—the school and the church must be united; education and religion cannot be separated, otherwise the right elevation of the people, the object sought and longed for, will not be sought by adequate means. It is, indeed, a matter of regret to all your agents in the colony, and to the agents of other sections of the general mission, that education is on a scale so limited, and that there are so many throughout the colony who undervalue the blessing, seeking the gain of the world rather

than the improvement of the infant mind; still an effective education is there, and doing its work there; and there it has been, and still is, the handmaid of religion. In all the forty schools connected with your (the Presbyterian) stations and churches, the several branches of a good common education are being taught, and that, to a considerable extent, by well-trained efficient natives, educated at your Montego Bay Classical and Theological Institution.'

We can, from personal knowledge of the Montego Bay institution, commend it most heartily to all good Christians, and especially to all good Christian Presbyterians: should any such want to dispose of a 10*l*. note profitably, they may send it to the Rev. Mr. Renton, the principal of this thriving institution, who is doing a very godly work in a very trying climate, in raising up an effective native ministry. The Baptists have their Calabar institution for the same purpose, and the Presbyterians theirs; but we regret that neither in Jamaica nor in British Guiana have the Independents theirs. In the case of the last colony, it is utterly inexcusable; the whole colony is theirs, or nearly so; the climate is so insufferable that it is next door to death to live there; a white man can do there about one-sixteenth part of the work of a black man; he is never in full mental vigour, it is impossible he should be, and though he is not conscious of it, no one who comes into contact with one of our brethren after a lengthened residence in that horrid swamp, and sees how the whole *fibre* of body and mind have been utterly wasted, can doubt it for a moment; and yet we have no institution in all British Guiana for raising up a native agency. There are two or three men on the spot, well known to us, who are labouring hard upon what will scarcely survive them, and in addition to this, doing very supererogatory works in lectures on science, &c., before the governor, &c., &c., who are most amply qualified to initiate such an institution; and though we know how sluggish and inert the negro character is, they could, nevertheless, push the coach up hill, and give us English Christians, who cannot go on for ever paying white men to go to the West Indies simply to die, the pledge and the earnest of an efficient native ministry.

We see that the Rev. E. A. Wallbridge and the Rev. J. Ketley, both honourable and long hard-working men, are both engaged in the literary and scientific conversations of the noble colony in the capital of which they reside; that the Rev. J. Ketley is selected, before the governor and a fitting audience, to describe electrical apparatus, and electro-magnetism as a motive power; and the Rev. E. A. Wallbridge to enunciate and illustrate the laws of hydrostatics and pneumatics, &c., &c. Now, in all this we unfeignedly rejoice, but venture to say a word nevertheless:— 'Gentlemen, all this is very well, but it is not your mission; your mission is to regenerate Africa through her children; if once you forget *that*, you may come home; there are plenty of people who can give lectures on the 'ologies, &c.; to you again and again, and a thousand times again, we say, "Redeem Africa;" through you it must be done, for by no one else can it ever be done; take her own sons and train them; "forsaking all other, keep ye only unto them;" colonial compliments are not safe things, and friends at home will begin to shake their heads when hobnobbing commences between our missionaries and colonial grandees.' It is in no spirit of unkindness we say this; but as yet, our West Indian native agency *has to be created!* All honour to the first men, of whatever sect, who raise up this all-essential instrumentality.

We are glad to see that our Baptist friends are prosecuting their missionary work in India with unwonted vigour. We are reminded of the old days of Carey, and Marshman, and Andrew Fuller, as we read the 'Home Proceedings' of the Baptist Missionary Society for the past month. An instalment of the additional twenty labourers for India has departed from Portsmouth after an impressive valedictory service; others are preparing for departure; and as of importance to more than one section of the Christian Church, Mr. Underhill, whose name needs but to be mentioned to secure both interest and approval, has consented to visit India to carry out the enlarged plans and purposes of the Baptist Missionary Society. We can say nothing better on this subject than is said in the 'Monthly Herald':—

'This step has not been hastily determined on. If it should be said, "Can it be necessary, considering the recent visit of the brethren Russell and Leechman?" it must be remembered that theirs was a mission for the most part of inspection and inquiry. They brought home a large amount of most valuable information. Not the least result is the proposal to send twenty new missionaries into that wide field. Their visit has rendered the one now decided upon necessary. Had they not gone, it is not likely that the committee would have been led, at least for a long time to come, to take the steps they have taken. In fact, this visit is a corollary to that. Mr. Underhill will have an arduous duty to perform. But we doubt not that he will receive aid and wisdom from on high. We entreat the prayers of the churches on his behalf, that he may have a prosperous journey, be kept in health during his absence, and when he has fulfilled his mission, be brought back in safety and peace.'

Here, not for want of interest, but want of space, we must conclude. The London Missionary Society's 'Chronicle' contains a long letter from Captain Morgan, worthy of attentive perusal; and intelligence from Jamaica of the havoc the cholera, that fearful disease that seems now to be visiting one-half the globe, is making amongst the agricultural population; besides other mission intelligence. The 'Wesleyan Missionary newspaper notices' has not come to hand this month. And with one aspiration we close:—

'Let every race,  
Red, black or white, olive or tawny-skinned,  
Settle in peace and swell the gathering hosts  
Of the great Prince of Peace. Oh! may the hour  
Soon come when all false gods, false creeds, false prophets,  
Allowed in thy good purpose for a time,  
Demolished, the great world shall be at last  
The mercy-seat of God, the heritage  
Of Christ, and the possession of the Spirit,  
The Comforter, the Wisdom.'

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## Monthly Retrospect.

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It was by an unconstitutional action of the Legislature upon the conditions of its own existence, that for annual parliaments were substituted annual sessions of Parliament—and it is by an unconstitutional submissiveness to Ministerial

convenience, that the annual session is almost invariably confined within the months of February and August. If any circumstance could furnish a fair opportunity, and even the patriotic obligation, of resistance to this custom, it would surely be the circumstance of our having been engaged, for six months, in war with a first-rate European power—a war which has already added one-fifth to our yearly taxation—a war in which one of our allies has as yet done nothing but play the game of the enemy—and, finally, a war so conducted that the Queen, in dismissing the national council, could utter no word in commendation of her forces, but only eulogize the successful valour of the people they were sent to succour.

There was made, it is true, a verbal effort to extort from Ministers a pledge that they would re-assemble Parliament in November; but it is not by verbal efforts—not even by the stinging rhetoric of Mr. Disraeli, much less by the monomaniacal clamour of Lord Dudley Stuart—that Parliament can deliver itself from the rule of a Ministry that is strong in nothing but its resolution to rule, and successful in nothing but its management of parties. Lord John Russell loftily refused to encroach upon the prerogative by anticipating its exercise—and the House quietly tolerated the sophism which evades Ministerial responsibility to the people by affected reverence for the nominal rights of the Sovereign. As if to reward the confidence thus expressed, Lord John in the one House and Lord Clarendon in the other, vouchsafed, in the last hours of the session, explanations more candid, perhaps, but scarcely more explicit, than any that had preceded. From these statements, and from published correspondence, we make out that Russia declined to evacuate the Principalities at the demand of Austria, without assurances that the strategic advantages surrendered would not be used against her; that Austria referred this reply to the Western Powers; that the representatives of France and England separately declared the intention of their Governments to prosecute the war until certain bases of peace be established; and that Austria unites in the adoption of these bases. They are by no means of such extent, or of such a nature, that the agreement of Austria discharges us from suspicion of her real intentions. They are, first, the creation of a joint protectorate of the five powers over the principalities of Moldavia, Wallachia, and *Servia*;—secondly, the restoration to their natural custodiers of the mouths of the Danube;—thirdly, the freedom of the Dardanelles to the ships of war of European states;—and fourthly, the interference of the Christian Powers in favour of the Christian subjects of Turkey. The first of these conditions not only continues but extends that anomalous and mischievous system out of which the present disturbance arose; and compliance with the last would be the surrender by the Porte to her nominal friends of the vital prerogatives which she refused to an arrogant enemy, and has defended with heroic resolution. The subjection of *Servia*, as well as of Moldavia and Wallachia, to the proposed protectorate, is significant of the authorship and intent of the whole scheme—for it has been Austria's steady ambition these thirty years past to add the gallant Serbs to the list of peoples making up her heterogeneous empire. The influence of France and England in those regions would assuredly fail to baffle the intrigues of emissaries long domesticated on the spot, and habituated to their

vocation. And in undertaking to obtain for three-fourths of the subjects of the Porte privileges which they have hitherto been wanting either in motive or in courage themselves to take, we should be committed to a course so adverse to all just principles of government, that we must expect retribution speedily to follow. These revelations of the doings and designs of our rulers—especially as illustrated by the fact, that Russia has evacuated all of the Moldo-Wallachian territory, but certain fortresses, which the Turks are prevented from attacking by the interposition of Austrian troops—do but confirm our melancholy conviction that an utterly false direction has been given to the war; that Turkey is in imminent danger of destruction from the fatal mistake of accepting foreign assistance; and that the only possible gainer by the conflict will be the cunning and criminal House of Hapsburg, which the English people intended to overthrow, while their rulers were intent on its salvation.

It is further corroborative of this humiliating theory of our foreign relations, that the moment Austria was made safe, the allied forces were set at liberty to make active war on Russia. The long-talked-of expedition to Sebastopol, indiscreetly promised by Lord John Russell, was announced, at the beginning of August, to be actually on its way, but is at the end no further than the place of embarkation; and has in the interim suffered greater losses from cholera than it could have suffered in the prosecution of a siege. It is, therefore, only in the Baltic that the war has assumed the new character we have ascribed to it. On the arrival of the French troops under the veteran Baraguay D'Hilliers, immediate preparations were made for capturing Bomarsund—the defence of the Aland isles, and the means of commanding Sweden on the one side and Finland on the other. Built of granite, mounting a hundred guns on the principal fort, defended by three outposts on the high ground in the rear, and secured from sudden attack by the extreme difficulty of finding anchorage, the task of its reduction was expected to be long and difficult. It was accomplished, however, in eight days. Celerity, skill, heartiness, and a humane courage, characterised the operation; and its success involves some important results—the deliverance of Sweden from the menaces of so near and formidable a position; the establishment of a rendezvous and harbour for the allies; and the proved inferiority of granite walls to the force and precision that can be brought to bear upon them.

The punishment of voters confessedly corrupt, was a leading measure of the session, but it dropped midway. The writs were suspended up to the eve of prorogation; and then it was proposed by Mr. T. Duncombe, that they should not issue except the votes be taken by ballot. Even for this experimental use of the ballot, members and supporters of the Government pledged to its entire adoption, could not be got to vote. Accordingly, elections were taken at Canterbury, Cambridge, Hull, Maldon, and Barnstaple, with no better guarantee against a repetition of their old practices than is provided by that excessively tinkered piece of legislation, the new Anti-bribery Act; which a writer, understood to be Mr. Coppock, has taken the pains to show is about as available for the prevention of electoral corruption as was the kettle of the Danaids for drawing up water. Canterbury elected a Conservative and Whig of suspiciously 'local' connexions. Maldon preferred to three others,



two gentlemen who openly bewailed their legal inability to 'stand treat,' and had been declared by authority guilty of corruption in other places. Barnstaple rejected a London architect who had done much for the town in favour of strangers who might do more. Hull accepted unknown politicians at the hands of a politician but too well known, and in preference to the puritanically-honest General Thompson. Only Cambridge did well,—and her well-doing was probably assisted by the indiscreet readiness of the Conservative candidates to seduce her to evil. Thus, in four out of five places, we have elected to the House of Commons, by constituencies notoriously corrupt and numerically insignificant, men who are likely to add neither to the dignity nor utility of the institution—mere party politicians, at a time when partisanship is not even a proof of sincerity or zeal; just so many added to the mob of idlers and self-seekers who stand for the representatives of this much misrepresented nation.

Another of the last acts of the session was the reconstruction of the Board of Health. When the bill for the continuance of the late Board was introduced, Lord Seymour and Sir Benjamin Hall were conspicuous in opposition; the noble lord, who had notoriously done his utmost to obstruct the operations of the Board, complaining that it had done no good and much mischief, and pooh-poohing the apprehensions of cholera in the metropolis. The bill was rejected, and the Board dissolved by the resignation of the gentlemen against whom the opposition was directed, namely,—Mr. K. Chadwick and Dr. Southwood Smith. Government immediately introduced another bill,—reconstituting the Board of Health, as an independent department, with a paid president. The bill passed unopposed, and the presidency was conferred upon—Sir Benjamin Hall! In announcing to his constituents his acceptance of office, the right hon. baronet was careful to assure them that he shall endeavour to confine his function to that of 'advising,' intending to respect the principle of self-government to the utmost. Seeing that cholera was revived and active in London, at Paris, at Marseilles and Genoa, at Varna and at St. Petersburg, in the West Indies and on the shores of South America—seeing that even the resolute vigour of Mr. Chadwick had failed, through the parliamentary influence of town councils and other interested classes, in cleansing half of the towns reported as perilously unclean,—seeing, too, that in London, exempt from the control of the Board, pernicious nuisances, great and small, flourish despite of sanitary Acts,—and feeling the enervating influence of August heats in a back street of the city,—we rather shuddered when we read this statement. Thus far, we have no reason to doubt that the new Minister of Health has kept his promise. The deaths by cholera in the metropolis,—or rather, in certain easily definable districts of the metropolis,—have risen to seven or eight hundred a week; Lord Jocelyn, colonel of a militia regiment quartered in the Tower, has perished of the epidemic; the inmates of the Millbank Penitentiary have had to be removed, after the death of seven or eight of their number; the hospital staffs have hard work to meet the demands upon their strength and space;—yet has the Board put forth nothing more stringent than a paper of 'Directions.' Factory chimneys continue to belch forth smoke that defiles as well as darkens the air; bone-crushers and carrion-boilers carry on their loathsome processes in populous

places; open sewers roll their filthy streams beneath the windows of crowded hovels; overflowing cesspools pollute and poison whole streets, well-known to the sanitary police; the weekly reports of the Registrar-General specify nuisances fatal as they are abominable;—yet have we not heard of a single prosecution by authority of the Board. To those who hold life cheap in comparison with a theory, even though the theory be inoperative and the lives be those of the helpless poor, an inactive Minister of Health may be a sign of progress. But to our thinking, King Stork is better than King Log when the plague of frogs is abroad.

The Spanish revolution has been even more complete than was supposed—more democratically and dramatically complete, we might say. The Queen-Mother Christina has not left the country. Her efforts to do so,—though connived at or assisted by the new Government,—were defeated by the vigilance of the armed people; and Espartero has consented that she shall be detained to take her trial before the Cortes, on various charges of malversation. Espartero is also president of an electoral committee, whose programme includes the following momentous objects—the establishment of universal suffrage, as the basis of legislative representation; the decentralization of the administration; and the general armament of the people. There must have been maintained a healthy undercurrent of political life, during the prolonged suspension of popular functions, to have produced this sudden manifestation of right sentiment. We should be false to our profoundest belief if we doubted the well-working of universal suffrage even in Spain. The demand for decentralization indicates the presence of something more than a vague passion for freedom. To trust to the hands of a people so long and lately divided by civil war, and open by temperament to the seduction of conspirators, the weapons usually confided to hired and sworn servants of the Crown, may be perilous; but is certainly the logical complement of self-government, and the only means of relieving Spain from the oppressive burden of a standing army. Already, good has resulted from the revolution to the foreign relations of the country. The American passion for annexing Cuba has received a decided check. Sympathy with Spanish democracy, aided by the recoil of public feeling from an act of proud cruelty inflicted by a United States commander on Greytown, Mosquito,—has stimulated Congress to decline the ten million dollars asked by the President for apprehended war expenses. Thus, even armed democracy aids the cause of peace. Of this the world may be sure,—without domestic freedom, there can be neither administrative purity nor international smity; nor until the peoples have conquered their common oppressors, can they indulge the hope of permanent peace with one another.

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# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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## 'Sociology.'

In a previous article in this journal we endeavoured to describe the relations of the Positive method to religion. We wish now to give some account of M. Comte's attempt to apply that method to the study of the constitution of man, and of society.

We fear that some disappointment will be felt, when it is found that Sociology, thus far, is simply an attempt to apply the method, and has few results to show. But it must be borne in mind that M. Comte's aim is to lay the foundations of a new science, not to suggest empirical remedies for present, pressing evils. Leaving the task of constitution-mongering to professed politicians, his task is purely scientific. He is convinced that the deepest want of modern society is in its nature highly theoretical—that an intellectual revolution must precede the political. For he affirms that the general state of society is dependent upon its intellectual convictions—its Religion and its Science. A re-organization of ideas must, therefore, precede a re-organization of society. Theological and metaphysical ideas are to disappear before an exact and comprehensive scientific education. This would of itself, in his opinion, lead to a spontaneous movement tending to social re-organization. And this movement is to be aided and directed by the now-rising Positive science of society.

Social phenomena have hitherto been looked at from what he would call the theological point of view. It has always been supposed that in them we behold the action of a force differing from any with which we are conversant in the material world; and that they must be studied by a different method. A strong, sharp line of distinction is drawn between material force and spiritual force—between necessary law and free will; well expressed by Pope when he says, that God,

" — binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will."

On the one side we have certainties and science; on the other probabilities and speculation. By the help of the law of gravitation it is possible to predict the return of a planet; it is felt that no such certainty can ever be had, that no such prevision can ever be exercised in relation to human actions, taken individually or collectively. Consequently there has never been a science of politics, strictly so called. Political wisdom has availed itself of the lights of history and experience, has ventured to infer the sequence of certain phenomena upon another existing set of phenomena, from a corresponding sequence in the past. This has been done in view of the identity of human nature, at all periods subject to the same tendencies—likely to feel and manifest the same wants; but ever with hesitation and uncertainty, because ever with due regard to that incalculably varying element, the Popular Will, which may exhibit phenomena wholly different from those which are expected owing to the preponderating influence of an individual, or an unlooked-for attack of rationality.

On the other hand, M. Comte professes to have applied the Positive method successfully to social phenomena, and to have discovered among them fixed invariable laws; and then to have laid the foundations of a new Positive science—Sociology.

But before entering upon the sphere of Sociology, it will be necessary to notice the Biological Theory of Human Nature upon which it is based. M. Comte follows the phrenologists Gall and Spurzheim in ridiculing the Psychological method of interior observation; he says we know no more of man than we can learn by the Positive method—the observation of external facts; so that to study the nature of man is to study his physical organizations. By this theory man is degraded from his position of spiritual pre-eminence and isolation, to the rank of 'Nature's noblest animal'—the top of the zoological series. For anatomists have decided that the skull is a prolongation of the vertebral column, which is the centre of the nervous system. Now it is found that the greater the distance of an organ from the vertebral column, the more elevated and human are its functions; for it is found that the ascent in the zoological series is marked by an increasing development of the frontal region, until at last in the animal man we reach the largest development of this portion of the brain, and at the same time meet with phenomena of intellect peculiar to humanity. The inference is, that the ancient distinction between humanity and animality was a fiction inspired by human pride. There is no other distinction between them than that of the degree of development admitted by a faculty which is, by its nature, common to all animal life, and without which it could not be conceived to exist. The earlier and simpler forms under which mind manifests itself are called instinct, the more complicated forms intelligence; the difference is in degree, not in kind. And further, mind is not to be considered as anything more than a function of a material organization. 'The Positive philosopher,' says Mr. Lewes (p. 215), 'finds the phenomena of digestion manifested only by a peculiar anatomical system, varying with the varying structure; he finds the phenomena of secretion like-

wise manifested by a peculiar system; and, finally, he finds the phenomena of sensation and thought manifested by a peculiar system, varying with its structural complexity; he concludes, therefore, that the phenomena depend on—are properties of—the nervous structure.'

Nevertheless, though man is thus reduced to a complicated organism, it is not to be supposed that his actions are necessary. 'When objectors confound the subjection of events to invariable laws with their necessary exemption from modification, they lose sight of the fact that phenomena become susceptible of modification in proportion to their complexity. . . . Gall and Spurzheim have shown how human action depends on the combined operation of several faculties; how exercise develops them; how inactivity wastes them; and how the intellectual faculties, adapted to modify the general conduct of the individual according to the variable exigencies of his situation, may overrule the practical influence of all his other faculties. . . . Cerebral physiology does not affect man's reasonable liberty, or interfere with his improvement by the aid of a wise education.' (Comte.)

This, then, is the Biological theory of human nature, which necessarily precedes Sociology, because the whole social evolution of the race proceeds in accordance with biological laws. Passing now within the limits of Sociology, let us inquire what are the general characteristics of the Positive method, in its application to social phenomena?

The tendency of existing political speculation is to regard social phenomena as indefinite and arbitrary, the action of a capricious human will. At the same time it supposes that these phenomena are very much under the control of rulers; that they admit of unlimited modification by changes of political institutions. From the Positive point of view, social phenomena are the inevitable results of certain natural laws; the laws, manners, industrial achievements, and material condition of society derive their precise character not from the political arrangements of legislators, nor from the volitions of any one or any number of individuals; they are what they are, because they obey a spontaneous impulsion, follow a certain fixed order of development, the laws of which may be discovered. And when these laws are once discovered, the prevision of social becomes equally possible with that of other phenomena; having an equal knowledge of the circumstances, and making similar allowances for perturbing influences. The history of a nation may be predicted with as much certainty as the return of a planet.

Before enumerating any of these laws, M. Comte attempts to fix their peculiar character. He extends the distinction between the *Static* and *Dynamic* aspect of each subject to social phenomena. Just as in Biology we study separately under these two heads, the *organs* and the *functions*, under the names Anatomy and Physiology; so also in Sociology we have to discriminate the inquiry into the conditions of the existence of society (social statics), from the inquiry into the laws of its continuous development (social dynamics); in other words, the theory of order from the theory of progress.

In ordinary political philosophy, social organization is supposed to have one perfect type, suited to all periods and all conditions of civilization, into the mould of which society ought in every case to be forced. On the other hand, it is the master-thought of the new social statics, that the political system is always relative to the existing social state. This truth was indistinctly hinted in the celebrated saying, that manners make the laws. But the Positivist goes further; he asserts that the preponderating forces in society, always spontaneous, assume the direction of society—that political institutions which exist are those which in the nature of things exist inevitably and necessarily. 'For every social power, whether called authority or anything else, is constituted by a corresponding assent, spontaneous or deliberate, explicit or implicit, of various individual wills' (an involuntary assent, of course, by hypothesis of fixed development), 'resolved from preparatory convictions to concur in a certain common action, of which this power is first the organ, and then the regulator. Thus authority is derived from concurrence, and not concurrence from authority (setting aside the necessary reaction); so that no great power can arise otherwise than from the strongly prevalent disposition of the society in which it exists.' In the light of this thought the relations of social statics to political questions becomes plain. 'As all artificial and voluntary order is simply a prolongation of natural and involuntary order, to which human society tends, every rational political institution must rest upon an exact preparatory analysis of corresponding spontaneous tendencies.'

Still pursuing these preparatory considerations, M. Comte teaches that the philosophical principle of Social Dynamics is the principle of *social continuity*, according to which we view each social state as the necessary result of that which preceded it. Here, then, the object of Science is to discover the laws which govern this continuity.

But it will be asked, if social phenomena have this character of necessity, what is the power of man himself over them? What is the use of political institutions? What is the office of the legislator? And to these questions we get the following very definite answer:—

#### 'LIMITS OF POLITICAL ACTION.

'What, then, are the modifications of which the social organism and social life are susceptible, if nothing can alter the laws either of harmony or succession? The answer is, that modifications act upon the intensity and secondary operations of phenomena, but without affecting their nature or their filiation. To suppose that they could would be to exalt the disturbing above the fundamental cause, and would destroy the whole economy of laws. In the political system this principle of Positive philosophy shows that, in a statical view, any possible variations can affect only the intensity of the different tendencies belonging to each social situation, without in any way hindering or producing, or, in a word, changing the nature of those tendencies; and in the same way, in a dynamical view, the progress of the race must be considered susceptible of modification only in regard to its speed, and without any reversal in the order of development, or any interval of any importance being overleaped. . . . In the intellectual order of phenomena, for instance, there is no accidental influences, nor any individual superiority, which can transfer to one period the discoveries reserved for a subsequent age, in the natural course of the human mind; nor

can there be the reverse case of postponement. The history of the Sciences settles the question of the dependence of even the most eminent individual genius on the contemporary state of the human mind; and this is above all remarkable in regard to the improvement of methods of investigation, either in the way of reasoning or of experiment. The same thing happens in regard to the Arts, especially in whatever depends on mechanical means in substitution for human action. And there is not in reality any more room for doubt in the case of moral development, the character of which is certainly determined, in each period, by the corresponding state of the social evolution, whatever may be the modifications caused by education or individual organization. Each of the leading modes of social existence determines for itself a certain system of morals and manners, the common aspect of which is easily recognised in individuals, in the midst of their characteristic differences; for instance, there is a state of human life in which the best individual natures contract a habit of ferocity, from which very inferior natures easily emancipate themselves in a better state of society. The case is the same in a political view, as our historical analysis will hereafter show. . . . . Because political operations, temporal or spiritual, can have no social efficacy but in as far as they are in accordance with the corresponding tendencies of the human mind, they are supposed to have produced what is, in reality, occasioned by a spontaneous evolution, which is less conspicuous and easily overlooked. Such a mistake proceeds in neglect of numerous and marked cases in History, in which the most prodigious political authority has left no lasting traces of its well-sustained development, because it moved in a contrary direction to modern civilization; as in the cases of Julian, of Philip II., of Napoleon Buonaparte, &c. The inverse cases, unhappily too few, are still more decisive; those cases in which political action, sustained by an equally powerful authority, has nevertheless failed in the pursuit of ameliorations that were premature, though in accordance with the social movement of the time. . . . . In politics, as in science, *opportuneness* is always the main condition of all great and durable influence, whatever may be the personal value of the superior man to whom the multitude attribute social action, of which he is merely the fortunate organ. The power of the individual over the race is subject to these general limits, even when the effects, for good or for evil, are as easy as possible to produce.'

Hitherto we have been contemplating Sociology from a distance, as it were. We have been considering what some of the main positions of such a science must necessarily be; what points of view the Positive method must take in its application to social phenomena. M. Comte now lays before us some of its results. And in reporting upon them we shall use his own words as much as possible; sometimes because we have no wish to be held responsible for the vagueness and indistinctness from which his conceptions, owing to their novelty, are not always free; oftener because the passages quoted contain something eminently worthy of attention.

Under the head Social Statics, or Theory of the Spontaneous Order of Human Society, he treats of the conditions of the existence of human society, as they relate to the Individual, to the Family, and to Society.

The life of the Individual is ruled, not by the intellect—the power of calculating results, and deciding on that course of conduct which promises the most valuable results to ourselves, but by instincts. And this fact has a twofold aspect; in the first place, the affective faculties—the instincts common to us with the lower animals, the desires and appetites—predominate over the intellectual; and, in the second, the personal, the selfish instincts, predominate over the social,

the benevolent. The tendency of the individual life is then in opposition to that of the social development, the aim of which is the predominance of the speculative and benevolent instincts, whose organs are situated nearest the frontal region. (And here we are sensible of a contradiction, which M. Comte has not explained away.) But each of these conditions is indispensable. The intellect is subject to an irresistible fatigue, and its activity can only be sustained by the stimulus derived from the needs of the organic, and the commonest needs of the animal life, the organs of which lie at the back of the brain. And the existence of benevolent instincts imply the superior strength of the selfish; for to aim at the public good is to aim at the greatest possible amount of private advantage to every one—that is to say, of gratification to every one's selfish instincts. Being indispensable, it is useless to deplore these conditions; but we may seek to modify their strength. And the same process suffices to modify both, the development by use and exercise, of the intellectual faculties; intellectual action being closely connected with the sympathetic social instincts. For 'all real intellectual development is finally equivalent, in regard to the conduct of life, to a direct augmentation of natural benevolence, both by strengthening man's empire over his passions, and by refining his habitual sense of the reactions occasioned by various social contact.'

In the Family, the lowest form of social life, the Positive method discovers two conditions of order—the subordination of the female sex, and of ages. On the first of these, M. Comte observes, 'We have seen that in the affective life of man the personal instincts overrule the sympathetic or social, which last can and do only modify the direction decided by the first, without becoming the habitual moving powers of practical existence. Here, again, by a comparative examination, we can estimate the happy social position appropriated to the female sex. It is indisputable that women are, in general, as superior to men in a spontaneous expansion of sympathy and sociality, as they are inferior to men in understanding and reason. Their function in the economy of the family, and consequently of society, must therefore be to modify, by the excitement of the social instinct, the general direction necessarily originated by the rough and cold reason which is distinctive of man.'

The third head of our statical analysis brings us to the consideration of Society, as composed of families, and not of individuals, and from a point of view which commands all times and places:—

'If we withdraw ourselves in thought from the social system, and contemplate it as from afar, can we conceive a more marvellous spectacle, in the whole range of natural phenomena, than the regular and constant convergence of an innumerable multitude of human beings, each possessing a distinct, and, in a certain degree, independent existence; and yet incessantly disposed, amidst all their discordance of talent and character, to concur, in many ways, in the same general development, without concert, and even consciousness on the part of most of them, who believe that they are merely following their personal impulses? This reconciliation of the individuality of labour with co-operation of endeavours, which becomes more remarkable as society grows more complex



and extended, constitutes the radical character of human operations when we arise from the domestic to the social point of view. . . . Man can hardly exist in a solitary state: the family can exist in isolation, because it can divide its employments and provide for its wants in a rough kind of way; a spontaneous approximation of families is incessantly exposed to temporary rupture, occasioned by the most trifling incidents. But, when a regular division of employments has spread through any society, the social state begins to acquire a stability and consistency which place it out of danger from particular divergencies. The habit of partial co-operation convinces each family of its close dependence on the rest, and, at the same time, of its own importance, each one being then justified in regarding itself as fulfilling a real public function, more or less indispensable to the general economy, but inseparable from the system as a whole.'

But this division of labour, which thus lies at the foundation of all society, has its inconveniences, in which arises the necessity of government.

'If the separation of social functions develops a useful spirit of detail on the one hand, it tends, on the other, to extinguish or restrict what we may call the aggregate or general spirit. In the same way in moral relations, while each individual is in close dependence on the mass, he is drawn away from it by the expansion of his special activity, constantly recalling him to his private interest, which he but very dimly perceives to be related to the public. The growing speciality of habitual ideas and familiar relations must tend to restrict the understanding more and more, while sharpening it in a certain direction, and to sever more and more the private interest from a public interest, which is for ever growing more and more vague and indirect. . . . If we have been accustomed to deplore the spectacle, among the artisan class, of a workman occupied during his whole life in nothing else but making knife-handles or pins' heads, we may find something quite as lamentable in the intellectual class, in the exclusive employment of a human brain in solving some equations, or in classifying insects. The moral effect is, unhappily, analogous in the two cases. It occasions a miserable indifference about human affairs, as long as there are equations to resolve and pins to manufacture.

'Thus, it appears to me that the social destination of government is to guard against and restrain the fundamental dispersion of ideas, sentiments, and interests, which is the inevitable result of the very principle of human development, and which, if left to itself, would put a stop to social progression in all important respects. Not itself effecting any determinate social progress, it contributes to all that society can achieve, in any direction whatever, and which society could not achieve, without its concentrating and protective care. The very nature of its action indicates that it cannot be material, but also and much more intellectual and moral.'

This closes the analysis of the conditions of order. At the end of this portion of his work M. Comte makes an observation in which we heartily concur:—'My sketch has perhaps been so abstract and condensed, that the conceptions of this chapter may appear obscure at present.'

The 'Theory of the Natural Progress of Human Society' is, that it consists in educing more and more the characteristic faculties of humanity, in comparison with those of animality. The analysis of our social progress proves that though our natural dispositions are necessarily invariable, yet that the highest of them are, compared with the rest, in a state of increasing development, and have a tendency to become the preponderant powers in human existence.

'The development of the individual exhibits to us, in little, both as to time and degree, the chief phases of social development. In both cases the end is to subordinate the satisfaction of the personal instincts to the habitual exercise of the social faculties, subjecting, at the same time, all our passions to rules imposed by an ever-strengthening intelligence, with the view of identifying the individual more and more with the species. In the anatomical view we should say that the process is to give an influence by exercise to the organs of the cerebral systems, increasing in proportion to their distance from the vertebral column, and their nearness to the frontal region. Such is the ideal type which exhibits the course of human development in the individual, and in a higher degree in the species.'

Upon the law of development, which is the great achievement of social dynamics, we shall subsequently have occasion to make a remark.

And now, can the Positivist put his new science to its first practical use, and from the tendencies of modern society, predict the general characteristics of future social phenomena? The science is still in its rudiments, and Mr. Lewes considers the attempt premature; nevertheless, M. Comte has made it. The most distinct and characteristic feature in M. Comte's sketch of the new social order, is the institution of a new speculative authority, distinct from the temporal—something akin in its functions and influence to the old Catholic priesthood. The advent of this body will be entirely spontaneous, since its social sway can arise from nothing else but the voluntary assent of men's minds to the new doctrines successively wrought out. As it must there arise little by little out of its own work, all speculation about the ulterior form of its constitution would be idle and uncertain. We learn, however (in the words of Mr. Lewes), that 'the general principle which determines the separation between the respective attributes of spiritual and temporal power consists in considering the spiritual authority as *decisive* in all that concerns education, whether special or general, and merely *deliberative* in all that concerns action, whether public or private, its habitual interference being only to recall, in every case, the rules of conduct previously established.'

### Prayers and Liturgies for Dissenters.\*

THERE are some excellent persons amongst us who will hardly deem it matter for congratulation that so many aids to family devotion in the

\* 'The New Testament Commentary and Prayer Book; containing an Exposition of the New Testament, with Devotional and Practical Reflections and Prayers, for the use of Families, after the Plan of the Rev. Job Orton, S.T.P.' Edited by the Rev. Joseph Fletcher, of Christchurch. Parts I.—V. London: Tallant and Allen.

'Hints and Examples for an Improved Family Worship on the Liturgical Model. Part I.' By the Rev. W. G. Barrett, of Royston. London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

shape of forms of prayer are being added to the Dissenting literature of the day. They would not, perhaps, object to the use of manuals containing *suggestions* to fathers of families and others who may be called upon to take the leading part in worship, as to the best way of preparing themselves for their *extempore* addresses to the throne of grace. But they are strongly prejudiced against any resort to a precomposed frame of words, and abhor the very name of a liturgy. On the uncompromising hostility of such persons Mr. Barrett, who on his very title-page talks of conforming to 'the liturgical model,' may infallibly count; and he had better at once make up his mind to have the staunchness of his dissent called in question. In their eyes he is already a Churchman *in petto*, only waiting for some favourable opportunity of getting on the blind side of a bishop (if, where *both* sides are blind, such a form of expression be strictly applicable), and procuring ordination in the Establishment. His adhesion to the Religious Liberation Society, from which, perhaps, his censors stand aloof as too *worldly* an organization, will not impose upon *them*. He has written a book of prayers 'on the liturgical model;' *ergo*, they will say he is nothing but a Churchman in a mask. We are not sure that Mr. Fletcher will fare much better at the hands of this class of persons. It is true that he has written a 'History of Independency' which is one of the sturdiest and ablest vindications of its principles ever penned, and that he, too, is on the Council of the aforesaid *ultra* association. But for all that there is no knowing whether, now that he has taken to publishing a Prayer-book, many a head may not be shaken with the sage remark, that there is nothing in it, that extremes meet, and that we shall see—what we shall see.

What these good people, who would never on any account tolerate the use of forms in private worship, are likely to think of the scheme known to be entertained by more than one of our most eminent ministers for their occasional introduction into our public services, we dare not trust ourselves to write. The first Dissenting sanctuary in which the innovation is adopted, will, of course, be known as Ichabod Chapel, unless a still more telling nickname can be found; and the first who shall read the brand-new mass, even if he escape the cutty-stool of the Jenny Deans of Fish-street-hill, will be christened the Rev. Ahithophel Judas.

The indiscriminate objectors to forms of prayer whom we have in view are not very likely to be constant readers of the 'Christian Spectator.' But if any such should chance to light upon these remarks, we, who totally differ from what we honestly conceive to be their narrow and illiberal notions upon the subject, would preface our few sentences of expostulation with them by expressing our unfeigned respect for them as a class. We should be glad to reach their heads through their warm and Christian hearts. Have they ever considered, then, we would ask them, that they are fairly chargeable with an error precisely analogous to that which they so justly censure in Churchmen? For is it more inconsistent with the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free to be slaves to a form, than to be slaves to the absence of it? Is that freedom any worthier of the name which can present none but *extempore* addresses to God, than

that which can present none but liturgical? If the Church of England, by her bondage to the forms of past ages, practically ignores the presence with Christians of the Spirit of grace and supplication in our own days, do you not by your bondage to what you love to call free prayer as good as deny his presence with the Christians of former times? We confess that we do not see how you are to answer the pet argument of Churchmen upon this subject, drawn from the analogy between forms of praise (and prayer too) in verse, (which all, save the Quakers, allow to be lawful,) and forms of prayer in prose. To us who cheerfully allow the *lawfulness* of liturgical forms, but abhor, as heartily as you do, the anti-Christian tyranny which dares to tie down the Lord's freedmen to the use of them, it is easy to refute this sophism. We apprehend, too, that we are in the true Puritan succession in this matter. It was against the *imposition* of forms that our wisest fathers protested so earnestly, and, accordingly, against their *abuse*, not against their *use*.

With respect to the employment of forms in family devotion we think most, if not all Christians, who object to them would waive their opposition would they but duly consider two things. The first of these is, the immense blessing which the universal erection of a family altar in every Christian household would be to the Church and to the world. We all know how far we are from this happy consummation as yet. With all our sermonizing, essaying, magazine-writing, &c., there are vast multitudes of professedly Christian men amongst us who habitually neglect their duty in this respect, and who cannot be induced by all our persuasions to lead the devotions of the little flocks under their own roof-trees, over which God has made them overseers. And yet 'the church in the house' is the type and root of social Christianity everywhere. What we call 'churches,' when we speak of them as local congregations of faithful men, with their bishops and deacons, are nothing but enlarged Christian families; and, properly speaking, Christianity has not, as yet, and was not intended by its Author, for the present, at least, to transcend the sphere of the family, in this wider sense. The State is not hallowed by furnishing Pagan institutions and usages with Christian names; and if the State is ever to become Christian, we may be sure that it will be a state of God's own creation, such as was the Jewish theocracy, not one of the baptised heathendoms which, with such ridiculous self-complacency, have, for fifteen centuries past, voted themselves to be the legitimate heirs of David's kingdom. Meanwhile, all are agreed that the family is antecedent to the State, and that it is out of the former that the latter must spring. All, then, may zealously unite in promoting the practical acknowledgment of God by the establishment of family worship in every Christian household. But this grand object can never be attained (and this is the second thing which those who scruple at the use of forms should ponder), until the unreasonable prejudice against one Christian's pouring out his own heart before God in the words of a brother Christian shall be laid aside. How absurd this prejudice is, is obvious from the fact, that all save ministers actually engaged in an *extempore* address to God, do in every act of public worship (unless where that worship is silent, as is sometimes the case in

a Quaker assembly) thus commune with God in the language of another. But this prejudice is worse than absurd. Its effect in discouraging the practice of family prayer is disastrous in the extreme. For how many pious heads of households are there who must either use a form, or give up all thoughts of this beautiful and beneficial custom altogether. It is no use to tell such persons that they *ought* to be able to express their pious desires in suitable language of their own in the presence of their wives, children, and dependents. They will feel, in spite of all your preaching, that God requires of a man according to that which he hath, and not according to that which he hath not; and whatever other excellent endowments they may have received from the Father of Lights, they know that this gift has been withheld from them. Hence, to debar them of the use of a form is simply to heathenize their families to that extent.

We hail, therefore, the appearance of suitable manuals of family devotion like those before us. Both are incomplete as yet, but have already given sufficient promise to merit public attention. Mr. Barrett's 'Hints' are, for the most part, very judicious, and are evidently the result of much serious thinking, and of long experience. His 'Examples' furnish services for a week. There is a portion of Scripture, a hymn, and a prayer, given for the morning and evening of each day. In some cases the lesson is a kind of cento, in which passages from the Old Testament are blended with those of the New, and not always in the most felicitous manner. To this practice we confess we have strong objections. The hymns are very beautiful, and are selected with a great deal of taste. We observe Mr. Binney's name attached to one, side by side with one of Keble's exquisite gems of sacred poetry. We confess we rather like the catholicity implied in this somewhat startling juxtaposition. The composition of the prayers is exceedingly chaste; and a spirit of earnest piety breathes through them. At intervals there are responses to be said by the family, for whose *vidæ vocæ* participation in the sacred exercise provision is thus made. This, to our minds, is the most admirable feature of the book. It stamps it with character. It is, we believe, a new idea—at least in Dissenting circles—thus to enlist the voices as well as the hearts of the members, in addition to those of the head of the family, in the solemn address to God. We are sure, too, that it is an idea which must commend itself at once to the good sense and piety of our readers. We think they would do well to make themselves better acquainted with Mr. Barrett's little *brochure*, the sterling merits of which must not be judged of by its moderate size and price.

Mr. Fletcher's work is of far larger compass and higher pretensions. Its importance, as likely to become quite a standard work of its class, forbids our noticing it cursorily, and we therefore for the present postpone our criticisms upon it, and content ourselves with merely registering its appearance, and wishing it all success.

## What, how, and whom, the Arts Teach.

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IN addition to the specimens of art which the Crystal Palace already possesses we will suppose that in time it will add to its present stores samples to exemplify the peculiarities of other schools, and specimens of almost every master. Let us imagine such a time already arrived, and that the Sydenham halls are the richest stores of art in Great Britain, for it is only by such an artistic assemblage of perfect models that the test can be fairly applied to their teaching power. And in order to give satisfactory proof of the extent to which the arts can operate as a teaching power, we ought to subject to their influence several minds which had received instruction from no other source; but as it would be impossible to find such minds, we must be content with such as we can get.

It seems to be received by every one, in all parts of society, that a nation without the fine arts can never arrive at a high state of civilization; that they are suggestive of all conceivable improvements beyond a certain stage of civil progress; and that, in short, their elevating influence lies in their teaching power. Put these three questions to any competent auditory of her Majesty's subjects, and you will get an affirmative answer, in some form or other, from certainly every large majority. The minority would doubt one or other of the three propositions implied in the first sentence of this paragraph. A portion of it would dissent without being able to give its reason; some would merely doubt from insufficient consideration of the subject; and perhaps the most thoughtful portion of the minority would altogether demur to the doctrine of receiving the fine arts as competent moral teachers of mankind. In this minority we have a place, and proceed to give our reasons, which we are aware are contrary to those of all artists and amateurs, and perhaps of that vast miscellaneous body of intelligent persons who have admitted the maxim without sufficient reflection.

We must premise that there is a great difference between what we properly call the Fine Arts—which appear to us to consist of drawing, painting, sculpture, music, and engraving—and those other more necessary arts of life called architecture, furniture, dress, and fashion, with their dependent crafts, &c. The latter do, doubtless, exert a great influence both on the understanding, the feelings, and the manners of all. They may be subject to very ill-directed influences, or converted to bad uses; but, in general, we should admit that their effect on the common mind must be beneficial. To such arts society owes much of its spirit of progression; and as it is impossible to conceive of it without their existence, so it is difficult to imagine what it would be without their influence. It is, perhaps, difficult to conceive of a nation possessing the useful arts in a high state, but destitute of those to which we very indefinitely apply the term 'fine,' from the want of a better, as it is certain that such a nation could not be found in ancient Egypt, as the temples, the antiquities, and even paintings,

of that country, prove that the fine arts coexisted with the useful ones. Nor can we discover such a nation either among the old Ninevites or the Babylonians, nor yet among the older Persians and the Medes, nor, indeed, in the remotest forms known to us of Chinese or of Indian society. Whether such a peculiar state of society existed among any of those numerous extinct nations that were swept off the earth, with their cities, their monuments, their antiquities, and their language, by some of the above ravagers, or by the later Greeks and Romans, we have no means of determining, but we should hardly imagine that any people ever adhered so tenaciously to the *utile* as to neglect the *dulce* altogether. There are not many things that we can predicate of nations with whose history we are entirely unacquainted, so confidently as that the useful and the fine arts must always have had coexistence, because they arise from different feelings in the human mind—the useful arts proceeding either from the wish to save labour, to acquire money, or to obtain fame, while the fine arts would arise from a conception of the symbolic laws with material forms—from a desire to perpetuate the features of those we love or abhor, in painting or in sculpture—or even from a wish to embody the celestial idealities with which mankind have always had more or less acquaintance, as well as from the more general admiration of the beautiful.

Nor can it be affirmed, with any tolerable approximation to veracity, that the useful and the fine arts have always been found proportionately coexistent. We should cite as a remarkable proof to the contrary, the non-inventive genius of the Greeks, whose artistic development seems, by universal consent, to have exceeded the attainment of the human race. Had the Hellenic race possessed a better knowledge of perspective, of chiaroscuro, and of colouring, and been also in possession of that great mass of biblical facts which are so charmingly adapted to pictorial art, we are of opinion that Greek painting would have attained a sororal celebrity to its sculpture, and that all subsequent nations would have been confounded with the inexplicable perfection of the Grecian fine arts, as they are now at its architecture, sculpture, and gems. We hear, however, little of the progress of the useful arts among this same people, and that from the fact that the lovely climate of the Greek islands tempted their population to pass the most of their time out of doors, as well as from the want of a scientific impulse among the people at large, and a practical turn being given to the study of mathematics. The inventions bequeathed to us by the Romans and Greeks were hereditary arts, which those nations for the most part received from the older people of the East. In short, it would appear that the useful and the ornamental arts have seldom coexisted in a high state among the same people. The Romaic race seems to have been productive of the fine arts not only among its own cities, but to have been the originating and inspiring causes of that marvellous outburst of Italian art which we all love to contemplate, while it is equally evident that the Germanic tribes, and especially the Anglo-Saxon portion of them, have been, with their better powers of drawing

and perspective, never able to compete with the Greeks in ideal arts, though they have far exceeded them in the discovery of the useful ones.

Meantime, every school of artists has always advanced the claim, and society in general has conceded it, that the fine arts are deserving of general support because they not only improve the public taste, but that they impart an amount of moral instruction to the public which none of the other symbolic systems can command. Let us, then, examine into the truth of this widely-extended opinion and assertion, whether the teachings of art are comparable to those of revelation, of science, or of genuine history; and whether, in truth, the metaphysical theory of love and mind represented by Raphael in his immortal series of 'Psyche'—or the biography of Mary de Medicis, so voluptuously developed in the serial paintings of Rubens—will bear comparison with three or four pages in some such a metaphysical treatise as that of Para, or with two or three pages from any good encyclopædia? We need not debate on the pictures of the Italian master, they are known through the engravings to any one familiar with art; and as well known, through the engravings of the Louvre, are those of Rubens. We will admit them to be, as artistic productions, all that their several admirers demand to have believed respecting them, and we will further admit that the student of these two sets of splendid artistic works has given adequate study to master them, and has the *total ensemble* ever in his mind. Such a student is a better specimen of the arts than most of their admirers, but it is our opinion that even to that student the amount of actual instruction that he receives from these paintings is diminutively small. Or let us take one of the most popular subjects of painting, the Holy Family, and examine how it has been handled by some of the most eminent of the pre-Raphaelites, or by Sanzio and M. A. Buonarrotti themselves; or, if it were preferred, we would choose any of the more severe idealists of the schools of art; we shall find that this subject, while it has been painted hundreds of thousands of times, is confined to a few *unhistoric* ideas, some of which are probable enough, but the great bulk of those ideas are such as would only have been added to the simple nativity of Scripture, by artists who had witnessed the grander outbreaks of Christianity in subsequent years. Is it pretended to call that artistic teaching which the painter exhibits when he shows a dark cavern half filled with astonished or delighted angels, or with bewildered and imaginative men?—or when the journey to Egypt becomes the theme of the pencil, which, of all the fantastic exhibitions of painting either concerning the journey itself, or of incidents of the repose, or of the sojourn in the land of the Egyptians, is to be regarded as truth? We may be told that the arts do not so much exhibit what real life is, as what it should be; or that facts in the hands of the metamorphosist painter are converted into ideals for the purpose of inspiring men. That may be, but is that teaching—and in what sense? Even when art chooses a subject that comes more within the region of history, it rather appears to be the design of the artist to give his subject forth



with as much of the aspect of novelty, and with as little of the dry historic, as possible. Say, for instance, the visit made by the shepherds to the village of Bethlehem; can any one make us believe that scenes occurred there at that time at all analogous to the representations of the painter? Look at Raphael's and Rubens' Adoration of the Shepherds, and you will find the shepherds exhibiting the finest heads and faces within the knowledge of the artists, and commanding attributes as far above the rank of even Oriental shepherds as possible—while, if you choose the same subject by Paolo Veronese, you find yourself smothered with gorgeous clothing, and the most exquisitely beautiful forms that could be picked out of a Roman carnival. Or if we pass on to the miracles of Christ and the apostles, shall we find, in the healing of the blind, the demoniacs, or the sick, any additional instruction imparted to the beholder beyond that which is contained in the Scriptural history? We think not; and, as painting only represents the action of one specific instant in the miracle, we lose all the rest of the record, so far as the art-teaching is concerned. The more vivid teaching implied in these instances, in which the painter has developed all the circumstances of the moment, may be more impressive, but it does not follow that such developments are, in themselves, or will be received by the beholder, as the natural concomitants of the miracle. If they are such in reality, it is because they are contained in the sacred record, and only require to be thought out; but if they are manifestly departures from the laws of probability, as too many works of art are, then what becomes of the value of their instruction when the points which the painter makes most impressive are confessed to be unhistoric?

We do not deny that good works of art become prompt means of impression; but when the scene exhibited is neither true to the sacred record nor probable in itself, this power of impression is rather more adapted to fasten a false commentary on the mind of the student than to enable him to understand the history itself. Let us choose, for instance, our Lord's conversation with the Pharisees on the question of the tribute-money, we shall find that the artist gives to Christ as much of the air of the divine philosopher as it is in his power; he then selects Jewish faces of marked contrast, to give embodiment to the other characters of the scene; and introduces two or three common countenances to throw the more significance into the leading heads. The rigid artist, perhaps, represents the fact as occurring in a narrow, dingy house; the Milanese school would portray the affair occurring in the midst of ecclesiastical architecture; while the Venetian painters would exhibit the incident as taking place in a magnificent portico, filled with twisted columns and decorated entablatures, and would give to all the actors the garments and manners of Italian gentry. Now which of these various representations is to be chosen as the fitting artistic exponent of the anecdote in the life of Christ? One artist will say, choose the best work of art, and trust on that account to its being the nearest exhibition of the particulars; while another would exclaim, choose all the works on the subject that you

can find, and select the most probable attributes from each. True, but who is to be the guide to direct our choice? Our own common sense, the artist himself, or the sacred record alone? If painters would carefully keep to the record, and admit nothing but what it gives authority to introduce, there would be much less difficulty; but as some often give us a mixture of Jewish customs, with others of Greek, of Italian, or some of modern nations, and clothe part of their characters in the more voluptuous style of the Persians, and leave some of them in a state of nudity, the most unnatural of all the states of man in civilized life, we are, rather *from this view alone*, likely to conclude that the arts were the greatest difficulties in the way of our understanding inspired history.

These difficulties become the greater when the fact represented lies far out of the ordinary beat of human occurrence, as the transfiguration of the Saviour and the cure of the demoniac boy. We do not mention these events as of the same class, but simply because from the anachronism of Raphael in combining two events in the same moment that only happened on successive days, he has led artistic people into the belief of this synchronous character, though the evangelic narrative forbids our conclusion that the events happened at the same period. We have the less objection to the upper part of Raphael's compositions, because we consider that the artist has shown more consummate skill in its management, excluding every person that the Biblical history does not mention, and wisely choosing a moment when the supernatural lustre was supposed to be gone from the celestial trio, that seemed at the same instant to be fluttering in mid-air. Whether, as it is said by some, that Raphael borrowed the ideas of Moses and Elijah from older artists in Italy, we do not know; but even though he did, his act of plagiarism diminishes nothing from the perfection of his work. Even, however, in that all but perfect piece of the arts which the taste of the past three centuries has approved, who is to assure us that Christ ever sustained that apparent floating superiority to the great legislator of the Jews, and their noblest prophet; or that these two men carried with them the symbols of their respective calling from heaven to earth; or that, in short, either the countenances of the three are faithfully represented, and that the rapt and bewildered figures of the three apostles are actually embodied? Some artists may pooh-pooh all this as hypercriticism, but we beg their pardon, and remind them that if the actual occurrences of the transfiguration are not faithfully represented by Raphael, that his picture—aye even his last—fails to teach us, because it is not the transfiguration of Christ, but a marvellously fine approximation to it, yet distinct from the reality as the abodes of the blessed are from the caves of the damned. If, then, so many difficult points have to be overcome before we can admit even the most glorious efforts of Raphael's pencil to be an adequate moral teacher even of the history which it professes to embody, how much greater would be the difficulty were we to descend to some of the productions of the Dutch wits; or those of Sebastian del Piombo. As to the nether part of

Raphael's transfiguration, which is generally considered the most inferior part of the picture, abating the facts that it violates the order of time, we admit that the characters are all of the finest conception; but then we have to ask our supposed moral teacher who is to assure us that the figure of the demoniac boy is properly represented; that the callous and half-weary faith of the father is adequately described; and that, in short, we wish to know whether the group, the persons, and no other are represented in this picture than the history warrants us to believe?

Let us examine, while we are on this subject, how far the greatest work by Michael Angelo Buonarotti, his Universal Judgment, is likely to act as a teacher? All that have seen that prodigious emanation of his genius have combined to praise it; its terrific and overpowering display of excited muscle, the heroic forms that he has introduced into his picture disporting themselves in undefinable agony, and in the most tortuous attitudes; women of superhuman energy, and a world of nude and half-demigod men figuring in the most ecstatic postures of overwrought wonder, the blessed stern in their salvated state, and the wicked symbolically exhibited as already tortured by the effects of their passion. While the Judge, more like a gigantic Draco than a beneficent and pure being, seems to be descending to annihilate his mortal creatures, and rather bent on stunning them with displays of his power and vengeance, than expounding before the assembled world specimens of his mild wisdom, and of his benevolent mercy. One can more readily agree to the eulogy of the genius of the painter than we can concur in the opinion, that whatever may be said of the touching power of Raphael's pictures, or of the Holy Family and the sculptured monument of Lorenzo de Medici by Michael Angelo, that his Last Judgment has ever operated as a medium of moral instruction to mankind. The artist clearly never designed to exhibit moral lessons in his grand outbirth of gigantic figures, but to leave to all Italy a prominent proof of the all-comprehensive energy of the artist who could point out from his pencil a stream of majestic forms representing all the most distinguished mortals that have ever trodden our globe; and that the artist was a man of like passions with ourselves, placing his enemies in some conspicuous place among the damned, and elevating, without consideration of their character, to the ranks of the beatified, his friends. This Ajax of the pallet seemed to pant while he was working for more room, and never to be at a loss for suitable characters, according to his type, to fill it. It may be well to have had such a painter, with the countenance of the pope to give him emphasis in the sight of the nations; but now that we have the works of this mightiest master of either pencil or chisel, we feel the sadness, that so far as teaching mankind any important moral lessons was concerned, his labours were all lost. The arts may never possess another M.A. Buonarotti, but his works can never be quoted amongst those that have much instructed the human race.

The difficulty of making the works of art serve the purposes of moral instruction will further appear when we have to deal with the

divine element in the human character, as Christ in the garden of Gethsemane. Of all the artists that have endeavoured to embody this event, Correggio seems, by universal consent, to have best succeeded. Other painters may have thrown more life into the apostolic group, or have brought out the landscape with more propriety. Carlo Dolce may by many be thought to have imparted to the face of Jesus an expression of more divine passiveness and repressive wisdom. But no one seems, by general taste, to have so completely won the verdict of the public as Correggio; and yet even his exquisitely-beautiful work wants the main qualification to become a teacher of the human race. Can we conceive readily that the posture of Christ would be such as the painter has exhibited it? Or can we believe that the angel would at any moment be actually melting down, so to speak, between the darkness and the light? Not to mention the cup, or the darkness of the scene, there are other qualities which the painter might artistically have introduced, and some that he has employed he might with profit have kept back. Still, however, the question returns to us, how is this beautiful work of art to become a faithful instructor if it do not adequately represent the occurrences? It may approximate to the reality; but no approximation will suffice; we must have the reality, or we want everything. This and similar objections would hold against the artistic representations of the temptations of Christ. Assuming, as we do, and as we imagine most artists assume, that this event was a veritable historic fact, and neither a vision nor a symbolic representation, we ask, how is it possible for any pencil to exhibit Satan in his approach to the Saviour, who, having fasted forty days and forty nights, was evidently in a spiritual state? The transfigurative qualities that humanity contains have been illustrated in the history of Christ, and he may on this occasion have assumed a glorified state from his higher and purer converse with Heaven. But even if Christ only maintained his ordinary human appearance, and Satan only appeared as an ordinary man, what artist can pretend to exhibit the realities of the occasion? The 'view of the kingdoms of the world,' the sight of the temple turrets, as well as the last scene of all, are events utterly beyond the reach of mortal imagination. And if the painter cannot really portray the scene, he cannot become the teacher of men from the historic event.

*(To be continued.)*

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## The Rulers of the Primitive Church.

### LATER CYCLE.

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#### CORNELIUS, PRELATE OF ROME.

CORNELIUS is principally known in ecclesiastical history as the Roman prelate under whom the important separation of Novatian from the so-called Catholic Church took place, which soon spread from the capital

of the empire throughout the whole of Christendom, setting up, to use the phrase of the times, altar against altar, and bishop against bishop, in every city. We derive our knowledge of his character mainly from his own self-delineation in his letters, a couple of which, together with considerable fragments of a third, have come down to us. They mark him out as a man whose hierarchical pride and stiff ecclesiasticism were admirably calculated to breed the schism against which he so vehemently declaims.

An entire generation had passed away since Callistus sat in the chair which already began to be styled that of Peter. The powerful protest of Hippolytus against the lax principles of discipline introduced by Callistus, appears to have proved ineffectual, whatever may have been the result of his opposition to that protean prelate's doctrinal teaching. During the interval the progress of that moral degeneracy which could not fail to be the issue of such a carnal policy, more intent upon numbers than upon the purity of the Church, must have been alarmingly rapid. On the other hand, the growth of the evil within the Roman Christian community was little, if at all, checked by that sifting of the precious from the vile, which is one of the bitter but salutary uses of persecution from without. It is true that the successor of Alexander Severus, the coarse Thracian soldier, Maximin, drew the sword against the new religion, but the stroke fell almost wholly upon the clergy. The words of Eusebius are, that 'influenced with hatred against the whole house of Alexander, consisting of many believers, he raised a persecution, and commanded, at first, that only the heads of the churches should be slain as the abettors and agents of heretical truth.' By his expression 'at first' the historian would seem to imply that afterwards the persecution became more general, and embraced the laity as well. But there are very few traces of this, although it is possible that here and there some private Christians may have suffered. Maximin reigned only three years, and was succeeded in A.D. 238 by Gordian, under whom the Christians were allowed to live in peace. On his assassination by Philip the Arabian, A.D. 244, who thus gained possession of the throne, they enjoyed a further respite during the whole of his reign. Indeed, on the strength of a story that he desired to take part in the worship of the church at Antioch, and that after being firmly repulsed by its prelate Babylas, until he should have manifested repentance for the deed of blood which obtained for him the purple, he complied with the demand, Eusebius, in his *Chronicle*, expressly styles him the first Christian emperor. The tale is probably somewhat exaggerated, and there are several versions of it which are so discordant as to excite suspicions of its truth. But a casual expression of the contemporary bishop, Dionysius of Alexandria, where he speaks of 'emperors openly said to be Christian,' by whom only Alexander Severus and Philip can be meant, shows that it must have had some foundation in fact.

But when Decius had mounted the throne (Sept. A.D. 249), the time of fiery trial came to prove the work of Callistus, of what sort it was. This stern prince, during his happily brief reign of only two

years, not only subjected those who refused to sacrifice to the idols to loss of property and of liberty, but also proceeded ere long to shed torrents of Christian blood in all parts of the empire. After a very brief interruption upon his death (Oct. A.D. 251), the persecution was renewed during the eighteen months' reign of his successor, Gallus, so that the sufferers were wont to recognise in that awful period 'the time, times, and half a time,' of the dominion of the beast in the Apocalypse. The design was now no doubt distinctly entertained of wholly extirpating Christianity, by a war of extermination against its professors. In A.D. 250 strict search was ordered to be made for all suspected of disaffection towards the State-religion, who were at once required to conform. In case of refusal, they were to be first threatened, and afterwards tortured, even to death. Such was the storm which burst upon the heads of a generation of Christians which had begun to look upon persecution as a thing of the past, and, besides, had been so ill-prepared for the struggle by their spiritual guides.

There is too much reason to fear that throughout the whole of Christendom there was brought to light, along with some brilliant triumphs of faith, an appalling amount of apostasy. For a general corruption of faith, polity, and life, had been gaining ground in most of the churches, although Rome had certainly set the example of departure from the primitive standard, and may be regarded as the focus of the spreading leprosy. Hence, when 'the long peace,' as Cyprian styles the halcyon time which preceded the Decian tempest, was at an end, crowds of nominal and fair-weather Christians openly deserted to the heathen, 'without even waiting for the conflict,' as the same church-father bitterly complains. To reduce the rest who withstood the first menaces of the civil power, and refused to obey the original edict, a day was appointed, within which all the Christians belonging to any place in which the new and severer decree was being carried into execution, were to appear before the magistrate and burn incense to the idols, on pain of torture, and even, in certain cases, of death. Many wisely availed themselves of the brief interval which elapsed between the publication of the law and the dreaded day of decision, and took to flight, according to the command of our Lord, 'If they persecute you in one city, flee ye to another.' Even in this case, however, they were compelled to submit to the forfeiture of their goods, and to instant death should they venture to return. Hence, many more of the members of the proscribed sect, unwilling to suffer this loss, and hoping for some favourable turn of the tide, rashly resolved to face the danger. At the time fixed, the examination began. Those who stood firm and confessed their faith were thrown into prison, where they were subjected to the most exquisite torments to induce them to recant, and were often well-nigh starved. Many of the governors of provinces, most of them to gratify their avarice, and a few perhaps from motives of humanity, showed themselves not unwilling to issue false certificates of compliance with the terms of the edict. These, partly owing to the ignorance and partly to the

cowardice of the Christians, met with a ready sale; although the better portion of the Church was not backward to denounce this unworthy method of evading the obligation to confess Christ as a tacit abjuration. In other provinces, as in Egypt for instance, no such door of escape was open, owing to the fanatical character of the magistracy. And then, as the bishop Dionysius of Alexandria acknowledges was the case in his own city, the large numbers of pale and trembling sacrificers became a laughing-stock to the heathen. Amongst them even an Origen, alas! was to be found. At Carthage it does not seem to have been much better, if we may believe its contemporary bishop, Cyprian. Clergy and laity alike fall by troops at a time. He speaks of the thousands of the fallen Christians of Africa, who each day obtained from their more steadfast brethren, the confessors, those tickets of communion which these persons, according to an old custom, asserted their right to grant. He refers to the contagion of apostasy as having infected much the largest portion of his own flock. Doubtless he also tells of instances of the noblest steadfastness under the sharpest sufferings which the ingenuity of the pagans could inflict; and similar moral triumphs were won in Egypt likewise, and in many other parts of the world. Rome, too, with which church we are now more immediately concerned, produced its martyrs and confessors in this persecution—spiritual heroes, who were amongst the bravest of the brave. Such were those who forwarded to Cyprian, in the hottest hour of the conflict, the epistle whence the following extracts are taken, which, on the other hand, give such a gloomy picture of the general defection not only in their own community, but throughout Christendom at large. The superscription of the letter is:—‘To the father\* Cyprian, the presbyters Moses and Maximus, and the deacons Nicostratus and Ruffinus, and the rest of the confessors who are with them, greeting.’ It was written from their prison, as we learn from the opening sentences, which we quote. ‘Amidst the diversified and multiplied grief appointed to us, brother, which we suffer by reason of the present downfall of many throughout nearly the whole world, this is one of the chief consolations afforded us, that by the receipt of your letter we were lifted up again, and found some assuagement of the sorrows of our afflicted minds. Whence we are already able to scan the grace of Divine Providence, and to see that God, perhaps, has willed that we should be thus long confined in the chains of our prison for no other cause save this, that being instructed, and made more robust in mind by means of your letters, we may arrive at the destined crown with a readier desire. For thy letter has brightened us up, like fair weather in a storm, or a calm so desired in a troubled sea, and like rest after toils; as health in perils and pains, as shining and refulgent light amidst the thickest shades. Thus with thirsty minds have we drunk in thy communications, and have grasped them with hungry desire; so that we rejoice ourselves in prospect of the

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\* In the Latin it is ‘papa,’ the word for ‘pope,’ which was at this period a title common to all bishops, and was not restricted in its signification, so as to denote only the bishop of Rome, until long afterwards.

contest with the enemy, having fed off them to our heart's content, and being now fattened for the sacrifice. The Lord will render thee a reward for this thy love, and will not withhold the wages suitable to so good a work.' The only other passage which we shall cite is still more painfully explicit as to the great amount of unfaithfulness to Christ which the Decian persecution revealed. At the same time it brings before us the great practical problem which distracted the Church at that day, their different views as to the right solution of which occasioned the great split between Cornelius and Novatian, viz., what was to be done with the lapsed Christians who desired to be restored to communion? Cyprian, it seems, was highly indignant that certain presbyters of his own church, falling back upon the now obsolescent principle of their parity in dignity with the bishop, had presumed, without, and against his consent, to restore some of the lapsed to fellowship. Of this he had spoken in his letter to the Roman confessors, who thus refer to this part of his epistle:—'We perceive,' they say, 'that you have rebuked with due censure, and deservedly, those who, forgetful of their crimes, had extorted communion from the presbyters with overhasty and headlong eagerness during your absence from your flock; and those presbyters themselves also, who, without respect to the gospel, had, with profane facility, given the holy thing of the Lord to dogs, and pearls to swine; whereas so great a crime, and one which has spread through well nigh the whole world its incredible ravages, ought not to be determined on in any other way than as you yourself write—*i.e.*, with caution and moderation, after consulting all the bishops, presbyters, deacons, confessors, and the laity themselves, who have proved steadfast amidst the storm, as you yourself also bear witness in your letter; lest in our anxiety to come to the help of wrecks we should turn out to be only causing other and greater wrecks. For what room will be left for the fear of God, if forgiveness should be accorded to sinners on such easy terms? It is true that their minds should be affectionately nurtured, and fortified against the time when they shall be ripe for quitting themselves like men; they are to be instructed also out of the holy Scriptures how heinous a sin, and worse than all other sins, they have committed. Nor let them be encouraged in that they are many, but rather let them be brought low so much the more on this account, that they are not few in number. The shameless number of sinners is not wont to serve as an extenuation of their crime, but modesty, patience, submission to discipline, humility, and subjection; the looking for the determination of another upon one's self; and the yielding to another's sentence upon one's own act.'

Respecting the origin and circumstances of the quarrel between Cornelius and his presbyter Novatian, who afterwards assumed to be the true bishop of Rome, in opposition to his former chief, it is perhaps impossible, owing to the conflicting character of the accounts transmitted to our times, to form a correct idea. Cornelius seems to have been raised to the episcopate about the beginning of the year A.D. 251, after the chair had been vacant for some time, in conse-



quence of the violence of the persecution. The current tradition of the Roman Church is, that this vacancy of the see lasted upwards of a year, and the immediate predecessor of Cornelius is always reckoned to have been Fabianus. There is, however, some reason to question the accuracy of this representation, which has been too easily acquiesced in by historians. A document, which they have shown a strange unanimity in overlooking, but which, in the almost total lack of Novatianist records by which to check the statements of the Catholic faction, is peculiarly deserving of attention, gives quite a different account. This is the 'Martyrium Novatiani,' or story of Novatian's confessing Christ in the Decian persecution—a piece which seems to have circulated amongst his sect with authority, and which Eulogius, patriarch of Alexandria at the close of the sixth century, undertook to refute in his work against them. Photius has abridged this book of Eulogius, and it is through this abstract only that we get any knowledge of the 'Martyrium.' Eulogius has certainly not performed his task of destroying its credibility; for the chief argument which he alleges against it—viz., that it mentions no tortures to which Novatian was subjected—is strongly in favour of its genuineness. Now this document affirms that a pope of Rome, whom it names Macedonius, and who must have sat between Fabianus and Cornelius (where there is actually a gap in the tradition ready to receive him), together with every one of the presbyters of the Romish Church (nine in number), with the exception of Novatian himself, burnt incense to the idols, in obedience to the decree of Decius. What very much confirms the suspicion that there must be some truth in this story, is the circumstance that Cyprian also speaks of a prelate Trophimus, and who, according to the connexion of the passage, must have sat at Rome, as having been guilty of sacrificing to the gods at this very point of time. He, too, like the Novatianist document, traces the rise of this schism to this shameful act of apostasy, and to the difference of judgment which manifested itself in the Roman Church as to how it should be dealt with. For about the middle of A.D. 251, and very soon after the elevation of Cornelius to the chair of Peter, a synod of sixty prelates was held at Rome. Perhaps we should rather say, that the deposition of the unworthy pastor, and the filling up of the vacancy, were the occasion of this great ecclesiastical assembly. Novatian was deeply scandalized at the decision come to to receive Trophimus or Macedonius (for these must surely be only two names of one and the same person) into the fellowship of the church, although only as a layman. He was the more indignant at this determination because—as Cyprian, in a letter breathing the bitterest hostility against Novatian's party, fully admits—it was avowedly taken for the sake of retaining the wretched man's numerous followers. The Catholics were always wont to assert that Novatian's real cause of offence was the overlooking his claims to the episcopate, and the election of Cornelius in his stead. But this reproach was so commonly cast in the teeth of every heresiarch by the dominant party, that it is entitled to no consideration whatever. Nova-

tian was naturally not fond of the active life demanded of a bishop of Rome, but was rather, before this controversy roused his spirit, a bookish and ascetic recluse, quietly engaged in sacred studies, some of the fruits of which have reached us in an admirable treatise on the doctrine of the Trinity, written before his secession. That views like his should have come to be entertained by an earnest Christian theologian amid scenes of such frightful defection as those of which Novatian had been a daily eye-witness is easily explained, without resorting to that stale invention of hierarchical spite, that the author of them was a disappointed and envious man, who must needs soothe his wounded vanity and ambition by rending Christendom in twain. His system, extreme as it was, was a natural reaction from that lax policy which Callistus had brought into fashion at Rome, whence it had spread far and wide, and the disastrous effects of which were now palpable enough.

Holding to the now generally-received distinction between mortal and venial sins, Novatian maintained, that although professing Christians guilty of the former—such as idolatry and adultery, the commission of which argued an utter lack, or at least a total eclipse, of vital Christianity—should be exhorted to repentance, and encouraged to hope for the Divine forgiveness; yet that the Church has no scriptural warrant to restore to her communion those who had so grossly violated their baptismal pledges. He further asserted, that she herself forfeits her existence by tolerating such offenders within her pale. Hence, accompanied by five presbyters, he withdrew from the community of which Cornelius, the champion of the opposite views, had been chosen head; allowed himself to be consecrated prelate of Rome in his stead; and exerted himself to the utmost to found rival communities to those of the Catholic party in all quarters of the world. Although, however, Fabius of Antioch, Marcianus of Arles, and other prelates, favoured his stringent and rigid principles—which, indeed, had long been current in the Church, side by side with the more liberal opinion—yet the great majority sided with Cyprian and Cornelius, who, the one in Africa, and the other in Rome and Italy, were the soul of the great league of prelates, which banded together to suppress this dangerous revolt. Of the spirit and temper in which Cornelius in particular carried on the holy war, some idea may be formed from the extant remains of his correspondence. The following is the letter which he addressed to his brother prelate at Carthage on occasion of the success of his intrigues to detach from the party of Novatian five influential confessors:—

‘Cornelius to his brother Cyprian wishes health.—In proportion to the great pain and anxiety with which we were oppressed, on account of those confessors, who had been circumvented and well-nigh taken in and alienated from the Church by the cunning craftiness and malice of that subtle fellow and old knave (*viz.*, Novatian), was the greatness of the joy which we felt, and with which we gave thanks both to Almighty God and to Christ our Lord, when they, aware of their error, and having come to understand the poisoned and serpent-like wiles of that bad man, came over to the Church, whence they had gone out, and that with single-minded earnestness of purpose, as they themselves profess from their

hearts. And at first, indeed, brethren of ours, of approved fidelity, lovers of peace, and well-wishers to the cause of unity, already brought the tidings that that old grudge of these confessors was softened down; nevertheless, the evidence was not of such a nature that it was given us easily to believe that they were thoroughly changed. But afterwards, the confessors Urbanus and Sidonius came to our presbyters, and affirmed that the confessor and presbyter Maximus desired to return along with themselves to the Church. But since many things bearing their signatures had preceded, the nature of which you also have been made acquainted with by our fellow-bishops and by my correspondence, so that confidence was not rashly to be reposed in them, it was resolved that we should hear from their own mouth and confession those things which they had communicated by their deputation. Who, when they had arrived, and had been taxed by our presbyters with those things which they had done, and especially that, very lately, numerous letters, full of calumnies and evil-speaking, had been sent in their names through all the churches, and had troubled well-nigh all the churches, they affirmed that they had been circumvented, and that they had known nothing of the contents of those letters, and only admitted that they, having been cheated, had been implicated in schism and in the promotion of a heresy to this extent, that they had assented to the imposition of hands upon Novatian, in order to his quasi-ordination as bishop. And after expressing their deep regret for these and their other offences, they implored that they might be blotted out and obliterated from our memories. The whole business, therefore, having been reported to me, I resolved to convoke the presbytery. There were present also five bishops (who were with us to-day as well), in order that, with this accession to our deliberative body, it might be determined, by the consent of all, what course should be pursued concerning their persons. And that you may know the spirit which animated all, and the advice which each gave, I have determined that our suffrages shall be brought under your notice, and they are accordingly subjoined to this letter for your perusal. This over, Maximus, Urbanus, Sidonius, and Macarius, with many brethren who had joined themselves to them, came into the presbytery, desiring us, with the most urgent entreaties, to bury in oblivion the past, and to mention it no more, as if nothing had ever been done or said; and that all things being forgiven on both sides, all might be able to present unto God a pure and clean heart, according to the saying of the gospel, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." As was fitting to follow upon this, all that had been done was now to be broached before the people, that they might be witnesses of the restoration to the Church of those whose wandering and straying therefrom they had already for some time observed and grieved over. And their assent being ascertained, a great gathering of the brethren took place. The voice of all was but one, that of men giving thanks to God, expressing with tears the joy of their breasts; and embracing the confessors as though they had only this day been let out of prison. And that I may set down their own very words: "We," say they, "acknowledge Cornelius to have been chosen bishop of the most holy Catholic Church by God Almighty and by Christ our Lord. We confess our error; we have been the victims of imposture; we have been circumvented by treachery and factious loquacity. For although we seemed to have held communion with a schismatical and heretical man, our intention notwithstanding was ever sincerely with the Church. For we are not ignorant that there is one God, one Lord Christ, whom we have confessed, one Holy Ghost, and that there ought to be but one bishop in a Catholic Church." Should we not be moved by their professions, so that they might adorn, as members of the Church, that faith which they had confessed before the powers of the world? Accordingly, we restored the presbyter Maximus to his rank; the rest we received into fellowship, after a strong vote to that effect on the part of the people. Moreover, we committed the whole matter to God, in whose power all things are reserved.

'These things, therefore, dearest brother, we have sent a written account of to thee the same hour—yea, the same moment; and I have upon the spot commissioned to you my acolyth, Nicephorus, who is in a hurry to get down to the

see in order to set sail, so that, without the smallest delay, as though present amongst our clergy, and in the assembly of the people, you may give thanks to God Almighty, and to Christ our Lord. Moreover, we believe that it will be brought to pass, or rather we hold it certain already, that the rest who are settled in this error, will, in a short time, return to the Church, when they shall see their leaders pull with us. This letter, dearest brother, I think you should send to the other churches also, that all that may know the craft and treachery of this schismatic and heretic are being brought to nought day by day. Farewell, dearest brother.'

It must have been no great while after this jubilant communication to Cyprian, that Cornelius addressed Fabius, bishop of Antioch, upon the same subject, in the letter of which Eusebius has preserved the following choice *morceaux*. It is thus that he daguerreotypes his rival and adversary Novatian for the benefit of his brother-prelate in the East, whose ignorance alone, Cornelius charitably takes for granted, can account for the countenance which Fabius is said to have accorded to the Roman schismatic, 'That you may know,' he says, 'how this marvellous man, who formerly aspired to the episcopate, and secretly concealed within himself this headlong ambition, making tools of the confessors who adhered to him at first, as a cloak of his own madness, I will proceed to relate facts. Maximus, a presbyter of our church, and Urbanus, twice obtained the highest reputation for their confessions. Sidonius also, and Celerinus, a man who, by the mercy of God, bore every torture in the most heroic manner, and by the firmness of his own faith strengthened the weakness of his flesh, completely worsted the adversary. These men, therefore, as they knew him, and had well sounded his artifice and duplicity, as also his perjuries and falsehoods, his dissocial and savage character, returned to the holy church, and published all his devices and wickedness, which he had for a long time dissembled within himself, and this, too, in the presence of many bishops; and the same also in the presence of many presbyters, and a great number of laymen, at the same time lamenting and sorrowing that they had been seduced, and had abandoned the Church for a short time, through the agency of that artful and malicious beast.' After a little, Cornelius continues his amenities, giving a sort of Nag's Head version of Novatian's ordination:—'We have seen, beloved brother, within a short time, an extraordinary conversion and change in him. For this most illustrious man, and he who affirmed with the most tremendous oaths, that he had never aspired to the episcopate, has suddenly appeared in the part of a bishop, as though slung amongst us by some machine. For this theologian, this champion of ecclesiastical discipline, when he attempted to seize and usurp the episcopate not given him from above, pitched upon two desperate characters as his associates, to send them to some small, and that the smallest, part of Italy, and from thence, by some fictitious plea, to impose upon three bishops, men altogether ignorant and simple, affirming and declaring that it was necessary for them to come to Rome in all haste, that all the dissension which had arisen there might be removed through their mediation, in conjunction with the other bishops. When these men had come, being, as before observed, but simple and

plain in discerning the artifices and villany of the wicked, and when shut up with men of the same stamp with himself, at the tenth hour (4 p.m.) when, heated with wine and surfeiting, they forced them, by a kind of shadowy and empty imposition of hands, to confer the episcopate upon him, and which, though by no means suited to him, he fraudulently and treacherously claims. One of these ordainers not long afterwards returned to his church, mourning and confessing his error, to whom, also, we accorded lay-communion, since all the people present interceded for him; and as to the other bishops, we sent men to supersede them, ordaining them in the cities in which the offenders were settled. This assertor of the gospel, then, did not know that there should be but one bishop in a Catholic church. In which, however, he well knew (for how could he be ignorant?) that there were forty-six presbyters;\* seven deacons; seven sub-deacons; forty-two acolyths; exorcists, readers, and janitors, in all fifty-two; widows, with the afflicted and needy, more than fifteen hundred, all of whom the goodness and love of God doth support and nourish. But neither this great number, so necessary in the church, nor those that by the providence of God were wealthy and opulent, together with the innumerable multitude of the people, were able to recall and turn him from such a desperate and presumptuous course.' The next extract contains a most unworthy attack upon Novatian on account of the peculiar circumstances of his conversion, and the manner in which he had been brought to faith in the Redeemer. 'Now let us, also, tell you,' he continues, 'by what means and conduct he had the assurance to claim the episcopate. Was it because he was engaged in the Church from the beginning, and had encountered many and great dangers in the cause of true religion? Not at all. To him, indeed, the author and instigator of his faith was Satan, who entered into and dwelt in him a long time. Novatian, being succoured by the exorcists, when attacked with an obstinate disease, and being supposed at the point of death, was baptized by aspersion in the bed on which he lay; if it be indeed proper to say that one of his stamp did receive baptism at all. But neither when he recovered from his disease did he receive those additional rites, which the Church has prescribed as obligatory, nor was he sealed in confirmation by the bishop. But as he did not obtain this, how could he possibly have received the Holy Ghost?'

All this is evidently the language of one whose heart was shrivelled into the narrowest compass by the most bigoted ecclesiasticism. The stress which he lays upon the numbers and wealth of his own party, and upon the insignificant figure, the remote, small dioceses of the ordainers of the Novatian, mark the writer as a true successor of

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\* This large number of presbyters given here by Cornelius may seem to be irreconcilable with the account in the 'Martyrium Novatiani,' that there were no more than nine presbyters in the Roman Church at the outbreak of the persecution. But when the ancient practice of recruiting the ranks of the clergy from the *confessors* (who must by this time have become numerous) is considered, the contradiction vanishes.

Callistus, at least, if not of him who said, 'Silver and gold have I none.' Yet beneath this thick rind of sacerdotalism, charity will not fail to discover in Cornelius a genuine Christian piety. At all events, it would be a harsh judgment which should deny thus much to a man who is known to have laid down his life for Christ.

B. B. C.

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## Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

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[UNDER this title will occasionally appear papers from various pens, discussing questions of interest in Christian Doctrine and Religious Truth. It has been thought desirable specially to distinguish articles or communications of this and similar character from others that appear in this journal, because of the impossibility of always maintaining a perfect consistency of view in such matters. The Editor, therefore, wishes it to be understood, that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in these papers. He can only engage that they shall contain nothing deemed to be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of evangelical faith.]

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'There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversy, his senses awakened, his judgment sharpened, and the truth more firmly established. Being permitted, falsehood will appear more false, and truth the more true.'—MILTON: *On True Religion*.

'Nor is it at all incredible, that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscovered. For all the same phenomena, and the same faculty of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before.'—BISHOP BUTLER: *Analogy of Religion*.

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## ON THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

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IT is a saying amongst us, so common that it has almost passed into a proverb, that the intellectual tendency of the day is to dispute the authority of the Scriptures; and that one among the many methods by which this is done is that of denying their inspiration. We shall attempt, in a few rapid introductory sentences, to describe two or three of those characteristics of the day in which we live which help to account for this anti-supernatural tendency.

First, *there is a strong contempt for antiquity and for ancient opinions*. Of course we refer to those principally who speculate on theological and spiritual questions. Any doctrine or opinion of older date than fifty years (or, indeed, than fifty months in some cases), has no chance of respect at their hands, but is tossed contemptuously aside as self-convicted by its age. In this morbid condition of the intellectual appetite we cannot wonder that the Bible—a book of so old a date that some of its documents come from an age too remote

to be accurately fixed—should be cast aside as a book outstripped by the intelligence and humanity of the race.

Another feature of the day is what is called *Spiritualism*; or, in the German phrase, a tendency to exalt the *subjective* over the objective. The doctrine of those who are overridden by this tendency is, that the human mind is the birth-place of all spiritual truth; that all historical facts which do not utter or echo the sentiments of man's spiritual nature (however those sentiments have been acquired), are to be rejected from the work of forming the basis of his religious creed. The aim of the spiritualist, therefore, is to deny the value of miracles as proofs of the Christian revelation; and to insinuate, where he has not the boldness to say, that Christianity is only the local product of the Jewish mind, and not, as it claims to be, a real manifestation of the Divine mind adapted to the universal spiritual nature of man.

Another peculiar characteristic of the day is *Individualism*—or, the doctrine that each man contains within himself all that is necessary for his salvation—that the teachings of his own mind are the sufficient and authoritative standard of all religion. We cannot, however, linger upon any of the topics suggested by these theories, or stay to show how destructive they are of the claims of the Bible to be the ultimate authority to man on the great questions of religion.

It is evident that any documents which shall have supreme authority over man's religious belief and practice must be inspired—that is, they must emanate more immediately than any other productions of the human intellect from Him who is the lawgiver of the human race—to whom we owe all obedience and love.

Now in any inquiry as to whether the Bible possesses this claim, two obvious questions present themselves: 1. What is the nature of the evidence which proves the inspiration of the Bible? 2. What is the nature of inspiration?

I. What are the proofs which constitute convincing evidence that a book is inspired—i.e., that its utterances are stamped with a Divine authority?

1. There must be a *claim put forth* to this endowment by the person who writes; for we cannot suppose the Almighty to leave the subject of it unconscious of his gift; nor that he would leave his creatures to infer the bestowment of supernatural intelligence, when it is of such immense importance that we should be able to distinguish between a divine revelation and the unauthorized inquiries of the human mind.

2. But the putting forth of an unsupported claim to inspiration is evidently insufficient. In connexion with the claim there must be the exhibition of such *credentials* as will show that the claim is authorized and supported from above. That is to say, any one pretending to be inspired to utter truth in God's name must be able to work a miracle or miracles in support of his pretension. An inspired man is one in whom a miracle has been wrought; but the miracle

is a secret to others, and is apprehended only by his own consciousness. And, therefore, when he claims the belief of others in this miracle, he must be able to exhibit some proof of it that shall be *palpable to them*; and one indispensable proof is, that he shall perform a miracle as stamping his word with the seal and sign of heaven. This the writers of the Bible did. External nature, interrupted in her ordinary operations by their instrumentality, spoke confirming voices of the supernatural work which had taken place in their own consciousness.

In reply to this view of the design of miracles, it has been objected by Mr. Martineau\* that miracles may be designed to call attention—not to the inspiration of the sacred writers, but—to their moral character. Two answers sufficiently refute this objection. The first is, that moral character, by its own intrinsic excellence, wins the attention and the secret, if not the open, homage of all who witness it, and does not need the dead to be raised in order to testify God's approval of it. To perform a miracle for such a purpose would be a flagrant violation of the old dramatic axiom, *Nec Deus interit*, &c. But the second answer is more precise and satisfactory. Christ has himself explained the connexion in which miracles are to be placed—viz., as confirmations of the claim of possessing Divine authority. When the Jews persisted in rejecting his claim to be the Son of God, his unanswerable appeal, showing how miracles were regarded by them, was, if ye believe not me, if my unspotted character and the wisdom of my doctrine are not convincing, yet believe me for my very work's sake; for the sake of those supernatural works daily wrought in your presence. Here there is an authoritative statement of the design of miracles—to confirm the truth of the doctrine uttered by him who wrought them.

3. One more proof of inspiration is to be sought in the *nature of the doctrine* uttered or written. And this, perhaps, is the strongest evidence—stronger certainly than miracles alone—but when united with miracles it becomes irresistible.

Inspired doctrine must exhibit at least three marks of its supernatural origin: it must be new, important, and moral.

1. It must be *new*. An old doctrine, if *received*, would not need to be republished with the sanction of miracle; and if *rejected*, it is inconceivable that it should at first have been abandoned to an uncertain reception by being sent into the world without a Divine seal upon it.

2. It must be *important*. In illustration of this it is sufficient to observe that the doctrine of the Bible is so important as to establish its claim to a Divine authority. When it speaks of the *nature* of man he is described as a spiritual being, whose origin is divine, and whose destiny is immortality; when it speaks of his *condition*, he is represented as living under the dark shadow of his Maker's displeasure. His *recovery to God* unfolds a scheme infinitely wise in its conception,

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\* Rationale of Religious Enquiry. Lecture on Inspiration.



unboundedly merciful in its objects, and omnipotent to accomplish its purposes.

3. It must be *moral*. It must be in harmony with our conceptions of justice, purity, and love. Its dread requirement of an atonement agrees with the deepest conceptions of justice which man's conscience can frame; its sublime aim to transform man's corrupt heart into a throne of infinite holiness realizes our highest ideal of purity; and its attempt to raise our affections above all material and created things to embrace the infinite excellence of God proves that the Bible could not have been a human conception or a human imposture; for if it be not from God, to conceive of it as an imposture is the only alternative left to us.

II. *What is the nature of inspiration?* Or what was the nature of that miraculous operation upon the mind of the sacred writers, the result of which we call *inspiration*?

It was composed of two principal elements:

1. There was the act of outwardly presenting the Divine truth to the mind. This is, in strict language, *revelation*; and describes all those modes which the Divine Spirit employed to communicate objective truth to the minds of prophets and apostles. Such were all appeals to the eye, the ear, and the imagination—visions presented to the bodily organ—voices and discourses addressed to the ear, and those excitements of the imagination which produced dreams, ecstasies, and inspired raptures.

2. There was that operation on the mind which prepared it to perceive, apprehend, and impart the revelation which was made to it. This is, in strict terms, what is properly to be called inspiration. There is this distinction between these two operations, that revelation is an unfolding of the Divine mind—a discovery to us (sometimes) of secrets which our unaided minds could never have unravelled, and is something that takes place out of our minds and distinct from them; while inspiration is purely a *subjective* operation—an action of the Divine Spirit directly upon the faculties of our minds, intended to *prepare them for an accurate and adequate apprehension* of the revelation which has been presented to us. It is about the nature of this last operation that so much discussion has taken place; and the difficulties that embarrass all attempts to explain it have led to opposite, two radically opposite theories, which we will now endeavour to explain.

The *first* theory seems to us needlessly to *exaggerate* the miraculous element in inspiration; and the second seeks to diminish and exclude altogether the miracle of what we call inspiration.

1. Consider the theory which needlessly *exaggerates and multiplies miracle*. This is usually called the *mechanical theory*, and there are two modifications of it which we will attempt to explain and criticise.

(1.) The first modification of it represents the mind as the passive recipient of Divine truth, and as very much a passive instrument in communicating it. The usual illustrations employed to explain this view are—that the human faculties 'are like so many drawers, wherein

the Holy Ghost put such and such things, which they then took out as something ready-made, and laid before the world, so that their reciprocity with reference to the Spirit inspiring them was like that of a letter-box; that the minds of apostles and prophets were like so many pipes of an organ, into which the Divine Spirit breathed, and, without any concurrence of their own, sent forth the music of Divine truth to ravish the ears of the world. Now, though this latter illustration is so poetical they both denote a view which is degraded by this feature of it—that in inspiration the use of man's intelligent powers is superseded altogether, and that he is reduced to nothing better than a material organ of communicating Divine sentiments. Now the plain and brief answer to this view is, That the facts of inspiration do not lay upon us any necessity to resort to this theory; that though inspiration is a miraculous process, it is not needful to banish man's intellectual powers from all concurrence with it; and that therefore it is an unnecessary multiplication of the miracle contained in it.

(2.) The second modification of the mechanical theory is that which represents inspiration as consisting of different degrees—such as suggestion, direct communication, assistance, and superintendence, or direction. In support of this it is said, that one degree of help is necessary in writing sacred history, another in unfolding doctrine, and another in uttering predictions and revealing mystery or truth, which had not been discovered before.

The objection to this view is, That it assumes to explain the mode of the Spirit's action upon the mind, and to show how Divine influence assists the separate faculties—a view the farthest removed from the simplicity which characterises the Divine operations; or which requires the performance of a separate miracle for every new exertion of the inspired mind. The theory is clumsy, complicated, and presumptuous.

2. Those modes of explaining the endowments of the sacred writers which seek to diminish or exclude miracle altogether.

(1.) One theory asserts inspiration to be identical with genius.

One definition of genius is, the collected powers of the mind concentrated upon any given pursuit, and applied in any given direction. Thus Newton's powers were applied to physical science, and he discovered the law of gravitation; and thus all the achievements of what is called genius are nothing but the result of the concentrated faculties of man devoted to certain given inquiries. Thus, also, what we call inspiration is nothing but genius applied to religious inquiries, and eliciting those discoveries which, from their importance to man's spiritual nature, we attribute to the revelations of the Divine Spirit. But all genius is equally inspired, and all inspiration is nothing but genius. The writers who maintain this theory class Moses with Minos, Socrates with Christ, and Paul with Pascal. Emerson and Carlyle are those best known as English writers who maintain this theory.

Such an attack as this on the authority of the Scriptures is more dangerous than an open direct denial of their inspiration. There is a show of mental analysis, an air of philosophical science, in such a theory, which can be dispelled only by fairly accepting the chal-

lenge to compare the psychological phenomena, and by showing that though there may be an apparent identity between them, there is, on a deeper view, a radical and irreconcilable diversity.

Let us concede to the powers of human genius all the prerogatives they enjoy—that God has given to the minds of some distinguished few eagle's wings, that bear them aloft to the sublimest discoveries; but let us also remember, that whatever brilliant inventions and discoveries the natural faculties of man may be destined to achieve in the future, there is a defined limit beyond which they cannot pass—a boundary which the loftiest mind, unaided by inspiration, will be unable to transcend. In the material, and in the spiritual world, all that the uninspired mind can do is to search for the laws which God has enacted and published, and, when found, to arrange and classify them. The material universe is a Divine revelation; but till it was constructed, and its laws placed within our reach, we never could have discovered one of its beautiful arrangements. Conceive of man created and placed among all the disorder and shapeless materials of primeval chaos. Set him to construct the plan upon which Almighty Wisdom was about to build this stately fabric of a world, and how far would his genius have carried him in the discovery of those principles according to which the world is actually framed? He would have floundered abroad amidst the tumult of the elements without one accurate conception that should anticipate the Divine plan. But when this should be revealed by the actual construction of the world, he would then, by the gift of intelligence, be able to trace out these hidden laws, whose impress on the framework of things gives birth to the palpable facts by which we are surrounded. Unaided man stands in just the same relation to the spiritual world. He stands amid the ruins of a spiritual condition; and before he can discover how these ruins are to be restored to order, safety, and beauty, he must be able to look into the Infinite Mind, and scan there the laws, principles, and designs, by which God will construct his spiritual kingdom. And here we ask the question of the apostle, 'What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit;' not by human genius; 'for the Spirit searcheth all things; yea, the deep things of God.' This, then, is the final and sufficient answer to all attempts to identify genius and inspiration.

(2.) Another theory of this class limits the influence exerted to the intuitive powers of the mind.

The intuitive power is that power by means of which we look upon truth face to face, without the intervention of the understanding, and a process of reasoning. It is what is called the *reason* as distinct from the *understanding*, that furnishes us with the primary conceptions of things before the understanding has come in to reduce those conceptions to logical form and expression. Kant in Germany, and Coleridge in this country, adopted this distinction as the basis of their philosophical systems.

Amongst those who have lately maintained this theory, Mr. Morell, in his 'Philosophy of Religion,' is one of the foremost. His statement of it is something to the following effect: — That Divine influence expanded and brightened the intuitive perceptions of the sacred writers, to enable them to see and grasp the great *primary* truths and facts that belong to the Christian economy, but that the formal statement of these truths, and their reduction to logical form and expression, was left to the ordinary exercise of the understanding; that where the sacred writers express their intuitive perceptions, we may follow them as infallible guides; but that where they state propositions as the result of processes of reasoning, they are entitled to no more deference than we pay to other intelligent and honest writers, and the plea put in for this distinction is, that no Divine influence can alter the laws of reasoning.

a. The first observation in reply to this is, that the view is based upon a classification of the mental powers which is by no means universally admitted. There is a large school of metaphysicians in this country who utterly repudiate such an analysis of the mind; and whether it be accurate or inaccurate, it can hardly be permitted to a man to build up a new view of inspiration upon a theory of the human mind which is at present but an hypothesis.

b. In the second place, though it be true that Divine influence cannot alter the laws of reasoning so as to make any process of deduction valid which is really invalid, nor in any way alter the laws of thought; yet it does seem arrogant to say that the Divine Spirit cannot assist the *reasoning powers*. Sound and correct reasoning depends upon clear and enlarged views; and the reason why most men err in the conclusions they draw is, that they have failed to have a clear perception of the premises; but, according to Mr. Morell's admission, the apostles saw intuitively those truths from which they reasoned; and if so, that fact would impart unerring certainty to the deductions they evolved.

c. The theory is inadequate to explain some of the facts of inspiration. The elevation of the intuitional powers is totally insufficient to explain the prophetic power; for to know an event that will transpire four thousand years hence requires a special communication of a fact from God, for no man could thus project himself into the future, and see, with any native power he possesses, the event he predicts.

d. But the objection fatal to this view is, that here also is an attempt to explain *how* the Divine Spirit operates upon the human mind. As the science of mind advances, there will be, no doubt, an increasing desire to investigate the subject of inspiration in its relation to the faculties of the human mind; and it certainly is one of the most tempting speculations in the circle of human inquiry. But it will be found here, as well as in every other similar inquiry, that while the Almighty grants us the most certain knowledge of facts, he hides, as a secret of which he is jealous, the *modus operandi* by which those facts are accomplished.

(3.) The third theory of this class resolves inspiration into a purification of the moral nature.

We shall briefly dismiss this view by remarking, that while purity of heart does produce an intense sympathy with moral truth, and is, indeed, to some extent, a touchstone of spiritual truth, it cannot, on the other hand, be a source of knowledge, nor the origin of spiritual discoveries. Sympathy is not knowledge, and the theory of inspiration is discussed in order to account for an extraordinary Divine *knowledge* possessed by prophets and apostles.

If, then, as we have seen, one set of theories needlessly multiply miracles in attempting to explain the nature of inspiration, another set disparage the authority of the Bible by rejecting miracle from its composition, what view are we to adopt that will embrace all the facts of the case, without mutilation or exaggeration? We come to a third :—

3. The view which simply affirms the *fact*, points out the *extent*, and asserts the *authority*, of inspiration.

We have seen that any attempt to explain the mode of inspiration ends in partial or exaggerated theories—that it is futile to investigate the action of the spirit on the faculties of the mind—that all we can do is to inquire to what extent the sacred writers claimed to be inspired, and how they supported that claim by miracle and doctrine. Taking it for granted that they were inspired, there are two questions, the consideration of which will close this essay.

1. To what extent were the sacred writers inspired? That is to say, were they permanently inspired? Did they constantly enjoy the inspiring influence; or did they receive special enlightenment and direction on special occasions—and were the very words, or only their thoughts, inspired? As to the first question, it seems most natural and most accordant with fact, to say that they rested under a permanent inspiration—that, whether they spoke or wrote, they were men who enjoyed a constant supernatural instruction. Those cases in which the apostle seems to disclaim inspiration—in which he seems to say that he merely gives his own judgment, are not really opposed to this view. They seem simply to arise from a desire not to overstate his endowments, and to express the idea that he had not received any special revelation on this matter distinct from the usual light that was afforded him. For even in the exercise of his judgment on this case he says modestly that he thinks he has the Spirit of God—which is tantamount to saying that he is under an inspired influence in delivering this judgment. Then, in determining the much-disputed question of the inspiration of the very words of Scripture, there is this very significant fact to be remembered—that the writers of the New Testament, at least, never lay any claim to a strictly verbal inspiration; and that we should be cautious in thrusting upon them things they never pretend to. A great deal more is sacrificed by this theory than is gained by it. The aim of it is to clothe the very expressions of Scripture with an authority additional to what the sense of it possesses, and the actual effect of it is to involve in endless and unsuccessful attempts to reconcile verbal discrepancies—discrepancies that create pain and doubt as long as we think this theory necessary

to support the authority of Scripture, but which vanish into insignificance if we are careful only to maintain that the substance and the thoughts of the writings were inspired. For the indisputable fact still remains, that there are diversified statements of the very same occurrence that never can be reconciled by all the ingenuity that has been expended in the attempt. When truly and largely considered the real effect of these verbal differences is to assure us that these men did not conspire in their writings—did not plot narratives that should agree in the smallest circumstance—but that while such trifling differences were permitted to creep into their accounts there was such a wonderful agreement in substance as to prove that they were honest and truthful men. In this manner their variations are without difficulty reconciled with their inspiration.

2. The second question is, What is the extent of the authority possessed by the inspired writings?

This question will be best answered by answering another, 'What were the inspired writers intended to convey? The plain answer is, they were the instruments of revealing God's will in reference to the salvation of man. In other words, they were inspired to convey religious truth—to correct religious error. It was this one simple and grand object they were miraculously qualified to accomplish. They were not delegated to write profane history, or a manual of natural science—neither the sublimities of astronomy, nor the antiquities of geology. It would have encumbered the simplicity of their mission, and hindered the effect of their own grand aim, if they had been commissioned to reveal all truth and to correct all error.

What reason is there, then, that we should feel ourselves embarrassed by scientific inaccuracies in the word of God. That word does not feel itself compromised by them, because it never professes to teach natural philosophy. It leaves these matters for the free, unfettered research of man's natural powers. Wherever and whenever, therefore, the Bible speaks of sin, duty, holiness, justice, religion, God as the moral Governor, and Christ as the Saviour—in short, whenever it delivers *religious* truth, there it speaks of infallibility, and is to be obeyed with unquestioning and profound reverence and obedience. Our great concern, then, is not to sit in judgment, but to interpret—not to summon it to the tribunal of our reason, but humbly to pray, 'Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold the wondrous things in thy law.'

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## The Broken Swords.

'Of the poor bird that cannot fly  
Kindly you think and mournfully;  
For prisoners and for exiles all  
You let the tear of pity fall;  
And very true the grief should be  
That mourns the bondage of the free.

The soul, she has a father land;  
Binds her not many a tyrant's hand?  
And the winged spirit has a home,  
But can she always homeward come?  
Poor souls, with all their wounds and foes,  
Will you not also pity those?'

THE eyes of three, two sisters and a brother, were together gazing for the last time on a great pale-golden star, that followed the sun down the steep west. It went down to arise again; and the brother about to depart might return, but there hung more than the usual doubt upon the future; for between the white dresses of the sisters shone his scarlet coat and golden sword-knot, which he had put on for the first time, more to gratify their pride than his own vanity. The brightening moon, as if prophetic of a future memory, had already begun to dim the scarlet and the gold, and to give them a pale, ghostly hue; so that the company of the three seemed more like a meeting in the land of shadows than a parting in the substantial earth. But which should be called the land of shadows?—the region where appearance, and space, and time drive between and stop the flowing currents of the soul's speech; or that region where heart meets heart, and appearance has become the slave to utterance, and space and time are forgotten?

Through the quiet air came the rush of far-off water, and the near cry of the land-rail. Now and then a somewhat chilly wind blew unheeded through the startled and jostling leaves that shaded the ivy-seat. There was calm everywhere, rendered yet deeper and more intense by the dusky sorrow that filled their hearts. For, far away, hundreds of miles beyond the hearing of their ears, roared the great war-cannons; next week their brother must sail with his regiment to join the army, and to-morrow he must leave his home.

The sisters looked on their younger brother, and thought what would be his fate. Yet little they divined it. That the face they loved might be pale, and bloody, and speechless, was the worst image that arose before them; and this, had they seen the future, they would, in ignorance of the further future, have preferred infinitely to that which awaited him. And while they looked on him, a dim feeling of the unsuitableness of his lot filled their minds. To all outward appearance it seemed most strange that the home-boy, the loved of his mother, the pet of his sisters, who was happy, womanlike, as Coleridge says, if he possessed the signs of love, and who had never yet sought for its

proofs—that he should be sent amongst soldiers, to command and be commanded; to kill, or, it might be, to be himself crushed out of the fair earth in that chaotic uproar that restores, for the moment, the reign of night and disorder—this seemed to them strange and sad. Yet such was their own situation in the battle of life, in which their father had died with doubtful conquest, that when their old military uncle sent the boy an ensign's commission, no one dreamed of refusing the only path open, as they thought, to an honourable profession, even though it might lead to the trench-grave. They heard it as the voice of destiny, wept, and yielded.

If they had possessed a deeper insight into his character, they would have beheld there further reason to doubt the fitness of the profession chosen for him. Had they seen him at school, it is possible they might have been yet more impressed with the incongruity. His comparative inactivity amongst his schoolfellows, though occasioned by no dulness of intellect, might suggest the necessity of a quiet life, if inclination and liking had been the arbiters in the choice. This inactivity hardly seemed the result of defective animal spirits either, for sometimes his mirth and boyish frolic were unbounded; but it seemed to proceed from an over-activity of the inward life, absorbing, and in some measure checking, the outward manifestation. He had so much to do in his own hidden kingdom that he had not time to take his place in the polity and strife of the commonwealth around him. Hence, while other boys were acting, he was thinking. In this point of difference he very keenly felt the superiority of most of his companions; for another boy would have the obstacle overcome, or the adversary subdued, while he was meditating on the propriety, or on the means, of effecting the desired end. He envied their promptitude, while they never saw reason to envy his wisdom. To his keen affections was joined a tender and not a strong conscience, which frequently transformed slowness of determination into irresolution; while a delicacy of the sympathetic nerves tended to distract him from any predetermined course by a multitude of vibrations responsive to influences from all quarters, and destructive to unity of purpose. Of such a one, the *a priori* judgment would be that he ought to be left to meditate and grow for some time at least in quiet, before he was called upon to produce the fruits of action. But add to these mental conditions a vivid imagination, and a high sense of honour nourished in childhood by the reading of the old knightly romances, and then put the youth in a position in which action is imperative, and you have elements of strife sufficient to reduce that fair kingdom of his to utter anarchy and madness. Yet so little do we know ourselves, and so different are the symbols with which the imagination works its algebra from the realities which those symbols represent, that as yet the youth felt no uneasiness, but with a glad enthusiasm, and some vanity, contemplated his new position; for all his prospect lay in the glow of the scarlet and the gold. Nor did this excitement receive any check till the day before his departure, on which day I have introduced him to my readers, when accidentally taking up a newspaper of a week old,



his eye fell on these words—‘*Already crying women are to be met in the streets.*’ With this cloud now no bigger than a man’s hand, and far off on his horizon, yet casting a perceptible shadow over his mind, he departed next morning. The coach carried him beyond the consecrated circle of home-laws and impulses, out into the great tumult, above which rises ever and anon the cry of Cain, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’

The higher order of tragedy, constructed in Christian times, will correspond more or less to the grand drama of the Bible; wherein the first act is a brilliant sunset vision of Paradise, in which childish sense and need are served with all the profusion of the indulgent nurse. But the glory fades off into grey and black, and night settles down upon the heart which, rightly discontent with the childish, and not having yet learned the childlike, seeks knowledge and manhood as a thing denied by the Maker, and yet to be gained by the creature; so sets forth alone to climb the heavens, and instead of climbing falls therefore into the abyss. Then follows the long dismal night of feverous efforts and delirious visions, or, it may be, helpless despair; till at length a deeper stratum of the soul is heaved to the surface; and amid the first dawn of morning, the youth says within him, ‘I have sinned against my *Maker*—I will arise and go to my *Father*.’ More or less, I say, will Christian tragedy correspond to this—a fall and a rising again; not a rising only, but a victory; not a victory merely, but a triumph. Such, in its way and degree, is my story. I have shown, in one passing scene, the home-paradise; now I have to show a scene of a far differing nature.

The young ensign was lying in his tent, weary, but wakeful. All day long the cannon had been bellowing against the walls of the city, which now lay with wide, gaping breach, ready for the morrow’s storm, but covered yet with the friendly darkness. His regiment was ordered to be in readiness at daybreak to march up to the breach. That day, for the first time, there had been blood on his sword—there it lay, a spot on the chased hilt still. He had cut down one of the enemy in a skirmish with a sallying party of the besieged, and the look of the man just as he fell haunted him. He felt for the time that he dared not pray to the Father, for the blood of a brother had rushed forth at the stroke of his arm, and there was one fewer of living souls on the earth because he lived thereon. And to-morrow he must lead a troop of men up to that poor disabled town, and turn them loose upon it, not knowing what might follow in the triumph of enraged and victorious foes, who for weeks had been subjected to great privations by the constancy of the place. It was true the general had issued his commands against all disorder and pillage, but if the soldiers once yielded to temptation, what might not be done before the officers could reclaim them. All the wretched tales he had read of the sack of cities rushed back on his memory. He shuddered as he lay, and his conscience began to speak, and to ask what right he had to be there. Was the war a just one? He could not tell. This was no time for settling nice questions—there he was,

right or wrong, fighting and shedding blood on God's earth, beneath God's heaven. Over and over he turned the question in his mind; again and again the spouting blood of his foe and the death-look in his eye rose before him; and the youth who when at school could never fight with a companion except he was sure that he was in the right, was alone in the midst of undoubting men of war, amongst whom he was driven helplessly on the waves of a terrible necessity. What wonder that in the midst of these perplexities his courage should fail him? What wonder that the consciousness of fainting should increase the faintness; or that the dread of fear and its consequences should hasten and invigorate its attacks? To crown all, when at length he dropped into a troubled slumber, he found himself hurried as on a storm of fire through the streets of the captured town. From the windows looked forth familiar faces, old and young, but distorted from the memory of his boyhood by fear and wild despair. On one spot lay the body of his father, with his face to the earth; and he woke with the cry of horror and rage that burst from his own lips, as he saw the rough, bloody hand of a soldier twisted in the loose hair of his elder sister, and the younger fainting in the arms of a scoundrel belonging to his own regiment.

He slept no more. At the first grey dawn, the troops appointed for the attack assembled without sound of trumpet or drum, and were silently formed in fitting order. The young ensign was in his place, weary and wretched after his miserable night. Before him he saw a great, broad-shouldered lieutenant, whose brawny hand seemed almost too large for his sword-hilt, and in any one of whose limbs there was more animal life than in the whole body of the pale youth. The firm-set lips of this officer, and the fire of his eye, showed a concentrated resolution, which by the contrast increased the misery of the ensign, and seemed, as if the stronger absorbed the weaker, to draw out from him the last remnants of self-possession. The sight of unattainable determination, while it increased the feeling of the arduousness of that which required such determination, threw him into the great gulf which lay between him and it. In the disorder of his nervous and mental condition, with a doubting conscience and a shrinking heart, is it any wonder that the terrors which lay before him at the gap in those bristling walls should draw nearer and make sudden inroad upon his soul, overpowering with their vividness the self-possession of a will not deficient in animal courage, but worn out by the tortures of an unassured spirit? What share fear contributed to unman him, it is impossible, in the dark, confused conflict of differing emotions, to determine; but doubtless a natural shrinking from danger, while there was no excitement to deaden its power in him, and no hope of victory to encourage to the struggle, seeing victory was dreadful to him as defeat, had its part in the sad result. But how many men are there who are dependent on ignorance and a low state of the moral feeling for a courage, which a further and incomplete development of the higher nature would, during a period at least of the transition state, entirely overthrow! Nor could such

failure be rightly designated by the name of cowardice. However this may be, the colonel happening to fix his eyes upon him as he passed along the file, completed his confusion; and he betrayed such evident symptoms of perturbation, that that officer ordered him under arrest; and the result was, that, chiefly for the sake of example to the army, he was, upon trial by court-martial, expelled from the service, his sword being broken over his head. Long after he found at the bottom of his chest the pieces of the broken sword, and remembered that at the time he had lifted them from the ground and carried them away. But he could not recall under what impulse he had done so. Perhaps the agony he suffered, passing the bounds of merely mortal endurance, had opened a vista into the eternal; and for the time showed him either the injustice, in a moral view, of the sentence passed upon him, or, endowing him with dim prophetic vision, had given him the assurance that some day the fault would be wiped from his soul, and he stand clear before the tribunal of his own honour. Some feeling like this, I say, may have caused him, with a passing gleam of indignant protest, to lift the fragments from the earth, and carry them away; even as the friends of a so-called traitor may bear away his mutilated body from the wheel. But if this was the case, the vision was soon overwhelmed and forgotten in the succeeding anguish. He could not see that in mercy to his doubting spirit, the question which had agitated his mind almost to madness, and which no results of the impending conflict would have settled for him, was thus quietly set aside for the time; and painful as was the dark, dreadful existence that he now passed in self-torment and moaning, it went by and left his spirit clearer far than if in his apprehension it had been stained with further blood-guiltiness instead of the loss of honour. Yet, when he accidentally learned, several years after, that on that very morning the whole of his company, with several more, had, or ever they began to mount the breach, been blown to pieces by the explosion of a mine, he cried aloud in bitterness, 'Would God that my fear had not been discovered before I reached that spot.' But surely it is better to pass into the next region of life having reaped some assurance, some firmness of character, determination of effort, and consciousness of the worth of life, in the present world; so to approach the future steadily and faithfully, and if in much darkness and ignorance, yet not in the oscillations of moral uncertainty.

Close upon the catastrophe followed a torpor, which lasted he did not know how long, and which wrapped in a thick fog all the succeeding events. For some time he could hardly be said to have any conscious history. He awoke to life and torture when half way across the sea towards his native country, where was no home any longer for him. At least to this point, and no further, could his thoughts return in after years. But the misery which he then endured is hardly to be understood, save by one of like delicate temperament with himself. All day long he sat silent in his cabin; nor could any effort of the captain, or any one on board, induce him to go on deck till night came on, and then under the starlight he ventured into the open air. It soothed him

he knew not how, for the face of nature is the face of God, and must bear expressions that can influence, though it may be unconsciously, the most ignorant or hopeless of his children. Often then did he watch the clouds in hope of a storm, his spirit rising and falling as the sky darkened or cleared; he longed, in the necessary selfishness of such suffering, for a tumult of waters to swallow the vessel; and only the recollection of how many lives were involved besides his own in its safety, prevented him from praying to God for lightning and tempest, borne on which he might dash into the haven of the other world. One night following a sultry calm day, he thought that Mercy had heard his unuttered prayer. The air and sea were intense darkness, till a light as intense for one moment annihilated it, and the succeeding darkness seemed shattered with the sharp reports of the thunder that cracked without reverberation. He who had shrunk from battle with his fellow-men rushed to the main mast, threw himself on his knees, and stretched forth his arms in speechless energy of supplication; but the storm passed away overhead, and left him kneeling still by the uninjured mast. At length the vessel reached her port. He hurried on shore to bury himself in the most secret place he could find. *Out of sight* was his first, his only thought. Return to his mother he would not, he could not; and, indeed, his family never learned his fate, until it had carried him far beyond their reach.

For several weeks he lurked about like a malefactor, in low lodging-houses in narrow streets of the sea-port to which the vessel bore him, heeding no one, and but little shocked at the strange society and conversation with which, though only in bodily presence, he mingled. These formed the subjects of reflection in after times; and he came to the conclusion that, though much evil and much misery exist, sufficient to move prayers and tears in those who love their kind, yet there is less of both than those looking down from a more elevated social position upon the weltering heap of humanity are ready to imagine; especially if they regard it likewise from the pedestal of self-congratulation on which a meagre type of religion has elevated them. But at length his little stock of money was nearly expended, and there was nothing that he could do or learn to do in this sea-port. He felt impelled to seek manual labour, partly because he thought it more likely he could obtain that sort of employment without a request for reference as to his character, which would lead to inquiry about his previous history; and partly, perhaps, from an instinctive feeling that hard bodily labour would tend to lessen his inward suffering. He left the town, therefore, at night-fall of a July day; carrying a little bundle of linen, and the remains of his money, somewhat augmented by the sale of various articles of clothing and convenience which his change of life rendered superfluous and unsuitable. He directed his course northwards, travelling principally at night—so painfully did he shrink from the gaze even of footfarers like himself; and sleeping during the day in some hidden nook of wood or thicket, or under the shadow of a great tree in a solitary field. So fine was the season, that for three successive weeks he was

able to travel thus without inconvenience, lying down when the sun grew hot in the forenoon, and generally waking when the first faint stars were hesitating in the great darkening heavens that covered and shielded him. For above every cloud, above every storm, rise up, calm, clear, divine, the deep infinite skies; they embrace the tempest even as the sunshine; by their permission it exists within their boundless peace: therefore it cannot hurt, and must pass away, while there they stand as ever, domed up eternally, lasting, strong, and pure. Several times he attempted to get agricultural employment, but the whiteness of his hands and the tone of his voice not merely suggested unfitness for labour, but generated suspicion as to the character of one who had evidently dropped from a rank so much higher, and was seeking admittance within the natural masonic boundaries and secrets and privileges of another. Disheartened somewhat, but hopeful, he journeyed on. I say hopeful; for the blessed power of life in the universe, in fresh air and sunshine absorbed by active exercise, in winds, yea in rain, though it fell but seldom, had begun to work its natural healing, soothing effect upon his vexed and weary spirit. All nature is healing and restorative. As his bodily strength increased, and his health, considerably impaired by inward suffering, improved, the trouble of his soul became more endurable—and in some measure to endure is to conquer and destroy. In proportion as the mind grows in the strength of patience, the disturber of its peace sickens and fades away. At length, one day a widow-lady in a village through which his road lay, gave him a day's work in her garden. He laboured hard and well, notwithstanding his soon-blistered hands, received his wages thankfully, and found a resting-place for the night on the low part of a hay-stack from which the upper portion had been cut away. Here he ate his supper of bread and cheese, and fell asleep, pleased to have found such comfortable quarters. When he awoke, the whole heavens and earth seemed to give a flat denial to sin and sorrow. The sun was just looking over the horizon, mounting up the clear cloud-mottled sky. From millions of water-drops hanging on the bending stalks of grass, sparkled his rays in varied refraction, transformed here to a gorgeous burning ruby, there to an emerald green as the grass, and yonder to a flashing sunny topaz. The chaunting priest-lark had gone up from the low earth, when the heavenly light had begun to enwrap and illuminate the folds of its tabernacle; and had entered the high heavens with his offering, whence, unseen, he now dropped on the earth the sprinkled sounds of his overflowing blessedness. The poor youth rose but to kneel; and cried with bursting tears, 'Hast thou not, O Father, some care for me? Canst thou not restore my lost honour? Can anything befall thy children for which thou hast no help? Surely, if the face of thy world lie not, joy and not grief is at the heart of the universe. Is there none for me?' Thus, like the wandering knights searching the wide earth for the Sangreal, did he wander on, searching for his lost honour, or rather (for that he almost counted gone to eternity) seeking unconsciously for the peace of mind which

had departed from him, and taken with it not the joy merely, but almost the possibility of existence.

At last, when his little store was almost exhausted, he was employed by a market-gardener in the neighbourhood of a large country town to work in his garden, and sometimes to take his vegetables to market. With him he continued for a few weeks; until one day, driving his cart through the town, he saw approaching him an elderly gentleman, whom he at once knew by his gait and carriage to be a military man. Now he had never seen his uncle the colonel, but it struck him that this might be he; and in his dread he fancied that he might recognise him from some likeness; not considering the improbability of his even looking at him. This, with the painful effect which the sight of an officer, although in plain clothes, had upon him, recalling the torture of that frightful day, so overcame him that he found himself half-way down an alley before he recollected that he had the horse and cart in charge. But this increased his difficulty; for now he dared not return, as his inquiries after the vehicle, should the horse have strayed from the direct line, would be sure to attract attention, and cause interrogations which he would be unable to answer. That fatal want of self-possession seemed yet to cling to him. He forsook the town by the nearest way, struck across the country to a further line of road, and before he was missed was miles away, still in a northerly direction. But although he thus shunned the face of men, especially of any who reminded him of the past, the loss of his reputation in their eyes was not the cause of his inward grief. That would have been comparatively powerless to disturb him, had he not lost his own respect. He quailed before his own thoughts; he was dishonoured in his own eyes. His perplexity had not yet sufficiently cleared away to enable him to see the extenuating circumstances of the case, not to say to enable him to see that the peculiar mental condition in which he was at the time, removed the case quite out of the category of ordinary failures of courage. He condemned himself most bitterly for cowardice, even as his judges had done; remembering that portion of his mental sensations which savoured of fear, and forgetting the causes which produced it; and thought of himself as of one stained with the foulest blot that could cleave to a soldier's name, a blot which nothing but death, if even that, could efface. But, inwardly condemned and outwardly degraded, his dread of recognition was intense; and feeling that he was in more danger of being discovered where population was more scanty, he resolved to hide himself in the thick of the poorer classes once more; and with this view found his way to one of the largest of the manufacturing towns. He reached it at the time of a strike amongst a great part of the workmen; so that though he found difficulty in procuring employment, as might be expected from his ignorance of machine-labour, he yet was sooner successful than he would otherwise have been. Possessed of a natural aptitude for mechanical operations, he soon became a tolerable craftsman; and found that his previous education assisted to the

fitting execution of those operations even which were most purely mechanical.

Here he found the unceasing attention requisite for the mastering of the many niceties of his work of necessity draw his mind somewhat from the hitherto almost ceaseless brooding over his misfortune. Every now and then, however, a pang shot suddenly to his heart, and turned him pale, almost before his consciousness had time to inquire what was the matter. So by degrees, as attention became less necessary, and the nervo-mechanical action of his system increased with use, his thoughts again returned to their old misery. He would wake suddenly at night in his poor room, with a feeling that a ghostly nightmare sat on his soul—that a want—a loss—miserable, fearful—was present; that something of his heart was gone from him; and through the darkness he would hear the snap of the breaking sword, and lie for a moment overwhelmed beneath the remembrance of the incredible fact. Could it be true that *he* was a coward; that *his* honour was gone, and in its place a stain; that *he* was a thing for men—and worse, for women—to point the finger at, and laugh bitter laughter! Never lover or husband could have mourned with the same desolation over the departure of the loved: the girl alone, weeping scorching tears over the loss of that which no tears or blood would restore, could resemble him in his agony, as he lay on his bed, and wept and moaned. Perhaps the moaning reached the ears of one in that same house whom he knew not yet. His sufferings had returned with the greater weight that now he was no longer upheld by the 'divine air' and the open heavens, whose sunlight only reached him late in an afternoon, as he stood at his loom, through windows so coated with dust that they looked like ground glass; and which showed, as they passed through the air to fall on the dirty floor, how the breath of life was thick with dust of iron and wood, and films of cotton; amidst which his senses were now too much dulled to detect the exhalations from greasy wheels and overtaken human-kind. Nor could he find comfort in the society of his fellow-labourers. True, it was a comfort to have those near him who could not know of his grief; but there was so little in common between them, that there was no interchange of thought possible. At least, so it seemed to him. Yet sometimes his longing for human companionship would drive him out of his dreary room at night, and send him wandering through the lower part of the town, where he would gaze wistfully on the miserable faces that passed him, as if looking for some one—some angel, even there to speak good will to his hungry heart. Once he entered one of those gin-palaces, which, like the golden gates of hell, entice the miserable to a worse misery, and sat him down close to a half-tipsy, good-natured wretch, who made room for him on a seat by the wall. He was comforted even by this proximity to one who would not repel him. But soon the paintings of warlike action—of knights, and horses, and mighty deeds done with battle-axe and broad-sword, which adorned the panels all around, drove him forth even from this heaven of the damned; yet not before the impious thought had arisen

n his heart that the brilliantly-painted and sculptured roof, with the gilded vine-leaves and bunches of grapes trained up the windows, all lighted up with the great shining chandeliers, was only a micro-cosmic repetition of the bright heavens and the glowing earth that overhung and surrounded the misery of man. But the memory of how kindly they had comforted and elevated him at one period of his painful history, not only banished the wicked thought, but brought him more quiet, in the resurrection of a past blessing, than he had known for some time. The period, however, was now at hand when a new grief, followed by a new and more elevated activity, was to do its part towards the closing up of this ceaseless fountain of bitterness.

Amongst his fellow-labourers he had for a short time taken some interest in observing a young woman who had lately joined them. There was nothing remarkable about her, except what caused him, the first time he noticed her, to say to himself, 'What a plain girl that is!' A slight scar over one of her rather prominent eyebrows increased the impression of plainness, which her features would of themselves have made on most who might happen to think about her at all. But the day had not passed before he began to see that there was something not altogether common in those deep eyes; and the plain look vanished before a closer observation, which discovered in the forehead and the lines of the mouth the traces of sorrow or suffering of some sort. There was an expression, too, of fixedness of purpose in the whole face, without any hardness of determination. Her countenance altogether seemed the index to an interesting mental history. The signs of any sort of mental trouble were an attraction to him so great, that he by and by spoke to her one evening as they left the works, and often after walked home with her; as, indeed, was natural, seeing that she occupied a lonely attic in the same poor lodging-house in which he lived himself. The street in which they lived did not bear the best character; nor, indeed, would the occupation of all the inmates of the house in which they dwelt have stood investigation; but so retiring and quiet was this girl, and so seldom did she go abroad after work-hours, that he had not discovered till then that she lived in the same street, not to say the same house, with himself. He soon learned her history—a very usual one as to outward events, but not surely insignificant because common. Her father and mother were both dead, and so she had to find her livelihood alone, and amidst associations which were always disagreeable, and sometimes painful. Her quick woman's instinct must have discovered that he too had a history; for though, his mental prostration favouring the operation of outward influences, he had greatly approximated in appearance to those amongst whom he laboured, there were yet signs, besides the educated accent of his speech, which would have distinguished him to an observer. But she put no questions to him, nor made any approach towards seeking a return for the confidence she reposed in him. It was a sensible alleviation to his sufferings to hear her kind voice, and look in her gentle face, as they walked home together; and at length the expectation



of this pleasure began to present itself in the midst of the busy, dreary work-hours, as the shadow of a heaven to close up the dismal, uninteresting day. But one morning he missed her from her place, and a keener pain passed through him than had been usual of late; for he knew that the Plague was abroad, feeding in the low stagnant places of human dwellings; and he had but too much reason to dread that she might be now struggling beneath it. He seized the first opportunity of slipping out and hurrying home. He hurried up stairs to her room. He found the door locked, but heard a faint moaning within. To avoid disturbing her, while determined to gain entrance to her, he went down for the key of his own door, with which he succeeded in unlocking hers. He went into her room for the first time. There she lay on her bed, tossing in pain, and beginning to be delirious. Careless of his own life, and feeling he could not die better than in helping the only friend he had; certain, likewise, of the difficulty of finding a nurse for one in this disease and of her station in life; and sure, likewise, that there could be no question of propriety either in the circumstances with which they were surrounded, nor in this case of terrible fever almost as hopeless for her as dangerous to him, he instantly began the duties of a nurse, and returned no more for the time to his employment. He had a little money in his possession, for he could not, in the way he lived, spend all his wages; so he proceeded quietly to make her as comfortable as he could, with all the pent-up tenderness of a loving heart finding at length an outlet. When a boy, he had often taken the place of nurse at home, and he felt quite capable of performing its duties. Nor was his boyhood yet far behind, although the trials he had come through made it appear an age since he had lost his light heart. He only left her again that day to procure the necessary medicines. She was too ill to oppose any of his measures, or to seek to prohibit his presence. Indeed, by the time he returned with the medicine, she was insensible, and continued so through the whole of the following week, during which time he was almost constantly by her bedside.

That the love of action produces the love of emotion is as often true as its converse. It is not surprising that for the helpless, unconscious girl, he should, while he smoothed the pillow for her head, make likewise a nest in his heart. Slowly and unconsciously he learned to love her. The chasm between his early associations and the circumstances in which he found her, vanished as he drew near to the simple, essential womanhood. His heart saw hers and loved it; and he knew that that centre once gained, he could, as from the fountain of life, as from the innermost secret of the holy place, the hidden germ of power and possibility, transform the outer intellect and outermost manners as he pleased. With what a thrill of joy, a joy for long time unknown to him, and till now never known in this form or with this intensity, the thought arose in his heart that here lay one who some day would love him; that he should have a place of refuge and rest; one to lie in his bosom and not to despise him. 'For,' said he to himself, 'I will call forth her soul from where it sleeps like an unawakened echo in

an unknown cave; and like a child, of whom I once dreamed, that was mine, and to my delight turned in fear from all besides and clung to me, this soul of hers will run with bewildered, half-sleeping eyes and tottering steps, but with a cry of joy on its lips, to me as the life-giver. She will cling to me and worship me. Then will I tell her, for she must know all, that I am low and contemptible; that I am an outcast from the world, and that if she receive me she will be to me as God. And I will fall down at her feet and pray for her comfort, for life, for restoration to myself; and she, I know, will throw herself beside me and weep and love me; in her I shall find sympathy and many charitable thoughts for my weakness. And we will go through life together, working hard, but for each other; and when we die she shall lead me into Paradise as the prize her angel-hand found cast on a desert shore from the storm of wind and waves which I was too weak to overcome.' Often did such thoughts as these pass through his mind while watching by her bed; alternated, checked, and sometimes destroyed by the fears which attended her precarious condition, but returning with every apparent betterment or hopeful symptom.

I will not stop to decide the nice question how far it was right to cause her to love him before she knew his story. If in the whole matter there was too much thought of self, my only apology is the sequel. One day, the ninth from the commencement of her illness, a letter arrived, addressed to her, which he in the confidence of that love which already made her and all belonging to her appear his own, and thinking he might prevent some inconvenience thereby, opened and read. It was from a soldier—*her lover*. From the letter it was plain that they had been betrothed before he left for the continent a year ago; but this seemed to be the first letter, somehow or other, which he had written. It breathed changeless love, and hope, and confidence in her. It fascinated him so that he read it through without pause. When he laid it down he remained pale, motionless, almost breathless. From the hard-won, sunny heights, he was once more cast down into the shadow of death. The second storm of his life began, howling and raging, with yet more awful lulls between: 'Is she not *mine*?' he said, in agony. 'Do I not feel that she is mine? Who will watch over her as I? Who will kiss her soul to life as I? Shall she be torn away from me when my soul seems to have dwelt with hers for ever in an eternal house? But have I not a right to her? Have I not given my life for hers? Is he not a soldier, and are there not many chances that he may never return? And it may be that although they were engaged in word, soul has never touched soul with them; their love has never reached that point where it passes from the mortal to the immortal, the indissoluble: and so, in a sense, she may be yet free. Will he do for her what I will do? Shall this precious heart of hers, in which I see the buds of so much beauty, be left to wither and die?' But here the voice within him cried out, 'Art thou the disposer of destinies? Wilt thou in a universe where the visible God hath died for the Truth's sake, do evil that a good;

which he might neglect or overlook, should be gained? Leave thou her to Him, and do thou right.' And he said within himself, 'Now is the real trial for my life! Shall I conquer or no?' And his heart awoke and cried, 'I will. God forgive me for wronging the poor soldier. A brave man, at least, is better for her than I.' A great strength arose within him, and lifted him up to depart. 'Surely I may kiss her once,' he said; for she slept—the crisis was over. He stooped towards her face, but before he had reached her lips, he saw her eyelids tremble; and he who had longed for the opening of those eyes, as of the gates of heaven, that she might love him, stricken now with fear lest she should love him, fled from her, before the eyelids that hid such strife and such victory from the unconscious maiden had time to uncloset. Oh, the agony, quietly to pack up his bundle of linen in the room below, when he knew she was lying awake above with her dear, pale face, and living eyes! What remained of his money, except a few shillings, he put up in a scrap of paper, and with his bundle in his hand, went out, first to seek a nurse for his friend, and then to go he knew not whither. As he went he met the factory-people with whom he had worked going to dinner, and amongst them a girl who had herself but lately recovered from the fever, and was hardly able for work yet. She was the only friend the sick girl seemed to have amongst the women at the factory, and she was easily persuaded to go and take charge of her. He put the money in her hand, begging her to use it for the invalid, and promising to send the equivalent of her wages for the time he thought she would have to wait on her. This he easily did by the sale of a ring, which with his mother's watch were the only articles of value he had retained. He begged her earnestly not to disclose his share in the matter; and was foolish enough to expect she would keep the promise she made to that effect.

Wandering along the street, purposeless now and bereft, he spied a recruiting party of soldiers by the door of a public-house; and on coming nearer, found, by one of those strange coincidences which do occur in life, and which have possibly their root in a hidden and wondrous law, that it was a party, perhaps a remnant, of the very regiment in which he had himself served, and in which his misfortune had befallen him. Almost simultaneously with the shock which the sight of the well-known number on the soldiers' knapsacks gave him, his mind conceived the romantic, ideal thought of enlisting in the ranks of this same regiment, and, as a private soldier and unknown, of recovering that honour which the officer had lost. To this determination, the new necessity in which he now stood for action and change of life, doubtless contributed, though unconsciously. He offered himself to the serjeant, and notwithstanding his dress indicated a mode of life unsuitable as the antecedent to a soldier's, his appearance and the necessity for recruits combined led to his easy acceptance. The arena of conflict has been changed; and the English armies were employed in expelling the enemy from an invaded and helpless, yet free country. Whatever might be the political motives

which induced the government to this measure, the young man thought that he, at least, could go and fight individually and for his part in the cause of freedom and against invasion. He in the ranks might possess his own motives for joining in the execution of the schemes of those who commanded his commanders. With a heavy heart, but more of inward hope and strength than he had ever known before, he marched with his comrades to the seaport for embarkation. It seemed to him that because he had done right in his last trial, this possibility for self-recovery was granted to him. True it was a terrible change, to pass from the bosom and sympathy of a woman where he had hoped to find the herb of healing, to march amongst men, 'mit gleichem Tritt und Schritt,' up to the bristling bayonets or the horrid vacancy of the cannon-mouth. But it was a truer, because a homoeopathic, cure for the evil that consumed his life. With almost religious assiduity he gave himself to the most minute duties of his new position. No one had a brighter polish on his arms or whiter belts than he. In the necessary movements he soon became precise to a degree that attracted the attention of his officers, while his character was noticeable for all the virtues requisite for a perfect soldier. One day as he stood sentry, he saw the eyes of his colonel fixed on him intently. He felt his lip quiver, but compressed and stilled it, and tried to look as unconscious as he could; to which the fixed bearing natural to his position contributed. Now the colonel, such had been the losses of the regiment, had been promoted from a lieutenantcy in the same regiment, and had belonged to it at the time of the ensign's dismissal in disgrace. Had not the changes in the regiment been so great, he could hardly have escaped so long without discovery. But the poor fellow would have felt that his name was already free of reproach if he had seen what followed on the close inspection which had awakened his apprehensions, and which, in fact, had convinced the colonel of his identity with the disgraced ensign. With a hasty and less soldierly step than usual, the colonel entered his tent, threw himself on his bed and wept like a child; and when he arose, these words, the only ones, escaped his lips, 'Thou art nobler than I.' But the officer showed himself worthy of commanding such men as this private now was; for right nobly did he understand and sympathize with the feelings in his heart. He uttered no word of the discovery he had made till years afterwards; but from that moment, whenever anything arduous, or in any manner distinguished was to be done, this man was sure to be of the party appointed. In short, whenever he could, the colonel 'set him in the fore-front of the battle.' Passing through all with wonderful escape, he was seen as much noticed for his almost reckless bravery, as hitherto for his precision in the discharge of duties which brought only commendation and no exalted honour. But his final lustration was at hand.

A great part of the army was hastening by forced marches to raise the siege of a town which was already on the point of falling into the hands of the enemy. Forming one of a reconnoitring party, which

preceded at some considerable distance the main body, he and his companions came suddenly upon one of the enemy's outposts, which occupied a high, and on one side precipitous rock at a short distance from the town, which stood on a loftier eminence within sight. Retreat was impossible, for they were already discovered, and the bullets were falling amongst them like the first of a hail storm. The only possibility of escape that remained for them was a nearly hopeless improbability. It was to force the post on this steep rock; which if they could do before assistance arrived to the enemy, they might, perhaps, be able to hold out by means of its defences till the arrival of the main army. Their position was at once understood by all; and, as by a sudden, simultaneous impulse, they found themselves half-way up the steep ascent, and in the struggle of a close conflict, almost without being aware of an order to that effect from their officer. But their courage was of no avail; the advantages of the place were too great; and soon the whole party was cut to pieces, or stretched helpless on the rock. Our youth had fallen amongst the foremost; for a musket-ball had grazed his scull, and laid him insensible on the earth.

When consciousness returned, he knew not what time had passed, nor indeed at first where he was. As he recovered, and succeeded in raising himself, the place appeared deserted save by a few of his friends yet alive, but grievously wounded. It appeared that, learning the proximity of the English forces from this rencontre with part of the advanced guard, and dreading lest the town, which was on the point of surrendering, should after all be snatched from their grasp, the commander of the enemy's forces had ordered a general and immediate assault; and for this purpose had recalled from their outposts the whole of his troops thus stationed, that he might make an attempt with the utmost strength he could employ.

As the youth's power of vision returned, he perceived from the height where he stood, indications that the town was already in the hands of the enemy; and, looking down into the level space immediately below, he saw sad proof of the fact—a girl, bare-headed, fleeing towards the rock, pursued by several soldiers. 'Aha!' said he, divining at once—the soldiers behind and the rock before her, 'I will help thee to die;' and he stooped and wrenched from the dead fingers of a sergeant the sword which they clenched by the bloody hilt. A new throb of life pulsed through him to his very finger-tips; and on the brink of the unseen world he stood, with the blood rushing through his veins in a wild dance of excitement. One who lay wounded by him, but recovered afterwards, used to say that he looked like one inspired. With a keen eye he watched the chase. The girl drew near: she was mounting the path which led nigh where he now stood. Close on her footsteps came the soldiers, the distance gradually closing between them. Not many paces higher up was a narrower part of the ascent, where the path was confined by the projection of great stones, or pieces of rock. Here had been the chief defence in the preceding assault, and around it lay the heaped bodies of his

friends. Thither he went and took his stand. On she came, over the dead men, with rigid face and flying feet, the bloodless skin drawn tight on her features, and her eyes awfully large and wild. She saw him not as she bounded past so near that her hair almost flew in his eyes. 'Never mind!' said he, 'we shall meet anon;' and he stepped into the path just in time to face her pursuers. Like the red lightning the bloody sword fell, and a man beneath it. Cling! clang! went the echoes in the rocks—and another man was down; for, in his excitement, he was as a destroying angel to the breathless ravishers. His stature rose, his chest dilated; and, as the third foe fell dead, the girl was safe; for her body lay a broken, empty, but not desecrated temple, at the foot of the rock. That moment his sword flew in shivers from his grasp; the next instant he fell pierced to the heart; and his spirit rose triumphant, free, strong, and calm, above the stormy world which lay vanquished beneath him.

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### Literary Notes.

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THE writings of an individual do not always indicate his disposition. There is in some writers, as in *some* barristers, an intellectual morality and an assumption of high principle and correct feeling, calculated to impress the believing reader with the profoundest sense of their honourable and generous character. Thus Pope could write in smoothest lines of every manly virtue, and palm forgiveness and acts of forgetful benevolence upon the public while meanness and cowardice stamped half the actions of his private life, and most of the records of his generosity to his foes were forged by himself while living. Sheridan's lofty principles departed with the breath that gave them utterance. Even Byron was more moral in his writings than in his life. Judge Pyncheon's family, indeed, is sufficiently numerous to warrant the author of the 'House of Seven Gables' in painting his portrait with such elaborate care and finish. It is the family in which the cloak of public virtue is worn solely to hide the realities of private vice. With writers this is never done with success. One always feels that their morality is tinsel, and that there is no more generosity in their hearts than in their inkstands. There is an absence of *tone* in their eloquence, convincing of affectation; their coin has the stamp, but wants the ring of the true metal. And so it passes for what it is worth—no more.

Genuine morality, on the other hand, is seldom mistaken for the baser metal. Nobody ever suspected Cowper of hypocrisy, or charged James Montgomery with cant. A virtue passes from heart-writings, whose influence is felt and whose reality no one calls in question. Such writings were those of Mrs. SHERWOOD, whose *Life* (Darton & Co.), by one of her daughters, Mrs. SOPHIA KELLY, now lies on our table. Mrs. Kelly having under-

taken this task of preparing the materials of the work for publication, has acted wisely in allowing her mother to speak for herself. The compiler, it appears, found in her mother's desk no fewer than fifteen volumes of a manuscript autobiography, dating from her earliest recollections to her seventy-fourth year. She has done very little more than abridge these remains. With what degree of judgment this has been done no one, of course, can tell who does not know what has been omitted. As the book stands, however, it is unquestionably too long. It deals, as do all diaries and autobiographies, too much with the details and minor events of life. Whole pages are taken up with descriptions of private acquaintances and narrations of trivial circumstances of no possible interest to the ordinary reader. Many of these appear to have been written by Mrs. Sherwood chiefly for her own pleasure, and notwithstanding the form given to them by their writer, we cannot suppose that they were intended for publication. They are just such circumstances as children and very intimate friends would like to be acquainted with, but possessing no intrinsic interest or importance, should have been excluded from a printed work. Mrs. Sherwood's life—except as an authoress—was not one possessing much public interest. The daughter of a minister of the Established Church, she was educated under religious influences, and soon became attached to a religious life. She was married to her cousin, then a lieutenant in the 53rd Regiment, and with him went to the East Indies. The journal of her residence there is the most interesting part of this volume, both for the light it throws on her own character, and for many deeply-interesting recollections of Henry Martyn, with whom the Sherwoods could soon claim the intimacy of a mutual and lasting friendship. Partly, perhaps, from the influence of Martyn's character, and partly from being placed in circumstances which seemed to have been peculiarly adapted to call out her native disposition, Mrs. Sherwood's life at this time appears to have been one of unusual activity. She taught a school, wrote considerably for children, began to translate English into Hindostanee, and with the great self-denial of a true woman's affection, took under her charge the orphan children of her husband's regiment, and to many of them more than supplied the place of parent or kin. It is this spirit of womanly love and devotion, with the understanding of all the little sympathies of children, that constitutes the charm of Mrs. Sherwood's works. They illustrate, also, the extreme naturalness of her piety. We learn, however, from the first sentence of the Autobiography, and from references scattered throughout the work, that her theology was considered by many defective. Once, indeed, she was publicly proclaimed to be a Universalist, but she instantly contradicted the assertion. The truth probably is, that her woman's heart could not, in early life, brace itself to a belief in all the severities of orthodox Calvinism, but her views became more strict as she advanced in years. She died in 1851, at the age of seventy-six. Her biography, as we have already remarked, is much too long for the character of the events narrated. It had been better, on the whole, if the living had spoken more of her; if, in a word, Mrs. Kelly had edited more and copied less. Still there are hundreds who, like ourselves, would prefer to hear too much rather than too little of the life

of one to whom they owe many a happy hour in childhood, and many of their earliest promptings to a pure and unselfish life.

Dr. VESKE's *Memoirs of the Court of Prussia* have recently been published by Messrs. Nelson and Son, of Edinburgh, in the new and handsome series of the 'Modern Library.' It is a work whose best recommendation, perhaps, is the circulation it has had in Germany. To literary merit it possesses the fewest possible pretensions. The writer, if he is greatly practised in the art of authorship, must have written his present work for the booksellers, and with no care to add by it to his reputation. It possesses neither the dignity or discrimination of history, nor the warmth and glow of true biography, but it is a book from which, notwithstanding, future historians may consent to draw many illustrations of the private characters of the Prussian monarchs. It is simply a miscellaneous collection of facts, anecdotes and private sketches of the Court of Prussia from the reign of Frederick William the First to that of the predecessor of the present estimable occupant of the throne. The memoirs go to prove the truth of Milton's severe decision, that 'Kings are commonly the worst of men,' and the greatest monarch of Prussia—the friend and correspondent of Voltaire—may stand as a type of his class. Concerning his character and the celebrated attendants at his Court, Dr. Veske furnishes voluminous notes. The book, as a whole, is worth reading, but whether worth it or not will certainly be read largely by the class who will devour anything in the shape of gossip on remarkable characters. It is a defect of the work that it is altogether destitute of foot-notes, and that the author does not once state from whence he derives his information.

To the many books on *Russia and its People*, the same publishers have lately added a work from the pen of Count A. GAROWSKI. We judge from internal evidence that the book is a reprint of an American work, and it has a value beyond that of the majority of works on the same subject published in this country within the last twelve months. The author is a Pole, banished from his country for his participation in the insurrection of 1830, but he does not write with any feeling of national antipathy to the Russian people. For himself he has evidently surrendered all idea of the restoration of his country to independence. Its destruction he attributes more to the 'reckless, ungovernable, and politically egotistical spirit of the nobility,' than to any outward aggressions. He considers that the Polish people, as such, have disappeared. The country is overrun by Germans and Jews. The peasant class remains, but the national middle class has been swept away, and there 'no more exists a people in the higher social and philosophical meaning of the word,' and such a people he rightly considers cannot be created at once by schemes or abstract theories. Poland, therefore, takes its place as an integral part of Russia, whose sole office and function it will be to modify and soften the Russian people by the simple exertion of a natural influence of position and character. The author firmly believes in the eventual, if not speedy, emancipation of Russia from the domination of Czarism. Tracing her history from the green germ of the Novogorod Republic to the full-blown despotism of Nicholas, he endeavours to show that liberty was anterior to tyranny.



and that the basis of the Russian government is, after all, the people. They are a people with a history anterior to the present government; they are a people still possessed of commercial forms; they live under the high government and universal law of progress, common to the world; and to doubt their emancipation is to doubt final justice and wisdom. The author anticipates a revolution such as swept the Stuart rule from England and the Hanoverian from America, and then a final age of progress; for he has confidence in the goodness of the Russian people—in the essential humanity of their nature. The teachings of history are undoubtedly in favour of Count Gorowski's views, which are urged with none of the violence of red-republicanism, but with the generous credulity of a lover of freedom, whose enthusiasm, nevertheless, has been somewhat damped by the experience of a quarter of a century of exile. His book we commend as a better condensed and altogether more solid *resumé* of the government and character of the Russian people than any we have yet met with.

The first volume of Messrs. Constable's 'Miscellany of Foreign Literature' is before us, consisting of a collection of *Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War*, from the Hungarian of MORITZ JOKAI. In a brief prefatory notice by the translator, Mr. Emeric Zabad, we are informed that Jokai is one of the most popular of the Hungarian prose writers of fiction, and that his wit, his flowing style, and vivid descriptions of Hungarian life as it is, joined to a rich fancy and great intensity of feeling, have made him a favourite with Hungarian readers. We take this statement as a statement of fact, and have, therefore, read these sketches with unusual interest. As pictures of Hungarian life they have, undoubtedly, a charm, but we have failed to discover in their author the possession of the high literary qualifications assigned him by his sponsor. His 'wit' is generally of the smallest possible description; his flowing style is almost lost in a stiff translation; his 'rich fancy' we can nowhere detect; but 'vivid descriptions' there certainly are. These are sometimes very curious and novel, and will be highly relished by every reader. One tale, 'The Burdy Family,' proves that Jokai can write with power as well as with ease. The book is a new book for English readers, and if the publishers can procure similar works for other volumes of their 'Miscellany' the series will be one of great interest.

From the same publishers we have the first volume of the 'Select Works of Dr. CHALMERS,' containing his *Lectures on the Romans* to the eighth chapter. This, in the cheap and handsome form in which it has been issued, will be highly prized by biblical scholars. Of the theological characteristics of the work we need not here speak. Their author was identified during the whole of his life with the modern Calvinistic school of theology; and never were the doctrines of Calvin more brilliantly reflected than in his mind. It would, however, be a curious task to compare the modes of expression of the same thought adopted by the master and his disciple—to look at the sometimes rigid, fierce, and forbidding dogmas of Calvinism, softened down and toned into a humaner language, and blended with the more loving aspects of Christian doctrine by the great preacher. The task would show how little of pure Calvinism there is, even amongst those who call themselves pure Calvinists. The lectures, as literary productions, take a high rank. They combine the various excellences of the sermon, the lecture, and the oration; uniting the force and directness of the first, the precision of thought and consecutiveness of style of the second, with all the graces of the third.

Other works lying on our table we can do little more than mention.—Amongst them are two volumes of 'Nelson's Household Library,' including a *New Household Receipt Book*, by Mrs. SARAH HALE, and *Modern Household Cookery*, by a LADY. They both appear to be reprints of American works, and are both, if we may presume to pass an opinion on such mysterious subjects, most comprehensive and exact in

their contents,—and these, we opine, are the two qualities most desiderated in good cookery books. These have, also, the further recommendation of being *new*, and so may be presumed to contain the latest improvements in culinary science and art.

*Dr. Cumming's Sabbath Evening Readings* (A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.) now embrace the Gospel of Luke. They are constructed on the model of the previous volumes, and are marked by similar characteristics. We can only say of them, as we have said before, that with all their defects of thought and vices of style and execution, and notwithstanding their frequent absurdities and pomposities, they are better, as *readings*, than nothing. In the preface to the present volume, Dr. Cumming congratulates himself on having his 'thousands of readers,' notwithstanding the adverse ordeal of criticism to which he has lately been subjected, and forthwith shows how 'uninstructed' must be the mind of a reviewer in a periodical called the 'Baptist Magazine,' in criticizing his previous volume, and warns him that he 'should not calculate on the ignorance of his readers.' The compliment is obvious, but it could be returned with interest by any intelligent reader of the present work.

A collection of Mr. JAY'S *Final Discourses at Argyle Chapel* (A. Hall, Virtue, and Co.) has recently been published. The volume comprises the last Sabbath morning sermons of their author. These discourses would be interesting merely as mementoes, but they possess an intrinsic value, both from their wealth of Christian experience and their strong practical tendency—characteristics for which modern preaching is perhaps too little celebrated.

The *Library of Biblical Literature* (W. Freeman) has reached its first volume. Our readers who are engaged in Sabbath schools, as well as all intelligent Christian families, will find this to be the cheapest collection of essays on biblical subjects that has been published—cheap not only because it is low-priced, but because it is well conducted, and written in a thoroughly instructive and popular style.

We have also received the following :—*Continuation of the Union Tune Book*, Arranged by J. I. COBBIN (Sunday School Union).—*The Earnest Student; or, Memorials of John Mackintosh*. By the Rev. NORMAN MACLEOD (Constable).—*Sixteen Articles on Justification*. By C. CHOLMONDELEY (J. Chapman).—*Zeno*, and other poems. By J. D. HORRICKS (J. Chapman).—*The Violet Close*. By ELIZA RUMSEY (T. Hatchard).—A second edition of *The Evangelical System*. By the Rev. JOHN STOCK (Heatons).—*The Cunning Hare*. By J. R. MORELL (Theobald).—*The Tricolor of the Atlas*. By F. PULSKY (Nelson).—*The Convent and the Manse* (Nelson).—*Milton's Paradise Lost*. Edited by Rev. J. EDMONSTON (Nelson).—*Gethsemane*. By Rev. CARL MOLYNEAUX (Partridge and Oakley).—*Rudd's Complete System of Instruction in Singing* (Jarrold).—*Sermons on the First Epistle of Peter*. By H. F. KOHLRUGGE, D.D., of Elberfeld (Partridge and Oakley).—*The Ark in the House*.—By the Rev. B. BOUCHIER (J. F. Shaw).—*The Flower of the Family* (Nelson).

## Grace before Sleep.

GIVER of Sleep, unsleeping Lord,  
Now am I to my chamber come,  
Where Flesh and Heart each seek their home;  
Thy nightly gift again I crave,  
My wearied frame repose would have;  
My heart the promise of thy word.

Just ready to depart, the Day  
 Spake to me in my garden walk,  
 Where oft the Day and I do talk,  
 And said, 'Oh, Soul, both thou and I  
 Have lived beneath a Father's eye;  
 And now to Him I go away.'

Then soon the Night, immense with stars,  
 Whose gentle and immortal flame  
 Burns on in sanctity the same  
 As when Thou first didst light their fires,  
 Came, saying, 'Oh, Soul, are thy desires  
 Bound to the earth by sensual bars?'

Not unrebukable am I,  
 Not spotless thy command have kept;  
 Yet, Lord, my day's poor work accept,  
 For I have lived as in thy view;  
 Accept that wistful worship, too,  
 Wherewith I gave the Night reply.

Here now I am: the house is fast,  
 I am shut in from all but Thee;  
 Great witness of my privacy,  
 Dare I unshamed my soul undress,  
 And, like a child, ask thy caress,  
 Thou Ruler of a 'realm so vast?

Ask it I will: I cannot rest,  
 Unless thou grant some tender sign,  
 Assuring me that I am thine;  
 The mightiest king that father is  
 Loves well his little ones to kiss;  
 And art not thou of Fathers best?

Of Fathers best, of Kings supreme,  
 Child of the kingdom reckon me,  
 With Jesus one, thus born of Thee,  
 Secured and nourished by his grace,  
 And righteous in his righteousness—  
 Say, 'Ever thou art mine in Him.'

The light is out: my rest I'll take;  
 Down with unfearing heart I lie,  
 And wait Sleep's healing mystery;  
 Still as the grave, but kind as heaven,  
 Such sleep, O Lord, to me be given,  
 That I may holier, stronger wake.

C. C. F.

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## Record of Christian Missions.

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THE return of another month bids us prepare for our usual and our grateful task. It is impossible to peruse, however cursorily, the monthly annals of missionary progress, without a deepening faith in the kingdom of heaven, and an equally deepening conviction that its 'obedience of faith' is fast being proclaimed among all nations. A quiet survey of these records we find a good corrective against the querulous thought, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' our

impatience for quick results takes but few hints from the long-suffering of God. We try to regenerate society by instantaneous measures; some new panacea turns up every day, and after trying its 'prentice hand,' disappears to give place to some other invention. For four thousand years humanity strove to do without a Messiah, and the result was, notwithstanding the art of Greece, the power of Rome, and the twilight of Judæa's ethics, that men became universally alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that was in them. In the 'fulness of time,' in the divinely-appointed juncture of eras, Christ came, in whom all the nations were to be blessed, and from the date of his advent the day of the Lord has successively dawned in regions undreamt of by apostolic fervour, and 'great marvels' have been seen in heathendom surpassing in extent and in significance all that Pentecost ever witnessed. We cannot believe in the retrogression of the world; there may be partial pauses, or even reverses, in its onward progress, but he who studies most closely the signs of the times, as those signs are seen, not in unfulfilled prophecies, about which so many vain dreamers speculate to their great pecuniary advantage, but in the quiet but certain advancement of truth, cannot fail to see the leaven silently leavening the whole mass of society. Take for instance the following fact, gleaned from an admirable number of the 'London Missionary Society's Chronicle' for September, which we quote, although we cannot for a moment sympathize with the inference of the writer. By all means let Christianity come into collision with the most enlightened forms of unbelief; it will be far better than the dead stagnation of indifference. It seems to us absurd to allude to so great a fact as the following, as 'the alarming tendencies of merely secular education:—

'There are at the present time not less than a thousand boys and young men studying the English language and literature in Bangalore alone, and from the encouragement which is now given to this kind of education by the Government in almost every part of India, we may expect it to become still more prevalent. We must, consequently, calculate upon meeting with some of the most troublesome opponents of Christianity among the natives thus educated. Already is there much infidelity of various kinds current among them, and some here and there have got hold of German speculations, which they are employing as weapons against the gospel.'

From China we read the following in the journal of one of the Wesleyan labourers, which will interest many of our readers:—

'Recently the first edition of the *one million of copies* for China has been issued from the London Society's metallic press in Hong Kong. Eight of the ten thousand copies printed are to come up to Canton. A few days ago I received to the amount of seven hundred and fifty copies; and, consequently, have begun the work of distribution. My plan has been, to take a copy to every shop in a given street, and to as many dwellings as are accessible. Three streets have been visited in this way. At our public services for preaching, copies will be freely given to those entering. With these labours we also give ourselves to prayer for the Divine blessing, and trust that the Lord will abundantly bless the word of his grace to the salvation of souls.'

The following from one of the Wesleyan missionaries in the Friendly Islands, deserves a more permanent record than we can give it, as an illustration of the changes the crust of the globe is still undergoing, and demonstrative of the

unthought-of, but restless energies that are still at work beneath this 'solid globe and all that it inherits.' Our space limits us to the chief facts stated in the 'Wesleyan Notices Newspaper' of September:—

'On the 24th of June, 1853, the island of Niua Foon was visited with an awful earthquake. On the evening of the above day nothing remarkable was observed, nor the slightest indications of the appalling catastrophe about to occur. All the inhabitants retired as usual to rest. At midnight, an earthquake of unusual violence awoke the whole village in alarm; but this having subsided entirely, with the exception of a continued tremour of the ground, and an apparently distant rumbling sound, the people again betook themselves to rest, little thinking that they were actually sleeping over the very mouth of a volcano, whose fires should, in two short hours, hurry many of them into eternity, and devastate the land! Such, however, was the awful reality. At two A.M., a tremendous earthquake rent the ground in sunder in the very centre of the devoted village; and in an instant the devouring flames and streaming lava of a new-formed volcano burst forth with terrific and overwhelming force. The whole was but the work of a few minutes. Houses with their inmates, and among them the chapel, were swallowed up, and consumed by the ascending flames. Of the inhabitants, twenty-five were thus instantaneously swallowed up, or lost in the deluge of liquid fire. Eighteen individuals were saved as by a miracle, and some of these had their backs scorched by the pursuing flames. In a very short time, about ten miles of the most valuable gardening land in the island was covered to the depth of from five to twelve feet of molten lava, which soon hardened into solid rock.'

We turned eagerly to the 'Colonial Church Chronicle' for the conclusion of the Bishop of New Zealand's interesting communication. Without any disrespect we regret to say that it is a 'lame and impotent conclusion.' Surely there need be no terrible alarm and sharp words about the withdrawal of a paltry £600 a year by Government from the bishop's salary, when the bishop himself, in allusion to his visit to Sydney in 1853 to collect money for a mission ship and educational purposes, records such facts as the following, in which we as unfeignedly rejoice as if they had occurred in connexion with our own denomination, that is, if we have any. Why should Church of Englandism be afraid to throw itself on the enlightened willingness of its friends? Let us hear the bishop relate his success in Sydney.

'The Sydney Churchmen on this occasion outdid even their former liberality. The post for some days seemed to rain bank notes, and in most cases the donations were anonymous. Every expense of our voyage from New Zealand and of our residence at Sydney and of our voyage to the Islands and back to Auckland was paid in full, and still a large balance remained in hand. Christ Church, St. Lawrence, undertook the maintenance of our boys, and raised the whole cost of a month's provision for a party of twenty-eight, at the Offertory collection the first Sunday; St. Philip's and several other churches were equally liberal; and the whole collections amounted, I believe, to one thousand pounds. You will, I think, agree with the opinion already expressed, that the Colonial Churches need only to have the way pointed out to them, and that they will not long require the assistance of the parent Societies to enable them to discharge all their duties.'

This reminds us of Australia in connexion with our Northern brethren of the Presbyterian faith and order. These good men of the Free Church of Scotland certainly do accomplish thoroughly their mission. The magic wand of true sympathy is stretched over a widely-scattered people, and forthwith able men and ample funds are evoked alike from the Highlands of Scotland and the once desolate solitudes of Australia. In turning over the 'Home and Foreign Record' of the Free Church of Scotland we read such headings as these: 'More ministers needed;' '£1,000 raised by colonists for obtaining ministers;' 'Dr. Cairn's new church;' 'Independence of the Synod of Australia,' &c., &c. Such words are suggestive of noble deeds, and no one that turns to Australia with wonder as to her future need doubt that future with antecedents such as these.

Returning to Europe, we close, without note or comment, this sketch of missionary operations by a reference to the Waldensian Church (taken from the 'News of the Churches:') that ancient church 'who kept God's truth so pure of old, when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones.' Long as the extract is we know not how to abridge it, and believe our readers will thoroughly sympathize in the pleasure its perusal has afforded us. The writer dates from Edinburgh, September 8, and gives the following graphic account of a meeting held in the mountains of Piedmont to celebrate the 'return of the exiled Waldenses to their country in 1689, under the guidance of the heroic Henri Arnaud, and, more especially, the defence successfully maintained for months by 500 of the Vaudois against more than 20,000 of the troops of Catinat, until a rupture between the French monarch and the Duke of Savoy relieved the noble band of sufferers, and brought them honourable offers of peace. The meeting took place at the very scene of this memorable struggle, beneath the shadow of the rock of Balzile. . . . .

'Three thousand people were found to have assembled by the time of the appointed hour of meeting; the neighbouring valleys had literally emptied themselves. Old men and women had found their way to the spot we knew not how; little children, young men and maidens; even the chamois-hunter had been wooed from his adventurous sport far up in the neighbouring mountains, and stood leaning on his gun on the outskirts of the assembly. The pastors were gathered on a slightly-elevated spot, and the professors from La Tour; in the middle of the assembly stood the regents or schoolmasters, the precentors in their respective parishes, who were to conduct the psalmody on this great occasion; while around the moderator's chair were men of other lands, who that day claimed brotherhood with the children of the Vaudois martyrs—Napoleon Roussel from France, Dr. Marriot from Switzerland, Mr. Baptist Noel from England, Dr. A. Thomson from Scotland, and along with him Mr. Henderson of Park, whose quiet benevolence had for many a year dropped like dew on the valleys of the Vaudois.

'The service was begun with the various parts of Christian worship, praise, prayer, and the reading of appropriate portions of Scripture. After this a singularly interesting narrative of the defence of the Balzile was read by M. Meillé, pastor from Turin; then the feelings of the great assemblage found noble utterance in the hymn appropriate to the occasion, "The Return of the Exiles," which might well be styled the national anthem of the Vaudois.

Never did we listen to music that moved us as this did. Now it sunk into the most tender pathos, now it rose into calm confidence, or swelled into bold defiance—this moment soft as Eolian strains, the next loud as the thunder—and all echoed back from those rocks which were vocal with such glorious memories. We looked up and saw old men sobbing: the utterance of others was choked with emotion—not one in that three thousand was unmoved.

'The meeting was then addressed in succession by M. Roussel, Mr. Noel, Dr. Thomson, and M. Nicolini, the professor of Italian literature in the Vaudois College. The aim of all the addresses was practical, and their pervading spirit may be expressed thus :—"Think of the Christian heroism of your ancestors, not to trust in it, but to imitate it. Children of the martyrs, be yourselves men of a martyr spirit. Five hundred voices speak to you from that rock, and say, 'Earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints.' 'Be faithful unto the death, and I will give you a crown of life.' And from that other spot on which the enemy stood, there comes this other voice, 'Greater is He that is with you than all that can be against you.' You have the truth, not that you may imprison it, but that you may preserve it—not that you may preserve it merely, but that you may extend it to Italy and to the world. Be true to your own ancient emblem, inscribed on so many of your churches, of the light shining in darkness." The appeal of Professor Nicolini, when he spoke of his bleeding and down-trodden country, "O mia infelicità Italia," was thrilling in the extreme. The meeting ended, as it had begun, with devotional exercises, and was followed, we understand, in the afternoon, by a second meeting, which we could not attend. It was an occasion never to be forgotten. Anything like that cheering or flippant allusion which is so common in our week-day meetings at home would have been incongruous, and almost impossible, here."

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### Monthly Retrospect.

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GOOD reader! could you for once do without a word on the War question? Happily, very little more than a word will suffice to chronicle the progress of events, both in the Baltic and at the other extremity of the empire whose bounds are the bands of a continent, which the forces of France and England are at last attacking. In a word, then, 58,000 troops landed on the 26th of September at Old Fort, about a day's march from Sebastopol; and on the 20th it was expected Sebastopol would be fairly laid siege to. So, after twelve months' shilly-shallying—six months of which has been spent in allowing the very trunk of the British army to be silently eaten into by the worm of disease—one step has been taken. We think it better to await the result of this before speculating on its ultimate issue as regards the settlement of the Eastern question. Meantime, however, one or two thoughts are forced upon us by the position of one party interested, but not taking active part, in this struggle. Austria is this State. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in an article from 'a correspondent,' now boldly defines the interests of this laggard of Europe in the contest. They are 'German,' and amount to this :—Austria has obtained

possession of the Principalities: it is for the interests of Germany that this possession should never be given up to Turkey. Although held for Turkey in the name of a neutral power, the greatest care should be taken, first, to alienate the mind of the people from the Turkish rule; secondly, to invite them to practical independence of Turkey—in other words, dependence on Austria. The first step in this thoroughly Hapsburgian policy has already been taken, by placing on the throne of Wallachia a man whose whole life has been the life of a traitor to his country, and of whom Omar Pasha has said, that if he were reinstated in power he would at once throw up the command of the Turkish forces. Whether Count Stirbey is sent back to his former palace with the consent of the allies is not known; but this is certain—that his nomination to power will create a division of feeling amongst the allied belligerents. So certain as that ‘a fool will act according to his folly,’ will Austria betray the Allies. Crabbe’s lines are forcibly recalled to our memory as we think of the probable position of the Sultan when the war is concluded:—

‘Thus, when a great and powerful state decrees  
Upon a small one, in its love, to seize—  
It vows in kindness to protect, defend,  
And be the fond ally, the faithful friend;  
It therefore wills that humbler state to place  
Its hopes of safety in a fond embrace!  
Then must that humbler state its wisdom prove,  
By kind rejection of such pressing love;  
Must dread such dangerous friendship to commence,  
And stand collected in its own defence.’

Who, besides the *Times*, with its alternate coaxing, reasoning, and bullying, is to blame for seeking the alliance of Austria, will be made evident when the people demand an explanation of the causes of the failure of the war—for fail it must if the House of Hapsburg be openly on our side. Alliance with it is alliance only with craft, cunning, dissimulation, and treachery—to have peace with her, on any terms, is to have peace with a lie. At present the only result of the great war of 1854 has been the political advantage of the most perfidious power in Europe, the greatest foe to liberty, order, and the general interests of society.

Is it through Austrian influence, or from jealousy and envy, that Omar Pasha receives no honour from the invasion of the Crimea? An inferior officer has been placed in command of the Turkish troops, whilst Lord Raglan and Marshal St. Arnaud write to the chafed lion at a distance that they have ‘landed in safety.’

The personal movements of the illuminist of politics have no inconsiderable bearing on the reading of future events. Prince Albert’s visit to the present ruler of the French we take to be significant principally of fear of the enmity of the French Emperor. The existence of a strong personal *entente cordiale* we do not believe in. Policy and public appearance are the only motives which could induce the Queen to consent that her consort should be the guest of the bastard son of Admiral Verheul, the hero of Strasbourg and Bazeuille, and of the December massacres. We may be disposed to think highly of the patriotism which could dictate such self-denial, which could gild the bitter pill of obligation, but we have no



greater trust in the lasting friendship of the two governments. Ten years ago Nicholas and Frederick William were both our guests. What is the character of our relations now with Russia and her faithful ally?

The movements of Kossuth and Mazzini are not less significant than those of titled rulers. If they govern not States, they govern people and opinions. The first awaits the results of the storming of Sebastopol, before he can either counsel or advise to action; the second, in the face of usurped authority, dares still, by his personal presence, to fan the embers of disaffection amongst his countrymen, and keep them still prepared to take advantage of any weakness of their great foe.

If we sicken at the animosity, revenge, and just indignation, that are heated by oppression, until war bursts forth to lick with its tongue of fire the blood of the enemy, how shall we pale before the image of death riding on the wings of the wind, and scattering ruin with every breath of his nostrils? So has it done in the metropolis, and so, as we write, is it doing in some fifty provincial towns where cholera has just set its foot. We shall not be accused of underrating the terrors of this dreadful foe of the human race—this month it has hewn down some with whom we have lived in pleasant intercourse, whose features we had hoped to see, and whose hearts to feel for many years to come; but we question whether it is yet viewed in a right light by the half of Christian people. Most of us, we are afraid, if asked, like David, which we would choose of the three great ‘Messengers of Divine wrath,’ or rather of the three Children of Sin and Sloth, would, in the secret recesses of our heart, give an answer we should blush to publish. To many the chances of war can work but little personal evil, but pestilence cometh nigh unto the door of every household, and maketh every heart to quake with fear. Yet to thousands war is more certain destruction—but not to us. Death and close danger rouse all our selfishness, and we cry, ‘Deliver us from so great an evil.’ When the animal instinct is crying for protection, Christian conscience should be crying for light and sanctification.

It may be owing to the visitation of the pestilence rousing men to the more active discharge of religious duties, and enlightening them as to their closer relationships one to the other, that even Clergy is descending from its stand of pride and exclusiveness, and stooping to teach the poor. In more than a dozen towns and villages in the kingdom, we are grateful to state, clergymen of the Established Church have become out-of-door preachers, and thousands stand and hear them in respectful silence and thoughtful attention. In another portion of the kingdom, the bishops of the Episcopal Church are going back some sixteen hundred years in history. The dioceses of St. Andrew and Moray have called together extraordinary *lay* synods at Perth and Inverness for the purpose of consulting and advising for the ‘spread of the gospel and the increase of the Christian religion.’ Still another portion of the Church, partially represented by the *Morning Post*, is again crying for a reform of the Litany and Prayer-book, not so much on the ground of their absolute defects, but on the assurance that if this were accomplished, ‘hundreds of Dissenting churches—including many of the leading ministers—would hasten to join the Establishment.’ We will say nothing at present as to the credibility of this last statement, but we hail with the highest gratification

these and every other indication of the existence of a strong feeling of discontent with 'things as they are.'

An exceedingly curious document has been published in the *Times*, which offers a striking insight into the present religious persuasions of the insurgent Chinese. The document is of excessive length, and full of tautology and metaphorical language. It seems that among the princes of the Pretender's Court, one, styled the Eastern Prince, professes, or is considered to receive, Divine inspiration, and, indeed, it is represented, either figuratively, or as literal truth, that the Divinity descends from heaven to announce his will, either directly or through such medium, to the Chinese people. The narrative accordingly purports to detail the revelations so made, and sets forth a visit of 'the Heavenly Father' in person, together with an elaborate communication which the Eastern Prince was commissioned to deliver in the Divine name to the Celestial King, i.e., the Pretender himself. The commands thus conveyed have reference not to any doctrinal propositions or any lofty precepts of morality, but to the general administration of the Government, the management of the Court, and even the regulation of its ceremonial. The officers of the Court, and, especially, the female officers, are to be treated with more indulgence and consideration; the King is to be less hasty and impetuous, to inflict punishment in moderation and upon reasonable grounds only, to be thoughtful in his actions, and to give his attendants less occasion to stand in awe of him. In particular, he is enjoined to be cautious in visiting offences with death, and is recommended to adopt such a method of proceeding in capital cases as would leave room for investigation and pardon. Such are the precepts for which the immediate authority of the Divinity is claimed, and which are announced in all the awful phraseology of revelation itself. As a climax, the Celestial King is represented as ascribing to the Eastern Prince, in consideration of these communications, the mission and title of 'the Comforter, even the Holy Ghost,' and this designation, we are told, has been assumed accordingly. As we said nearly two years ago, when some of our brethren of the press were rather sanguine in their expectations as to the results of this movement, 'the new religion is nothing but modern Mohammedanism.'

The other incidents of the month are an Irish Railway murder, where religious bigotry, nursed in Ribbon and Orange lodges, deliberately planned the destruction of nine hundred fellow-beings, but accomplished the death of only three—the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, under the presidency of the Earl of Harrowby, who, with sad and childish want of confidence in science, beseeches of Government that patronage which Professor Airy two years ago so forcibly condemned—and lastly, the death of two whose loss two different circles will feel with equal pain, THOMAS LORD DENMAN and Mr. W. H. BARTLETT. The services of the first to humanity on the slave-trade question and to law and justice, and the government of his country, in his place as judge and peer, were such as his own generation cannot forget, and the rising race would do well to remember. To the second, art and literature are equally indebted. Often when he moved with the living have we had occasion to testify of his services—now that he is dead we could do no less than bear this brief testimony to his rare merit and well-earned repute.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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**NOVEMBER, 1854.**

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## *The Preachers—A Modern Tale.*

PART VI.

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THE following Wednesday, Charles and Eliza went, by invitation, to spend the evening at the house of Thomas Apehood, Esq. This gentleman lived in a large mansion in the suburbs of a neighbouring town. He had amassed a fortune as butter and bacon merchant, and had retired from business some twenty years before. Though he was a Dissenter, he was the great man of the town, the patron of its charities, and the chairman of nearly all its religious meetings; the little societies seemed to live under his tall shadow. But though he was popularly considered benevolent, and regarded by some as a philanthropist, we could not discern in him the true spirit of charity. His gifts were calculating, not impulsive; and they were measured by his position, not his power. He gave not because his heart would not allow him to do otherwise, but because his social *status* and religious profession required the show of liberality. He put his sovereign on subscription lists for the same reason that he put gold lace round the hat of his coachman—as a badge of dignity. Indeed, since he had made his fortune, he was more automatic in all his doings than human. Poor man! he had lost his manhood in his business; all the connatural fires of his heart had gone out in the market; he had no oil in his heart-vessel now. There was no flame within; all the lustre was without, flashing from his ringed fingers, and diamond-studded breast.

Men lose oftentimes more than they get in making fortunes.

Once in a vision we entered the counting-house of a wealthy merchant, and looked over his books; one page was headed 'secular gains,' the opposite, 'spiritual losses.' We submit a brief copy of the summary during the last six years:—

VOL. IV.

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| Secular gains. |          |            | Spiritual losses. |  |
|----------------|----------|------------|-------------------|--|
| 1840           | . gained | £5,000 . . | Lost              | buoyancy of soul.  |
| 1841           | . "      | 7,000 . .  | "                 | genial sympathies.                                       |
| 1842           | . "      | 10,000 . . | "                 | all desires for knowledge.                               |
| 1843           | . "      | 8,000 . .  | "                 | sensibility of conscience.                               |
| 1844           | . "      | 12,000 . . | "                 | moral self-respect,                                      |
| 1845           | . "      | 15,000 . . | "                 | all disposition to read the Bible<br>and to worship God. |

Underneath was written, in the merchant's hand, 'I have won a fortune, but have lost the best part of my soul.' Thus, men buy gold and sell themselves. They retire from commerce with but little soul, and that little soon runs into plethora.

Mr. Apehood's great fault was his desire to be considered aristocratic. In his house arrangements, dress and demeanour, he servilely imitated, so far as his means would allow, men of title and noble blood.

He was what is called an aristocratic Dissenter, a phrase a little anomalous, yet it designates a class of men that are getting somewhat numerous in your Nonconformist world. We were once asked what constituted an aristocratic Dissenter, and we put our wits to work, and thought of several things. It is not mere wealth, thought we; for there is John Frank, who is a Dissenter, and he has sufficient money to buy Mr. Apehood twice over, and have a good fortune left; no one ever thinks of regarding him as aristocratic. John lives in a good old English house, is full of flexible nature, has a sunny smile for all, talks to the poorest without any feeling of condescension, and to the highest without servility or pride. John has a heart which the rod of any true tale of sorrow will open into a fountain of sympathy. Yet John is no aristocratic Dissenter. Nor is it mere education, thought we; for John Frank studied in a university, and Apehood never saw a Delectus. Nor can it be birth; for John Frank was the son of a good old English gentleman, and Apehood was the son of a cobbler. We say nothing against 'Cobbledom;' great geniuses have sprung therefrom, and many great men are labouring in that region still. What was it, then? Money and apeing. Apehood aped the aristocrat, and the people, 'gulled' as ever (as Shakespere would say), honoured his pretensions. He kept his carriages, degraded his male-attendants by dressing them in red plush breeches and drab coats, with mock heraldic buttons.

This Apehood is, perhaps, a fair type of aristocratic Dissenters. Honest John Frank told us the other day that a Rev. Robert Sprucy informed him, with not a little complacency, that his congregation was very aristocratic, and that he had no less than ten carriages at the chapel door every Sabbath morning. Whereupon, said John Frank, I, knowing most of the people, did, for curiosity's sake, the next day inquire a little into the history of Mr. Sprucy's carriage attendants, and I found that three out of the ten were carrying on their business with borrowed capital; two of them were scarcely solvent; three of them were rich, but desperately illiterate; and the other two half starved their servants to keep up appearances. Some of them contributed nothing to religious institutions; others very little; and not

one of them so much as 50*l.* per annum. And I found, too, added John, with a nod of indignant contempt, that the chapel in which they worshipped was upwards of three thousand pounds in debt. 'Shades of the Nonconformist fathers!' cried John, with mountaineer enthusiasm, 'deliver us from such an aristocracy;' and then John sang—

'Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts and stares and a' that;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that:  
For a' that, and a' that,  
His riband, star, and a' that,  
The man of independent mind,  
He looks and laughs and a' that.'

But to our narrative. When Eliza and Charles entered the large and elegant drawing-room, they found it well filled with guests, most of whom were amongst the wealthiest of the religious people of the neighbourhood. Notwithstanding all the brilliancy of the scene, it was, as Eliza afterwards said, a very dull affair. Indeed, such religious parties, as they are called, are amongst the dullest things we know of. Dancing is generally, and we think properly, excluded; we should exclude it generally from social parties on philosophic grounds, and as now too often practised on the grounds of virtuous decency. The first part of the evening was spent in all but muteness; here and there one spoke in a low voice to his neighbour. The young ladies were too modest to speak; the young men too diffident; the old ladies were afraid of transgressing syntax; and the elder gentlemen had nothing to say but a little about the changes of the weather and the state of the market, which was soon said. Meanwhile the polite host and hostess are seeking to interest the parties by exhibiting some little curiosities, pictures, and engravings, to which each replies in his turn, 'Beautiful!' 'Exquisite!' 'Splendid!' This over, some young lady is invited to the piano; after much pressing, and the affected statement of a number of apologies, such as a bad cold, or not having practised lately, she is conducted by some gallant lad to the instrument, and there she strikes and warbles out the kind of music manufactured at schools. She retires, and other young ladies take her place. Some voices may have more sweep and tone than others, and some fingers more skill in bringing out the powers of the instrument, but in all there is a sad lack of Nature's ring, and one soon gets tired of it.

The wine having been handed round, there is a little change in the scene. Great chattering commences, in which every tongue plays some part; some talk of matrimony, some of markets, some of dress, some of dreams, some of gospel, some of gold, some of pastry, and some of preachers; this generally continues until the party breaks up. Sometimes it is closed with prayer, and sometimes not.

Such parties answer the purpose neither of instruction nor amusement, and can be defended neither by reason nor religion. There has been no true fellowship; no common thought has passed through the circle,

waking up a kindredness of emotion, and tightening the social bands of the soul. Neither the lamp of intelligence nor of piety has been replenished with one drop of oil, but through the impurities of that night's atmosphere both will burn more dimly on the coming day. Hence, from such scenes, while some return home with regret for sacrificed hours, none have the happy impression of having either received or imparted any good.

But in Mr. Apehood's party on this evening there were two notabilities who deserve mention. One was the Rev. Wm. Fussy, Mr. Apehood's pastor; and the other the Rev. Stephen Apehood, his son, who was a clergyman in the Church of England. Mr. Fussy was a thin, wiry man, rather short, always on 'tip-toe,' ready to bow or run for a superior at any moment. He was a practical exemplification of the poetic maxim, that,

'Bowing-down, bowing-down,  
Is the way to rise in any town.'

Though he had read but little, and thought less, he had managed to get together a good stock of anecdotes, which he could tell with tolerable effect. This made him always a welcome visitant amongst his people. Though few even of his friends admired him as a preacher, yet he had a large congregation, and was popular. His influence was ascribable to what was called his pastoral visits. He was seldom in his study, but nearly always with some of his people.

Early on Monday morning you might see him begin his domiciliary visitations; he is always in haste, and steps with an air of importance, as if the destiny of empires depended upon his movements. He calls on Mrs. R., sees the dear children, and kisses them all, calls them beautiful, and hints they resemble their dear mamma. Ten minutes hence he is in the house of Mr. L., inquiring most affectionately for his wife, whose headache prevented her attending chapel the previous day. In another quarter of an hour you might see him in the house of a family who has just come to reside in the town, and who appeared in his chapel the first time on Sabbath morning; and thus he goes on from day to day; his wife, who happily has no children, frequently accompanying him. Most of the people like it amazingly, for it flatters them, but a few of the higher mould see through it, and feel a disgust which is sometimes irrepressible.

The thoughtless regard this as pastoral visitation, but others, who see things in a higher and a truer light, view it as pastoral degradation. To visit those who are in sickness and sorrow, to succour them with our sympathy, and to mitigate their distress to the utmost of one's ability, is what every Christian minister feels to be his duty. But to do what this Mr. Fussy does, is what no true Christian teacher who has self-respect, genuine mental power, and who is penetrated with the fleetness of time, and the dignity of his work, would condescend for a moment to attempt.

This Rev. Wm Fussy was also a great man for societies. The societies attached to his 'interest' were numerous and varied, and he

and his wife, whose tongue was always trumpeting his wonderful merits, were the presiding geniuses of all. He had a society for converting Jews and Gentiles, sailors and labourers, for natives and for foreigners, for the ragged and the dressed, and a society for soup and for sewing. His hands were full of societies. This Mr. Fussy and his class can do nothing without societies. We expect ere long they will give us societies suited for the conversion of all the numerous grades, trades, and professions. We shall have a society for converting doctors, one for grocers, another for bakers, another for butchers, and one, most important, perhaps, of all, for converting lawyers, and so on. And why not? It would only be a consistent working out of the principle.

The principle of combination we recognise as divine, but when in the same church you have such a number of little combinations, the principle, instead of leading to harmonious and concentrated powerful action, leads to general disunion, rivalries, and jealousies. Half of the time of the church is engaged in pleading the claims of societies. Each church we think is a society sufficiently small for aiming at the conversion of all within its reach; it is Christ's committee for the purpose. It is reported that Mr. Jay once said, that if the making of the ark had been entrusted to a committee, the whole race would have been lost, for no ark would have been built. Besides, those societies not only tend to rivalry and division, but to swamp the sense of individual responsibility, to absorb the man in the mass, and thus weaken the principal force for the virtuous and vigorous development of individual thought, feeling, and character. They impress men more with the idea of *partnership* than *personality* in the great concerns of duty. To wish all men to work *with us* in duty is natural; to ask them to work *for us* is sin. We want more *individualism*, in the highest sense, in our religion; we want to see more of the earnest thought, the strong conviction, the generous desire, the spontaneous heart of the individual *ME*, and less of the machinery and feats of 'our church,' and of 'our society.' We want to see men press along their path of duty stimulated by their own impulses, free, elastic, but earnest and resolute, rather than driven in the stiff harness of societies.

This Mr. Fussy was also very fond of announcing all his doings in the religious newspapers. Every service that took place a little out of the ordinary course, would soon find its way into three or four of these journals. All his tea-meetings were recorded there, and there you would find all the anniversaries of his numerous societies.

The Rev. Stephen Apehood was the other notability of that party. He was a clergyman. Aristocratic Dissent is the last stage of Nonconformity; the next step is into the Church. We have heard some of your aristocratic Dissenters regret that their children feel but little interest in your Dissenting forms of worship, and that they prefer the Church. And why is this? Is it because the children have examined the merits of the two systems, and come to the conclusion that a State-religion is more scriptural than a free one? Were this the case, the parents should rejoice, not regret. But such children, poor

souls, are not taught to think, but to ape. Certain foolish notions of social castes, worldly superiority, and grandeur, are instilled into them in early childhood; all they think of is the mere style of tinsel, mere parade. Their sympathies for the gorgeous and for the grand are more cultivated than those for the true and the right, and, as they grow up, Dissent has nothing to meet their state of mind. Its most splendid church architecture is but a faint attempt to imitate the magnificent edifices of the established religion. And there is no style in your worshippers; no pageantry in your worship. Noble blood shrinks from your little conventicles, and royalty dares not enter. It is no wonder that persons trained with such sympathies go off from your ranks. Your aristocratic apes are sure to climb your old bare chapel walls and be gone.

It was no wonder, therefore, that this Stephen 'went into the Church,' as the phrase is. His education had created certain appetites which could be supplied only by the Church, and so long as those appetites are created you must have the Church. The father gave 5*l.* to support your Dissent, and 200*l.* per annum to make each of his children anti-Dissenters. But, poor man, he did not see the inconsistency. The general style of the son indicated that he had advanced a little further in aristocracy than his father. There was not so much mannerism in his manners; there was more freedom and ease in his movements; there was a dash of that *nonchalance* which seems to belong to high-bred gentlemen. Still, as yet, he was several generations off from the true aristocratic mould. There was still a plebeian stiffness in the joints which might require centuries to work off.

Towards the close of the evening, Charles entered into an interesting discussion with this rev. gentleman on war. Some highly complimentary references which the clergyman made to Wellington originated the debate, which, although short, was smart, and which, for the time, deeply interested all present. Indeed, this was the only rational feature in the history of that senseless party.

'You speak, sir,' said Charles, addressing his reverence, 'very much about the greatness of Wellington. Pray in what sense do you consider him great?'

'In what sense?' uttered the clergyman, with a little amazement; 'why, in every sense he was a great man. All professional men regard him as one of the greatest warriors of modern times; surely he who conquered the conqueror of millions, the fiend of his age and the terror of Europe, was a great man. I confess I never heard his greatness questioned before.'

'You mean, sir,' said Charles, 'I suppose, that he was a great warrior, and I am not sufficiently versed in military science to debate that point with you.'

'Well,' uttered the clergyman, 'is not a great warrior a great man?'

'I think not,' said Charles.

'Well, I never heard such a distinction; a great warrior must be a great man.'



'You are speaking, sir,' said Charles, 'of mere *functional* greatness; I am speaking of human greatness; and I think that a man may be a great shoemaker, a great butcher, a great merchant, and even a great warrior, and yet a very little man, indeed,' added Charles. 'I think I could prove, had I time, that a great warrior is essentially a little man.'

'I don't understand you,' said the clergyman. 'You speak against the opinion of *our* Church, and, I may say, of the civilized world.'

'That may be,' said Charles. 'I don't weigh man in any of the balances of Church or State. In those balances, Paul Jones is a pirate; Napoleon is a conqueror; one assassination is a murder; ten thousand deaths are glory. Yet it is supposable that in the eyes of angels a struggle down a dark lane and a battle of Leipsic differ in nothing but excess of wickedness.'

To this the clergyman again replied, 'I really don't understand you; I can't understand you, sir.'

Charles seeing it was impossible to work a round idea into this clerical brain, let the subject drop,

Both Charles and Eliza were equally dissatisfied with the way they had spent the evening. They felt that five precious hours of the short and ever-shortening day of life were irrecoverably lost.

'I think, Charles,' said Eliza on her way home, 'that such a party could be conducted so as to make it truly pleasant and profitable.'

'How would you manage it?' said Charles. 'Let me have your notion on the subject.'

'Well, then,' said Eliza, 'I was thinking, that supposing it continued four hours, I would allot to each hour some engagement that should be of general interest. I would allow the first for free conversation; the second for music, the pieces and performances of which to be arranged previously; the third for the discussion of one subject of general interest, to be stated on the notes of invitation, and upon which all should be allowed to express their opinion; and the next hour I should divide into two parts, half of which should be devoted to promiscuous conversation, and the other half to the reading of Scripture, the singing of a hymn, and prayer. This is the plan I thought of, Charles; of course it might be modified according to circumstances. I would take care to avoid all the appearance of formality in the working of it out, so that the party should have the air of unstudied freedom.'

'Capital,' said Charles; 'I thoroughly approve of it. But it would require a little brain-power in the host to carry it out properly.'

'True,' replied Eliza; 'but no man has a right to invite people to spend an evening in his house who has not sufficient brain-power, as you say, to make it agreeable and profitable to all. Noodles might invite noodles, but they should not presume to invite sensible men and women.'

'Bravo! my girl,' shouted Charles, as the carriage rattled homeward under a full moon, through winding and shady roads.

The Sabbath dawns, and, according to arrangement, Charles and

Eliza, accompanied, too, by Mr. and Mrs. Rigorhood, make their way to School-street, the church of the Rev. Mr. Broadthought. School-street was a narrow, third-rate street, running through a population of little shopkeepers. The church lay back some twenty yards, and was entered by a little alley. It was an old place, entirely destitute of all architectural beauty, and tolerably commodious. Neither in the building itself nor its situation was there anything to attract, but much to repel. Through some portion of your journey you would have to push your way through a host of costermongers, each exposing his wares, and with hideous screaming proclaiming their merits and their price. And yet on Sabbath days this edifice was well filled with persons of almost every *secular* grade in life.

Professional men, tradespeople, mechanics, and labourers, were there. Some came from the immediate neighbourhood, but a large number from a distance. But, though secularly dissimilar, there was a deep, thoughtful earnestness, like a ray from another world, reflected in every face. As you fronted that assembly you would feel that behind the eyes that gazed on you there were real souls, shooting out the blended fires of intelligence and heart.

What attracted to that miserable place so many thoughtful souls from this thoughtless age? It was the man that ascended that old oaken desk twice every Sabbath—or, rather, the wonderful things of which that man was the organ.

Let us say a word about this man before we describe his performances on the occasion. In stature he is middle-sized, full-breasted, and broad-headed; his build showing plenty of room for the play of every high emotion and of every class of thought. There is ample space in that head for the most daring wing of the poet, and the longest plummet of the metaphysician. But his eyes to us were most remarkable; they were not large, but lustrous; they were (paradoxical as it may seem) black balls of light—not the light of the moon, nor the sunlight of winter, but the light of summer, as warm as it is bright. Their glance would thrill you, not with terror, but with love. Our own spirits, in younger days, have heaved under it—and, with its memory, we feel the impulse still. There was always a slight shade of melancholy playing upon his countenance, and the notes of his voice were plaintive. His was the minor key. Upwards of fifty summers had shone on him, and he was now passing into the afternoon of life. It was fifteen years ago since we had heard him first, and the thick raven hair which then adorned his head had now lost its beauteous curl, and was turning into the shade of steel; and the face, which was then so ruddy and full, looked somewhat sallow and wan, and still he yet stood before us a fine specimen of our own nature.

He was born in one of the most mountainous districts in the Queen's dominions. His parents held a little farm, which was one series of romantic undulations, and skirted on one side by a beach laved by the lovely sea. In early childhood, like Jesse's son, he watched his father's flock upon the hills, and in youth he 'whistled at the plough.'

We refer his distinguished powers to the sceneries and services of his first years. In sooth, nothing else could have built such a frame and moulded such a mind. Your tame counties could never rear such a man as this. Philosophically, impressions are the materials out of which we build our mental world; but how different the impressions made by Snowdonia and the ant-hill—by Niagara and the brook. God made his own great book, the Bible, out of minds that tilled the mountain-soil and breathed the mountain-air.

In a mere conventional sense his early educational advantages were few and inferior. Two years in a humble village seminary constituted the sum of his mere school opportunities in early life. During this short period, however, he learnt the art of reading and writing, and the elements of arithmetic. These little attainments at once heightened his native aspiration for knowledge, and gave him the key to unlock many of the golden gates of truth. By his own efforts he soon made himself acquainted with the choicest classic works in British literature. Old people, long since in their graves, have told us how frequently they have met him in the fields and lanes, and on the beach, perusing some favourite author.

'There about the beach he wandered, nourishing a youth sublime,  
With the fairy tales of science, and the long results of time.'

Thus he spent the first seventeen years of his life. Your technical schoolist, who cannot think of education apart from buildings and pedagogues, would pronounce such a youth an uneducated rustic; but we question whether Eton or Rugby ever could have presented one of his own age superior to him in the amount of true intellectual and spiritual powers developed. True, he knew but little of Greek or Latin, though he had managed to master the rudiments of both, and could read his Greek Testament with the help of a borrowed Schrevelius. But he knew other and higher things, and felt them; what he knew he transmuted into mental blood, which coursed through every vein of his soul, and gave new fibre and strength to every limb. Holy Nature had been his instructress. In her school—for 'she hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars' for student souls—he learned his lessons. Your most magnificent universities are contemptible compared with this college in which Mr. Broadthought studied. It is built of golden hills, and arched with brilliant stars; innumerable and ever-varying hieroglyphs of life and beauty hung around, whilst the eternal spirit of wisdom spoke to the inmost soul through all, through the dead silence of the mute, and the million sounds of the vocal, and pressed, like an all-pervading mystic element, upon the suggestive springs of the spirit.

At the age of seventeen he exchanged an agricultural for a commercial life. He was introduced into a large retail business in one of the most extensive country towns. Here he continued for three years, until he embarked in business for himself.

During the seven years of his commercial life, his mind made wondrous progress. A new educational power was brought to bear

upon him—the power of society; and that in all its varied phases. This tested, and happily strengthened, the great moral principles which he had attained in rural life, quickened his intellectual energies, and refined his manners. In business he studied *man* as he never could have done elsewhere. He saw him in all the stages of his growth, under all the masques he assumes, and the complicated motives and influences which are brought to bear upon him. He learnt more of human nature than he could ever have learnt from the books of Locke, Kant, or Cousin, or any metaphysical writer of their respective schools.

During the four years of his being in business on his own account, he devoted every spare hour to the perusal of the best writers and to study. Indeed, for two years he hired a tutor for himself to help him in his studies, and kept him always in his house as mental companion. During this period, too, he was engaged nearly every Sabbath in preaching the gospel in the surrounding villages and towns, and people everywhere flocked to hear him.

At the age of twenty-four he resolved to retire from a prosperous business and to give himself to 'the ministry of the word.'

Accordingly, he entered college with the idea of increasing his qualifications for the holy work. We have heard him speak of his college life with great dissatisfaction. He was so disappointed with its educational appliances that, instead of remaining the full curriculum of five years, he left at the expiration of half that period. He considered it both a loss of time and money, for he paid his own expenses. The theological 'professor,' as he was called, read old lectures that he had compiled for students some thirty years before. The classical tutor was a little pedant, who grubbed in the roots of words, and felt more about a Greek particle than a human soul. The professor of history and philosophy was a mere pompous retailer of patent facts—no interpreter. Genius had no chair in that college, nor yet a comfortable student's form. Its free questions would wake the ire of the intellectual barons, and lead to petty persecutions, and sometimes to banishment.

Mr. Broadthought left this college to occupy the pulpit in which Charles and Eliza heard him on this Sabbath morning. Here he had laboured for more than a quarter of a century.

We have given a brief sketch of his history, chiefly to show of what stuff, and by what means, the true teachers of mankind are made. Mere colleges will not make them. More than half who spend the course of study at those places are obliged to give up the office for the want of suitable power, and not a tithe of those who continue can be regarded as teachers. Seriously, if we undertook the work of supplying the Church with true teachers, we would employ an individual with some metoposcopical and craniological science to visit the most wild and picturesque parts of the country, in order to find pious youths of the highest psychical mould. We would give such a certain amount of a certain kind of intellectual training, and then send them into some active commercial business for a few years, and then, if we

saw them fit, we would put them under the training power of men of a first-rate suggestive genius, as well as of literary and scientific attainments. By these means, we think we should get men fit for the pulpits of England.

Five minutes after the proper time Mr. Broadthought is seen ascending the pulpit. Every eye looks at him with intense interest, and every heart seems relieved of a load of anxiety, for all began to fear that he would not preach that morning. No one was more pleased at his appearance than Charles, for he had feared not only that he might not preach, but that he might not be in a happy preaching mood. His firm step and radiant look, however, assured him that holy truth had attuned his soul, and that some lofty strains of sanctified thought would soon break upon that assembly, which he never failed to instruct, and seldom failed to thrill.

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### *Are the Fine Arts competent Moral Teachers?*

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IF the question involved in these papers permitted the modification of the query to 'Whether the fine arts would be adequate moral instructors if the artist rigidly confined himself to what is taught, or what is probable, in Scripture or history, and the great majority of mankind were in such a state of ignorance that only few could read,' we should say, Yes, they would, in such cases, be valuable modes of instruction. This is, however, neither the state of the productions of art, nor is the great bulk of its admirers in that degraded condition. When the strange period of artistic triumph occurred in Europe, pious ecclesiastics could avail themselves of a first-rate picture to appeal to their ignorant congregations in a more vivid manner than their mere words would describe. They could, in such a case, exhibit the dying agonies of the Redeemer on the cross, or the various impressions that the scene would produce on the grateful, the contemplative, or the scoffing gazer; or they might have taken Sebastian del Piombo's 'Resurrection of Lazarus,' and have made a profounder effect on the feelings of the audience by the deadly pale, but inspired man, and could have imparted a more moving sentiment to the surrounding beholders. Or, if this imaginary ecclesiastic had access to the nativity scenes of that great master of light and colour, Rembrandt, he might have taught, in a few moments, more of the probable occurrences in and about the manger; or if he had hanging before him the journey into Egypt, of Bartolomeo or Murillo, he might have stamped on the conscience of his rude students a more heartfelt lesson of that incident in the history of persecution than any sentences of his own would have conveyed. Or had he the means of exhibiting Michael Angelo's Last Judgment he might have shaken terrors into the sturdiest of his renegade

attendants by exhibiting before them the certain penalties that always befall the vicious lives of men. Even, however, if he had possessed all these facilities of art, and a simple but credulous audience, he would have incurred the danger of teaching as much error as truth, and of fixing the former as firmly in the conscience as he would have done the latter. In the Descent into Egypt, the beholder would have seen angels hovering about the group, paying often more attention to the Virgin Mother than to her Son, and probably plaiting the branches of trees above her head, or even taking care of the ass—all of which are, of course, so many heterodox glosses on the inspired record. Or if the clergyman had been lecturing on the resurrection of Lazurus, he could not have prevented the beholders from gazing at the unoriental mode of interment exhibited; or, perhaps, the artistic but unhistoric attitudes of the men and women who, instead of being shown by the painter in their natural state, they are placed only in such postures and contrasts as a sculptor would choose from which to make his model, or the player would use to manifest his elocutionary figures. These objections would apply to even the most modest pictures, which, while they exhibited the conceptions of the artist, violated, in other particulars, the items of the record, or filled up the historic blank by creations from his own genius. A moral teacher should always abide by the record; and when he departs from it, either into the mythical or imaginary, or into anachronisms or unsuitable additions, he should not neutralize his instructions and enfeeble his authority; and, in our judgment, artistic teachers must always do one of these things. It would, therefore, appear that even when the paintings are the best of the various schools, and the audience as simply credulous as might be desired, it is impossible to attach much importance to the arts as moral instructors, for they will impart as much heresy as truth; and while they necessarily err in even exhibiting what is recorded only in words, their errors will be doubly baneful when they teach without any scriptural warrant at all.

The impotence of art as a moral teacher will be further illustrated if we remember what it has done with many of the Old Testament subjects. In that early period of the world to which the Old Testament records refer, we meet, of necessity, with states of human nature which, if more natural, or, at least, less criminal than they are now, are unfit for scenic representation. It is enough that the case of Bathsheba and David should have once occurred, without having thrust into our drawing-rooms and public galleries the finest model of a nude woman washing herself at the fountain, and throwing her limbs into every conceivable attitude of voluptuousness. But the painter loves his theme, and there are few artists that have not attempted to make it their *chef-d'œuvre*—while a similar taste has led many of the artists to expend their prodigious power on the story of Susannah and the Elders. It may be true that a properly-trained mind may be repelled from vicious courses by the sight of such a painting, but it is much more probable that the youthful imagination will be preternaturally quickened by the story, and that the volatile and empty

youth of both sexes will be induced to acquaint themselves with the record, merely to enable them to revel in the unnatural excitement. Perhaps one painter prefers the episode of Joseph and his mistress, and if he do, it is probable that he will throw the worthless wife of Potiphar into the most tempting forms of licentiousness, while Joseph is too often represented rather as a timid dolt than with the earnest and modest indignation of a real and an outraged man. But another artist will take pleasure in exhibiting the life of the antediluvians in an evening before the flood, when the giddy throngs of womanhood are generally set forth in a nude state, or nearly so, evidently unconscious of their unbecoming position, or not the least moved by the nude multitudes of men who, by the painter, are made to play away the gorgeous evening in a kind of *dolce far niente* spirit, though it is the last of their mortal life. The formation of Eve, the hour of her temptation, the profligacy of Tamar, the degradation of Absalom's sister, the bathing of Pharaoh's daughter, and the case of Hagar, have always been favourite topics with all the best artists of the world. Why are such subjects so frequently chosen, and so studiously exhibited? Can it be pretended that mankind need the instruction from artists which these subjects supply? Is it not enough that they have been once written by an inspired pen, without meeting with reduplications of them in every shop-window, where we expect to find the noblest specimens of the pencil or of the burin? We are aware how little impression our protest will make on the minds of the thorough amateur of the fine arts; or, indeed, on that vast multitude that, under the cozening epithet of 'the beautiful,' loves to gaze on subjects that are no longer proper for human nature to contemplate. We ourselves have, from our earliest years, had an indomitable admiration for the fine arts; we eschew the nonsense of putting our statues in petticoats to please some of the anilines and the superfine people of both sexes; but meanwhile we regret that if artists find so much of the voluptuous feeling in society that they pander to it by choosing themes even out of Scripture or history that are better abandoned to the words that record their occurrence. Even, however, if a plea be set up in defence of these histories of the past, we must rejoice that men of pure taste would not choose such subjects; and that if they do, they only show how unfit they are to be admitted among the class of moral instructors.

There is, however, another, and, perhaps, from one point of view, not a less grave objection to the use which the artists have made of the Old Testament; we refer to the neglect of its actual history; to the additions which some artists presume to add to it; to the want of study in others; and to their supplements of imagination. In the scenes about the deluge in the loggia of the Vatican, from the design of Raphael, how far short of the actual history has the painter left his masterly frescoes? We are aware that an artist cannot copy a history from words, as parts of it would be unfit for pictorial pageant, and others would be, whoever was the artist, monotonous and dry. He must select his themes, and they must be such as possess all the

requisites for a picture. Well, then, we would ask, Has the prince of painters at all adequately exhibited that dread event by the simple fact of his emptying of the ark? The feeling of the unique occurrence that had just taken place, with its solemnity and impressiveness, are all wanting in that picture. If we did not know the deluge, one would never dream that this unwieldy boat was the only one that had outlived that terrific sea, and that only by miracle, from anything that appears in the fresco. It may, however, be admitted by some of the admirers of Raphael that this picture is not one of his best; well, then, let us try Rubens. Whatever this great master of shadows and colour undertook, he was sure to make attractive on *some* ground, but we ask any who has either seen Rubens' drawing or the painting, whether either, or both, at all approach the grandeur, we will not say of the subject itself, but even of the inspired history of the deluge? And while the mass of weltering rain, and the surging billows of the deluge, prove how unfit the flood itself is for pictorial exhibition, we yet find many of the best artists attempting it, though *their* drowned world amounts only to a handful of climbing and shivering wretches, who are ascending some craggy peak, whose heights for the present tower above the overwhelming flood.

Similar confusion and deficiency appear in the works of our best artists, if we choose another of their favourite subjects, the journey of Lot and his daughter, and their abode in Zoar. We might stay to ask, why this particular piece of the Lothian history should be so attractive to our best artists? Is it because of the strength of the paternal and the filial sentiments evinced by their attachment to each other in that dreadful period? Or do painters merely select this part of the family of Sodom because it was pious, and only deserved to be remembered? Or rather, is not the winning feature in this trio the melancholy story which the Divine record contains, that these two women, who exceeded the nature of women in general, by consenting rather to an immortal infamy than to die childless? Now, whether the daughters of Lot be represented as brusque and strapping damsels, possessing all the requisites of flesh and blood, as Rubens exhibits them; or dainty and mincing ladies, if from the palette of Parmigiano; the story is never told but it raises a blush on the fair cheek of womanhood, and is so peculiar a topic that it can scarcely ever be the subject of domestic conversation in a mixed company. If it were possible to collect into a museum all the paintings designed to represent Lot and his daughters by the greatest artists, we should at least learn, perhaps, the secret why this topic is so historically popular, and scarcely find one of our great artists who has not kindled over the grovelling theme. We will grant, however, that it is, perhaps, the fact, that this incident is unique, and as peculiar as it is detestable, that has made it pictorially prominent; but we would ask the artist, or the amateur, or the advocate of the sentiment, that the arts deserve to be supported, on the ground of their adaptation to give out moral instruction, what especial lesson in morals it is that the artists design to teach by the historical picture of Lot and his daughters?



So of Samson and Dalilah, the Queen of Sheba, and the spouse of basuerus, the King of Persia, commonly called Esther. We will mark only on the last of these subjects, Esther, the queen of basuerus, which, according to the 'Catalogue Raisonné' of r. Smith, was repeated at least four times by Rubens, and more less frequently by many of the greatest painters. Esther is introduced to us as a Jewish captive girl, who, by her beauty, was named for the oriental harem of the king, through the politic management of her uncle, Mordecai. After an appropriate training, she was admitted to the king, who had disgraced his wife, Vashti, and for the time was promoted to be the wife of the monarch. When Haman had plotted the destruction of the Jews, it was contrived between Esther and Mordecai that she should venture, without invitation, into the presence of the king, which she did with the noble and daring assertion, 'If I perish, I perish.' Now, some of the artists who have chosen this subject may have selected it from admiration of her heroism for our people; but we fear that in the majority of instances it was chosen from a latent admiration of the triumph of her beauty over the king, and perhaps at the illegal marriage (at least illegal in the Jewish law) which was concocted with a pagan for the purpose of saving her nation. We allow there is less of the offensive in this history of Esther than in other cases that we have mentioned, and it is probable that on this account the subject was not so popular among the artists as many of the grosser cases.

Among the other subjects of the Old Testament that have been selected by the great painters are the murder of Abel, the selling of Joseph, David's conquest over Goliath, Absalom's death, and Daniel in the lions' den, with the story of Judith and Holofernes—subjects that are incapable of imparting much moral instruction, and which are rather chosen because of the passions they display, and of the violent characters which those scenes develop. The arts, for the most part, being subjective, rarely admit the introduction of any subjects that are likely to be popular which, by suggesting trains of perception or doctrinal instruction, would tend to amend the heart, or inspire it with noble resolves. The subjects which the arts exhibit do indeed convey some, but it is only imperfect, instruction, and such, for the most part, as any one acquainted with it would learn by intuition. It may be pleaded, however, that the instruction imparted by the works of the fine arts consists less of new or striking truths, than by bodying forth to the eye views of the real action; but to this we must reply that such 'bodying forth,' unless it be a correct repetition of the action as it occurred, which it rarely is, are of little or no value; for what is apocryphal is error; what is merely imagination is without authority; and what is unhistoric is a delusion and a snare.

Let us, however, turn from the pages of inspiration to those of ordinary history, and unless we egregiously deceive ourselves, we shall find the moral teaching of the fine arts in no better a plight. As profane history is generally less known than the sacred one, it may be admitted that the arts have instructed some parts of the public in

particular passages of history; or, they have given prominence to some scenes which, but for the artist, would not have been so well understood. Let us, however, look at the mythological light, in which the arts usually present what are called its historical pieces, and we will begin with the twenty enormous pictures that Rubens wrought to emblazon the history of Maria de Medicis. It, perhaps, may be said that the artist was not altogether to blame, as these works were ordered by the queen for the decoration of the palace of Luxembourg, in 1620, but it is presumable that Rubens knew his customer, and that it was owing to that fact that he gave loose to his mythological fancy, and introduced, among the real persons of history, pagan deities, with all the other objective creations of that school which he could find a place for, on his immense canvass of twelve feet long, or on which he could exhibit his love of splendid colouring. The first picture of the series called the Destiny of Maria de Medicis is, to a Christian mind, strongly offensive, for it introduces the pagan Fates attended by three beautiful girls, spinning the thread which involves the destiny of the queen, while Juno sits by, leaning on Jupiter, and beseeching his interference! This, for a Christian queen, of a nominally Christian people, and by a Christian painter, and designed too for the gaze and admiration of all artistic eyes, is more than we can understand. The second picture of the series is called the Birth of the Queen, and consists of *Lucina* committing the child to the city of Florence, represented by a woman with a castle on her head, while three genii, bearing the emblems of felicity and honour, fly over her, and a river deity is recumbent on the ground!

In the third of these works of art, Minerva instructs the princess in the arts and sciences, assisted by Apollo, Mercury, and the three Graces, to denote her education; in the fourth, Henry IV. deliberates on his marriage, and is represented looking at a portrait of Maria, held by Hymen, and, under the influence of Minerva and love, chooses her for his wife, Jupiter and Juno sanctioning the project. In the sixth, the queen enters Marseilles, whose tutelar deities spread out their hands to welcome her; while Fame, with a trumpet, announces her arrival, and the Nereids and Tritons, dancing about the ship, implies the prosperity of the voyage. In the next picture, where the marriage is consummated at Lyons, another woman, with a castle on her head in a car, is drawn by lions, and attended by Cupids; while above, Jupiter sits on an eagle with a thunderbolt. The following work represents the birth of Louis XIII., whom Justice gives to Health, which is personified by a young man with a serpent, while the nymph offers to Maria a cornucopia filled with five other infants! Another of this series, called the Apotheosis of Henry IV., shows the king borne up to heaven, where he is received by Jupiter to be placed among the gods; Victory and Peace are represented by two women, who lament the death of the king, and Minerva and Prudence comfort his wife, while two other figures give her a ball and a prow, the symbols of government. Bad, and utterly heathenish, as this is in a Christian artist, we have to blame him more severely for his purely mythological

representation of the government of the queen; for the picture represents the pagan Olympus, with an assembly of the gods; France, as a globe, lies at the feet of Juno its protector, who puts two doves on its surface, and the surrounding gods and goddesses express their various approbation; Apollo and Minerva drive away the fiends of Discord, Envy, Fraud, and Malice; while Venus prevents the interference of Mars! The queen's journey to the bridge of Cé shows us a goddess, Bellona, on a white horse, accompanied by Fame and Victory, and followed by Strength, in the person of a woman placing her hand on the head of a lion. The flight of the queen to the city of Blois exhibits her descending from a window in her chateau, and attended by Minerva, with the Duke d'Epéron, and a few armed men.

This monstrous and ridiculous pretence at historical art has been so valued by the great body of amateurs, who throng the Louvre, to gaze at this array of wild and unlicensed specimens of the Rubenic pencil, that they have all been engraved by the best artists that France could command, among whom we may mention Edelinck, Picart, Nattier, Vermeulin, Trouvain, Loir, Ducange, Audrau, Simmoneau, and Chastillon; and so highly is the series of historical pictures valued in France by the *Experts du Musée*, that they have fixed the sum at 5,190,000 francs, or, in our money, 207,600*l.*! We are quite at a loss how to describe this illusive display of the power of the fine arts, but we may at once say that it is not history in any general sense; and it is still more remote from being a history of Maria de Medicis. Let the wisest of the unartistic people be set before this remarkable burst of Flemish genius, nay, even let a well-read audience gaze at the several pictures for any length of time, and we defy either one or the other to find out that the painter intended to portray the history of Maria de Medicis. If this be the way in which painters write history, we can only say, the fewer the better of such heraldic chroniclers of old time.

This exhibition of artistic history may, however, be as far transcended by the Italian masters, as they excelled the Flemish in the beauty of their forms, and the grace of their compositions. Let us, then, begin with the history of Julius Cæsar, by that marvellous artist, Andrew Mantegna, who died in 1517. The set, which are to be seen in Hampton Court, consists of nine pictures, nine feet square, painted in distemper for Ludovico Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua. The first picture represents a musical procession, with standards and incense pots, the image of Roma Victrix borne above, representations of the battles fought, and of the cities and countries over which Rome had triumphed, carried aloft on poles by armed warriors. The second painting shows the statues of the pagan deities carried from the temples of the enemy, battering rams and other weapons of war and armour, borne along in war-chariots. In the third are to be seen more trophies, of a similar kind, along with huge urns filled with gold coin, vases, tripods, and other items of martial spoil. In the next we find, besides such trophies, oxen crowned with garlands for the sacrifice, and an image of a beautiful boy, to represent one knows not whom. The fifth exhibits four elephants, adorned with garlands of fruit and flowers,

and exhibits large candelabras. Several youths feed the candelabras, and others the elephants. The sixth picture represents figures bearing vases, or the arms of the vanquished generals; and in the seventh we find the captives exhibited to the scoffing Romans, fine women with their marriageable daughters, and men, dejected, in long garments, with another group of females and children. The eighth painting exhibits a group of singers and musicians, and a youth mocking the fallen captives; and in the last of these rare works of art is Julius Cæsar himself, in a triumphant chariot, adorned with antique figures, near to whom is a young warrior bearing a standard with his *Veni Vidi Vici*, with large groups of attendants. Such is this masterly series of old historical Italian pieces, but whether it represents Julius Cæsar, or Alexander, Scipio, or Charlemagne, we would defy any to prove, except for the three Latin words on one of the flags. We are still, however, at a loss how these pictures either represent the history, or even the triumphs, of the Roman general, for if we are to abide by their teaching, he merely enslaved his enemies, instead of introducing through his conquests the Roman laws, the trades and the arts of life, which we know from our own nation were the indirect consequences of his victory.

Talking about the vaunted historical works of art, what are we to say of the historical compositions of Julio Romano, either in his history of Cupid and Pysche, in the Palazzo del T, or in his history of Troy? That they exhibit extraordinary specimens of some fine drawing, of much overrated colouring and composition, we cheerfully concede; but they are far too voluptuous and imaginative for our notions of history, and we are persuaded that whoever examines them will neither find them to suggest even the history of love or of mind, or to impart anything definite, or even illustrative of the history of the fabulous Troy. We never heard the works of this master spoken of by any one as having the power of imparting the least moral instruction either to the young or the aged, to ecclesiastics, or even to the artistic themselves.

Surely, however, the reader will plead that this property of moral instruction must be granted for the works of Raphael himself. We admit that the works of this unrivalled artist are vastly superior to those of Julio Romano or Andrea Mantegna; but as to the morally instructive quality of his labours we are at a loss which to select with the most honour to himself that bear upon the question of teaching morality, not to say religious truth. If we choose his works on the life of Constantine we could easily name portions of them that bear some general resemblance to the life of that emperor—his love of conquest, his deeper political sagacity, his pleasure in the pomp and grandeur of his position, and his cruelty to his opponents; but if indefinite representations of the imperial splendour of Constantine are to be accepted as illustrative of moral teaching, why we can only add that amateurs and artists must be soon satisfied. We, however, learn nothing of moral importance from these works of art, and we doubt whether, of all the thousands who have contemplated all these emana-

tions of the mind of Raphael repeatedly, there could be found a dozen persons whose lives had been improved by the moral influences of the paintings, or that a score students of them could be mentioned whose mind these works had conveyed a higher moral influence. But what are we to say to the marvellous Cartoons of Raphael, which are to be seen in the palace of Hampton Court? These, and 'The Bible of Raphael,' in the Loggia at Rome, are certainly, except some of his portraits, parts of the best historical works of art that ever flowed from the pencil of Raphael. The Ananias powerfully described the short-sightedness of falsehood, but this the biblical account does not fully without mentioning the lesson to be drawn from the anecdote. Raphael, however, represents nine of the apostles present on that occasion; Peter stands in the midst of them with uplifted hands; the young man and woman that start aghast at the occasion—St. John and another disciple, who are bestowing alms on the right—and Sapphira in the back-ground is represented as paying money and withholding a portion of it—are all imaginative creations of the painter. It may be true that these are only accessories to the picture, but they *may be* the objects that suggest as much moral instruction as any other part; and as these are suppositions, they illustrate how, when the arts teach moral truth at all, they are always in danger of departing that instruction as much through their imaginative as through any other portions. In the painting that represents Elymas the Sorcerer struck with judicial blindness, we find the artist giving to Paul—contrary to the whole tradition of the early Church—a fine conventional figure, and to all the other characters noble, though extremely different heads; the eight figures that are behind the victim of Divine power, and the two lictors on the left of the throne, are also purely imaginary pieces, which come under the same censure that we have passed on the Death of Ananias. The third picture furnishes, in addition to the cripple who sat at the Beautiful gate of the temple, another scene on the left, the fine group of a woman with an infant in her arms, and the other leading the two naked boys, one of whom is beautifully carrying two doves over his shoulder; and the enriched and ornamented pillars are likewise purely the supplements of fancy, and that divide the attention of the beholder, instead of fixing it on the miracle itself. If this work were cited as an instance of its power of moral teaching, we would be glad to be informed how the imaginative portion is to be excepted from the historical? In the fourth painting, the Miraculous Draught of Fishes, granting the truth of the representation of Christ in the pale blue vest and white mantle, we must condemn, if the picture is to be regarded as a pure piece of moral history, the figure of Peter on his knees in the boat; the three fishermen on the shore waiting for the distribution of the prizes; the apparently little size of the boat, though we are aware what Richardson has said on that subject; as likely to injure whatever power of moral instruction these artistic works are likely to yield. The fifth cartoon, on Paul and Barnabas at Lystra, is open to the same objection, on account of the figure of Paul; his rebuking a man who has brought

a lamb to be offered; the people on the right about to slay the oxen, borrowed from an old Greek piece of sculpture; the extremely fine incident of the old man who lifts part of the cripple's dress to look at his legs and feet; the forum of Lystra, with the two temples and the statue of Mercury towards the right; are all departures from the biblical record, and however beautiful as works of art, can never be insisted on as sources of moral instruction, unless by those who maintain that moral truth can be taught by historical falsehood. The sixth painting is of St. Paul preaching in Athens. Who, however, can assure us that Paul stood on some elevated steps to deliver his discourse, that behind him there stood three philosophers of the different Platonic sects, and a group of Sophists disputing among themselves; and that the statue of Mars was visible from that spot in front of a circular temple; not to insist again on the unhistoric figure of Paul, and that the fine heads' and the oratorical figures were as thus represented on Mar's Hill? In the seventh and last cartoon, which represents the charge given by Christ to Peter, we find the unnatural and too material a symbol of a flock of sheep, to which Christ points with his left hand, Peter's holding the key and kneeling, the lining of our Lord's garment with stars, and a particular landscape, with the lake of Gennesareth, which, in our opinion, are all ideal additions, on the authority of Raphael alone, to the evangelical history!

Now, we are neither hypercritical nor ridiculous in thus objecting to the imaginative and traditionary glosses which painters choose to add in their historical works to the inspired history; but we are trying and putting to the test one of the greatest questions of our modern age. All the artists, and almost all society with them, maintain that the arts claim the patronage of the world and the Church, because they are important instructors in morals and in religion. We agree with the artists that their works, when good and pure, have a powerful claim on all governments and communities, because they are suggestive and commemorative, as well as because they cheer our feelings and help to polish our manners and check some of our follies; but we deny that the arts ever did, even if they ever can, become important exponents of such moral instruction as is at all comparable to that derived from poetry, from history, and the Bible. We are neither insensitive to the beauties of the Cartoons, and their inappreciable value; nor are we without that which passes for a grave defect in the minds of some—a natural love of every work of art that is worthy of the name. But religion and morals, in our judgment, are far more grave, more beautiful, and permanent, than any school of arts; and they can only be maintained in society by genuine students, who practise as well as study them, and which number we hope is on the increase; while the shallow, the dreamy, the ideal, and the indefinite will still talk of the moral instructions of their pictures, which, we have partly shown, fail to convey adequate and definite moral teaching to mankind.

B.

## The Right of Erring.

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As their enumeration of the Rights of Man, have our readers ever reckoned the Right of Erring? We fear not. This invaluable Right has not met with that attention which it justly claims. It has never, we believe, been properly defined and guaranteed. But when the next Parliament of Common Sense assembles, and some sanguine men think that the session is at hand, the Right of Erring we are sure will receive its very earliest attention. This Parliament, unhappily, will not be elected by *universal* suffrage; but the constituency is large, and includes, we feel certain, every one of our readers, not a few of whom, we hope, are even fitted to be representatives.

But we shall proceed to relate the circumstances under which the Right of Erring was lately introduced to our notice. We have a friend, the member of a learned society, who kindly invited us to attend one of its learned meetings; and he naturally wished, both for the honour of the society and the entertainment of his companion, that the proceedings on this occasion should be more than usually luminous and edifying. But though it was natural for him to wish this, it was very unphilosophical of him to expect it. For philosophy gravely instructs us that matters are always likeliest to go wrong when most you wish them to keep right, and that the things you fear, or other things that you have never even thought of fearing, will happen at precisely the most inopportune moment. Thus, if you invite a few select friends to sit with you round the fire, then, if ever, will the chimney smoke. If your dinner-table is covered with a clean and snowy cloth—particularly if the day be Sunday—then will the ale, the gravy, or the juice of the plum-pie be spilt. If for years you have dealt at a certain shop, and now have recommended your friend to make a purchase there, to-morrow you will hear of articles not worth half the money paid for them, and be invited to convince yourself of the confounding—or confounded—fact (we hardly know which way to write the word) by ocular demonstration. Last and worst, if you invite an acquaintance to hear your minister—whom you, perhaps, think all the world ought to admire—then, it may be for the first time, will you discover a man who can see ‘nothing in him,’ or be chagrined after service with the question, asked in the very meekest tone, whether Mr. — was quite up to his average to-day?

No wonder, then, that on the occasion of which we are speaking, instead of the stream of scientific discourse running pellucidly over its hard pebbly bottom of facts, the ‘waters were troubled.’ The hour for commencing business struck, the minutes of the last meeting were read, and we were putting ourselves into a scientific state to listen to the paper of the evening, when up rose a grievance and stopped the way. Somebody had said something that had aggrieved somebody else. Statements, sub-statements, and counter-statements were made. It was queried whether both sides should be heard, or

whether neither should; and things began to wear a quite military aspect. Our friend, in dismay, whispered to us, that 'in all the meetings he had ever attended, nothing of the kind had ever taken place.' 'Of course not,' we could have said; but we contented ourselves with assuring him, that the proceedings, though quite unexpected, were very funny and pleasing. Meanwhile, the chairman, fluttered with his responsibilities, took up a great deal of time in proving that no more time ought to be taken up. About this grievance and about it, did he wind his web of words, till it was utterly shut up from popular view—that is, from our view. But, singular to say, he managed to dispose of the grievance through the very fact that it was unmanageable by him. Coherently with it he could not deal; how can any man, especially any chairman, deal coherently with a grievance? So he treated it like a caterpillar, as it was—a caterpillar eating out the vitals of the society; he wound it round, and fastened it up, in a wordy web of inextricability, thus forcing it to become a silent chrysalis, in which silence, coming to its senses, it has by this time, we hope, taken to itself wings and flown away, leaving the aforesaid cocoon of mystification to be blown away—a kindness that we trust also the wind has already done it.

And now we come to the point. Having accomplished his feat, the chairman ended thus:—'In a moment of mistake or irritation,' said he, 'I may—any gentleman may—say something which we would be glad to withdraw. I claim for myself, then, and I willingly concede to others, the **RIGHT OF ERRING**' [cheers].

Cheers, indeed! It was worth getting into a temporary embroilment in order to hear such noble sentiments proclaimed. Let any one of our readers, who aspires to be a representative in the parliament of Common Sense, frame at once the rough draft of a bill to define and secure this right; and should he carry it, his name will be great through many generations. Wives will bless him, who are relieved from hasty tyrannous fault-finding; husbands bless him, for the increase of that charity which hopeth and beareth all things, even when wounded. Children's thanks shall he have, for restricting within due limits that ancient, venerable, but still aggressive Institution of the Birch. His name shall be a household word with the poor, because he has taught men to distinguish between fumbings as of those half blinded with ignorance, and stumbings as of the wilful drunkard. The rich shall place his statue in their halls, because by him it was made known that their misdoings were not the mere fruit of unsympathetic callousness. Editors and authors shall propagate his fame, because, through his influence, they are tried,—and often warmly approved,—by the Generous Spirit, instead of being condemned without trial by the deadly Uncompromising Letter. The Christian ministry shall pay a hallowed tribute to his memory, as Great among the Peacemakers, for now no more their hearers 'lie in wait for them;' but with them wait on the Lord, approving them and loving them for the substance and spirit of their teaching, not uncharitably defaming them for its imperfections. Statesmen shall have him portrayed in brightest



fresco, as, with an expression of countenance the manliest and the kindest, he addressed the House in advocacy of his bill. Students, with excusable scatterbrainedness of expression (excusable in virtue of his bill!) shall extol him in their debating clubs, and noisily thump him into yet greater distinction. Poets shall become illustrious by their illustration of the spirit and progress of his doctrines, and shall sweetly sing of him in lines as imperishable as his renown. Associated scientific societies shall honour their stateliest chambers of assembly by calling them after his name, knowing, as they then will, that a too great fear of error, an unwise forgetfulness that some erroneous growths must needs spring, and an uncharitable intolerance towards the errors of those who, on the whole, are right, are among the greatest hindrances to scientific as to general advancement. The religious world shall count him an apostle of the modern age, and never speak of him without a glow of love towards God and man. In that happy time which his work shall usher in, the art (oh happy art!) of making ink entirely without gall, shall be discovered. And then, too, shall a sublime unity of faith and knowledge be achieved, to the delight of mankind, and to the astonishment of all but the few who had long been sorrowfully, and more strenuously than successfully, engaged in dissuading men from seeking unanimity of opinion as a first thing, instead of a last.

We regret to say that in the very heat and height of our argument, we have received a letter from Dr. Wach, to whom we said a word lately about the Right of Erring, when we met him at an ordination dinner, informing us that what we said 'contravenes the first principles of orthodoxy.' This, as may be supposed, has had a most depressing effect upon our mind; but we trust we shall be able to convince our readers, if not the doctor, that he is mistaken. Dr. Wach says, too, that he has no doubt if we were to 'write in that way,' and any respectable magazine should print it, at least one hundred and fifty subscribers would cease taking the magazine. Does the doctor mean to say that *ours* is not a respectable magazine? We believe we do not number among our readers *fifty* persons of such uncompromising cowardice and meanness. Fifty? we trust not five. But if five there be, let them at least take in our next number, in which we propose to give some hints towards the Draft of a Bill of Rights in this matter of Erring, with some particulars not unentertaining, and yet not unedifying, about Dr. Wach, which are entirely germane, and even *pat* to our purpose.

C. C. F.

## A Discourse to the Educated.

FROM THE GERMAN.\*

### I.

*We preach Christ the crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, to the Gentiles foolishness.*

Under the names Jews and Gentiles, or Jews and Greeks, the apostle introduces the representatives of two distinct kinds of opposition which the gospel of Christ has been exposed to in every age, though not always under the same name. Their roots are fixed in the heart and spirit of the natural man, and, therefore, they are sure to spring up afresh in every century; and will continue just as long as there is any enmity between God and the world—between nature and grace.

The self-will and haughtiness of a sensual and credulous heart, the pride and self-will of a critical and incredulous understanding, are the marks of the Jewish and the Gentile mind, which always resist the cross of Christ. These are the Jewish and Gentile thoughts which, even within ourselves, are always attempting to exalt themselves against the quiet, serious path, and the unpretending servant-form, of evangelical Christianity.

*The Jews demand signs, and the Greeks ask for wisdom.* These words of the apostle contain all the explanation we need.

The fact that the Jews demanded signs in attestation of the truth of the gospel only shows that their minds were exclusively directed to the external and visible. They demanded signs; wanted, that is, to grasp with the hand the incomprehensible and internal. The holy must reveal itself to them with outward splendour, and the divine must prove itself by some manifestation of overpowering might. They could not understand the words of the Redeemer, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with outward show,' so that men can say, Here it is, or there. They had also failed entirely to comprehend the instructive vision of their great prophet, to whom God once revealed himself on Mount Horeb, not in the whirlwind, not in the earthquake, nor the fire, but in a still small voice, a gentle whisper. Of this sacred, silent revelation of God in the depths of our heart and conscience, through the medium of his word and Spirit, the Jewish mind knew nothing; it could not understand it. It demanded signs; something to strike the senses, to excite them with outward pomp and show, and work upon the perverted imagination. Had the kingdom of heaven been manifested with splendour and noisy demonstration this would have been to its mind; the Deliverer, the Messiah, must come with dazzling glory, if these Jews were to believe on him. That he had lived amongst them, had suffered, yea, had died upon the cross, and that, having risen, and now living for ever, he was founding his

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\* Protestantische Monatsblätter. Vol. II. p. 160.

kingdom by his Spirit—all this seemed to them an insuperable stumbling-block. A crucified Christ! that, in their opinion, would overthrow all their previous expectations and theories; Christ and a cross were to them contradictions that could not be reconciled; a man crucified could never be the Christ, the expected deliverer. To enter into glory through suffering and pain, through self-denial, crucifixion, and death, was an idea both strange and repulsive. We have said enough to show what were the characteristics of the wonder-loving mind of the Jew, which demanded outward signs because it had never felt the inward quickening power of the gospel. This Jewish mind, if we follow it to its first source, answers to the tendency to superstition so deeply rooted in the natural heart. It is a superstitious misinterpretation and perversion of the true religion of the gospel, namely, worship in spirit and in truth.

In connexion with the Jews, the apostle also mentions the Gentiles, or Greeks, as opponents of the preaching of the cross; ‘the Jews require signs, the Greeks ask for wisdom.’ They ask for wisdom, and the preaching of Christ crucified is to them a folly. We know what kind of wisdom it was which the Greek asked for; a wisdom leading not to life, but to inward death; not to the grasp of eternal truth, but to the gratification of idle curiosity, and to the fruitless parade of cleverness, and of the jugglery of a subtle understanding. To ask for wisdom, to thirst for knowledge of the truth, is a noble impulse of the human mind; it indicates faintly a remembrance of its high descent from God, the fountain of truth. Hence our apostle contrasts the wisdom which bears the Divine stamp with that profitless word-wisdom, those self-satisfied, fruitless, wordy tricks of the mind, whose essential characteristics have been thus described by a Christian poet:—

“ Their gossamers they spin,  
And many tricks design,  
But wander further from the goal.”

Such, then, was the mark of this Gentile or Grecian mind which the apostle condemns; a mere hunting after enlightenment of mind without purification of heart, an insatiable craving for intellectual enjoyment without an eager, incessant striving after a change of will and elevation of character. It was that miserable division and mutilation of the inward man, which endeavours to increase knowledge to the neglect of our moral faculties and wants, which is always talking about the march of intellect, and, at the same time, leaves the heart empty, which eats insatiably of the tree of knowledge, and passes by the tree of life with indifference, or rather with contempt. In a word, it is a heartless, and, therefore, superficial education—science without conscience, an estrangement of the spirit from the primary source of all spiritual life.

Wisdom or culture of this kind could not possibly regard the preaching of Christ the crucified as anything but foolishness. It asked for things new and high, for thoughts artistically woven, for shrewd criticisms and quibbles; and instead of this the apostle

speaks of one who had been crucified, of the ignominious death of a wise man in Judea, and upon this strange leaf of a repulsive Jewish tale endeavours to inscribe the full promise of man's highest good! This was, probably, the judgment pronounced by the darkness of Grecian wisdom, when the apostolic message was heard; the charge was very applicable, 'They are always learning, but never come to the knowledge of the truth.' This Grecian mind has its deepest roots in the natural tendency to infidelity, resulting from pride of intellect in the human mind; it is that pride of understanding which contends against faith in the manifestation of God in Christ.

We are now in a position to answer the question—whether this double resistance to the gospel has ceased since the days when the apostles preached? Has not, rather, the history of Christianity been the history of an uninterrupted conflict with the superstitions of Judaism, and the unbelief of the Gentile? All opposition to evangelical truth, and every perversion of it down to our own day, has sprung from one of these two sources, according to the sympathy which the one or the other has found in the prevailing opinions and tendencies of the times.

Is there, again, no longer to be found in the hearts of men of the present age, the disposition to seek, in religion especially, for that which strikes the senses and excites the imagination, for outward pomp and display, and for dominion over the masses by means of power? This is nothing else than the old Jewish mind, trying to measure evangelical truth by an outward standard; it is that mind which demands signs before it will believe; signs, such as a form of worship, which strikes the senses, an imposing constitution adapted to secure command and subjection, and a doctrinal system fitted to save us both the trouble and responsibility of private research—all these are signs and seals most welcome to the proud, sensual heart, when called to decide for its own everlasting welfare. And where there is this disposition, the preaching of the Cross is still a hateful stumbling block; for how much pleasanter it is to the shallow, self-deluded mind to reconcile itself to Heaven through certain outward acts, than to fight out the conflict between the godly and the ungodly life in the depths of our own soul! An innate dread of all that bears the name of cross lives in the heart of the natural man. Our nature shrinks from suffering and pain, until it is sanctified by a higher spirit. And hence a pampered and effeminate age like ours, resists most resolutely when it hears the powerful words, 'Whoso wishes to be my disciple, let him deny himself, and take his cross upon him, and follow me!' This dread of the earnest conditions of inward Christianity has become so frequent in our days that we need not be surprised at the number of those who fall back again to the low stage of the outward sensuous faith of the Jew. The exertions and sacrifices of the way through the desert to the promised land repel them too powerfully; and they prefer to go back to Egypt, from which the hand of God had brought them out.

Nor has the mind of the Greek died out from amongst us any more

than that of the Jew. Our age also asks for wisdom, like the Greeks of old, and too often the preaching of the cross is folly in its eyes. If some look for religion to be invested with a splendid and imposing form, and to become a means of gaining power; there are others, also, who ask most eagerly that the substance be striking, demanding that it be made a means of intellectual amusement, or of the multiplication of empty and hair-splitting controversies. Foolishness they call it—a ridiculous notion, when the preaching of the Cross comes before them, and they are told, that they can never lay hold of God's truth till the inward dispositions of their nature are changed, and by calm self-examination they have discovered the rent which exists in the breast of every man; and till, with deep humility on account of this discovery, they long, with burning desire, for the sacred fountain of eternal love and eternal life. There is still folly in the opinion of many even now, in that profound saying of a great Christian thinker, 'We must know the things of man before we can love them, but must love the things of God before we can know them.'

*'But to those who are called, both Jews and Greeks, we preach Christ: the power of God, and the wisdom of God.'*

And even in the present day, as much as in the days of the apostles, the preaching of Christ the crucified continues to show itself as the power and wisdom of God in innumerable hearts. This is the other side of our examination to day, and one which gives us comfort, as the former must have filled us with pain.

The preaching of Christ proves itself to be a power of God, wherever its conditions are accepted, and the salvation which it offers is received. We all stand in need of a divine power; which can bind and loose, bind up the ungodly within us, and loose that which is divine, and is panting for freedom. For we need not deceive ourselves. The image of God within us, that 'inward man,' which thirsts for love, and liberty, and blessedness, is lying in the fetters of sin, by which our whole race is held in captivity; whilst, on the other hand, the lower, perishing, selfish man within us is living, not in chains, but in spurious liberty. This is the 'other law in my members, warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.' This is the fierce and miserable conflict in our inner life, the contention raised by a divided will and mind, which led the apostle Paul, who knew so well the depths of the human heart, to break out with anguish of mind in the words, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?'

This question is proposed by many to themselves, at times openly, and again in secret; but without their pressing on with the apostle to the victorious reply, 'I thank God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord!' Yet they look in vain for divine power to overcome, for the blessed delights of victory. And they will seek in vain, within them or without, unless they look to the 'Author and Finisher of our faith,' the holy Victor on the cross; unless they find all in him, their Friend and Brother, as well as their Lord and Saviour; their Comfort and Light, as well as their Priest and King.

Yes, in him our age would find the divine power it wants so much. For inward powerlessness is most truly the disease by which we are laid low; inward powerlessness is the word which describes the varied troubles in house and heart, in the State and the family, the Church and the school. There is no rich treasure of inward life, inward confidence, and inward joy, from which to draw; there is no quickening breath of spiritual vivacity, and living fruitfulness for the present or the future. Instead of this we employ ourselves without results in busy but unfruitful efforts to construct and destroy forms and formularies. There are scaffoldings, and no end of scaffoldings, for building, but there is no firm erection, no house upon a rock. There are wells without water; rattling mills without the bread of life. And whence comes this lamentable inward want of the noblest thing which man can possess? Whence this exhaustion of the only powers which raise us above the highest of the brutes? From what, but from our having lost our living union with the divine and inexhaustible Fountain of all life and power? The inward living union with God and with 'the powers of the world to come,' is offered for all ages in Christ Jesus, in his word, his Spirit, his Church; that is, in the fellowship of all who acknowledge him as their Lord. He is truth and life; he not only teaches them, but he manifests them, he is their realization; in him we have the incarnation of Divine power and Divine wisdom. And this it is which distinguishes the gospel from all the teaching and inventions of men. Only as we understand this do we get the key to the words of the apostle, that the preaching of Christ the crucified is a Divine power. It is only to the Christian who has found in him his Redeemer and Mediator that it is so. But this he wishes to be to all; all may slake their thirst at the fountain of a new and eternal life.

At the same time we must give up the delusion, which still prevails in thousands, that Christianity, to use a strong expression, is a kind of hospital religion, to comfort and quiet some broken hearts, designed for the sick and afflicted, or to serve as a refuge on the bed of death; whilst men with vigorous minds and active powers have no need of this prop for the infirm, but are able with their own skilful hands to row out their little barque upon the broad ocean of life. The man who forms such opinions has yet to learn the first principles of Christian truth; and must be altogether perplexed by the apostle's declaration, that the gospel is a Divine power, and Divine wisdom. The gospel of Christ is undoubtedly as truly the best comfort and the most sacred hope for the afflicted and unhappy now as it was centuries ago; and often when all human help has failed, it alone has rescued thousands from despair, and raised up many a broken spirit, and many a mind troubled with remorse and the anguish of death, by the certainty with which it has offered the mercy of God, and by the prospect of a blessed future, in which justice and love are one. And if there were nothing in the gospel to boast of except this, it would still be sufficient to impress upon it the stamp of a Divine religion. But this is very far from describing the circumference of its blessings and its powers. The gospel pro-

claims itself to be the redemption of the world. From it there is to go forth a renewal and transformation of the entire life, not by outward forms, not by the doctrinal systems of schools; but by the change of that which lies deepest in a man, by the cleansing of his will, the purification of his heart, by regeneration from the Spirit. This is the 'Divine power' which our text celebrates as the fruit of the preaching of Christ. In this, in these unpretending words, often so thoughtlessly uttered, lies the deepest secret of the Divine government, and the only hope of a fresh spiritual spring for this inwardly withering age.

Wherever the gospel is found to be a 'power of God,' it will infallibly prove itself to be also the wisdom of God. Divine power and Divine wisdom are the inseparable effects of redemption, as warmth and light proceed from the same sun. And it is just this which is a distinctive mark of the ways of God, that he will not separate the enlightenment of the mind from the warmth and purity of the heart. If once our will and heart are his, our understanding is sure to follow him; and we are then prepared to see in Christ, in the Divine love, which gave itself for us, the highest wisdom also. Then only is there found for our whole spiritual culture a firm and sacred centre, to guard us from degeneracy of lifeless knowledge and a pernicious understanding. For even intellectual life, of whatever kind, however valuable it may otherwise be, has within it a germ of corruption and decay, unless it is continually drawing fresh life-blood from the treasures of Divine knowledge, from the eternal truths of the revelation of the living God, who never leaves himself without a witness, and who has come near to us in Christ. Yes, I repeat it as my firm conviction, all knowledge and all culture would be nothing but a splendid state of wretchedness without the sure knowledge of a living God in fellowship with us. And, moreover, it is in vain for us to seek anywhere for this certainty, except in the Word of God made flesh in the highest act of eternal love! Our heart remains beneath the yoke of selfishness, and with regard to the most important questions, our spirit is enslaved by error, unless we go continually to the cross of Christ, and find there the power of God and the wisdom of God: to the Jews a stumbling-block, to the Greeks foolishness.

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## The Rulers of the Primitive Church.

### LATER CYCLE.

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#### CYPRIAN, PRELATE OF CARTHAGE.\*

CYPRIAN's name has already been several times mentioned in our sketch of his contemporary and fellow-labourer in the cause of spiritual

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\* Mr. Shepherd's clever attack upon the genuineness of the whole cycle of the Cyprianic literature, in his brilliant 'Letters to Dr. Maitland,' has not escaped our

despotism, Cornelius of Rome. There can be no doubt that the African bishop, although his see was second in importance to Rome, even in the West, was regarded as the most distinguished church-ruler of his time; and that he, and not the successor of Peter, was the soul of the great prelatical league, by which, under his able and enthusiastic guidance, the victory of the hierarchical system over the last relics of the free constitution of earlier and happier days was secured for more than a thousand years. By his vigorous, eloquent, and restless pen, he was able to inspire the confederated host with life; to rally it when it met with temporary checks; to gild its ambitious aims with a halo of religious glory; and to blazon forth its sinister triumphs as so many steps in the onward march of the kingdom of God. The eminent Christian virtues which adorned his saintly life all served to shed new splendour on the interest to which, from the beginning to the close of his episcopal career, he was so thoroughly devoted heart and soul, viz., the aggrandisement of his own order at the expense of the remaining liberties of the Church; whilst, by his heroic martyrdom, he cemented with his blood the ecclesiastical pile, which he had done more than any man since Victor to rear. From Cyprian's time down to the Reformation, the hierarchical polity was exposed to none but a mere guerilla warfare. There is, perhaps, no man to whom Prelacy, and its crowning development, Popery, can be said to owe so much. Yet Cyprian was not a profound thinker. In some respects it was a great advantage to the church principles, of which he was so devoted and ardent a champion, that he was not. The thinking was done for him by other men, especially by his great forerunner, Tertullian; and, on the other hand, had he been more independent in this respect, he might have taken to wayward courses, and lapsed into heresy, as was the case with that original and powerful genius. As it was, he had not sense enough for that, whilst he had quite enough to make him a highly effective propagandist, within the so-called Catholic pale, of those ideas for which he was chiefly indebted to one who had died out of it. His *forte* lay in talk, written as well as spoken, and in action; and it was well for him, as the great prophet, rather than the legislator—the Aaron, rather than the Moses, of the hierarchical Exodus from the intolerable bondage of free institutions, that it did. He was hampered by no scruples as to the legitimacy of the cause of which he was so zealous, and upon the whole, as things go in this twilight life of ours, so sincere and honest an advocate. Especially does he seem to have been utterly wanting in the historical instinct, and to have been oppressed by no troublesome consciousness of the past. No Paris *gamin* in the height of a revolu-

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notice, nor failed in exciting our admiration at the boldness, skill, and learning with which it has been conducted. On the whole, however, his style of argument, and the recklessness of his assaults, remind one too much of the Jesuit Hardouin's celebrated attempt to prove that the writings, known under the names of Virgil, Horace, and Cicero, were forged by the monks in the middle ages. The utmost that Mr. Shepherd can be said to have accomplished is, that he has made out a strong case for investigation, and for a more critical sifting of the Cyprianic documents, than they have hitherto been subjected to.



tion—no Chartist or Socialist conspirator—could be less embarrassed with any musty reminiscences of antiquity than Cyprian. Traditions of yesterday were with him as old as the hills. Everything which suited the interests of his order was in his eyes apostolic, just as that order itself was, although there must have been grey old Christians living in his time, and, perhaps, under his own pastoral charge, who remembered the days when there was not a prelate in Christendom. Even in the pages of his master, Tertullian, which he read daily, he might have found plenty of indications of the previous existence of a totally different state of things, had he been on the look-out for them, which, however, he was not. There is still extant a remarkable epistle addressed to himself by his friend, Firmilian, prelate of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, in which we can still read the lineaments of the old constitution. In his own letters to the presbyters of his church, he invariably styles them his ‘fellow-presbyters’ (com-presbyteri), although the fiercest struggle of his life had for its object the suppression of an attempt, upon the part of five of their number, to exercise some of the rights which would seem naturally to flow from such a recognition of their equality in rank with himself. He, however, had not the slightest sense of any contradiction between this, his official style in addressing them, and his conduct towards them. The use of such a formula implied nothing in his case, no more than the fact that to this hour the presbyters constitute the highest of the seven orders of the priesthood in the Church of Rome places them upon a level with the Pope. It was a piece of clerical etiquette; nothing beyond. He had no inkling of the meaning of it as an unassimilated fragment of an earlier fabric. Nay, sacerdotalism itself—the doctrine that the ministry alone constitute the priesthood—of which baleful dogma we find very few traces indeed before Cyprian’s own time, save in the forged Apostolical Constitutions, and which was certainly the *fruit*, rather than, as is commonly supposed, the *germ* of prelacy, is with him so far from being a novelty, notwithstanding his evident perplexity, even when pushed to the hardest, to discover a single New Testament proof for it, that he plainly cannot conceive of any other view of the ministry. The founders of the hierarchy, Victor and his crew, must have carried an evil conscience. They must have *known* that they were revolutionizing the Christian polity, although the least criminal amongst these men may have plausibly convinced themselves of the necessity of the change, on account of the decrepitude into which, owing partly to the sins of the people, and partly to those of the ministry, the apostolical regimen had, alas! indisputably sunk. For it is the highest praise of that regimen, that it must infallibly break down, when attempted to be administered by any but earnest Christian men. *Corruptio optimi, pessima*. It is the bow of Achilles, a mighty weapon when in the right hands, but useless in those of spiritual paralytics. For those who will not be ruled by Christ through the gospel, there is nothing for it but to be ferruled well by the law, which, in the sphere of ecclesiastical polity, means—hierarchy. Hence, it is very conceivable, that the less dishonest of the prelatical innovators,

misled by this *relative* necessity for change, may have really aimed at the public good of Christendom, although the means which they adopted, and especially the arts of forgery in which they were implicated, are deserving of eternal reprobation. But however this may be, these acts of forgery clearly enough betray their own consciousness of the newness of the principles and maxims to which they were seeking to give currency. But with Cyprian it was otherwise. He was no doubt fully persuaded of the apostolicity of the metamorphosed church-system, and, on the other hand, regarded the reaction in favour of the old polity, with which he was called to grapple, as a criminal innovation. To him a prescription of two or three generations was sufficient proof of apostolicity, since anything of the nature of historical investigation was entirely alien from his tastes and habits. This, indeed, was his strength, as the leader of the movement. The most eloquent apostle whom prelacy and sacerdotalism had as yet obtained—perhaps one more eloquent never lived—was at the same time the most sincere. He believed, and therefore spoke. He was one of those good men, without whom a bad cause never prospers; and who, when they happen to have great talents as well, seldom fail to secure for even the most noxious ideas speedy and splendid successes.

Thascius Cæcilius Cyprian did not begin his Christian career until he was far advanced in life, having remained a pagan until the last years of his manhood. He had acquired a brilliant reputation as a professor of rhetoric, and, perhaps, as an advocate, which brought him wealth and honours in abundance. He kept a splendid table, as he tells us himself, shone in purple and gold, and never went abroad without being attended by a numerous retinue of servants and clients. He was won to Christianity through the influence of an aged Carthaginian presbyter, Cæcilius, and was baptized in A.D. 245. In the house of Cæcilius he resided for the purpose of drinking in his instructions until the death of his spiritual father, whose name he in gratitude took, and with it the responsibility of being a husband to his widow and a father to his orphan children. It were highly desirable that we knew a little more about this Cæcilius, who stood in so important and interesting a relation to Cyprian, than the above few facts, which are all that we can glean from the somewhat meagre and cloudy biography of the latter, which his deacon, Pontius, has left us. If we may believe Cardinal Baronius on the one hand, he was no other than the *Cæcilius Natalis*, the pagan who becomes converted by the arguments of Octavius in the beautiful dialogue of Minucius Felix; whilst, on the other hand, according to a happy conjecture thrown out by the learned Jesuit editor of Eusebius, Valesius, this *Cæcilius Natalis* is the same person with the Confessor Natalis, who was elevated by the Theodosians, or Roman Ebionites, to the prelatial chair in their Church, but who afterwards, on being scourged, as he said, by angels during a whole night, repented in sackcloth and ashes, and was accordingly received back to Catholic communion in the episcopate of Zephyrinus, the successor of Victor at Rome. There is

very much to be said in favour of both the proposed identifications, and absolutely nothing against them; and their combination, supposing them well-founded, would supply an outward link of the very highest value in the history of the corruption of the church-constitution. It would really seem that the two wily apologists of Rome and her hierarchy have here unwittingly put us upon the traces of the very genealogy, so to speak, of Prelacy, and thus of Popery. We have already advanced some reasons for supposing the complicity of Cæcilius Natalis—that is, as Baronius and Valesius tell us, of Cyprian's spiritual father—in the Clementine forgery. Hence it is no wonder if we find Cyprian so thoroughly saturated with the hierarchical spirit of that book. He must have imbibed it—happily along with something infinitely better—at the feet of the very Gamaliel of the new school of ecclesiastical polity. His impressions, moreover, must, in that case, have been struck off from the more Judaizing rather than from the more Roman type of hierarchical doctrine—they would naturally bear the image and superscription of the false Clement, and not so much those of Victor—which, as every careful reader of Cyprian knows perfectly well, is just what is actually the case. We must not, however, dwell upon this tempting topic, which we could not pass by altogether on account of its important bearing on the development of Cyprian in his principal character of a church-ruler. It was a momentous era in ecclesiastical history when, with Cæcilius Natalis, the Clementine Church principles crossed over from Rome to Carthage, and here inoculated Cyprian, if, as it would seem, such was, indeed, the fact.

Soon after his conversion, Cyprian, in his fervent desire to be perfect, sold his landed estates, and distributed the proceeds to the poor. He also at once began to employ his eloquent pen in the service of his adopted faith by writing against heathenism his treatise 'On the Vanity of Idols.' It is remarkable that one-third of this tract is copied almost verbatim from the 'Dialogue of Minucius Felix,' in which, on the hypothesis started above, he must naturally have been very deeply interested, as containing the history of the transition from Paganism to Christianity of his own first instructor in the gospel. He had previously written, probably for publication, his touching letter to his friend Donatus, describing, in glowing terms, the internal peace and blessedness which had resulted from his change of religion. If, in this letter, he somewhat exaggerates as to the symbol of his salvation, and ascribes an almost magic power to baptism, this is quite in keeping with the outwardness which characterised his piety in general, and of which the literal sale of his estates, as though this were necessary in order to evangelical obedience, affords, perhaps, another illustration. But Cyprian, although he fell into this error as to the way of salvation—as, indeed, the notion of sacramental efficacy was already becoming very prevalent—was well aware that divine grace is its only source. 'From God, I say'—these are his own emphatic words in this epistle to Donatus—'from God comes all that we are able to do.'

Two years after his conversion he was ordained presbyter in the

church of his native city, Carthage—a somewhat brief term of preparation, it must be admitted, for so weighty an office as that of the ministry, especially in the case of a man who had been a Pagan so long. We are assured, however, that he was very assiduous in his studies, and the writings of Tertullian in particular he read daily. Jerome tells an anecdote on this subject which is to this effect. He says that when he was at Rome he met with a very old man, who told him that in his youth he had conversed with Cyprian's librarian, who said that the great man never passed a day without studying Tertullian, and that he used to ask for the book in these terms, 'Give me the master.' This story is important, as showing the hold which Tertullian—who, though he was always railing against the bishops, was, nevertheless, one of the staunchest friends they ever had—must have gained upon the mind of Cyprian. We are aware that Montanism, to which heresy Tertullian was addicted, is now usually regarded as a reaction against the power of the rising hierarchy; and, in a sense, it certainly was so. It was decidedly hostile to the influence of the clergy. But then Montanism only intended to replace one despotism by another—the despotism of office, namely, by that of the pretended prophets. It never raised any question as to restoring the waning liberties of the Christian people. Rather would it have set up a tyranny whose little finger would have been thicker than the loins of Prelacy itself. Hence we may be sure that Cyprian learnt no free maxims of church government from that lean lawyer and stickler for tradition, Tertullian.

Within little more than a twelvemonth of Cyprian's being ordained presbyter, and only three years after his baptism, a vacancy occurred in the prelatical chair at Carthage, and all eyes were at once turned towards the new convert as a fitting successor to Donatus. Of the apostle's wholesome maxim, 'Not a neophyte, lest, being lifted up with pride, he fall into the condemnation of the devil,' the people seem to have had no fear. Cyprian's biographer, Pontius, in describing the extraordinary scene which took place on the occasion, seems rather to glory in their having set it at nought. 'As a proof of his good works,' he says, 'I think this alone will be sufficient, that, by the judgment of God, and the good will of the congregation, he was elected, whilst yet a neophyte, and, as was thought, a mere child, to the office of the priesthood, and to the episcopal rank. Although as yet in the first days of his faith, and of untutored age in the spiritual life, his noble nature so shone forth, that, albeit not yet resplendent with the glories of actual office, but only with the brightness with which hope gilded him, he gave promise of rewarding the confidence reposed in the priesthood. Nor will I pass over in silence that memorable circumstance, how, when in their love to him and desire to honour him, the whole people, under the inspiration of the Lord, came forth to greet him, he humbly withdrew himself, wishing to give way in favour of his seniors in the faith, and saying, he thought himself unworthy of the title attaching to so great a dignity, that he might show himself to be the more worthy. For he is made more worthy who excuses

himself from a dignity which he has merited. With what ardour was the congregation then filled, boiling with excitement like the waves of the sea, desiring, with an impulse inspired by the Holy Ghost (as the event has taught us), not a bishop alone; but, in the person of him whom, being then in concealment, it so vehemently insisted upon, by virtue of an instinct from on high, it was demanding the future martyr. Numbers of the brethren besieged the doors of his house, and their anxious love pervaded all the approaches. At that juncture that which happened to the apostle might have come to pass (for the people wished that he should be let down through a window), if he had wished to vie with the apostle in the honours attending his ordination. You might have seen, too, all the rest of the brethren holding their breath in anxious suspense, watching for his arrival, and when he did arrive receiving him with a tumult of joy. I say it unwillingly, but it must needs be said, there were certain who opposed his election to no other end than this, that he might not be deprived of the glory of a victory.'

At the head of the opposition were five presbyters, and in this closing sentence of the above extract we have an intimation of an incipient schism which shortly broke out, and in combating which Cyprian found ample scope for developing his hierarchical views. Pontius does not state what were the grounds upon which the five presbyters and their party objected to Cyprian's election, and even had he mentioned them, he shows himself such a thick and thin partisan and eulogist of the martyred bishop, that unless supported by strong internal probability, but little reliance would have been due to his allegations. He is more bent upon praising Cyprian's moderation towards this dissentient few; we must suppose until things were brought to an open breach. For certain it is that the exasperated prelate displayed but very little of that quality in his treatment of them afterwards. Unless we are to adopt the vulgar and uncharitable solution, which is always forthcoming in such cases, that it was nothing but envy which prompted this protest against Cyprian's elevation to the throne, it is not improbable that it really was owing to a sober fear that no good could come of slighting the clear and peremptory apostolic rule, which forbade the appointment of a neophyte to the spiritual office. This explanation would seem to be rather favoured than otherwise by the buoyant, not to say defiant tone which Pontius adopts in speaking of the neglect, upon the occasion of Cyprian's ordination, of Paul's wise caution, addressed to his son Timothy. And if the recentness of the candidate's conversion was really the reason of the opposition of the five presbyters and their adherents, it cannot be denied that experience, in some degree, confirmed their scriptural misgivings. Cyprian was 'lifted up with *pride*,' and amidst the many and illustrious virtues which adorned his character, this sin in particular is precisely that which forms the dark background of the picture, and almost dims the lustre of his glorious martyrdom. 'An unbiassed contemplation,' says the candid and impartial Neander, in his estimate of this remarkable man, 'will

certainly not fail to discover in Cyprian the man inspired and animated with true love to the Redeemer and to his Church. It is undeniable that he was devoted to his community as a faithful shepherd; that its interests lay constantly near his heart; and that he meant to exercise his episcopal authority for the preservation of good order and discipline in the flock. *But* it is also certain that he was not sufficiently on his guard against that fundamental evil of man's nature, which so easily fastens on what is best in him, and by which the best qualities may be even perverted and destroyed—an evil which may be most dangerous to those endowed with great gifts and powers for the Lord's service—most dangerous where it exhibits itself under the spiritual garb—that he was not watchful enough against the risings and suggestions of self-will and PRIDE. The point he was contending for, the full power of the episcopate, proved to him, certainly, at times, the rock whereon his spiritual life made shipwreck. He forgot in the bishop '*appointed by God himself, and acting in the name of Christ,*' the *man*, still living in the flesh, and *exposed*, like all other men, to the temptations of sin—in the *bishop*, over whom no layman might set up himself to judge, the bishop called to rule, and gifted with an inviolable authority from God, he forgot the disciple of Christ, of him who was meek and lowly of spirit, and for the good of his *brethren*, appeared in the form of a *servant*. Had he ever remained true to the spirit of Christ's disciples, he might assuredly have gained the victory over his adversaries with far more ease to himself, and safety to the Church, than by all his stir about the inalienable rights of the episcopate, and his appeals to the dignity of the priestly office, with which God had invested him.'

The same accusation of pride which is brought against Cyprian by the gentle Neander in the nineteenth century. The same accusation was not unheard even in his own day, and he was rebuked with becoming gravity and fidelity for this sin by his contemporary, the worthy confessor and prelate Pupianus, who, in a letter which he wrote to Cyprian, even went so far as honestly to tell the bishop of Carthage that his own arrogance was the cause of the ecclesiastical divisions, which so sorely troubled him, and stirred up his bile. The letter of Pupianus is lost, but the answer of Cyprian has come down to us. It fully bears out the statements of Neander, since every line of it is swelling with spiritual pride. Cyprian even goes so far as to reply to his correspondent's allegation that he had been wanting in a proper modesty by telling Pupianus that his profound humility was the common talk, even of the pagans. This singular letter is so thoroughly characteristic of Cyprian, and so strikingly illustrative of the pitch of tension to which he was wont to stretch his notions of episcopal prerogative, that we subjoin it entire. It is as follows:—

*'Cyprian, who is also called Thascius, to his brother Florentius, who is also called Pupianus, wishes health.*

*'I had supposed, brother, that you had at length been brought to repentance, on account of your having, in days past, rashly listened, or even given credit to charges against us so base, so execrable, even in heathen estimation. But I*

perceive from your letter that now, over and above your former offence of this kind, you have gone so far as to take in hand as to make careful inquisition into our character, and that *thou*, after God, who makes the priest, passest judgment, I say not upon *me* (for who am I?) but upon the judgment of God and of Christ himself. This is to disbelieve in God, to be a rebel against Christ and against his gospel; so that whilst he says, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and not one of them falleth to the ground without your Father;" and assures us that without the knowledge and consent of God not the smallest thing takes place, thou believest that the priests of God can be consecrated without his will. For to believe that those who are consecrated are unworthy and unclean, what is it but to believe that the priests are not inaugurated of God and by God? Or do you think my own testimony concerning myself to be greater than that of God? Whereas, the Lord himself teaches, and says that the testimony is not true, if any one be a witness on his own behalf, because every one is certain to favour himself, and nobody is likely to bring forward things which are unfavourable to and make against himself. But confidence may be safely reposed in the truth of what is said about us, if another publish and attest our good qualities. "If I bear witness of myself," says the Lord, "my witness is not true; there is another that beareth witness of me." But if the Lord himself, who is hereafter to judge all things, was unwilling that men should trust to his own testimony to himself, but preferred to rest the vindication of himself upon the testimony and decision of his Father, how much more does it behove his servants to keep to this rule, who are not simply vindicated, but are even glorified by the decision of God. But the lying of enemies and malignants prevailed with thee, against the Divine sentence, and against the testimony of my conscience, which securely reposes on the strength of its own trustworthiness; as though amongst the lapsed and profane, and those placed outside the Church, from whose breast the Holy Ghost has departed, there could be anything else but a corrupt mind, and a false tongue, and envenomed hatred, and sacrilegious lies, which he who believes must necessarily be found in their company when the day of judgment shall come. But as to what you have said, that the priests ought to be humble, because the Lord also and his apostles were humble, I answer that as well all the brethren, as even the pagans, are perfectly acquainted with, and admire my humility; and you yourself also were acquainted with and admired it when you were still in the Church, and held communion with me.\* But which of us two is at the farthest remove from humility? I, who daily serve the brethren, and receive, one by one, those who resort to the church with kindness, and good wishes, and joy; or thou, who constitutest thyself bishop of the bishop, and judge of the judge, appointed by God for the time being? Whereas, the Lord God says in Deuteronomy, "And the man that will do presumptuously, and will not hearken unto the priest that standeth to minister there before the Lord thy God, or unto the judge, even that man shall die; and thou shalt put away the evil from Israel; and all the people shall hear and fear, and do no more presumptuously." And again he speaks to Samuel, and says, "They have not despised thee, but they have despised me." And moreover, the Lord in the gospel, when it was said to him, "Answerest thou the high priest so?" in his anxiety to guard sacerdotal honour, and to teach that it ought to be maintained, answered nothing against the high priest, but only clearing his own innocence, answered, saying, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if good, why smitest thou me?" Also, the blessed apostle, when it was said to him, "Revilest thou God's high priest?" spoke nothing contumeliously against the priest, although he might consistently have lifted himself up against those who had crucified the Lord, and who had already forfeited God, and Christ, and temple, and priesthood. But even in the persons of false and despoiled priests, he nevertheless, bearing in mind and respecting the mere empty shadow of the sacerdotal name, said, "I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest; for it is written, Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy

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\* Pupianus had gone so far as to renounce communion with Cyprian, as having occasioned a schism by his inordinate hierarchical pride, which excommunication Cyprian of course flings back.

people." This will give you an idea of the respect due to me, unless, although I was a priest before the Persecution,\* at which time you held communion with me, I have ceased to be a priest since the Persecution. For the Persecution, on its arrival, lifted you up to the sublime dignity of a martyr.† Me, on the other hand, it weighed down beneath the burden of proscription, seeing that public proclamation was made, IF ANY ONE HOLDS, OR IS SEIZED OF THE GOODS OF CÆCILIUS CYPRIAN, BISHOP OF THE CHRISTIANS, &c., so that even those who did not believe God when he appointed me bishop, might believe the devil, when he proscribed me as bishop. Nor do I say these things in the spirit of boasting, but refer to them with grief, because you set up yourself as judge over God and Christ, who says to the apostles, and accordingly to all rulers, who succeed the apostles by virtue of their ordination as their vicars, "He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that heareth me, heareth Him that sent me. And he that rejecteth you, rejecteth me, and Him that sent me." For thence it is that schisms and heresies have sprung up, and are springing up, because the bishop, who is sole, and is over the Church, is despised by the proud presumption of some, and the man honoured with the testimony of God is judged unworthy by men. What presumption! what arrogance! what pride! is it to call the prelates and priests to account! If we are not purged in *your* estimation, lo! these six years past the congregation has not had a prelate, nor the Church a guide, nor Christ a minister, nor God a priest! Pupianus must assist at, and criticise, and confirm the judgment of God and Christ, lest so great a multitude of believers as is gathered under our oversight should appear to have gone to their long home without hope of salvation and peace; lest the belief should go abroad that the believers now alive have obtained no baptismal grace and no Holy Ghost at our hands; and lest the reconciliation with the Church accorded, after our investigation of their cases, to so many fallen brethren who have done penance, should be annulled by virtue of thy judgment! Be then so good as to confirm our prelatic dignity, through the saving virtue of thy recognition; in order that God and Christ may thank thee, that by *thy* means the priest is restored to their altar, as well as to the people. The bees have their queen; the armies have their generals, and they preserve their loyalty; the robbers obey their captains with humble obsequiousness! How much more upright, and how much better, are the unreasonable and dumb animals, and the bloody robbers, amidst swords and weapons, than are you. There the ruler is acknowledged and feared, whom not a Divine mandate has set up, but whom the reprobate rout have appointed of themselves. You have said that a scruple must be removed from your mind, against which you have stumbled. Against which you have stumbled, forsooth—yes, but through your own irreligious credulousness. You have stumbled—yes, but in consequence of your own disposition to stumble, in consequence of your own sacrilegious will, in that you easily give ear to, and greedily believe ribald, impious, infamous reports, to the prejudice of a brother, to the prejudice of a priest. You defend the lies of others as though they were your own, and remember not that it is written, "Make a hedge of thorns around thine ears, and be unwilling to listen to the wicked tongue;" and again, "A bad man gives ear to the tongue of the wicked, but the just hangs not on lying lips." Why have not the holy martyrs, who, by virtue of their sufferings, are full of the Spirit of God, and already very near to the vision of God, and of his Christ, "stumbled upon this scruple?" Who have addressed from their prison a letter "to the bishop Cyprian," acknowledging him to be a priest of God, and bearing testimony in his favour. Why have not my numerous colleagues and fellow-bishops "stumbled upon this scruple," who either were proscribed upon their flight, or have been incarcerated, and put in chains, or have been banished into exile, and in consequence of these persecutions have gone home to the Lord by so glorious a path; or those who in certain places have been publicly executed, and have received their crowns from the shining hands of their Lord? Why did not this our congregation here, which by the good pleasure of God is committed to us, "stumble upon this scruple?" So many confessors who have been racked, and tortured, and are

\* That of Decius and Gallus.

† *I. e.*, in the archaic sense of the word, which included confessors.



glorified by the fame of so many wounds and sores? So many chaste virgins? So many praiseworthy widows? In fine, the churches throughout the whole world, who are linked with us in the bonds of unity? Unless, as you have written, all those who hold fellowship with me are polluted by our polluted mouth, and have lost the hope of eternal life, by the contagion spread from our fellowship. Papias alone is blameless, inviolate, holy, chaste, who would not mingle with us. He shall dwell alone in paradise, and in the kingdom of heaven. Thou hast written to me, moreover, that "through me the Church now beholds a portion of her members scattered abroad;" whereas, every people truly belonging to the Church is gathered and united, and joined together in undivided concord. Only those remain without who, were they within, ought to be turned out. Nor does the Lord, the protector and guardian of his people, suffer the wheat to be driven away from his barn-floor, but only the chaff can be separated from the Church, since the apostle also says, "What if some did not believe? Shall their unbelief make the faith of God without effect? God forbid! But let God be true, and every man a liar!" And the Lord, also, in the gospel, when the disciples abandoned him, as he was speaking, turned to the twelve and said, "Will ye also go away?" Peter answereth and said unto him, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto thee? thou hast the words of eternal life." And we believe, and are sure, that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God." Peter speaks there upon whom the Church is built; and he speaks in the name of the Church, teaching and showing that although a contumacious and proud multitude of men who refuse to hear depart, nevertheless, the Church does not withdraw from Christ; and they are a church, viz., a people joined to a priest, and a flock sticking to their pastor. Wherefore, you ought to know that the bishop is in the Church, and the Church in the bishop; and if anyone be not with the bishop, he is not in the Church; and that they flatter themselves in vain who, though having no peace with the priest of God, yet creep in, and in certain quarters fancy that they are admitted to communion; whereas, the Church, which is Catholic, is one, is not rent, nor divided, but is, indeed, bound and clamped together by the cement of the priests sticking together amongst themselves. Wherefore, brother, if you shall think of the majesty of God, who ordains the priests; if you shall have respect to Christ, who by his will, by his nod, and by his presence, governs both the prelates themselves, and the Church with the prelates; if you shall rely, in passing sentence respecting the good name of priests, not upon the promptings of human hatred, but upon the judgment of God; if you shall begin to repent of your temerity, and pride, and insolence even thus late; if you shall make the fullest satisfaction to God, and to his Christ—whom I serve, and to whom with pure and immaculate mouth, equally in times of persecution and in times of peace, I offer ceaseless sacrifices; on these conditions I say we shall be at liberty to have some regard to communion with you; respect, I fear, being paid nevertheless on both sides to the Divine decision, namely, that I may first consult the Lord whether he permits, in accordance with his own mode of showing it and notifying it, that you should be restored to the peace and communion of the Church. For I call to mind a certain thing which was already revealed to me; yes, a thing which was enjoined upon a dutiful servant; and one who stands in awe of the authority of his Lord and God. It was this, HE THAT DISBELIEVES GOD, WHO MAKES THE PRIEST, WILL BELIEVE GOD WHO AVENGES THE PRIEST. Although I know that dreams are ridiculed, and that visions seem no argument to some, yet it is only in the estimation of those who are more ready to credit what is spoken against a priest, than what a priest says. But this is no marvel, seeing that Joseph's brethren said of him, "Behold, this dreamer cometh; come now, let us kill him," and yet the dreamer afterwards obtained what he had dreamed; and those who were ready to kill and to sell him were confounded, so that they who would not believe his words in the beginning, believed his deeds in the end. But as for those things which you have done, either in time of persecution or in time of peace, it would be foolish for me to wish to judge you, since you rather set yourself up as a judge over us.

'These things I have written in reply to you, out of a pure mind and conscience and trusting to my Lord and my God. You have my letter, and I have your In the day of judgment both will be read before Christ's tribunal.'

## Frank Dudley ; or, Hidden Treasure.

‘WHERE shall I turn now?’ said Leeson, as, with a perplexed and disappointed countenance, he laid down on the table a letter he had just received. ‘But two days to the time, or I would write to Frank Dudley.’ He paused. ‘I will! I will!’ he exclaimed, with an animated gesture; ‘he will come! he cannot refuse; and he will come with all the strength and freshness of a young disciple—with all the uncooled ardour of one to whom the love of God in Christ Jesus has just been made known.’

Having decided to write to Frank Dudley, he had just dipped his pen in the ink, when he heard the gate of his little garden open, and looking up, he saw a young man approaching the house. Starting from his seat, he hastened to the window of his room, threw up the sash with a quick and joyful exclamation, and sprang into the garden beneath.

‘Frank Dudley! my dear fellow!’ he exclaimed, grasping the hand of his visitor; ‘the last man I expected, and the first I wished to see. Where have you dropped from? You have been sent to me from heaven itself.’

Frank Dudley appeared just as well pleased at the meeting as his friend, though in a far quieter way. He answered with a smile, ‘Well, I have not dropped quite so far as that; I have only dropped from the Exeter train. Being on my way to Penzance, with two or three days to spare, I thought it would be hard to pass so near and not pay you a visit.’

‘Hard! why, man, it would have been an offence against the sacred character of friendship, that could never have been blotted out had you done so. But come, enter, my friend and brother; or, if you object to vaulting in at the window, I will send old Kate round to open the door for you.’

In a very few minutes the two young men were seated at the table, where Edward had just before been writing. Kate, the old house-keeper, had brought in refreshments, and while they partook of them, the one with a traveller’s appetite, the other for companionship’s sake, they carried on a flow of lively and interesting conversation; interesting at least to them, from the many early recollections with which it was connected.

The business of eating was soon despatched; Kate had cleared the table, and the friends had drawn closer to each other.

‘I don’t know a more delightful feeling,’ observed Edward, ‘than that experienced by wayfarers to eternity, who had parted to take, as it seemed, quite opposite paths to their solemn goal, when in a while they find themselves together again, and upon the same road that has led the redeemed in all ages to heaven. I cannot tell you with what a peculiar satisfaction I received the intelligence your recent letters have conveyed, that by God’s grace you have been guided into the way “that leadeth unto life.” I hope great things from you, Frank.

God, I know, often "chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," but in a day like ours, of deep, and wide, and high, and daring research, he has special work for gifted minds like yours. I'm not paying you vain compliments, man,' he continued, seeing that Frank hung down his head and coloured at his words. 'We have none of us anything that we have not received; whatever intellectual power you possess is God's gift; and if he has given it, he has a purpose in so doing, and that purpose I make no doubt you seek to ascertain and to fulfil. I'm not about to question you of your "experience," as it is sometimes cantingly called. I am not going even to ask you, "What think you of Christ?" I know that you esteem him, the chief among ten thousand.' But what are you *doing* for him, Frank? that's what I want to know.'

Frank shook his head. 'I have much to learn,' he replied. 'I am yet young in the school of Christ.'

'Young, and therefore strong,' answered his friend. 'What saith the apostle? "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are **STRONG**, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one." With the word of God you were intimately acquainted when we parted, and now that it abideth not only in your understanding, but in your heart, and that you have been enabled to overcome the wicked one, your Divine Master requires from you a service proportioned to the ability he has conferred.'

'True,' replied Frank; 'but there is with each of us a "day of small things;" and it would ill become one of my very limited experience to rush hastily upon the performance of what you call "great things." In truth, I fear that I am constitutionally unfitted for such, and that I should only expose myself to contempt, and the cause I venerate to reproach, by attempting anything of the kind. You will, perhaps, call this weakness; well, if it be, it may yet be overcome, or die out of itself, and then I may be competent for higher engagements than at present I would feel justified in undertaking. In the meantime —'

'In the meantime you will eat your morsel alone,' interrupted Edward, in a tone slightly sarcastic; 'and if the world is perishing, let it perish for you; *you are safe*. The sceptic may scoff at the Bible, and insult its Author—may seek to bring it down from its high altitude, and treat it as a common book; and the formalist may run into the opposite extreme, ascribe omnipotence to the letter, and worship it rather than the God whom it reveals; but all this is *their* concern—not yours. Tell me, Frank, at what price do you value the gospel?'

'I value it above all price,' returned Frank, warmly; 'it is the high value that I set upon it, contrasted with the memory of my past sins, and the consciousness of my present shortcomings, that makes me feel as if I dared not constitute myself the dispenser of such a treasure; as if, in short, it must be all but impossible that any service of mine could be acceptable in the sight of God.'

Edward eyed him keenly for a few minutes, and then said, 'Suppose,

Frank, you had all your life been a very undutiful son, and that by some means you had become convinced of the enormity of filial disobedience; would you tell your father that you felt so deeply your past rebellious against him, that you dared not now begin to offer him the duty of a child? I know that you understand my question, and that your common sense dictates the reply. Will you offer to God an apology for idleness that man would reject with contempt? Will you parade your disobedience before the world, and call it humility? Why, the sense of your transgressions should produce the very opposite effect; should make you willing to *be* anything, to *do* anything, to *bear* anything, by which he might be honoured, whether it were as a king to rule over kings, or as a servant to wash the feet of the servants of your Lord.'

'Believe me, Edward, I shrink from no services on the ground of their being humble; from high services I confess I *do* shrink. This is a point on which it is vain to reason; it belongs to private individual experience, and ——'

'To private individual *feeling* rather,' again interrupted Edward.

'Well, feeling if you will; it is not always possible, perhaps, where it is possible, not always prudent, to act in opposition to the feelings. They are in general a pretty fair criterion by which to judge of the field of labour we ought to occupy.'

'A very *unfair*, because a very *partial* one I would say,' replied Edward; 'the sluggard turns upon his bed, as a door on its hinges, and folds his hands to sleep, when he should be going forth to his work, because he *feels* sleep to be pleasanter than labour. Frank, there may be sluggards even in religion.'

Frank felt the point of his friend's words, but they had long been on terms which forbade their taking offence, even had not the tempers of both been proof. 'You are just the same plain speaker you ever were, Edward,' he said; 'I trust, however, that I am no sluggard in religion; but, if you will suffer me again to make reference to my feelings, I would say that I *feel* myself unfit to teach anything beyond the simplest elements of truth, and *that* only to those whose own simplicity will lead them to receive the truth, without a suspicion of the unworthy channel through which it is conveyed.'

'Unworthy! we are all unworthy; but if we consume our time lamenting over our unworthiness, we shall have the sentence go forth against us, "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Half the meditation upon the worthiness of Christ would awaken the inquiry, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" Plain speaker as I am, I shall dwell on only one of the sophisms to which you have given utterance within the last half hour; you have spoken of choosing humble services, as if there were something praiseworthy in your "voluntary humility;" be assured that it is self-will, not humility, which leads any man to choose humble services whom God has qualified for high.'

'You assume what remains to be proved,' answered Frank, 'namely, that I *am* qualified for high services.'

‘I intend to bring out the proof in a very marked manner, by-and-by, my dear fellow; in the meantime just one remark, you mistake if you think this morbid state of mind or *feeling* will “die of itself;” it is an evil which will become stronger in its influence every day, eating out your usefulness and your comfort together, unless you set yourself to conquer it by a vigorous effort, and that without delay. Now I am about to offer you as fair an opportunity as you could possibly have for achieving this victory over yourself; will you accept it?’

‘Of course that must depend upon the nature of your proposal; you cannot expect me blindfold to undertake that for which I may prove utterly incompetent.’

‘True; but the object of my present inquiry is to ascertain the tendency of your mind toward duty, in whatever shape it may arise to challenge your performance, rather than to urge you to undertake it in any specific form. Grant me two things; first, that it is your duty to employ your talents, be the amount one, two, or five, for His service who gave them; and, secondly, that if there be any hindrance to your so employing them, it is your duty to overleap it, or put it aside. Grant me, I say, these two things, and I am satisfied.’

‘Well, I certainly cannot deny either of them; nevertheless, I must reserve to myself the right to judge whether what may be required of me lies within the range of my capabilities. I cannot do violence to my own consciousness.’

‘Consciousness,’ repeated Edward; ‘ah, we lay much to the account of our consciousness of which it is altogether guiltless. There are a legion of evil spirits, ever whispering in our ears—even as John Bunyan tells us the devil did blasphemies into his, and that he thought verily it had been his own voice. Just so do indolence, and selfishness, and pride, and morbid sensibility, whisper their lying suggestions in our ears, and we call their breathings the “voice of our own consciousness.”’

‘Why surely you will not pretend to say that no man has a right to choose his own field of Christian labour; or to consult his own judgment as to how he may, with best prospect of success, engage in his Master’s work?’

‘My dear Frank, it is no pretence; it is a solemn reality. His work is appointed for him, and it is to his loss if he be found choosing any other. “To every man according to his several ability, is the rule;” a rule from the responsibility of which we can no more escape than we can escape from the minds that are within us, with their measure of endowments and acquirements. Strange it would have been, would it not? had the man that had received five talents chosen the work of him that had received but two! Strange had Paul chosen the work of Aquila! Consult your judgment if you will, but be sure it is your judgment that answers your appeal. Judgment decides only upon evidence; and if your decision is based upon anything else, it is not your judgment that directs you, but your feelings. A truce, however, with discussion, and let me tell you how you can serve me.’

‘And that I shall be sincerely happy to do,’ replied Frank, readily. ‘What is this mighty request? something you want done in London?’

'London! No, no; London is your world; Littledale is mine. Here I dwell among mine own people; and left as I am without father, mother, brother, sister, or cousin, of any degree that I wot of, I am surrounded by a large and loving family, of all ranks and ages. You who live in the mammoth city, and meet with really great men every day, can form no idea how a little man like me becomes comparatively great in a country village. When I settled down here I found much that was useful carrying on in the good old paths of Sabbath schools, Bible classes, and visiting societies. But our pastor is no longer young, and is, besides, in feeble health: and thus there were some departments of Christian activity which have only lately begun to be occupied in our largest towns—here lying wholly waste. I wanted a special effort for young men—in short, a Young Men's Christian Association, and I determined to form one myself, with all its concomitants, lending library, public lectures, &c., &c. Such was my ambition.'

'A very laudable ambition, all must allow,' replied Frank. 'There is surely not a member of society who owes more to his own class than a young man who has been "turned from darkness to light," both because, in his unconverted state, he has probably led, or, at least, encouraged, many in the paths of evil; and also because, from his knowledge of their dangers and temptations, he can set the truth before them in a peculiarly effective light.'

'Precisely what I thought; you have expressed my opinion exactly. I am delighted to find we agree so perfectly,' exclaimed Edward, with such emphasis that his friend became instantly aware he might be committing himself to far more than he either intended or desired. He looked uneasy; but Edward, as if he observed it not, proceeded with his relation. 'Well, I have been favoured with considerable success in my undertaking. I found many young men, both at Littledale and in the neighbouring villages, quite ready for any opening of the kind. I got them together; set each of them upon enlisting others, so that we often muster at our private weekly meeting as many as fifty or sixty, among whom I can number not a few brave spirited fellows, ready, in the strength of the Lord, for any good work that offers; and who, I trust, will pass through life scattering the seeds of useful knowledge, divine and human, along their respective paths. Now, besides our weekly meeting, we have others monthly, to which the public are invited, and of which they take a very fair advantage. At these meetings we have, as you will conclude, lectures on various interesting and important subjects, such as the peculiar character of the times suggests. The last lecture was given by myself; the subject, "Science, the Handmaid of Religion." I suppose that in every case the publication of truth arouses more or less to vigilance the emissaries of error—a result quite unavoidable, unless we keep altogether silent, and leave the mass of the people in a state of stupid ignorance, by which their condition for eternity would be in no wise mended. All we can do is to give the belligerent powers fair play, and let Truth and Error fight the battle out; *we know* on whose side victory will be. Well, a few days after my lecture, a person came down here,

hired the largest room he could procure in the village, spread placards in every direction, announcing a course of scientific lectures to be delivered weekly, the first to come off the ensuing evening, which it did. The object of this opening lecture was ostensibly to awaken the minds of the rising generation—the minds especially of young men—to the rapidly increasing progress of scientific discovery; the far more accelerated progress to be anticipated in the future; and the importance of their allowing their minds to keep pace with the rapid strides of this “*all but omnipotent renovator of our race,*” to which the lecturer added, “*and of preserving their judgments untrammelled with regard to old, and perhaps fondly venerated, superstitions.*” Plainer than this he did not speak, but it was evident enough that his main object was to suggest, without incurring the odium of endeavouring to prove, the inconsistency of science clearly ascertained and well understood with the Bible records; that, in short, both cannot be true; and that, as the truth of science has, step by step, been demonstrated, the Bible must be false. He dared not say this in direct terms, that would have startled his hearers, but he did worse; he insinuated it so gently, so modestly, as might awaken, not their fears, but, to use his own language, their “intelligent inquiries.” Now, to intelligent inquiries I have just as little objection as he can have; the question with me is, whether beings consciously and confessedly ignorant and dependent are likely to arrive at truth by their so-called intelligent inquiries in the book of nature if they set aside the books of revelation and of providence.

‘Well, this lecture was followed by a second in the same strain from another of the fraternity: the second is to be succeeded by a third, that by a fourth, and I can hold out no longer. After the second lecture I published, by all the agency I could command, that both lectures would be answered in the large room of the Young Men’s Christian Association on the evening of the 29th instant (the evening after to-morrow). Resolved to do the best I could, I wrote to D——; alas! he was gone on the continent: to H——; he was laid by with bronchitis: to W——; he was off to the north at the summons of a dying uncle.’

‘Why look to these young men?’ interrupted Frank, evidently becoming more and more uneasy; ‘why not apply to some of our veterans in the service? There’s Dr. L—— or Professor B——, I have no doubt either of them would willingly assist you.’

‘I have no doubt of it either, and it is not that I think the young heads in themselves any wiser than those of the respected veterans you mention that I have not applied to them. I have, however, what appear to me good reasons for preferring the agency of *young men* where it can be obtained of the requisite character. I think there is something in the tone of an intelligent young mind that is better fitted to cope with the restless, ever-shifting, ever-varying infidelity of the present day. Young men, too, are fresh from their books, they are devourers of our contemporaneous literature, a large proportion of which bears, one way or the other, on the question of modern infidelity. My chief reason, however, for preferring the agency of young

men is this—that I see every day more and more distinctly the importance of making them feel that they are the hope of the Church; that each of them, as he leaves the ranks of the enemy and goes over to the Captain of his salvation, does so, not that he may be an idle pensioner on the bounty of the Lord Jesus, but that he may begin a warfare that is only to end with life, and that he must be ready at any time for the fore-front of the hottest battle if so his Master wills. If, however, young men had not the advantages which I think they possess, I would like to show these great Goliaths, as they esteem themselves, that a stripling David coming against them in the name of the Lord of hosts, whom they defy, can overcome them with weapons as simple as a sling and a stone. On the same principle I would have no hesitation in undertaking the battle myself; but having been present at these gentlemen's orations, and having felt my indignation occasionally roused by certain instances of dishonesty, I fear I might not be quite so temperate as the occasion requires. I was always a little fiery you know, and it is important that our side of the discussion be conducted in a perfectly temperate manner.'

'Assuredly, without doubt,' replied Frank, scarcely knowing what he said; then rallying a little, 'but you can have no fear that these men will do any real injury to the good cause; it is an axiom, though perhaps a trite one, "Truth is mighty, and will prevail."'

'Not unless she tries to prevail, Frank; if she either falls asleep or sits quietly and complacently with folded hands, meditating on her own strength, she will find the citadel in the possession of the enemy before long. This, however, will never be the case. Truth will always find champions; and I have not any fear that, ultimately, our opponents will do any serious injury, although they may, for the present, distress and shake and keep back many. This it is our duty to prevent, if possible; I want to let these gentlemen see that in all the winding paths of their controversy they can be met, and their most plausible arguments turned back upon themselves. I want to let the people see that there is no real discrepancy between enlightened science and enlightened Christianity; that where there is any seeming contradiction it becomes a confessedly fallible being like man to stand in doubt of himself; the senses may deceive, the intellect may be deceived, but God can neither deceive nor be deceived. Now, having failed in my efforts to procure assistance from any of the quarters I have mentioned, my hope rests on you. Here is my study at your service; forty-eight hours at your disposal, and a few over (you won't want many) for eating and sleeping; here are my notes of our opponent's lectures, you will know how to make use of them; any books you may want you will find on the shelves, and for the present I'll leave you to yourself. Is it settled?'

Edward rose from his seat and was about to leave the room when Frank Dudley, who for a time had been struck dumb by the determination of his manner, threw himself before him in a perfect fever of excitement, and planting his back against the door, exclaimed, 'Leeson, you cannot be serious?'

'Not serious! I never was more serious in my life; I never was



in circumstances calculated to make me more serious. Is it because I'm a rattling fellow that you doubt my being serious? Frank, I can be as serious on a proper occasion as the gravest anchorite that ever shut himself up in his cell, or in himself.'

'But you ask impossibilities,' said Frank, scarcely able to command his voice in the tumult of his feelings.

'I ask none; I ask nothing but what I know you can accomplish if you *will*; and dare you say, under such circumstances as I have related, and in the presence of God, that you will not?'

'Different gifts are dispensed to different persons,' replied Frank, 'and mine is not the power of imparting knowledge on a large scale.'

'Indeed! then you quite forget the meetings held in your room at Highton; and how every difficulty, literary, scientific, logical, mathematical, or philosophical, was referred to you, and vanished before you?'

'Absurd! mere private meetings for social intercourse.'

'No matter, they brought out your mental resources as prominently as if thousands had been present; and now that those resources have been sanctified by the Spirit of God, what may they not accomplish?'

'Edward, I tell you it is out of the question,' reiterated Frank; 'I have never attempted anything of the kind. I dare not do it. My teaching in connexion with religion has never gone beyond instructing a few children in a Sabbath-school.'

'More shame for you, Frank! It is full time for you to begin. "Dare!" you "*dare*" not do, but you "*dare*" to disobey! you dare to leave undone what you have ability to do, and what you acknowledge ought to be done! Can you deny that "*there is not a member of society who owes more to his own class than a young man who has been turned from darkness to light, both because in his unconverted state*"——

Frank, raising his hand deprecatingly, brought his friend's half-serious, half-sarcastic speech to a close. There needed but this to complete his distress; judged and condemned out of his own mouth, stripped of every plea by which he might evade the duty so urgently pressed upon him, he paced the room for some minutes in violent agitation and excitement. 'You will drive me mad if you persist,' he exclaimed, vehemently; 'Edward, you know such things have been.'

Edward looked at him, and from his excited appearance began seriously to apprehend he might do mischief unless he changed his tactics. Calming down his own manner in a moment, he took Frank's hand: 'Well, come, come, be quiet, my dear fellow; don't suffer yourself to be flurried. We will leave the subject. Sit down and let us turn to something else. I dare say you can tell me something of old friends for whose welfare I am interested. By the way, before I ask you any other question, do you remember poor Phil Fosberry?'

The invitation to sit down was promptly accepted by Frank, the more so as he felt very ill able to stand. Rejoicing in the hope that Edward was about to relinquish his object as unattainable, he answered

the inquiry put to him cheerfully, if not with very steady accents—‘Our old class-mate at Highton? Oh yes! I remember him well: poor, good-natured Phil, whose small store of pocket-money was ever at the service or at the mercy of others. But I have lost sight of him ever since. What has become of him?’

‘He has settled down at D———, copying clerk to a solicitor.’

‘Copying clerk to a solicitor! Is it possible that his rich friends could do nothing better for him than that?’

‘They might, perhaps, but they suffered reverses, and Phil’s prospects had fallen with their fortunes. Before that came to pass, however, they had probably learned that it would make very little difference in the degree of his comfort what position he held, or whether his salary was fifty pound a year or five hundred, as he never could keep anything. They might have looked forward to his becoming senior clerk in time, but if they did, even here they were disappointed. For years he continued to carry on a miserable struggle with his poverty, never rising, never trying to rise, because his mind was weighed down with the burden of paltry, yet to him insurmountable, difficulties with which the easiness of his disposition beset him. Things were in this state, when one day he received a letter from a London solicitor bearing the agreeable intelligence that by the death of a distant relative, whom he had never seen, he had become entitled to some hundreds over five thousand pounds.’

‘Five thousand pounds!’ cried Frank; ‘well, really I rejoice on poor Phil’s account; or rather,’ he added, ‘I would rejoice did not my former knowledge of him create an apprehension that his riches may have already made to themselves wings and flown away.’

‘You shall hear. Phil was half beside himself at his good fortune; and with as little delay as possible set off for London to receive his money. The agent who had communicated with him handed him a cheque on a certain bank for five thousand and odd hundreds. It was but a piece of paper, and the only feeling he experienced on receiving it was delight at the anticipation of spending the money for which it stood. He set out for the bank, intending to take up only the odd hundreds for the present; these would relieve him from the burden of some pressing debts; enable him to bestow a few comforts on his mother and sister—who, out of their little, had often helped him in his difficulties—and leave something with which to make merry with his friends, who would expect some such token of his kind remembrance. On his way he had to call at a warehouse, the proprietor of which was a client of his employer, and being required to sign a document as a witness, he was admitted into a private office for a few minutes. Those few minutes were sufficient to work a complete revolution in his mind. In an inner compartment of the office, railed off from where he stood, and shaded by a curtain, he heard the clink of money. Involuntarily, perhaps, he turned his eye to the place from whence the sound proceeded. The curtain was not drawn quite close, and through the opening he saw the cashier of the establishment counting over what to him appeared an immense quantity of gold,

probably for some special purpose. Whatever the amount might be, certain it was he had never seen the tithe of it together before; and that—

‘ ——— sweet king-killer and dear divorce  
 ‘Twixt natural son and sire ———,’

had never appeared to him half so beautiful. He expatiated on the wonderful sight to a companion as they went on their way; but the effect it had produced on his mind was only fully understood by the result. It soon became evident that the sight of the gold had banished every desire save one; that one was to have his five thousand pounds in his own possession, to have it all in gold, and to keep it unbroken; to have the daily evidence of his senses that he was the possessor of five thousand pounds, and not to have his treasure at the mercy of all the contingencies of investment. His debts indeed he would pay, for to that he could be compelled, and to delay it might ultimately break in upon his five thousand; but he would spend no more of his precious gold either on himself or others, it was too valuable to be put to any use.

‘Such was, virtually, the conclusion at which Phil arrived. Providing himself with a strong cash-box, he placed therein his five thousand pounds, all in hard gold, in five canvas bags. He returned home (a nervous journey it must have been), deposited the box of cash at the bottom of a heavy iron-bound chest, and sat down again to his desk a CONFIRMED MISER. He paid his debts, but his gold was otherwise unproductive; and as he has ever since striven, by the hardest penury, to add an occasional sovereign to the hoard, his mother and sister are no better off than when he squandered his small income in vanity and excess. He scarce allows himself the bare necessities or decencies of life. His office-coat is shabbier than ever, and his Sunday-coat is becoming like it. In short, every thought, feeling, desire, hope, affection of Phil’s mind is centred on his five thousand pounds, to which he pays a regular morning and evening visit, that he may know it is safe.’

‘Astonishing!’ exclaimed Frank Dudley, who had listened with the closest attention to his friend’s relation; ‘who could have anticipated in Phil Fosberry such an unnatural, such a hateful transformation! The thoughtless, generous lad to become the hard-hearted, close-fisted, miserly man! It is such madness, such folly, such miserable infatuation! there is not a passion of the human mind, however dark or foul, that may not be more easily excused and understood than avarice. The love of money, for its own sake; the desire to *have* it, irrespective of what it can procure. The love of keeping it merely to look at; adding nothing by it to the comfort of others, not increasing the happiness of even the possessor!’

Leeson heard his companion’s tirade against avarice in silence, and when it was concluded, quietly replied, ‘True, it is an unaccountable passion; and yet, would you believe it? I know those who carry it to an excess far beyond Phil Fosberry.’

'You do! pray how can that be? if, as you say, he denies himself the common necessities of life in order to add to his hoard?'

'Well, that does appear contradictory; but my meaning is, that I know those whose riches are such, that Phil Fosberry's five thousand is in comparison but a drop to the ocean; and who yet not only keep their wealth locked up from others, but even take a very small proportion of the enjoyment it might administer to themselves.'

'Strange!' answered Frank; 'I have heard and read, as who has not? of extraordinary misers, but I believed that in our day such cases were matters of bye-gone history. As a people we surely incline rather to the opposite extreme, spending or speculating imprudently, and rarely, very rarely, manifesting miserly propensities on so large a scale as you represent.'

'I tell you,' rejoined Edward, 'I know those to whom Elwes and his brethren were mere pigmies in their miserly proportions. I know them well; I could set my finger on one of them at this moment;' as he spoke he laid his hand on his friend's shoulder and said, 'Thou art the man!'

'I!' exclaimed Frank, starting and flushing with surprise; 'what can you mean?'

'I will tell you; you acknowledge to have received a treasure, beside which Phil's five thousand—aye, or five million tons of solid gold from Bathurst, is but as the small dust of the balance. What are you doing with it? locking it up within your own bosom; taking nothing with it from the weight of human misery—adding nothing with it to the sum of human happiness; and I hesitate not to say, realizing but a small portion of that fulness of joy which the gospel can impart, just because you are not sharing your benefits with others; or, at the best, are dreaming you do all you need, when you dole out a mite to a few children. You, who ought to be feeding thousands of strong men; preserving them from perishing, and then sending them forth to be in their turn blessings to their age. There is a perfect analogy between your case and that of Phil Fosberry, or wherein they differ, the difference is in his favour, not in yours; and for this reason, not only is your treasure infinitely more valuable than his, but by sharing it with others, you would be so far from diminishing your wealth, that you would increase it an hundred—a thousand-fold.'

With his arms resting on the table, his face bowed upon his locked hands, Frank remained for several minutes after his friend had ceased to speak. At length raising his head, in a low and agitated voice he said, 'I know you are right, I cannot deny it; but so sensitively do I shrink from what my judgment pronounces to be a duty, that were I to undertake what you ask I should inevitably fail; and thus injure the cause we both wish to promote.'

'My dear Frank,' returned Edward, 'this sensitiveness is an unsound part of your mental constitution. You must permit me, as a skilful surgeon, to probe it; and don't wince,' he continued good-humouredly, 'though the operation may give you a little pain. It is difficult to say how much pride may be hidden beneath the veil of humility; and trust

me all our constitutional unfitness for certain duties, all our nervousness, all our trepidation, when we think of engaging in them, will often, if fairly analyzed, be resolved into a dread lest we be found lower in the eyes of our fellow-mortals than it is our ambition to appear. As to the question of your fitness or unfitness, you will not deny that when all the knowledge you possessed belonged to this world, you were able largely to impart it to others. You know that many a dunce at Highton had to thank you for enabling him to pass his examinations with credit. It is certain, therefore, that you possessed not only the knowledge, but the talent for imparting it. Now can it be that you have suddenly lost this talent? or that it extends not to the most important knowledge you can communicate? Or, saddest hypothesis of all, that unlike the great apostle of the Gentiles, *you are* "ashamed of the gospel of Christ!" Oh, it grieves me, it has often grieved me, to perceive that the only knowledge in which we may lawfully "glory," is *that* of which verily we are ashamed. Yes! even you, do I not see you at this moment, blushing like a girl confessing her first love, at the thought of avowing before men that you have given your supreme affection to Him who alone deserves it? aye, of avowing it even to me, to whom the darkest of your sins, and the wildest of your follies, was formerly laid open, without ever calling the blood into your cheek?

'Edward, be merciful to your friend,' cried Frank, entreatingly; 'nor judge him with too hasty a judgment. If there be anything in which I glory, it is the cross of Christ; nor, perhaps, is it presumption to assert that Paul himself could not say, with greater emphasis than I can, "I am *not* ashamed of the gospel of Christ." No, but I am ashamed of myself.'

'Then don't think of yourself, my dear fellow; or, if you are really glorying in the cross of Christ, think of yourself only as lying at its foot in such littleness as to be unworthy of a thought beyond what is connected with the inquiry, "Lord, what wilt THOU have *me* to do?" Remember those who "rejoiced that they were counted worthy." Worthy of what? Of the world's applause? Nay, but counted "worthy to suffer shame for his sake." Shame for his sake was part of the portion which Christ's immediate followers went forth to gather; and it tells ill for his professed disciples in the present day that they shrink so sensitively from *that* which those who conversed with Jesus and lay upon his bosom rejoiced in as the badge of their discipleship.'

'I admit it all, Edward; yet I must ask you to moderate your ideas of my capabilities and of their result were I to employ them as you wish; do not allow either your friendship for me or your interest in the cause you plead to lead you beyond the bounds of sober thinking and expectation. Surely a single effort made by a humble individual can be of little avail to arrest the progress of error.'

'Do you think I am looking for a single effort from a humble individual?' replied Edward. 'No, no, I am looking for multiplied—I will not say efforts, but OFFERINGS, such as a Christian should present, from that same humble individual, and from thousands in-

fluenced by him to devote their talents to a legitimate purpose. That humble individual may act upon future ages to the end of time; that single effort may be the first act in a series that shall only find its completion when the 'great multitude, which no man can number,' shall meet at the Eternal Throne. Frank, you will be there. Endeavour to realize the joy of hearing from one and another of that happy company such sounds as these, "*You* led me to Jesus; it was the words *you* spoke when you visited my sick chamber, when you came to relieve my distress, when *you* crossed my path in the hour of temptation; it was the lecture *you* delivered, when I had well-nigh made shipwreck of faith and of a good conscience, that showed me my danger; it was the book *you* lent me; the sermon *you* took me to hear; it was the treatise *you* wrote, ages, long ages before I was born."

Edward paused, but the heart of Frank was too full to allow him to utter a word in reply. New, strange, solemn, were the thoughts that had begun to occupy his mind. Hitherto he had regarded his interest in the gospel as a private treasure; as such he had rejoiced in its possession and exulted in the security of the title by which he was permitted to call it his own. Now he felt that it was a public trust, and although little prone to exalt himself, an inward voice was whispering, 'If he who hid one talent was cast into outer darkness, what will be the doom of him who hides five?' Alas! how many of those appointed to be the 'lights of the world' are like Frank, selfishly basking in the light themselves, but content to see the million 'sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.' Talk not of a ministry inefficient either in numbers or qualifications. Christians! you are all called to be ministers, and until you see and fulfil your calling, the world will remain a moral wilderness.

It might be, perhaps, that Frank's imagination had wandered to another and a darker scene in that final gathering of the nations to which his friend had referred; it might be that jarring with the sounds of joy and gratulation and grateful welcome, he realized the cry of spirits, seeking a moment's respite from the agonies of accusing conscience in casting upon others the bitter reproach, 'No man cared for our souls.'

Or he might have thought, 'How many a young man has been cast as a worthless waif upon the ocean of life, unowned, unnoticed, uncared for, and finally lost among its surges, who might have been saved to himself, to his family, to his age, to remotest generations, had there been found one friendly hand to point out impending danger, and to guide to the path of safety—one kindly voice to breathe the words of Christian encouragement, 'Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.'

Whatever might be the train of thought that passed through his mind during a silence of nearly half an hour, its effect was salutary. He felt that it was time to lay aside the childhood of religion, and rise to its vigorous and fearless manhood. The responsibility of the new position he was about to occupy was present with him still; but it

was the *sense* of responsibility without the *weight*—a sense such as the helmsman feels of directing with his hand the course of the vessel, while he knows it is the mighty winds and waves that are bearing it onward—a sense which served to suggest the idea, ‘The loftier the position, the nearer heaven, and heaven’s aid in time of need.’

‘Edward,’ he said, ‘it is enough. I can hold back no longer. God helping me, I trust henceforth to remember that I am “not my own.” I will undertake the service you require, be the result what it may.’

‘Fear nothing for the result,’ answered Edward; ‘resolving to quit yourself like a man and like a Christian, you have engaged Omnipotence upon your side. You will not go this warfare at your own charges; not more confidently might the leader of Israel’s host trust in the assurance, “Certainly *I* will be with thee;” not more fearlessly might the disciples rest on the promise, “*I* will give you a mouth and wisdom, which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist;” than may the humblest Christian now, when he goes forth to perform the work for which his Master has prepared him, and for which he has given him a commission, saying, “Occupy till I come.”’

The friends joined hands; there was a grateful pressure on the part of Frank Dudley—an encouraging one on that of his host; and the young soldier was left alone to buckle on his harness and prepare himself for the battle.

Christian young men! ‘Go ye, and do likewise.’

### Chestnut Roasting.

A BOYISH sort of a papa,  
I roasted chestnuts on the bar;  
Just dark enough to see a star  
It was: and Margaret by my side.  
We heard the pat of baby feet,  
And then our lamb began to bleat  
‘Mamma! Mamma!’ ‘The little sweet,  
I’ll go and fetch him down,’ she cried.

The firelight flickering on her chair,  
Her gentle footfall on the stair,  
More loving made the silent air,  
And hushed my heart to Memory.  
Just then a chestnut split apart  
And sent a quiver through my heart;  
So quick there came—it made me start,  
A vision of the days gone by.

I saw myself and little brother  
Offering a chestnut to our mother,  
Two sisters kissing one another  
Were near, and it was Christmas-tide.

And then I saw all these but one,  
The fire and candlelight were gone,  
I was my mother's only son,  
And we were on a common wide.

Dark garments on a sunny day  
We wore, and staidly paced our way,  
Not wholly sad, and yet not gay,  
Till to a country home we came.

Strange medley now!—A wedding bell,  
A ship, a family farewell,  
A curtained bed, a funeral knell,  
A night awaked with ruddy flame.

Home of my mother's widowed years!  
Home sweeter for her sacred tears,  
And safer for her many fears!  
I saw thee; saw my sisters leave.

One went to live 'neath India's sky,  
Home brighter still, one found on high;  
My mother then had none but I  
Always to love her—oft to grieve.

But oh! that hasty, fiery night,  
The cry, the effort, the affright,  
My mother saved, my fierce delight,  
I saw it, felt it, all again.

Her dear, revered, familiar face,  
Her tremulous but firm embrace,  
Our last look at the blackened place,  
And thanks, forgetting loss and pain.

And now—a treeless town, and days  
Laborious, economic ways,  
A little gold, still scantier praise,  
Through all how rapidly I passed.

Thanks first to mother's piety,  
Thanks then to steadfast industry,  
The treeless city bloomed for me,  
And love and Margaret came at last.

Came? Memory, give place to Fact,  
Fly! sorrowy Past.—That chestnut cracked,  
My Margaret caught me in the act  
Of lifting it from out the ashes.

For as into the room they came,  
My Margaret and her Monkey-lamb—  
That is our little darling's name!—  
The fire sent out its cheeriest flashes.

'Hush, noisy One, there's grandmamma;  
I heard her knock, I'm sure she's there;  
Now see if you can set a chair;  
And, Margaret, ring the bell for tea.'



Old greetings, ever dear and new—  
 'How are you all?' and 'How are you?'  
 Were given, and down the blinds I drew,  
 Mid Margaret's bantering pleasantry.

For I had broke her household law,  
 My soiled and smokey hands she saw!  
 Alas! I'm boyish, rude, and raw  
 In many things I fear as yet.

Then on a plate the nuts I piled,  
 As Margaret cried, 'Hark! there's the child  
 Saying, "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild;"  
 Grand'ma has coaxed her little pet.'

T. T. T.

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### Literary Notes.

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It has been said in almost every age of the world's history—where public opinion has had opportunity of expression—that if ever there was a time when attention was required to the sphere and duties of government it was the time then present. The saying, like that which rings every day in our ears concerning the 'badness of the times,' or the trite remark of shallow philosophers, that 'never was there a period when the aspect of society was so confused,' is one of those which is always relatively true. To a present generation, undoubtedly, it is vitally important that there should be a clear understanding of the proper aims and limitations of that power which is called the State; and the earlier in the world's history this question may receive attention, the greater of course would be the influence of the principles that may be established. They would descend from generation to generation, multiplying their fruits at every stage; the vicious, according to the law of nature, bringing forth more vice, and the virtuous increasing with the increase of its kind. And therein, in an objective sense, lies the force of the world's best maxim, 'There is no time like the present.'

For these reasons, and because we believe that there were never more favourable opportunities for the discussion of this subject than are now being presented by controversies on Endowments, secular and religious, Maine liquor laws and other nostrums, we beg the more than ordinary attention of our readers to a posthumous work from the pen of Baron WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, on the *Sphere and Duties of Government*, which has just been published in the 'Catholic Series' of Mr. John Chapman. The work, we are informed by the translator, was published in Berlin about a year since by the writer's younger brother, the author of 'Aspects of Nature' and 'Cosmos.' It was written in 1791, at which time Schiller in vain endeavoured, on account of the rigorhood of censorship, to get a publisher for it. The author, therefore, preferred to keep the manuscript in his possession, revising and re-writing it at his leisure. Portions of it,

however, appeared in Schiller's 'Thalia' and the 'Berlin Monthly Review,' but this is the first time that it has been published as a whole, and the first time, we believe, that any portion of it has been given to English readers.

It is in every respect a most remarkable treatise. Commencing with a preliminary discussion of the nature of the individual man and the highest end of his existence, the author travels through the whole domain of the State's enterprise and action, gradually evolving, from considerations of philosophy and the deductions of experience, what he conceives to be the only right and legitimate principles of government. The key-note to the whole work is given in the second chapter, where the author, after a brief description of the true end of man—which he defines to be 'the highest and most harmonious development of his powers to a complete and consistent whole'—points out the necessity of perfect freedom in order to the attainment of this end, and establishes the primary principle that 'reason cannot desire for any man any *other* condition than that in which each individual enjoys the most absolute freedom of developing himself by his own energies, in his perfect individuality.' He next proceeds to show that any State interference in private affairs, not directly implying violence done to individual rights, should be absolutely condemned. 'A State,' says the author, 'has one of two ends in view—it designs either to promote happiness, or simply to prevent evil, which is its proper function? He argues that all institutions having the former purpose in view are altogether hurtful in their consequences, and wholly irreconcilable with a true system of polity for the following reasons:—1. That a spirit of governing predominates in every institution of this kind, and, however wise and salutary such a spirit may be, it invariably superinduces national uniformity, and a constrained and unnatural manner of action. 2. These positive institutions tend to weaken the power and resources of the nation, inasmuch as they tend to produce a sense of dependence, and a torpor of the intellectual faculties. 3. They tend to suppress all active energy, and to deteriorate the national character. We cannot forbear quoting from the author's remarks under this head, not less for the purpose of illustrating the admirable philosophy, clear thought, and pure style of the work, than for the sake of the remarks themselves.

'We scarcely need to substantiate this position by rigorous deductions. The man who frequently submits the conduct of his actions to foreign guidance and control, becomes gradually disposed to a willing sacrifice of the little spontaneity that remains to him. He fancies himself released from an anxiety which he sees transferred to other hands, and seems to himself to do enough when he looks for their leading, and follows the course to which it directs him. Thus, his notions of right and wrong, of praise and blame, become confounded. The idea of the first inspires him no longer; and the painful consciousness of the last assails him less frequently and violently, since he can more easily ascribe his shortcomings to his peculiar position, and leave them to the responsibility of those who have shaped it for him. If we add to this, that he may not, possibly, regard the designs of the State as perfectly pure in their objects or execution—should he find grounds to suspect that not his own advantage only, but along with it some other bye-scheme is intended, then, not only the force and energy, but the purity and excellence of his moral nature is brought to suffer. He now conceives himself not only irresponsible for the performance of any duty which the State has not expressly imposed upon him, but exonerated at the same time from every personal effort to

ameliorate his own condition; nay, even shrinks from such an effort, as if it were likely to open out new opportunities, of which the State might not be slow to avail itself. And as for the laws actually enjoined, he labours, as much as possible, to escape their operation, considering every such evasion as a positive gain. If now we reflect that, as regards a large portion of the nation, its laws and political institutions have the effect of circumscribing the grounds of morality, it cannot but appear a melancholy spectacle to see at once the most sacred duties and mere trivial and arbitrary enactments proclaimed from the same authoritative source, and to witness the infraction of both visited with the same measure of punishment. Further, the injurious influence of such a positive policy is no less evident in its effects on the mutual bearing of the citizens, than in those manifestations of its pernicious working to which we have just referred. In proportion as each individual relies upon the helpful vigilance of the State, he learns to abandon to its responsibility the fate and well-being of his fellow-citizens. But the inevitable tendency of such abandonment is to deaden the living force of sympathy, and to render the natural impulse to mutual assistance inactive: or, at least, the reciprocal interchange of services and benefits will be most likely to flourish in its greatest activity and beauty, where the feeling is liveliest that such assistance is the only thing to rely upon; and experience teaches us that those classes of the community which suffer under oppression, and are, as it were, overlooked by the Government, are always cemented together by the closest ties.'

After the same method the author urges various other reasons of philosophy and State experience in favour of his position, and concludes with the following important result of the argument: that 'the State is to abstain from all solicitude for the positive welfare of the citizens, and not to proceed a step further than is necessary for their mutual security and protection against foreign enemies; for with no other object should it impose restriction on freedom.'

Our readers, with this principle to guide them, scarcely need be informed of the conclusions of the author on other assumed functions of the State. All attempt at *education* by the State he condemns as in itself unphilosophical, and wholly beyond the limits within which political agency should properly be confined. So he concludes that all which concerns *Religion* lies beyond the sphere of the State's activity; and that the choice of ministers, as well as all that relates to religious worship in general, should be left to the free judgment of the communities without any special supervision on the part of the State. All attempts at the amelioration of morals are in like manner condemned. 'Even granting,' says the author, 'that such laws and institutions were effectual, their hurtfulness would keep pace with their activity. A State, in which the citizens were compelled or actuated by such means to obey even the best of laws, might be a tranquil, peaceable, prosperous State; but it would always seem to me a multitude of well cared-for slaves, rather than a nation of free and independent men, with no restraint save such as was required to prevent any infringements on right.'

We should be glad to be able to give an analysis of the whole of the author's arguments on the three subjects last referred to, but our space prevents. We can only say of his treatment of them, that it is characterised—as are the remaining chapters of the work on Security, Police Laws, Civil Laws, Juridical Decisions, Criminal Laws, &c.—by a depth and clearness of philosophy, a consistency of principle, a knowledge of human nature, and power of thought and expression, such as we have rarely seen

equalled in any similar work.—It is almost impossible, while reading this book, to realize the fact that its author was, for nearly thirty years of his life, bound up with the political system of Prussia. He was, successively, Councillor of Legation, Privy Councillor, Ambassador at the Papal Court, Minister of Worship and Public Instruction, Ambassador to Vienna, Plenipotentiary at the Peace Congress of Prague, at Chatilloa, and, subsequently, at the great Congress of Vienna; and, lastly, Minister of the Interior. We are not surprised to learn that, in the end—from his love of constitutional liberty, and his opposition to the schemes of Vienna and St. Petersburg—he resigned his portfolio, and, refusing a Government pension, retired into private life. The small work before us is the fruit of his thought and experience as a philosopher and a statesman. For its principles, it might have been written by the most advanced of the philosophical politicians of our own country. Excepting Mr. Miall, however, we know of no public writer who would sustain the same propositions. To those who habitually read this journal we commend the work as one of the ablest statements of their public principles that they can hope to read, and as, altogether, a masterly production. We should add, that great credit is due to Mr. Joseph Coulthard, jun., for the striking purity and force of his translation.

In Mr. Chapman's 'Library for the People' we have a reprint from the 'Westminster Review,' of an able article on *Partnership with Limited Liability*. The writer skilfully analyzes and dissects the evidence given before the 'Mercantile Law Commissioners,' and brings out, with great clearness and force, the argument in favour of Limited Partnership. To this we shall, doubtless, soon come; and, if Mr. Wilson keep his promise with the House of Commons, another year will not lapse before the whole subject will undergo a thorough discussion in Parliament. At present, the only Companies who, without a special Act of Incorporation, can honestly say that the liability of their shareholders is limited, are Life, Fire, and Marine Insurance Companies—and this not on account of any exception of law, but from the fact that their liabilities are all of the nature of special contracts. The great wealth and unusual success of these institutions, together with the immense trust reposed in them by the public, are sufficient replies to the objections urged against an alteration of the present law. We do not, however, agree with the writer of the article before us, and many of the witnesses called by the committee, in supposing that any alteration of the law will be of direct service to the working classes. Their position in society, in this country, is too low, their practical acquaintance with business too limited, and the surplus funds at their disposal too small, to enable them to reap any direct advantage from a new system. The benefits they would reap would accrue solely from the increased activity of trade, and the impetus which would be given to speculation. The middle classes are the greatest sufferers by the present state of the law, which, like all similar laws, protects only to the injury and weakness of the very class whose interests it intends to strengthen.

Messrs. Nelson have added to their 'Foreign Library,' a volume from the pen of Mr. FRANCIS PULSZKY, entitled, *The Tricolor on the Atlas: or,*

*Algeria, and its French Conquest.* The work is almost entirely a compilation; principally, it is stated, from a book of the German traveller, Dr. Wagner. As a compilation it is, as it would be sure to be by so accomplished a scholar, very skilfully executed. The materials are well arranged, and the information full and interesting. The narrative of the French conquest, translated from the work of an eye-witness, contains some remarkably graphic sketches. The author, in conclusion, compares the results of this conquest with those achieved by British armies in India. The comparison, we are afraid justly, is very unfavourable to our own method of government.

The *Westminster Review* for October is distinguished by four articles of unusual freshness and ability—on the Odin Religion, Rajah Brooke, the Sphere and Duties of Government, and the Rise and Progress of Diplomacy. The first is a comprehensive historical and philosophical sketch of the old religion of the Teutons—the religion of Hengist and Horsa, and of Wulf and his companions, whom Mr. Kingsley has immortalized in ‘*Hypatia*.’ The writer of the paper on Sir James Brooke vindicates the Rajah from the calumnies of the ‘Humes, Cobdens, Macgregors, and Wisemans’—who have called him ‘buccaneer, rebel, swindler, and murderer.’ The vindication is remarkably able and spirited, and the writer, in the majority of instances, completely turns the tables on the Rajah’s aggressors. As in most articles, however, of a similar character, this is disfigured by gross personalities, and the writer passes into the opposite extreme of admiration of the Rajah’s character and talents; but the paper should be read by all who as yet are only familiar with the Peace-party side of this question. ‘The Sphere and Duties of Government’ (from the pen of the late Mr. John Chapman, who died before he could finish the paper) is founded on Baron Humboldt’s book, which we have noticed at the commencement of this article. The writer applies the principles of this work to the institutions of our own country, and draws a comparison between it and Mr. John Stuart Mill’s ‘Political Economy.’ The paper is written with great care, and with a high appreciation of the work which supplies its title and text. We judge that the paper on the ‘Rise and Progress of Diplomacy’ is but the first of a series of articles, which, if written with the same comprehensive knowledge of history that distinguishes the present paper, will, we hope, not be concluded before the last ‘thirty years of foreign policy’ is brought under review. There are other papers in the present number of the ‘Westminster’ bearing incidentally on ecclesiastical subjects, which we cannot mark with much approbation. Such is a crude and paradoxical essay on ‘History: its Use and Meaning,’ where every page is made to contradict the one that proceeds and follows it; and such, also, is the paper on the ‘Crystal Palace.’ Where they are confined to art, finance, and practical details, the observations of the writer of the last article are of service and interest, but when he flippantly talks of ‘religiosity,’ and exalts an era of ‘sport’ above an age characterised by religious tendencies, he writes for other readers—readers described by Goethe, when characterising ‘unbelief’—‘It belongs to a thin, limited, retrograde people, whose very existence is endangered by anything sublime.’

## Monthly Retrospect.

HARDLY had we written the last words of the last number of this journal, than there was put into our hands the 'Times' of the first of October, where, in letters almost as large as those which precocious boys use to indicate the witless character of some modern Dominie Sampson to those who follow his path through the streets of a country town, was printed the joyful intelligence of

### *The fall of Sebastopol.*

Mark the words! Obviously intended to suggest to friend and foe that Russia would soon require a chronicle of her 'Decline and Fall.' With it in his hand, as one of the last public acts of his quiet civic reign, Lord Mayor Sidney hastens to summons the citizens of London to the Royal Exchange, where, by the light of a solitary policeman's lantern, he reads to the few merchants and lawyers' clerks whom the unwonted sound of the trumpet of the city herald summons through the fog to the steps of the great mart of daily business, two lines of the official despatch, and with an excusable burst of loyal enthusiasm, cries for 'three times three.' With choking voice he continues. He forgets in his excitement even to dandle with his finger the magic chain of office. He concludes with the usual gesticulations of the great man and the little orator, and returns across the Poultry the model of an English patriot. Next day the event is publicly announced in most of the metropolitan churches. On Monday morning the 'Times' is almost as scarce as an original copy of the little paper which told to the Roman citizens the particulars of the battle of Saxa Rubra. In the country, newsvenders refuse half a crown for a copy, but all the provincial journals issue extraordinary editions, which are devoured with flushed and eager appetite. Nobody suspects it is all a hoax—not even the astute Hapsburgian, or the astuter Bonaparte. Did not the English flag float on the Church of St. Vladimir? Were not just 'six hours' offered to Menschikoff to capitulate? But next day the news 'wants confirmation,' and day by day the public are gradually let down to the naked fact that although a glorious battle had been fought and won, the allies had never been nearer than two miles to the city which, in their countrymen's misled imaginations, had already been turned into a second Bomarsund.

The Battle of Alma took place on the 23rd of September. It does not, we are sure, require description from us. Everybody who can read has read, or ought to have read, the letters of the 'Times' correspondent—letters which will mark an era in the history of military literature, and be remembered as long as the celebrated despatch of Napier from St. Jean d'Acre. Nor need we, for information sake, note the results of the battle. Suffice it to say (we speak in the conventional language of warlike patriotism) that for deeds of heroism and valour it was as glorious as Blenheim or Waterloo—and that eight thousand dead and wounded were left on the field. To the everlasting disgrace of the English Government, its wounded lay all night unsheltered and untouched.—Look at the scene by the light of the Eastern night and the flickering camp fires. Hundreds are there in the agony and

terror of death, convulsed with its awful throes, and shrieking unto Heaven for mercy; some lie with mutilated limbs, which are stiffening in the cold damp air, racking with a pain which knows no respite, and will never cease while life shall last; some with fevered bodies, and brains verging on madness, gasp vainly for one drop of water; the dead lie on the living, and the living on the dead; here sits one wounded by bayonet and bullet—thither crawls another to the Alma to slake his last thirst; they all think of mother, or sister, or friend, or child, to drive away the despair which broods over their souls at the thought of the hellish neglect with which they are left. On that field, the dead by their side, smiling in their last sleep—the dead only are happy. And three hundred surgeons were sent with the army, with tons of lint, and waggons of linen for the wounded! So writes Dr. Smith; when every newspaper cries, ‘Shame’ on the arrangements;—he might have added, ‘When the battle took place it is probable that the majority of the staff, if it existed anywhere but on paper, were divided between the bazaars of Constantinople and the ball-rooms of Bucharest.’

In the excitement of anger against the Government, and of sympathy with the half-murdered wounded, the Press proves itself well entitled to be called the ‘Fourth Estate.’ The ‘Times’ newspaper takes the matter in hand, and in ten days upwards of ten thousand pounds are sent to it to distribute for the benefit of the sick and wounded, and its ‘Own Commissioner’ is at once despatched to the seat of war with the sum. Voluntary benevolence has, besides, subscribed upwards of 100,000*l.* to a ‘Patriotic Fund,’ while the ‘Central Association’ has nearly half that sum in its coffers. We are glad to see many who it is known have not approved either of the object or conduct of the war joining in these subscriptions—their warm human hearts thus melting down their ice of theory.

Since the battle, we have received intelligence of the death of Marshal St. Arnaud, who has since been interred in the ‘Invalides,’ in all the ‘pompe and circumstance’ of Imperial display. We have not heart to speak of his private failings or public vices now—let them be forgotten! Since he left the camp at Alma the allied armies, by a masterly military movement, have marched through the country to Balaklava, from whence they can attack Sebastopol at its most defenceless point. *When* it will be attacked it would be difficult to say. Successive ‘telegraphic despatches’ have named the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 15th, as *the* day; but the last we have seen, in happier indefiniteness, states that the attack will not commence until the French works are finished. Of its immediate result no doubt is entertained—its final result it would be an affectation of wisdom to prognosticate.

A sadder, if not a vaster tragedy than that of Alma, is that of Arctic discovery. At last, beyond a human doubt, we know the fate of Franklin, and the crews of the ‘Erebus’ and ‘Terror.’ They died in 1850, from the worst of all physical causes—starvation. Dr. Rae has brought the intelligence to this country, with details and proofs which not only leave no doubt of the fact, but add to it circumstances which prove that our unfortunate countrymen were driven to the very last extremity of maddening famine. It is four years since this took place, yet human

nature can hardly restrain from offering to Heaven a prayer for mercy on those who on earth must have drunk so deeply of the gall of despair and wretchedness.

Another tragedy is that of the loss of the Atlantic steamer 'Arctic,' run down, in a Newfoundland fog, and sinking, with a loss of nearly 300 lives. A letter from New York, dated before the intelligence of the disaster could reach that place, refers to the deep anxiety for her fate, and states that scarcely a family in that great 'Empire city' is without friends or connexions in the vessel.—The Newcastle and Gateshead fire is to be added to the list of catastrophes. By it other fifty lives, and upwards of 600,000*l.* of property, have been lost.

Ecclesiastical questions are again 'looking up.' The Canadian Clergy Reserves, it is now pretty certain, will be secularized before another six months has passed over our heads. Sir Allan M'Nab, like a wise man, has committed himself to the measure in all its fulness.—At the other extremity of the empire, Sir Charles Hotham, the new Governor of Australia, is winning laurels which will never die if he bear himself always in the manly, frank, and courteous manner with which he has recently met the Colonists. At his first levee the 'Church,' amongst other bodies, offered him its congratulations. The Archdeacon of Melbourne was the spokesman on the occasion, and took advantage of the opportunity to state, in most explicit terms, that the Episcopal Church in Australia desired to be only on an equal footing with the other Christian sects; it would ask for no special immunities, and for no exclusive privilege. Thus, from two of the greatest dependencies of Britain at two extremities of the globe—the children of the mother country send word of their determination to be for ever free from the bondman's yoke. They know and feel their strength; they have outgrown the swaddling bands of infancy; they can stand without support; they are healthy, and disdain the crutches which Mother Church can never walk without. *They* are for a period of decrepitude—the period which the Establishment in this country is fast passing through, one day to drop into the grave, 'unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.'

The second of William Wilberforce's sons has this month borne testimony to Rome's supremacy. In prospect of a citation before an Ecclesiastical Court, he has resigned his preferments, and ended, for the present, a dishonest enough career, by protesting against Royal supremacy, and avowing his belief that the ultimate court of appeal for Christendom on all spiritual questions is—the 'Scarlet Lady.' The same 'scarlet lady' the farmers of Buckinghamshire, in clod-hopping loyalty, have determined to be the most dangerous foe of these happy realms; and have, accordingly, summoned the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli to put on his spurs and do battle for his (*sic*) Church and country against the powers of Wiseman and Pope Pius. Benjamin forthwith, with traditional ease, assumes the character of an outraged Protestant, and is hailed as the deliverer of his country from the power and persecution of Popery. Failing his success, Colonel Garrett, or some equally respectable character, will most probably be elected as the next champion of the 'Protestant interest.'

Three or four encouraging meetings of different sections of the Christian



Church have been held during the month, at which the interests of vital Christianity have been largely dwelt upon, and reverently discussed. The first was a special meeting, held at the Congregational Library, to take into consideration the spiritual condition of the metropolis as revealed by the 'Census Returns.' It appears to have been largely attended, but great differences of opinion existed amongst the speakers—differences, however, in many cases traceable to their position and standing. Mr. Binney, who preaches to a respectable and intellectual audience, condemned open-air preaching, and thought the great deficiency in our present services was their want of 'taste.' Mr. Newman Hall, with a practical knowledge of the condition, wants, and prejudices of the working classes, rightly considered that open-air preaching was one of the best means that could be adopted, and earnestly advocated the employment of lay talent. Mr. Tyler made an excellent suggestion, that some discourses might be *illustrated* by pictures and diagrams, and so be made more attractive to working men. The resolutions passed suggested to the churches their responsibility, and urged the adoption of the following means:—'It would, therefore, urge upon the brethren generally the importance of local meetings for conference and prayer, in relation to the wants of their own neighbourhoods,—the revival and increase of Christian Instruction Societies,—the increase and invigoration of home missionary operations,—the employment of additional Congregational missionaries by churches capable of this outlay,—the establishment of prayer-meetings in outlying districts,—the greater encouragement of lay preaching,—the employment of the mechanics'-halls, lecture-rooms, and theatres, for the stated or occasional preaching of the gospel therein, as well as in the open air,—and the more vigorous and systematic use of all means likely, under the Divine blessing, to teach the ignorant and to save the lost.' These are just the means suggested some four years ago by the author of the 'British Churches'—a book which, for its very remedial suggestions, was unsparingly condemned by very many of those who held up their hands for the above resolution. We are afraid that Mr. Kennedy touched the secret spring of all the wants of proper success in Christian effort in moving the following resolution:—'That the great evil now lamented calls not only for additional efforts, but for increasing prayer, on the part of the churches, that they strive to awaken among themselves a sense of their obligations, in the midst of such circumstances, to perform their duties in diffusing Divine truth among the multitude.'—The members of the Congregational Union meeting at Newcastle discussed the same subject, Mr. Baldwin Brown dwelling on the necessity of each existing church being instigated to do the work requiring to be done in its own locality; and Mr. Charles Reed calling attention to a fact which has been altogether forgotten or overlooked, that the Church, by means of Sabbath-schools, has the great bulk of the children of the working classes, at one time or other, under its influence. He added:—'Let efficient means be employed to keep the older scholars of our Sabbath-schools up to the ages of sixteen or seventeen, and depend upon it, that large numbers attending these schools, who, under the present system, go off again into the world, would become the pillars and ornaments of the churches.'

The scattered events of the month are the Franchise Election, where

Mr. Donald Nicoll, through want of that local influence possessed by his more fortunate opponent, lost the day by three score votes—the decrease in the weekly mortality from Cholera to 113, to which may be put as a set-off the unexpected increase in the price of provisions—corn having got to eighty shillings a quarter, and coals to thirty-three shillings a ton, with a prospect of famine prices in the midst of plenty—the pass of arms between the Netherby baronet and ‘W. B.’ in which W. B. went through ancient Pistol’s part, and ‘eat the leek’—and Lord John Russell’s speech at the Bedford Literary Institution, where his lordship, as a philosophical historian, took the part of England against the historical theorists of the decline of empires. The speech was a happy one, but the noble lord omitted from the statement of his reasons for believing that England was still in the prime of manhood’s strength and prosperity, one which to us is more convincing than any he assigned—the growing SELF-RELIANCE of a people who, after a thousand years of national history, are still progressing in liberty, intelligence, moral virtue, and religion,—who can look on no past period, and say that the ‘former days were better than these.’

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following explains itself:—

‘To the Editor of the *Christian Spectator*.

‘Sir,—I request your attention to the following passages:—

‘*Baptist Examiner*, 1844, page 171.

‘Here in the inverted mirror of memory we behold the brilliant perspective of youthful hope—the patience and crises of virtue—the bursting buds of genius—the first flashing and skirmishes of passion—the forcing-bed of character—scenes now pantomimic of states, now tragical with genuine sorrow, and always dramatic.’

‘*Christian Spectator*, August, 1854.

‘The diamond-lined perspective of youthful hope—the patience and crisis of virtue—the bursting buds of genius—the first flashes and skirmishes of passion . . . the forcing-bed of passions—now its scenes are pantomimic of states, then tragical with genuine woes, and always dramatic.’

‘The plagiarism is trifling to be sure—only that of a few phrases—yet would it not have been more graceful and more honest to have used the distinction of inverted commas? especially as the writer in the ‘*Spectator*’ has no need to borrow anybody’s verbiage if the other parts of the composition are his own.

Yours truly, SCRUTATOR.’

The writer of the article has returned the following answer to this charge.

‘My dear Sir,—In 1844 I lived in Sheffield, but I believe on my visit to London I delivered the substance of the paper in question in a Baptist chapel, Commercial-road, to a few young men. I *did not*, but somebody else may have sent the piece in question to the “*Baptist Examiner*.” At all events, I’ll swear to the language and ideas, such as they are, being my own.

Faithfully yours,  
‘R. S. B.’

We trust ‘Scrutator’ will be satisfied with this ‘explanation.’

‘G. P. Ivey, Swansea.’—We are obliged for the letter, as well as for the writer’s flattering testimony to the merits of the ‘*Christian Spectator*,’ but we cannot reprint the article.

‘Box 765, Manchester.’—Many thanks.

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# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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MARCH, 1855.

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Letters to the Scattered.

BY THOMAS T. LYNCH.

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## LETTER II.

FRIENDS,—A profane inquirer cannot be a successful one. If we would form a private judgment of our own concerning Christianity, whether this shall contradict, or confirm and revise, the public judgment of the world, it should at least certify the devout earnestness of our own heart. He that would reason, let him pray. If a man be asking, Is there a God? though he cannot literally pray, that is, come to God, before he knows whether there is a God to come to, his spirit should be so full of dark yearnings, that at the touch of a least spark of faith it should burst into one upstriving flame of prayer. Unbelief ceases to be hateful only when it is wretched. It can never win our love unless it wins our tears. The very question, Is there a God? if uttered unhatefully, has in it a tone of prayer, as if a man besought the Dreadful Infinite Nothing, that it would cease to be Nothing and become Sympathy. Surely, if a man be inquiring about Christianity, he should not meet its historic and spiritual argument with a pitiful sharpness, as if one might fight the terrible battle of life with a pin for the only weapon. We would rather see him throw out his arms in the wildness of despair. There is hope then that he may presently fold them to his breast in resolute composure; or, better still, fold within them an object of tender and trustful attachment. Christianity has become to some like the late 'espoused saint' of our Milton's dreams; lost, and but in dream-like moments restored, blindness and absence return with the pitiless day. If the wife of thy youth, O friend, has gone, she shall come back no more; thou must wait for such new bridal till thy resurrection morn. But Christianity is 'a wife

of youth' that may be restored, and there may be new bridal, and serener, holier marriage days. For the period of unbelief may be like that Winter's Tale in Shakespere, in which the dead wife proved alive again—the lost wife was found. Shamefully cast out from deserved affection, she was received in undeserved, but oh, how dear reunion. We distinguish then between the mere discussional intellectualist and the spiritual inquirer. Any clever fellow may puzzle his mother with quirks of logical talk, and if he does it in play, it is well enough; but if he despises his mother because he can puzzle her, he shows little sense, and far less heart. But often wisdom exists maternally in such Christianity as is presented to a man; and he wrangles with it, and despises it, though he will be in sore need of it by-and-by to nurse him when sick of a wounded spirit. Any clever fellow, too, may satirize the saints, and aim sarcasms at the thousand inconsistencies and follies of the religious world. But if this is all, he will do little more to rectify that 'world' than a schoolboy does to rectify the fields who twitches off the tops of the thistles as he goes along, and leaves the roots just as they were before. The husbandry of spade and plough are wanted, and for these, a bestowal of heart, back, and limbs is wanted, too. He that would inquire of Christianity must consider what an awful and pathetic religion that must be whose prominent sign is the horrid cross. And this marvel meets him, that the phrase I have just used—horrid cross—sounds startling and offensive. We must say, rather, Sacred Cross, for the instrument of torture and shame has become the symbol of honour and consolation. The Cross of Christ is at least a perpetual protest against our attempting spiritual enterprises in a slight and vaunting spirit; and surely it is, too, a protest against those who in such a spirit would inquire into the extent of its own meaning, and the secret of its power. 'But,' say you, the Scattered, 'we have abjured this spirit.' Be it so; that is our hope of you, and our hope of you is steadfast. But, I beseech you, in all your Christian inquiries seek to abound yet more in sedateness, and fervency of soul. To know what may be known of God's Christ and his religion, is a long, a great, a solemn task. And if such fullest knowledge be the great result we aim at, our process of inquiry will most valuably affect that result, enhancing our blessedness as arriving at it. The process of an oft-perturbed, but always reverent courtship has much to do with the sweetness and undistracted permanence of love's final rest. We inquire, not as those who would wrest Truth to their will, but who would win Truth to show them her favour. And he who offers sacrifice of sighs to obtain that favour, nor grudges the expense of his offering, shall in no wise lose his reward.

But now let me advance step by step, with such inquirers as will follow, towards an answer to the question, What is Christianity? As a first reply, I only say, Jesus Christ is the Text, and Christianity is the Sermon which, by a thousand varying hearts and tongues, and under thousand-fold conditions, is ever being preached upon it. The sermon may shame the text, and yet the text much more shame the preacher. And if the sermon be honest-hearted, it may be poor, yet not bad, and he

who dispenses his riches even by our poverty, may bless it to practical results of amended life and quieted fears. Woe to us if God accepted only the perfect; He is the great friend of the imperfect, both telling it truthfully what it is, and hopefully what it may become. The best sermon is only the best as yet; and even that may not be at once and in its fulness adapted to the necessitous commonalty of a given place and time; best in itself, yet not best for these. And next let me say of Christianity, that it is a religion of which the receivers are not as those hearing a voice and seeing no man; but as those who, hearing a voice, and turning, see a Person whose face shines as the Sun in his strength. We hear the voice that we may see the Man. We see, too, both Light and Person; but the Light is from the Person. We behold not a countenance revealed by an independent and superior Sun of whose beams it is recipient. The countenance is self-revealed. We see a Sun, but it hath a Face; we see a Face, but it is a Sun. Christianity is the outpoured Light of Christ Jesus. It is not merely a voice about truth, whose faint retiring tones, as the intervening waves of time widen, sound pathetically sweet, but ever more mournfully uncertain. Our religion is the discovery to us of a Face in that Light which was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be—the Light of Reason's eternal Word; and behold! not alone a Face is in the light, but the light is from the Face. Wisdom is alive: it is not a thing or quality. It is God. It is God and Man, for it is Christ.

Let my last sentence be but as a finger-formed signboard, on which we read, 'To the Rock Wonderful.' We stay a moment, read, wish—and mean, too—to travel that road some day, but cannot now. But that our religion discovers to us no mere impersonal Orb of Truth, but a Person who is the Orb, and from whom the light of life flows, that may be plain to all of us. And it may now be intelligible to say, that Christ is the depth of Christianity, and Christianity the breadth of Christ. The fulness of blessing that is in the Sun is shown in the wide diffusion of his light, and the million benefits that attend it: the fulness of blessing that is in a cloud is shown in the width of the country that brightens at the touch of its free-scattered drops. If Christ be full and bountiful, in adequacy to the wants of the earth, all the habitable parts of the earth must ultimately rejoice in his light and influences. All the individualities of human nature—the divine varieties of man—must become blossoming and fruit-bearing by the potency of the Spirit of the Man Christ Jesus. But I have spoken not merely of fulness and diffusion, but of depth and breadth; desiring to indicate this thought—that the meaning which is in the Historic Christ becomes discoverable only as in variety of times and cities, souls, communities, and conditions of life, his influences act. The Depths are known by the fountains that spring from them, and the streams they originate. If Christ be the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, then his riches ought to be both obvious and unsearchable. Thus is it with the Sun; a glance shows he is a King, with a revenue of light gloriously sufficient for administering the affairs of his mighty kingdom. But how numberless are the operations of the

light! how immense their result! Who shall search out and set in order its secret efficacies? The mastering influence of Christ in the ages subsequent to his appearing, could only be by great Depths in Him and his life. Whether this Mastery be tyrannic or benign, men may choose to dispute; but he is indisputably the great Master. Christianity shows itself in immense breadths of time and life, which imply Profundity in the Person of Christ. He is at least the Transcendant Man, and his Life the Masterpiece of Providence.

Let me now say, further, that Christianity is Christ so explained that He may be made use of; in less homely words, that the benefits may be received by us, and the changes realized in us, which are implied in our happy acquaintanceship with God, and our new relationship to God, through Him. But as I speak of 'explaining' Christ, I like to imagine that I hear one of the Scattered saying, My Christianity is the sunshine of my life, I do not want you to explain sunshine. Most true; and neither before leaning on a friendly arm do we need to know an arm's anatomy; or that of a mother's bosom before the weary head may find rest there. Yet in each there is an anatomy. God knows it; he devised it; and partly by means of it, gives us those benefits that we may have without knowing it. And *some* men must have knowledge anatomical and pathological; for there is a good deal of medical and surgical work to be done in the world.\* But when we speak of explaining Christ, if we speak wisely, we mean so presenting his prominent words and actions, and the prominent facts concerning Him, that men may know, and may live, the Christian life: that is, the life like Christ's. When men ask that Truths may be explained, their cry often is really but this—'Unmuffle, ye faint stars!' They would have some genuine wind of the heart puff away the obscuring mists of language, and then the stars will stand self-revealed in their calm but piercing brilliance. And thus the petition of the Churches to their Pastors when they want things a little less bemistified, and a little more 'explained,' is simply this—'Sirs, we would see Jesus.' To define Christianity may be but to confine it; and the effect of a definition may be, as if a man should close the shutters of a room to keep the light within it. Instead of shutting the light in, he shuts it out. But such main Truths as the following, when applied to the heart, are practical explanations of Jesus Christ. That a godly life is one in which a man will brace himself to conflict with evil. That it is one in which success is assured by God's power, and as the fruit of his blessing after efforts and endurances. That the greatest apparent failure may be the greatest real success. That sufferers, instead of being sunk by their woes, may be buoyant by their expectations. That the greatest sufferer may be attended by a train of sufferers who shall bless him in their griefs, yea, for them, and as their deliverer from other, and these, shameful sufferings. That the good man must defy the present in the name of the future, and yet value the present; defy natural pleasure

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\* Sunshine too is worth study, for the beam is most significantly complex.



in the name of rectitude, and yet value such pleasure; defy the world in the name of God and his Love, and yet use the world, giving thanks for the use thereof. Here is a handful of truths, and always when you take up truths by the handful you drop some as you lift others, so numerous are they, and so do they cling to one another as you separate some from the rest. Now if we take such truths as these, take them as with their living rootlets, and their native earth of Holy Scripture, about them, and thus plant them in the deepest soil of the heart that we can find, we have done something to give men Christianity; so to 'explain' Christ, that his word is livingly within their heart.

Let me now sum up what I have said in this letter—no full answer as yet, be it observed, to the question, What is Christianity? God has given us Christ the Text, on which 'discourse of reason'—and of unreason too—may reveal the thoughts of many hearts. With whatever insufficiencies, futilities, and dissonances; still the preaching goes on. Let not Inquirer be pitilessly severe on imperfection; perhaps when he begins to preach he may blunder himself. Consider Christ, what think ye of Christ? Is he not in his Sacred Rectitude a golden ark of commandments; is not the blood of his suffering seen thereon, honouring their sanctity and winning our love to them and to Him; is not the 'light that never goeth out,' the light of eternal Wisdom shining on the blood to reveal it; and, over all, are not the Heart and Mind of the world like winged and multiform Cherubim, beheld brooding, studiously, adoringly, and for ever? Christianity is Man's Sermon on God's Text, the Spirit which utters itself in that text never wholly failing the Preacher. Christianity is the outpoured light of Him who hath light in himself, because he hath life in himself, and whose life becomes the light of men. Christianity is the ever-broadening result on the sentiment, thought, and general life of the world, of the master-element that God has introduced into hearts and into history by the gift of his Son, who is the abysmal simplicity of God, in whom are secrecies of wisdom as intricate as the paths of waters in the mountains, and influences as openly benign as those of watercourses in the valleys. Christianity is Christ explained. He openeth to us the things concerning himself. Come unto me, he saith; and then he saith, Come, *learn* of me. When honestly, and still as those who know but in part, we compose or preach our sermon on the text Christ, he will be with us, giving us some further explanation of himself, showing his wounds, and not hiding his crown. The Sermon will not only be on Christ, but it will be Christ explained, yea, Christ explaining himself by the co-operancy of his teaching spirit with our learning one.

I must now ask the Scattered particularly to observe that it is Christ—the Person who is prominent in this letter; prominent, and yet how partially discovered. His own actions were but 'parts of his ways;' his own parables, but parts of his word. Letter by letter, we proceed in our syllable-ing of Truth, and yet through our awkward and ill-managed human grammar, Wisdom and Love, the celestial fire and light, may reveal themselves. What a great

belief is this, that Christ was Man in such way, that *Possessing* our own particular humanities by his deep universal one, he can give these particular humanities purity, and also play and perfection. Principal things about a *Person* are more simply and effectively said, than about a doctrine expressed in terms of the intellect alone; while yet the subject is less exhaustible, and the discourse on it may be far more various. Indeed, a Divine Person is an inexhaustible subject. If Christ be such a Person, then he hath the pre-eminence; and if he hath not the Pre-eminence, should he, can he, continue to hold the Prominence?

### LETTER III.

FRIENDS,—On one of those visits which Inquirer does me the favour to pay me, he talked a great deal, and in a way so singular, that I should despair of making what I wish to say of it intelligible, except to the Scattered. He had often seemed to feel that he must cast away Christianity; that he must become unclothed if ever he would be in his right mind. We have heard of the man who cast away his garment that he might come to Jesus. But Inquirer was casting away his, having no Saviour to go to. I have shivered for him as I have thought of how he would fare unclad, or clothed only with philosophic gossamer, in so cold and gusty a world as ours. But, on this occasion, he seemed to think himself quite provided for. He had got two divinities, or household gods—idols, perhaps, I had better call them. And their names were Consciousness and Unconsciousness. He spoke much of the Intuitionist Consciousness, and he said that the Unconscious was the Divine. I thought it was a most felicitous piece of prudence on his part to obtain the services of both these divinities, for the one could help him when the other failed him. Thus, if he ever came into a state which would compel his friends to say, There's 'nothing in him,' being, of course, conscious of nothing, it would be at least a blessing to be unconscious of nothingness. Now, I am not going to make game of Inquirer, though I often laugh at him to his face. The fact is, I love him, for I have seen sincerity in his eyes when absurdity was on his lips; I have observed in him a craving for God even while he talked of refusing Christ. And when he has spoken as if he thought religion only a mental problem, and that any man who could learn the doctrine of the triangle was therefore and equally competent to learn the Doctrine of the Trinity, if, that is, there should happen to be any such doctrine; spoken, too, as if he forgot that sin and sorrow are real, and that damnation is at least conceivable, and salvation, oh! how greatly to be hoped for, I have seen such significant frankness in him, that any fatherly saint could not but have said of him, Oh! Inquirer, if thou shouldst indeed rebel and die, my voice would be as his who cried, 'Oh! Absalom, my son, my son.' I have no wish, I repeat, to make game of Inquirer, and I affirm that he had a glimpse of important Truths about Consciousness and Unconsciousness. But I say, that not knowing what to make of himself, or of the world, he was glad to fancy that Great Souls, in what they have said and

dome, have been unconscious of why they were moved, and whither they were moving. For if they were Unconscious, how should he be otherwise? And so he talked as if that man is most about God's business who does not know *what* he is about. And, as if an 'Unconscious' Christ, seeing the world a thousand years after he had left it, might have been amazed that multitudes should be trusting in him as a Saviour. Now, to whom ever else such unconsciousness may be ascribed, certainly it cannot be to Christ. He knew whence he came, and whither he went. He declared himself to have come from the only real God, and to be his Son, and boldly he said that those who saw him, saw his Father. He knew himself also to be the expected Saviour, and foretold the work of final judgment as his own. If he was indeed great, none can prove that he was greater than he was conscious of being. And they who learn of him, learn that Consciousness may be a necessary and distinguishing excellence.

The praise of unconsciousness is as the praise of innocence—innocence is beautiful, but holiness has higher glory. She who knows not how fair she is in comparison with others, is the lovelier for her unconsciousness, because, with consciousness pride may enter and simplicity leave. But angels, conscious of their own endowment and distinction, are the more conscious of His bounty who hath enriched them, and of their own blest responsibility for making brother angels happy. We refresh our own worn hearts by contact with the sweet freshness of childhood. Spoiled with the guilt of conceit and envyings (if we are so), we may please ourselves with the unconsciousness of the gifted, who are unspoiled as yet. But self-conceit and embarrassment are not the necessary concomitants of Consciousness, and he who is conscious and yet without them, is more perfect than he who is unconscious and also without them. Often, as to become conscious is to become also sinful, yet, without consciousness attained, our Being's perfection is unattainable. And though finite man, in whatever he does, may be sure that God has more meaning in him than he himself knows of in his course; yet because he knows not all, does he, therefore, know nothing or little? As Christians, we may be perfectly conscious of a 'high vocation,' yet never, as we pass through life, can be wholly conscious of the part we and our age sustain in the great work of God. Inquirer talked as if the moral world were the most hap-hazard of worlds. To speak like a heathen, or worse, good men have 'turned up' in every age, and we must 'take the good the gods provide us.' There is no chief Man whose Biography makes a satisfactory History of the world possible! No chief Personage in the Drama of the world—persons enough but no Person. No line for the evolution of earth's story, no culminating point of interest, no centre of influence—points enough of energy, with whirlpools of influence around them, but no Centre, no Throne, no Monarch. Great men 'turn up'—leviathians that make a splash in Chaos, and cause the horrid mud to be traversable for a while by lesser creatures that follow in their wake. Christ is not the 'only-begotten Son of God;' he is the birth of the 'Unconscious.' We have another king—one Accident. Hail to

**King Accident.** What man knoweth the way that he takes? We are feathers in the wind, sensitive feathers, 'conscious' of its chill and force, but not able to resist, only to curse; or if it seems better, we can trust to the 'Unconscious.' We are snow-flakes in the sun, consumed by the very beam that makes us glitter. There is no 'order' on earth any more than in hell, if there is a hell. For there is no Conscious Immanuel—God with us—at whose entry into hearts and nations, light is, and chaos is no more. But, then, we have the Intuitional Consciousness, at least so Inquirer told me. But I think if Intuitional Consciousness is the Eye, and Unconsciousness the realm into which it looks out, the prospect is but a comfortless one. Inquirer means to say that man has some light in himself, and that he has an inward eye for inward things; that Reason is, in fact, both a Light and an Eye. And as to internal power of seeing, saith not the Scripture the very same that Inquirer saith—'the spirit of a man is the candle of the Lord.' But the Scripture says, too, 'If the Light that is in thee be darkness, how great such darkness is.' Reason is, indeed, both a light and an eye, but dependent for its preservation and its perfection as both, on Him who kindled it to be both. Outward things we see by the help of an outward Sun. Inward things do we see by the power of an inward eye, which needs no sun to help it? What if every man's inward eye be but as a beam of the one inward Sun of all men? what if the rising of this Sun within a man be accompanied by a wind which removes the vapour wherewith he has dimmed that beam of God? what if now his own individual beam, and the general solar radiance, are so blent, that he speaks rather of the Sun than of his own eye, except as an eye using the light of which it is part and partaker; rather of the Eternal Word that lighteth every man, than of the individual reason which in His light, has light? Alas! for our Intuitional Consciousness when it becomes apostate from the fount of Consciousness. Its sunny robe becomes sackcloth of hair. It dims, it languishes, it 'dies into the dark.' Nay, it suffers change such that the light of heaven becomes as hell-fire; and it is with it as with those rocket-balls which pass from golden yellow into lurid red, and then perish in sparks which the wind driveth away. If I am a Christian my 'Intuitional Consciousness'—the light that is in me—is Christ in me. The beam may be clouded; the fogs of my soul may invest the Sun with fiery red—but verily God hath shined into my heart to give me the knowledge of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ.

And now I say to the Scattered what I said to Inquirer, and what I confess to have said often—that Christ was in God before God was in Christ.\* That is to say, before the Eternal Life was manifested, the Eternal Life *was*. Before the Man Christ Jesus was born, the Word *was* with God, and shone forth from God, not fully, yet truly, in the individual reason of a million hearts. Thus Christ was in the world

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\* This implies much more than is here 'opened,' as, for instance, that God's work of Providence has always been according to Christ's heart of Mercy.

spiritually before He was so Historically. And he is in the world now in many hearts, as, and only as, He was before His incarnation for the great Redemptive Work. Revelation contradict Reason? Why reason is revelation, only not full and sufficient revelation. Will Inquirer have Intuitional Consciousness without and instead of Christ? Are, then, the claims of twilight so much greater, and its powers so preferable, that the Sun shall be considered as affronting it by absorbing and glorifying—not destroying—it in the broad full day? All things truly human, all thoughts true, are Christian, are of Christ; they are of the Spiritual Christ; not the mere results of the social evolution of our race, but Christ partially realized in human life. Only this is our specific affirmation, that without the Historic Humanity—without Christ born at the fulness of the times—previous developments would have proved abortive; subsequent ones impossible. Leaf and bud had been put forth on the stem in earlier stages, but in the darkness of Calvary, as a mystic flower of the night, the bloom began its unfolding. Soon men rejoiced in its discovered glory. And if Early Christianity was a glorious blossom, and Middle-age Christianity shows discoloured shreds of the flower, Modern Christianity is the ripening fruit—the still sour yet ripening fruit. But without we keep the Historic Humanity of Christ central and primary, as we think of and work for Spiritual Progress, there will be regress and corruption, not progress and sanctification. For the Spirit by which true progress is made shows its fulness and quality in Christ, and flowing forth from him is to pervade and prevail in the world. Christ, then, I am trying to lead Inquirer, and I wish the Scattered, to think, is the Conscious Light of the world, the original of any Light of Consciousness in any of us, the Restorer and Enhancer of such light, by his Mediative Appearing, as the Man Christ Jesus. His birth was the wonderful historic entry of God on the open field of the world, according to which entry he hath done things previous and subsequent, both secret and open. Take a plain parable. Our world in difficulties with Reason only to get it out, is but too like a farmer whose wain is fast in the mire, his horse, one moment obstinate, the next exerting itself, tugs, but tugs vainly. Reason's effort is unavailing. There the wain stays till a stronger horse is brought, and yoked as leader to the other. Now, by effort, the obstacle is surmounted, and, though still with difficulty, the wain moves on. Revelation does what Reason could not, moves what Reason could not stir, but only make to creak and groan. But is Reason inactive in the process of extrication?—not at all. It works with Revelation, not as an equal, but as a confederate, having similar life and similar powers, which are inspirited, as well as supplemented, by the aid given.

If some even of the Scattered think that there are things in this Letter hard to be understood, let them remember that so there are in some of Paul's, and yet he was a 'beloved brother,' and a Chief Apostle. It were an impertinence to make his necessary profundity an excuse for our own needless obscurity. But it is quite pertinent to the design of these Letters to take the lesson from him that all Truths

of Religion cannot be made plain to the 'meanest understandings.' Religion is for the mightiest understandings as well as the meanest. Besides, I do not surely lose my claim to rank as a 'beloved brother' if I say that I think that common people's understandings are not so mean as seems generally supposed. And if the Scattered blame anybody they must blame Inquirer most, though I will ask them to be lenient. Inquirers often determine by the mode of inquiry the mode in which we must treat the subject inquired of. In my next Letters I hope to present an outline view of Christian Doctrine, with farther remarks, as needed, about inquiry.

### The Mission of Death.

THE mission of Death! The man of science and the minister of religion alike claim to be heard upon this matter. The former takes a comprehensive survey of the physiology of the world, and investigates the phenomena of growth and dissolution, that he may discover the *laws* of nature. He inquires what death is, and what its results have been in forming the world. Where he ends, the divine steps in; and when the feeble props of human trust are shaken—when those who look out at the windows are dim—when the sun sets, and the night comes on—he points to the day-star of immortality—to the merits of HIM who hath entered into that which is within the veil, and delivers those who, from the fear of death, have all their lifetime been held in bondage. In this article we shall confine ourselves exclusively to the natural or scientific view, leaving the moral or spiritual aspects to other writers.

In contemplating the great law which governs the production and extinction of animal life, we may observe, with Dr. Pye Smith, that death was in the world long before man, and that it and life entered together. This is not only true of individuals, but is equally true of all the RACES of plants and animals in existence. There was a time when every race was not: there came the period of its birth, its growth, its full vigour, decline, and death. Take the horse as an illustration. There was a time when there were no horses among the animal creation; a time came when there were a few: it was the infancy of the race; the time has now come when the race has attained perfection; and the time will come when there shall not be another horse left in the world. We know this because it is one of the *laws* which govern animal existence; and as we know that every individual now living must die, we are equally certain that every race and species is hastening to the same tomb. It may be that this great law of death is universal—that the world, and even the universe itself, is germinating from the ashes of extinct systems of worlds, and that, having passed its threescore and ten great æthic periods—to borrow

an idea from the old Egyptians—it will enter into the sear and yellow leaf, and the hundreds of millions of ages through which it has passed having exhausted its vitality, like the expiring phoenix it shall die, but rising again from its own ashes, like that mystic bird it shall be clothed with suns and stars more beautiful than ever, and bring forth races of plants and animals as superior to the present as the races which now inhabit the earth are to the reptile monsters of the coldest age.

If further illustration of this law be desired, we must refer to the earth upon which we live. The verdant soil on which we tread is nothing but the casing of a universal tomb. Nor is there a grave without its appropriate epitaph. There is a sermon in 'every stone,' and a legend in every stratum. If we descend with the geologist to the primitive granite, we find a time when there was neither animal nor vegetable life upon this globe, and the ocean dashed its unceasing waves upon a coast which was desolate and lifeless. Matter had, however, commenced its upward course, and the seeds of life been sown by a Divine hand, and, as age succeeded age, the prolific sea and teeming earth brought forth their millions of inhabitants. In the earliest dawn of time, fishes predominated; to these were added gigantic and monstrous reptiles, who crawled in millions over the slimy earth—who, still labouring to bring forth her young, next gave birth to enormous quadrupeds, and the mastodon, the megatherium, and dinothorium, browsed upon the pastures of a world in which they were supreme. Lastly, man was added to the strange group. If it be asked where are now those huge creatures, compared to which our elephants are but the dwarfish productions of a degenerate age, we answer, they lived, died, and were buried. We have opened their graves and bade them come forth. Cuvier has breathed upon them, and they live in our literature; but there was a time when there was not one of them in the world, and the time has come when not one remains. The same Power which lighted up the lamp of life, and kept it burning through thousands of ages and generations, provided for its extinction in due time, but from their dust arose other and higher forms of life succeeding to the older, as the children succeed to the parents, thus rendering animal existence perpetual.

The question may be very properly asked, Are the races and tribes of men subject to the same law as the other races of animals? or, is man, in the supremacy of his nature, subject to other laws and conditions? We reply, that Nature has made no exception in our favour from this general law. What is true of the mastodon is true of the man; as the one dieth, so dieth the other also, and one grave receives both.

The best information on this subject may be obtained by consulting the history of extinct races, traces of which may be found in all countries. The numerous tribes which have been cut off in America by the vices or diseases of their more civilized oppressors since the discovery of that continent by the Spaniards, are only illustrations of what has been passing on that great continent for ages and ages, before

the Europeans visited it. Dr. Tschudi has described heads which have been found differing from any that are known at the present day, and clearly proving that a prior race perished before the old Mexicans and Peruvians, in like manner as they also perished before their Spanish conquerors. Nor need we confine our attention to America. The records of almost every European nation tell us of some people whose existence is now a blank ; and almost every nation has within itself some expiring race, which, like the patriarchs of a village, are lingering upon the brink of the grave, as if waiting for some favourable tide to launch off upon their eternal voyage. There are the Guienne, the Beam, the Bretagne, and La Rochelle, of France ; the Chuvash, of Russia ; and the Gipsies, and some of the Celtic population of our own country. These are all lingering upon the graves of their fathers, and will soon be swept from the face of the earth.

A slight attention to this subject will show us how close the analogy is between the moral and intellectual development of the race, and of the individual, as they advance from youth to manhood and unfold their capacities. Take, as an example, one of the great nations that have passed away—the Egyptians. There was a time when that nation, like a youth who longed to break from the circumscribed limits of his father's house, departed, and took up its residence upon the banks of the Nile. After many long and arduous struggles, it is at last raised to a state of opulence, and can afford a pyramid as a sepulchre for the head of its family. Two thousand years pass away, and the youth has become a man, and with his maturing intellect, the generosity of his heart is developed, he leagues himself with his younger brother below Phile, having made the important discovery that union is strength in morals as well as physics. Then commenced the grand epoch of Egyptian glory, and he whom we saw as a wayward lad, wandering from his father's house, sometimes working, sometimes playing, has become earnestly religious, and profoundly thoughtful. A thousand magnificent temples attest the sincerity of his piety, and a million stupendous works the depth of his philosophy. His conscious superiority expands his ambition, and he goes forth to conquer, both in Africa and in Asia. Ages pass on. He has had his troubles. The Hyksos oppressed him for a few centuries ; but when some patriot shouted in his ear, ' The Philistines are upon thee,' he rose like another Samson, and shook the oppressor from him. After a manhood of from three to four thousand years, he still exists. Time has laid his hand upon his locks, and they have become venerably grey, and his brow is thoughtful. He now seeks repose, like a successful merchant, retiring to the quiet of domestic life. But the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few. Also, he is afraid of that which is high, and the grasshopper is a burden. The silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken ; the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern. He returns to the earth, and barbarian feet trample on his hallowed dust.

In the destiny of Egypt we may read our own. There was a time,



and it was not long since, when the Anglo-Saxon race was not. Then came the period of its birth, which was followed by a wayward, reckless boyhood. It was the time of our Richards, when crusading and knight errantry were the objects of ambition. As the boy advanced towards manhood, the passions were strongly developed, but the reason was yet in abeyance. Our Henrys and Elizabeth, those incarnations of brute force and unconquered lust, characterise this age. It is after this we witness the union of the physical and moral forces in Cromwell, and of passion and intellect in Shakespere. We then enter upon the conquest of Nature. The genius for mechanics and passion for wealth become developed; and the warriors and poets are succeeded by a race of chemists, mechanics, and natural philosophers. Practically, the philosophy of life is yet unknown; for the true science of government is not revealed. The dreamers, however, of one age, are the prophets of that which is to come.

We are loth to dismiss this part of our subject, but must do so after remarking that we may get some insight into the growth of this young giant, if we pay a little attention to his infantile disorders. Croup, measles, scarlatina, and small-pox, are as common to the State as they are to the nursery. Our race has had a dangerous experience in cutting its teeth; and it was only when Cromwell lanced its gums that it began to take its proper place among its European brethren. It has had many other troubles, and there may be symptoms of an approaching fever, which, if the premonitory signs may be relied on, is likely to be intense. But these are only 'growing pains,' and the Anglo-Saxon race may yet have a bright destiny before it.

‘A day not cloudless, nor yet void of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and pure and warm.’

But the hour of its death must come, and the time will be when some future Layard from Otaheite may exhume the buried remains of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and look with the same wonder upon a fossil king or bishop, as we upon those winged bulls of Nimroud, or the bones of some extinct dinotherium.

But if death had not been in the world before man, it is quite certain that man could not have lived without causing the death of tens of thousands of creatures. The question of an animal and vegetable diet by no means interferes with this matter. There may be climates where a purely vegetable diet is best suited to the human frame; but place the vegetarian near the poles, and let him plant his potatoes in an iceberg, and his cabbages in a snow-drift, and he will wait a long time for his crops. Neither, indeed, could any man eat enough to keep him warm if he did nothing else. The most expert Irishman that ever devoured a potato would require a steam-engine to assist his jaws, or he would perish of cold in Nova Zembla, although he should eat of his favourite esculent incessantly. And if it were possible to avoid taking life in eating, we should still be destroying life in drinking, for every drop of water is a world of animal life, where one creature devours another, as the lion eats the sheep. We

trample to death thousands of living beings as we walk the earth ; and to kindle a fire is to burn and destroy millions. Adam, we are told, was placed in the garden to till and dress it, and his garden must have differed strangely from gardens now-a-days, if he could turn up the soil without killing the worms which inhabited it. It is impossible, therefore, that man should live without causing the death of millions of other creatures.

And if man could live without destroying life, it is well known that a great portion of the animal creation can only subsist by devouring one another. It is said in sacred prophecy that a time shall come when 'the lion shall eat straw like the ox.' Figuratively, we can understand this ; but if a literal interpretation be insisted on, we have only to say that he must first acquire a new set of teeth. The true state of the case is, that all the carnivorous animals were made to eat other animals, and the others were made to be eaten. This, which is partially the law upon the earth, is exclusively so in the sea. The fishes are universally condemned to live one upon another, and are rendered prolific for this very purpose. The herrings which swarm our coast retire towards the pole, and in the warm ocean beneath the ice bring forth their young in hundreds of millions. As these, obeying their hereditary instinct, start off in their peregrinations round the world, they are met on their departure by the whale, who, opening his ponderous jaws, swallows thousands of them at a single meal. The main artery of the heart of a whale is a foot in diameter, and through this enormous pipe is constantly rushing a stream of blood as the heart propels it. This purple stream has to be constantly replenished from the thousands of small fishes which every day pass into the capacious stomach.

We repeat, then, that death is *natural* ; that it entered the world *hand-in-hand with life* ; that man cannot live without causing the death of other creatures ; that great numbers of the animals inhabiting the land, and all the denizens of the sea, can only live by eating flesh ; that life and death are from the same hand, and must each be in accordance with Nature and the Divine will.

It will detract from the severity of this view if we take into our consideration the mission of death, and attend for a short time to the purpose which it has accomplished in adapting the world for our habitation. For we shall perceive, from this view, that death is not only natural, but absolutely necessary.

A survey of the history of our globe will show us that it has required great changes in its inhabitants to adapt it to the varying conditions under which they have been placed. A glance at the Plutonic rocks is sufficient to indicate there were neither plants nor animals at the period of their formation. Nature was then laying the foundation upon which to raise the superstructure of the habitable globe. In the process of time she added her transition rocks of slate and limestone. She then laid on her secondary formations, and in them treasured up the rich remains of destroyed systems. Upon this she laid on her tertiary series of oolite and chalk, burying in them

the creatures which had once lived and enjoyed life on the shores and in the sea. To these were added her superficial accumulations; and over all she spread the beneficent soil from which we derive our subsistence; but every step of this upward progress was through death, and all good came by destruction.

If we select one of these eras for illustration, we shall, perhaps, have this truth more forcibly impressed upon us. In the Carboniferous age animals, constituted as we are, could not have lived, the atmosphere being unsuited to their lungs. To be healthy, the atmospheric air must be composed of oxygen and carbon in certain proportions. In its passage through the lungs it loses the oxygen, and is so surcharged with carbon as to be deadly in its effects. That, however, which would be fatal to animal life, is the support of the vegetable kingdom, which treasures up the carbon and returns the oxygen for our use. It is thus that the impure air which passes from us laden with disease and death is returned to us in the fragrant rose and luxuriant fruit. When, therefore, the atmosphere was overloaded with carbon so as to be poisonous to us, it gave life to the gigantic vegetation which formed our coal-beds. The gas which lights our towns and the fire which warms us have been treasured up in the earth for ages, waiting for the time when the necessities of man should cause them to be exhumed. But they are the fruit of death.

Another of its beneficent influences is illustrated. The marble and limestone of the earth have been formed out of the remains of shell-fish and other inhabitants of the sea. In the north of England there is a bed of limestone twenty-five miles broad, thirty miles long, and in some places one thousand feet thick, formed almost exclusively of shells. The number of once living creatures which have entered into the composition of this rock is incalculable. Ten thousand fossil insects have been discovered in one cubic inch of limestone. Of all sizes, from the huge sea monsters to the animalcule which is invisible to the naked eye, are the creatures who have been thus entombed. But an ever-watchful Eye, to which all is exposed, seeing the end from the beginning, hath united both, and carefully preserved the organism of each creature to minister to the comfort of those who shall come after it.

A still more positive view of the agency of death may be obtained by a survey of the coral islands. In the depths of the great ocean a little insect builds its cell, and having raised its habitation, lives and dies in it. Another, impelled by the same instinct, secretes a like quantity of lime from the sea, and erecting its house upon that of its parents, lives, dies, and is buried in like manner. For ages do these incessant labours go on, hidden by the waters from human eyes. At last a rock is seen to ripple the surface. This rock in time becomes an island, but the incessant labourers toil on. Around it they build a reef. The sea deposits its dead animals and floating wrecks. The birds make it their habitation, add to it soil, and bear in their maw the seeds of trees, shrubs, and vegetables. A vegetation springs up, verdant and beautiful as Eden, and the bread-tree bears its

fruit, inviting the hand of man to pluck it. It is thus, from the labour of these insects, that a little world grows up in the bosom of the great sea, and the struggle of human civilization is commenced in the midst of a dreary waste of waters.

It should be observed, in this view of the mission of death, that we must not circumscribe Providence to time. The revolutions of Nature are not measured by the changes of our moon, but form great sothic periods of thousands, or, perhaps, millions of years. The remains of an old forest, like the wreck of a stranded bark, is deposited upon the bed of some old lake or ocean. They are covered by a deposit of mud which hardens into a rock. This, in its turn, is covered by other deposits, until a thousand feet of rock has grown over it. Again it becomes the bottom of the sea, and after being swam over by the monsters of the deep a casing of sandstone is laid on. This, also, in its turn becomes dry; a soil is formed upon it; birds and beasts make it their habitation; and man, a naked savage, from some distant region, joins the *mêlée*. Conquest now succeeds to conquest. Druid, Roman, Dane, and Norman, Crusader and Cavalier, make the old rock their battle-field. They, too, are succeeded by a race of mechanics and natural philosophers, who, having broken the rocky crust, the coal which had slept there for ages is brought forth, and with it the steam-engine, with its millions of untiring spindles, its rushing navies, and flying-cars. The Carboniferous era was the seed-time of our present civilization. Providence never sleeps. And we, too, are scattering the seeds of some higher state of things, although we sow in blindness, and millions of ages may pass before the harvest shall ripen.

This beneficent mission of death is accomplished with very little suffering. The common opinion of the painfulness of death is a mistaken one. The coldness of the extremities, the slow respiration, and the convulsed frame, are connected in our minds with extreme physical sufferings, but these indications are fallacious. They are, in reality, the resources of nature for the purpose of allaying pain or imparting pleasure. Persons who have recovered from convulsive fits have found them some of the happiest moments in their lives; but this will be better understood by attending to the law of pleasure and pain.

Plato illustrates this law in describing the circumstances of the death of Socrates. 'When we entered, we found Socrates, just freed from his bonds, and Xantippe, you know her, holding his little boy and sitting by him. As soon as Xantippe saw us, she wept aloud, and said such things as women usually do on such occasions, as "Socrates, your friends will now converse with you for the last time, and you with them." But Socrates, looking towards Crito, said, "Crito, let some one take her home;" upon which some of Crito's friends led her away, weeping and beating herself.

'But he, sitting up in bed, drew up his leg, and as he rubbed it, said, "What an unaccountable thing that seems to me which men call pleasure, and how wonderfully it is related to that which appears to be its contrary, pain; in that they will not both be present in a man

at the same time ; yet, if any one pursues and attains the one, he is almost always compelled to receive the other, as if they were both united together from one head.

“And it seems to me,” he continued, “that if Æsop had observed this he would have made a fable from it—how the Deity, wishing to reconcile these warring principles when he could not do so, united their heads together, and hence, whatsoever the one visits the other attends immediately after ; as appears to be the case with me, since I suffered pain in my leg before, from the chain, but now pleasure seems to have succeeded.”

These ideas of the Grecian sage contain a clear definition of the law of pleasure and pain. It was necessary that we should suffer a certain amount of pain, but that amount was not left to the caprice of the cruel, but was limited by the Creator by a state of pleasure. It is related of some of the Christian martyrs, that, when suffering the most intense pain, they cried out in ecstasy to their tormentors to continue their torments, the martyrs never having felt so exquisitely happy in their lives as now when called upon to suffer. George Fox, also, who was seldom addicted to singing, informs us in his journal, that at one time, when he had been beaten and trampled upon until left for dead in a stinking dungeon, he sat up and sang aloud for joy, having never felt so happy in his life. It is this which has caused thousands of martyrs to rejoice at the stake. The domain of suffering has been passed, and the victim has entered, as Bunyan says, into the land of Beulah.

This view of the matter becomes still more distinct by a reference to the law of healing in Nature. If we accidentally cut a piece of flesh from our hand, a painful inflammation immediately follows. A transgression of one of the laws of our well-being has been committed, and there is a rush of the curative agencies to repair the breach. The inflammation has soon accomplished its purpose in forming a hard casing or shield, and under this commences the great work of healing. Every nerve and fibre is carefully repaired, and when the delicate and sensitive skin has again been laid on, the shield is thrown away, and the cure is complete. But suppose exhausted nature had been unable to rally, and the wound had been unto death ? The painful inflammation would soon have yielded to the painless mortification, and death, calm and pleasant, have succeeded.

The experience of persons who have died, or become insensible, and then again been restored to life, corroborates this view of the subject. A man falls into the water, and, after an half hour's immersion, is taken out, to all appearance dead, and utterly incapable of further suffering. But when that person tells what his experience was in those awful moments, it is, that after the first alarm and pain he suffered nothing ; indeed, that beyond this, drowning was a very pleasant thing, and that upon the whole he did not suffer more than he would from the extraction of a tooth. The curious reader may consult the case of Dr. Adam Clarke, who passed through all these stages of drowning. Other cases may be found in ‘Rees’s Cyclopædia’—articles ‘Man’ and ‘Death.’

Nor is it often possible that this dread moment of dissolution should be haunted by the memory of the folly of misspent time, and the regret of opportunities lost for ever. The 'frantic soul' is unable to dread death so intensely, since we die as unconsciously as we are born, or sleep; and, indeed, a glance at the phenomenon of sleep will do much to enable us to form a correct view of its kindred phenomenon, death.

Sleep is caused by an absence of blood in the involutions and convolutions of the brain. During the time that we are awake, the blood circulates principally in the larger and deeper arteries and blood-vessels of the body; and about one-seventh of the whole amount is passed through the brain every five minutes. At the approach of night the excitability which had been generated during the previous activity is exhausted, we retire to bed, become warm, and fall unconsciously to sleep. If, however, the stomach has been deranged, and the natural course of the circulation of the fluids disturbed, the sleep becomes imperfect—we dream.

Dreaming is partial wakefulness, the blood still circulating in some of the involutions and convolutions of the brain, when it is absorbed from others. If our sleep were sound, there would be no dreaming; and if the excitability were general, there would be no sleep. If we lived in obedience to the laws of Nature, we should die as we sleep, without pain. And however much we may violate these laws, the results remain substantially the same. As we may hasten sleep by undue exercise, or anticipate repose by narcotics, in the same way we may abridge life by intemperance, and anticipate old age by disease. It is in these violations of Nature, this hastening to death, that suffering is encountered; but, however the consummation of nature has been attained, whether by violence or by the slow steps of gradual decay, the end is always painless. From the impaired circulation of blood in the brain, the mind can no longer realize thoughts and sensations with its accustomed vigour. One by one, as the pulsations of the heart are enfeebled, the images are obliterated from the mind, all painful feelings depart, the memory fails, the affections die, we become unconscious, and all is over.

In the last moments of our existence Nature never abandons her offspring. In our ignorance of her operations we may accuse her falsely—may regret the shortness of life, and bemoan the terrors of death. But when we approach her sanctuary, and hold converse with her face to face; when we read her hieroglyphics instead of the suggestions of a morbid fancy, it is then we discover how kind and beneficent she is—how carefully she guards every sensitive part—how strangely she inures to pain, and yet rewards our suffering with pleasure—making life a boon, and death, if we have obeyed as we should have done the laws of her Divine Author, through the gospel of his Son, a solemn but pleasant passage to higher spheres of development. The mission of death in the world is a mission of mercy; its providence a providence of love.

## Nicholas Gebelli; or, My Life.

### CHAP. III.

SHORTLY after the scenes described in the last chapter, poor Nicholas was heavily tried with the alarming illness of his mother, just at the time that he most stood in need of her wisdom and protection. Her illness was remarkable, as it attacked her in the very month in every spring in which an accident had occurred to her ten years before, which it may be necessary to relate. About the year 1806 or 1807, Widow Gebelli had been, with her two very young children, paying a visit to her father, and was returning to Birmingham in a post-chaise, the driver of which she did not at first perceive was drunk. He had scarcely got out of the city when he fell from his seat, and the horses, feeling their command of the reins, galloped away in fury for fourteen miles; the widow, unable to leave the carriage, was exclaiming at the top of her voice, which added, of course, to the fright of the animals. The journey, however, ended with an extraordinary absence of accident, except that of inflicting on the widow an annual cutaneous disease in the hands and face, which was attended with unusual swelling of the parts affected. It was of this disease that Nicholas all but lost his mother in the beginning of 1815. The school was closed, the doctor was in constant attendance, and Nicholas remembers well the dignified patience of the sufferer, often obscured from his sight by the clouds of steam which arose from the application of the cold fomentations which were applied to the hands and face. Nicholas remembers to have prayed, in a rude but earnest form, that he might not be left an orphan, and 'God heard the voice of the lad,' for his mother recovered, though she was never quite relieved from the disease. So much for the results of a drunken chaise-boy!

During this illness, the widow had frequently—but mostly with too much severity—talked with her son, and pressed upon his attention the care of his soul, and the guilt he was incurring by his neglect. So powerfully was the conscience of Nicholas excited by these conversations, that his life was only capable of rendering him diminished enjoyments. Once, in returning from church, where he had slept most of the time, and was drawing hideous figures on the wainscot the rest of the service, the sky struck his attention, his imagination filled it with angry angels, armed with the bow and arrows of Divine vengeance, and he now thought the Judgment was come, and he would be cast away as one of the lost. So profound was this impression, that Nicholas remembers it to this day, and could, after an absence of thirty-five years from the spot, select the place where this strange commotion of his soul occurred. On another occasion, he was playing in one of the fields near St. Michael's church, when he believed that he saw the devil running after him, and had arrived at the hedge, from whence our young imaginist believed that he reproached him with some of his secret sins. It need scarcely be added, that what

Nicholas took for the devil was the leafless butt of a partially-withered elder tree, which resembled a head with enormous eyes, and two short but crooked horns ! Widow Gebelli had kept the conscience of her son alive with frequent and pungent appeals ; and that was all the religion that appeared in him till the boy had almost grown into the young man. A softer discipline to so tender a heart might have won it sooner to God ; but all that the widow could do for her child was to quicken his conscience, and send him into the battle of life with his mind well stored with Scripture, and the contents of other religious books, and with many a fell example of the tremendous end of the wicked.

Who can explain the philosophy of dreams ? Nicholas, who was always a good sleeper, seldom dreamed ; but about this time he has a distinct remembrance of having dreamed that he saw himself a grey old man, with several children, and sundry other particulars of the dream, which have all come true, with one exception, and that is not at all unlikely of realization. This was the first time that Nicholas ever believed that it was possible for him to rise, and to become what appeared to him at that time a prodigy—both an author and a preacher ! How many things there are, even in the world, besides our philosophy ! How could that old negress in the West Indies foresee the second marriage of Josephine, and foretel that, by *the second marriage*, she would be more than a mere queen ? Mere foresight has nothing to do with the question, but that greater Spirit of Intelligence which condescends, for purposes worthy of himself, thus to imprint on simple and uneducated minds the vestiges of his existence, which teach more than the persons to whom they are given know, bestowing thus a glance into the invisible and the future, which the lettered wit and the dissident logician would be but too happy to receive. The doctrines of coincidences, of antipathies, of vicious mental bias, the rise of the same ideas at the same period in remote parts of the world, as well as some prepossessions and sudden resolves, are all shadows of the ever-present God.

In the beginning of 1815, one of Widow Gebelli's three brothers went down from London to the little city to visit his father. Being accustomed to better society than his father was habituated to, this uncle seemed to young Nicholas an extraordinary man. His powdered hair, his gold spectacles, and his buckskin gloves, together with his more polished style of expression, and his description of the splendour of the metropolis, determined young Gebelli at the first opportunity in his power to visit this mighty city. This resolution was only the more fixed when his uncle told the family that as he was passing over Hounslow-common a few nights before, he was stopped by footpads, who held a pistol at his head while the others robbed him of all his property, and having even taken his spectacles from him, only returned them on his declaring that as he was so near-sighted he would never find his way to the road, they grudgingly restored them. This uncle brought young Nicholas several books which were then sold for children, which he soon devoured, and could have repeated from memory, for though our



youth was still as fond of play as ever, he was always addicted to books, but had no access to any number, nor had ever heard of such a thing as a library; but at twelve years of age would sit by the hour deriving amusement, first from *Æsop's Fables*, some medley from the pen of Mrs. Trimmer, or from Clarke on the Attributes, or Flavel on the Soul! A newspaper, or any book likely to develop his powers, he never, at that time, saw. Education, such as it was, men and women effected by conversation for the most part; and where a boy got to a decent school, and possessed an intelligent and virtuous mother, children were perhaps as truly educated as their circumstances permitted.

Nicholas had another maternal uncle of the name of Jesse, a tradesman, at Tamworth, where he married one of those young women who by their dirty habits and indolent nature make their beauty a mere husband-bait, and yet, strange to say, this Jesse was gifted with great powers of discrimination, and fastidiously careful of his own manners. Everybody belonging to him was astonished at the fascination of this young wife over him; he was often rallied by his friends about her negligence, but such is the blinding nature of an attachment between the sexes that he could see no fault in this wife. In a short time, however, she died, and the only blessing that she bestowed on him was to leave him several young children, and to furnish him with that passion of grief for her loss which was sanctified by Providence, and became to him the happiest event of his life, which did not continue many years. Dearly did Uncle Jesse love Nicholas and his mother, and it was owing to his care that a situation was subsequently provided for him that gave a rude ingraining to his education, and furnished him with the chain of serial causes that led to his becoming religious, enlightened, and useful. But we must not anticipate.

Nicholas well remembers, though indistinctly, the real close of the French war by the battle of Waterloo. Prior to this event, some of the soldiers had been removed from the city; the greatest energy had been displayed by those who were left in beating up for recruits; and two of the oldest of this boy's schoolfellows entered the army, one a poor, but energetic and prematurely grown youth, whom the boys knew by the name of Poppett Clare, and another the son of an officer who had been killed in the war. The latter, whose name was Frank Symonds, was the terror of the school, a bully in temper, indomitable of spirit, and as hardy by bodily nature as could have been desired by the Duke of Wellington. This boy, who at seventeen had been implicated in almost every disaster that required daring, who had seized the paw of a lion as he lay in the cage, and had been severely contused by it, at length persuaded his mother, a gentle and lady-like woman of middle age, to buy him a commission in the army. Both these young men were in the battle of Waterloo; of Symonds Nicholas heard no more, but he was told by one of the soldiers who stood next to Poppett Clare that upon being shot in the thigh by a cannon ball, he said to his companion, 'Lift me up, lad, and let me have another shot at them,' and as he was about drawing the trigger

another ball blew out his brains. Poor Poppett Clare ! how often has Nicholas thought of thee and of thy death, and when his heart has been completely overwhelmed with distress how often has he wished that he had died like thee ! But the Judge of all the earth must do right, even when he allows the men of young and earnest intellect to die in their youth, and weaker and inferior natures to occupy the ground for seventy or eighty years. If his kingdom depended on human intellect he would naturally spare those who have the gift and powers of indefinite development, but, as he does not, we must infer that Jehovah, who is the only Master of destiny and the human race, must act thus that 'no flesh may glory in his presence,' and that he may build that kingdom, which will never have an end, by instruments of the quality which the wisdom of the world uniformly despises.

The rejoicings of 1814 were all reacted in the little city in June, 1815 ; dinners were given at the inns and taverns ; the schools had holidays ; the poor at the hospitals were treated with an extra gratuity ; everybody mounted blue rosettes and ribbons ; all the bells were ringing throughout the day ; and now it was said by the gentry that the price of flour, which was then 6s. per stone, would soon descend, and when Bonaparte was taken that there would be no more war ! Shortly after, in the autumn of that year, the Marquis of Anglessea, who had lost a leg in the battle of Waterloo, returned through the city on his way to Beaudesert, and as he had many admirers in the city, the people drew his carriage round it, and Nicholas remembers his making a speech to the citizens in the market-place a few yards only from the spot where poor Barretts had been pilloried a short time before. The corporation presented the marquis with something, but whether it was a sword or merely an address Nicholas does not remember, though he can never forget that, as the marquis entered the city, the military band struck up the tune, 'See, the conquering hero comes,' which was the first time that he remembers ever to have heard that air. Several other poor mutilated fellows, but of no renown, returned to the city after the battle, some on wooden legs, others without an arm, and one poor fellow dreadfully disfigured by wounds in the face. These poor creatures were rarely seen except on pension day, but they probably did as much to win the battle of Waterloo as the marquis. No earthly society, however, exists which deals equal justice to all its members, and war, that in most cases, and in that one particularly, is founded in oppression, can scarcely be expected to display more impartiality than any of the other political combinations.

In the following year, Nicholas was unexpectedly removed from school to become one of the copying clerks of Stephen Simpson, Esq., who, besides possessing a lucrative business and the town-clerkship, was always getting new clients into his office. For some months this poor friendless boy endured the drudgery of incessant writing, and engrossing copies of deeds in which he had no imaginable interest, under the guidance of a taciturn factotum of the name of Jesse Bee, a man who was fit for nothing but to superintend a lawyer's office, and who had no more sympathy for the feelings of

the boy than the wainscot behind which he sat. The housekeeper was, however, of a different nature, and whether she knew his history Nicholas never learned, but by many of those acts of kindness which no one but a woman can administer, she kept up the boy's heart, sometimes telling him little stories, and at others prophesying that some day he would rise and be able to support his mother. Stephen Simpson, too, liked the boy, and so, indeed, did Jesse Bee, and it was even said as a motive to induce him to stay that the former would article him to himself, but the scenes of distress which Nicholas occasionally witnessed, and the repulsive dry work of setting together those two renowned pugilists, who have been fighting daily battles in England for at least three hundred years, John Doe and Richard Roe, were at length abandoned by Nicholas, who again returned to school. He has often regretted his exit from the office since, but who can resist the pressure of all one's present feelings merely from faith in something future which may never happen?

In a few months subsequently, as Widow Gebelli was becoming more than ever anxious to procure her son a situation, a Mr. Amphlett, a stranger, entered the city with the view of setting up a newspaper, and as he wanted boys to fill his office, Nicholas was engaged, and in a few weeks was one of the regular compositors of the paper. He remained in this situation for about a year, during which he learned much of the art of printing, which was useful to him when he subsequently entered the most respectable printing and bookselling establishment in the city. In the front shop of the latter there was frequently to be seen many of the first families in the city and the neighbourhood; and there Nicholas sometimes saw the Dissenting minister and the Catholic clergyman, though it was generally considered a high Tory depository. The printing-office had in it but one young man, ridiculously conceited, but very wide awake, and exquisitely clever and polite. Every one knew Joseph Masters—since that time an eminent tradesman in London, though then only an apprentice performing all the job-work of the office. The bookbinding department was much more extensive; and, besides two women to sew, had a London first-rate workman, who, dressed in a higher style than the master, used to execute his work in the most exquisite manner. This man was an infidel about religion; an admirer of French philosophy; a profane talker; a good singer; and, altogether, a man much better educated than the bulk of the citizens; and, as he had good wages, he spent much of his time in company. But even this Thompson, as well as Masters, liked our poor boy, whom, as he could not be bound an apprentice for want of the premium, his mother at length took him home.

Now began the young heart of Nicholas to despair. He had possessed three situations, and had given them all up, and now he wanted one, and nothing seemed to present itself. He wished to be a builder, because he thought the trade would both improve his health and his mind, and because the premium for such a business would be more within his mother's power. At length, the uncle,

Jesse, ever so considerate and so tender, found a situation within two miles of Tamworth, in a large manufacturing village, with a gentleman of the name of Hollis ; and after having been some time on trial, and master and servant being mutually agreeable, the indentures were signed, the premium—which was the saving of many anxious years—was paid, and Nicholas was turned loose upon the world seven miles from his mother's home, but allowed by the indentures to visit it once a quarter, and was not to be confined to attend the Established Church. Poor Widow Gebelli, thou hadst striven nobly for years, and wrestled with earnest faith in the dark for this poor boy, and now thou must return to thy lone home, and leave thy only child amongst strangers.

As soon as the widow had returned, Nicholas began to feel that he had left home in reality ; for, though he was now an inmate of a larger and a more wealthy family, everybody looked on him only as a stranger. The children of the family, that were fine without intelligence, the journeymen in the shops, the master and mistress, and even the maids in the house, all affected a superiority over this new boy. He was supplied with inferior food, such as he frequently could not eat ; had to drink nauseous, and often sour beer ; slept during the whole period of his apprenticeship in a room without a window ; had his meals at irregular periods ; was often at work all night ; and, as there was no other boy on the premises, Nicholas often passed many weeks together without even speaking to any one of his own age. This period was, however, as the usage became more oppressive, the most divine one in his life ; for while his knowledge—acquired he knew not how nor when—appeared superior to that of any one else in the establishment, he was galled to the soul to feel how immensely different a place it was to his humble home, where he could speak without being ridiculed ; read without being reproached ; and where he had felt a vast freedom of the heart. This repulsive situation, of which Nicholas never but once complained—when his master required him to work on the Sunday—opened his eyes to the value of knowledge, to the importance of cultivating his mind now that he was thrown upon himself ; and, as he was now removed from the means of worship such as he had often recently attended with his mother, the value of those means smote his heart with their former contempt. Now, in short, Nicholas was really entered in the school of the world ; hard and unfeeling were its lessons, and uncongenial its illustrations and teachers ; and the only wonder was, that a boy who had seen nothing of this nature before, should have buckled himself so resolutely to learn and to submit to all, animated by the motive that the apprenticeship would some day end.

Nicholas spent his pocket-money in buying candles to read by in his room when all the family was gone to bed, which was both chamber, oratory, and study to him ; there, he first began to struggle in earnest prayer, to read the Scriptures, and to write down his thoughts : and after many a resolution and struggle, he addressed the following letter to his mother :—

' 10th July, 1818.

' MY DEAR MOTHER,—I now begin to see the reason that Providence has placed me here. Of late, my thoughts have been much concerned at my past transgressions. I had a good home, and undervalued it; an excellent mother, and thought her severe; an opportunity of Divine worship, but I thought it irksome. Now I am deprived of all I feel their inestimable value. Little did I know what awaited me when I came here, but none of my trials are too many if they are only sanctified to my good. Now I see your wisdom in storing my mind with the contents of the Bible; and I am now grateful for all your care and discipline of me in past years. But for that I should not now have known God, or loved my Saviour, my Bible, and public worship; and I trust that all my trials in past times and in future, will waken up in me a real soul. Trust to my reading, writing, and thinking as well as I can and have opportunity, and surely now, dear mother, all your trials are over respecting me; and if God only spare my life and health, I *will* learn my business—which I like. Keep your heart up till I am once out of my time, and then I hope you will have a home for the rest of your life.

' Your affectionate son,

' NICHOLAS GEBELLI.'

The joy, modified by fear, with which the widow received this letter, can be easily imagined, and she wrote incessantly to her son to keep near to God, to study above all things the Bible, to pray earnestly and continually, and especially to form no sudden or vulgar acquaintances; and all the other items of anxious warning which suggested themselves to a maternal heart. Widow Gebelli's sorrows were now exchanged from having feared what an ungodly youth might be tempted to commit; she now began a course of fear, which ended only with her life, lest her son might be drawn away from his religious life, either through the pressure of trial, or the seductions of prosperity. She, as Nicholas grew older, pressed on him more care of his studies on every lawful occasion, the importance of keeping his eye on the future, and especially of avoiding all friendships with single young women; but she never divulged to him that one purpose of her heart out of which these solicitous cautions arose; that will explain itself as the story advances.

Nicholas had only been a few weeks bound apprentice when he perceived about 200 little children emerge from Pickford's Canal boat-office, whither they had been brought by water from Lancashire. These little creatures, which appeared to be varying between the ages of six and ten, were delivered to one of the overlookers of Sir Robert Peel's cotton-works at Fazely, where, without consulting their wishes, they were bound apprentice to this haughty baronet till they were twenty-one years of age! As several of these gangs of children used to come every year of the same tender age, and always for the same place, it quickened the curiosity of Nicholas to inquire into their mode of life in the mills, which he had an opportunity to do from the fact that Mr. Hollis performed the greater part of the work for Sir R. Peel.

Nicholas, at that time, had no political opinions, and knew no political leaders ; but he had a strong sentiment how very wrong it was in the parishes and in Sir R. Peel thus to entomb and murder these young and unprotected creatures. The vast majority of the children perished long before they became of age ; many died in the seasoning, as it was called, to the hot climate of the mill ; many were killed outright by inadequate food, overwork, or flogging ; the mill-hospital was generally full of invalids, such of whom as were incurable became parish patients, and the small fraction that outlived the apprenticeship were either diminutive creatures, of cadaverous look, their knees either knocking each other as they walked, or they were bow-legged. Rarely did anyone see an elder apprentice tall enough for a soldier ; and if any of the young women were of decent appearance, they were sure to become prostitutes to the overseers. Nicholas was not then sufficiently advanced to make an exposure of the infamous system ; the rest of the tradesmen in the village, all of whom were dependent on the cotton-mills, were too interested to reveal the facts ; and even if this had not been the case, the liberty of the press was then so defective, and the blustering and purse-proud rage of Peel was too great at that time to be resisted. But Nicholas would be glad to see a genuine life of *the first Sir Robert Peel* written ; the registry of those thousands of parish children who died during their apprenticeship, if any were ever made ; the causes of their death ; the number of hours they worked, which was generally from five in the morning till nine or ten at night ; and we would also have that biographer state how many illegitimate children were born in these mills ; what number of them were owing to some of the Peel family, or his abandoned overseers ; and what was the rate at which old Peel bargained for these country children from the respective parishes. When one of the girls was out of her time, she was immediately married, most commonly to some mill-lad, neither of whom being able to read, and both being obliged to work daily for so many hours, always lived in filth and ignorance at home, and soon had a sty of children, who, with the parents, ultimately fell on the parish, or were deluded by some flash reports of better wages to Lancashire, where they went by the boats, and from which they never returned. This is the mere outline of what Nicholas often saw. Let Sir Robert Peel consult the history of the works at Fazely, Bonehill, and Tamworth, and if he can read it through without indignation and shame, he is a greater and a blinder partisan than we take him to be. Suffice it to say, that for the seven years that Nicholas spent in that vicinity, he never knew one of these apprentices to discover any talent, or one of these young women to display any virtue. The best of them were, probably, those who died of a broken heart, or such as contrived to run away, or enter the navy or army service. Whatever admiration his countrymen feel for old Sir Robert Peel, Nicholas can never sympathize with it ; and it is his belief that property so acquired will some day suddenly breed its own Nemesis. Fazely is now depreciated, but those scenes are stereotyped both in hell and in heaven.

In the house of Mr. Hollis had lodged for a considerable number

of years a remarkable single man, of the name of Samuel Taylor, one of the principal engineers of Sir R. Peel. This Mr. Taylor, who was at that period about fifty-five years of age, was a member of an infidel crew that met every evening, Sunday included, to drink, smoke, and debate over the news, the incidents, and gossip of the day. All the members of this club, Nicholas heard some time ago, had died in an extraordinary manner. Old Farmer was kicked off his horse; Mr. Grub was struck dead with the lightning, which he had often defied; Parr was poisoned; another member cut his throat, and one blew out his brains. Nor need this excite the least surprise, for whether there be a particular providence or not, men that went to bed drunk nearly every night could hardly be expected to care for themselves during the next day; while, if there be a specific providence, it was to be expected that it would brand the termination of a gang of lives that had scoffed at faith in its existence, and treated the belief of men in the name of God as one of our oldest songs. This club, being composed of the most intelligent and influential inhabitants of Fazely, set up others, of younger and inferior men, by their example. This state of public morals, associated with the sort of women induced by cotton-mill life, made that little village one mass of gorged putridity. True, even there existed a few pious people, but they seemed only to belong to the poor. There was a small chapel of ease, that would probably hold 400 or 500 persons, but not 200 ever attended; and besides a house in which the Methodists occasionally preached, and a tattered Sunday-school, taught under the care of a neighbouring clergyman's daughter, Nicholas knew of no other place of worship.

Sam Taylor, a shrewd mathematician, a great wag, and very paraimonious, soon began to take notice of Nicholas, when the storm of ridicule in the house and the shops burst on him, for his religious opinions and character. He first complimented the boy on his superior habits, lamented that he should have gone into such a situation, and affected to treat his opinions as the natural sentiments of a generous youth, but which wider experience of the world would dissipate. Nicholas avoided as much as possible Mr. Taylor, who generally contrived to say something which would occasion the boy to doubt the verity of his own convictions, and who, in future years, openly expounded his Deistical opinions without shame, while he constantly attended the morning service of the Church! This Taylor was well read in the controversy between Christianity and Deism, and equally facile at pointing out to young Nicholas the defects of Christian men, which, if the system were true, rendered it suspicious, and if it were not true, only proved how immensely this alleged Divine system had added to the evils of society, by producing fanatics, hypocrites, and deceivers! This Deistical warfare, the first with which young Nicholas became acquainted, was one of far greater range than he had reading for at the time; but he overthrew Taylor by an argument which he could not deny, but which he was little prepared to admit. On one occasion, when the lodger was talking with the apprentice, the latter asked Mr. Taylor, 'Do all the gentlemen of your company with whom you meet every evening hold your opinions?'

'Oh, yes! not only they, but the great bulk of men of property and intelligence everywhere,' was the reply.

'Then will you be good enough to explain to me how it happens that the true believers in the gospel are always aiming after a purer and higher life, and the great bulk of those who believe in your opinions seem to be no better in morals than the generality of mankind? I cannot reply to some of your arguments at present, but this is one that I feel in some sort to be master of, because it appeals to the testimony of my senses.'

Taylor was finally silenced by this simple and practical test of the two systems. By admitting that Christianity was more favourable to morals than any other known system, he defeated himself—for that is the ultimate question involved in all controversy. By degrees he left off reasoning with Nicholas, always spoke of him as a superior boy, who ought not to have been apprenticed to the trade, and who, if he lived, he was sure would never continue it.

## The Prophets of the Old Testament.

### I. MOSES.

WHAT a remarkable family was that of Amram, and displaying its wonderful germination at the time that it seemed to others, and perhaps to itself, lost in the gloom of slavery! Great as the mother of Moses, Aaron, and Miriam must have been, if there be any truth in the old law of '*partus sequitur ventrem*,' we have only three facts relating to her—her giving this child, Moses, to the world; his concealment in the basket of bulrushes; and the subtle manner in which she contrived to become his nurse till he was three years old, during which she laid the foundation of maternal instruction in his heart, which became the basis of his future piety and fame. Though the child was, probably, removed at that age to the care of Thermutis, Pharaoh's daughter, it is easy to imagine that the suckling of such a child would authorize its occasional meeting with its apparently foster, but in reality its true, mother, for many years afterwards; and that it was during these interviews that the religious education of Moses was completed, which gave, subsequently, that gorgeous development to his character. At his birth, never were the auspices of a family more dark; but Jochebed, who produced and educated her three children in the face of that darkness, had more faith in the words and promises of Jehovah than in the avarice and ambition of Pharaoh; and though she neither knew how the lives of her children would develop, nor where her own would terminate, she resolutely kindled the hallowed fire in the heart of young Moses as perhaps all, certainly



the best thing she could do, to qualify her son to struggle with that darkness in which their nation was then involved.

Much as Moses owed this great and good woman, however, he never mentions her in his works; motherhood and womanhood were then alike unknown; and it is singular to confess that it was to Gentile philosophy, and chiefly to that of Teutonic origin, that this better knowledge of woman is to be traced. Yet, how striking a fact that the Greek mind, that saw almost every object of human research in the bright period of its history, and in the best light; that the Romans, more addicted in their earlier history to moral disquisitions, equally failed; that the Egyptians, whose veneration extended to almost every object in nature, should never have, as a nation, thought well of womanhood; and that the more Oriental people, whose higher state of physical susceptibility made them more covetous of womanly beauty and love, should all have omitted to take that view of woman's nature which makes her the greatest and most original benefactor to mankind. This is the more remarkable since we find all these people learned in the science of cause and effect, and especially of the bearing of these causes on our physical life. But we must add this to the numerous other instances in which even acute and reasoning men for successive generations may seem to live in the neighbourhood of a great truth, and yet never see it; just as all the old philosophers of Europe knew and felt the power of steam for centuries and never followed out their faith to experiment, or used the facts which they knew as known quantities to discover others that they did not know. These great mothers, however, are always very few in every nation. How are they produced? That is a manufacture of which we are all still as ignorant as the mothers themselves; but we know how rarely they appear either among the very lowest or the highest degrees in society; and as the Bonapartes, the Neckars, the Bacons, and the Napiers, have all risen from the struggling middle classes, we can only infer that those struggles and suffering may have had something to do with producing the great mothers of the human family.

It was a fortunate circumstance for Moses that Thermutis found him in the river, for by that means he procured the best education and masters that Egypt could at that time afford. Such a training was designed by Jehovah to prepare him, after eighty years of his life had passed away in, apparently, the most trivial pursuits; for though neither the law that he gave the Jews, the miracles by which he substantiated his own mission, nor the prophecy with which he was afterwards endowed, rose from that education, it enabled Moses yet more skilfully to act in every situation in which he was placed, and, above all, to guard against himself being deceived. It was, doubtless, that education, and the prestige given to his name by his former connexion with the court, that induced the Jews in great part to own him as their leader, as, doubtless, he was the most educated man among them; and besides having a connexion with the court, it may be that his tribe—the Levitic one—had, prior to its formal inauguration at Sinai, somewhat of the sacerdotal element among some of its members.

This education, however, and his court life, would greatly add to his sufferings as a shepherd in Midian, though it would, doubtless, assuage some of the solitary misery which such a life involved. During that exile of Moses, however, his mind must have reaped vast advantages from his nomadic existence; he would not only see the impropriety of that act of homicide which expelled him from Egypt, but which in all probability saved his own life from remaining among the enemies of his people. The clear skies, and the prolific earth, would often furnish the mind of the exile with ample food for thought, and would, doubtless, at times kindle the soul of Moses to ecstasies of love and praise as he thought of the loving-kindness of Jehovah to his nation. But it is very probable that the problem of his thoughts was how the Jews were to be extricated from Egypt and put into possession of the land of promise. He, no doubt, often revolved various schemes for the achievement of these two feats, the most feasible of which would appear all but impossible, as a double war—the one to escape from bondage, and the other to obtain the prize—seemed as certain as the people of Israel appeared unfitted for either.

There is, however, one event to which all the fragments of old Mosaic history appear to give evidence, that while he was under the tutelage of Thermutis, Moses had the command of the armies of Egypt against the Ethiopians, whom he subdued, and that he was called to that command by the voice of an oracle. Without at all placing reliance on the last particular, we may believe the former, and then we have a clue to the ease with which, in later times, he managed that still greater army of Israel, which could not have consisted of much less than two millions at the Exode. Nor is there any real objection to the Ethiopian campaign in the imaginary early period at which Moses 'refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter,' for the apostle only describes that time as being a period of manhood; we are not told whether it happened when Moses was about twenty years of age, or when he was almost double that age, which he had attained before the homicide. The supposition, also, that this great author wrote the book of Job during his retreat in Midian, if not of Genesis too, will be contradicted by that class of persons who believe that the art of writing was not known till it was revealed to Moses in Sinai. The early inquisitiveness which would be induced by Moses' education in the wisdom of the Egyptians, might have led his mind to inquire after the history of those affairs which are recorded in Genesis; but if it did, and no writings were in prior existence, from what a number of resources must some of his facts have been recorded! But wherever he found this information, the book of Genesis itself contains so many of the faults of the last great patriarch, as well as those of his sons, that it is not credible that Moses derived that knowledge from any human source, as the pride of character and the love of ancestry would combine to conceal the faults which that first book of sacred Scripture reveals.

As to the theory entertained by some that Moses had no higher an origin for the only body of jurisprudential law which is now in ex-

istence, and which he imposed on the Jews, it is so beset with difficulties that no really reflecting man can adopt it. For to suppose that the unaided powers of Moses originated that law is at once to impute to him superhuman knowledge to that degree that he should as well know the duty of man to his Master, as to all his fellow-creatures. It forces us to admit that the entrance into the mount was nothing better than a pious fraud; that it was easy for him to deceive the Jews of that generation, and to persuade them to affect alarm at the angelic voices, the body of fire and smoke, and the earthquake, which it is assumed they did not see; that he could reconcile such a collusion with a high claim to piety; and, still more, that both Christ and his apostles should not only have believed that law to be divine, but actually reasoned out the incapacity of man to be saved by 'the deeds of the law,' which if simply human in the first instance, could never have risen into the divine. The character of Moses itself is, also, destructive of this theory, for when he saw the vision of Jehovah on Horeb, and received the commission to become the commander of the Israelites and their agent with Pharaoh, he not only refused to accept the honour, but pleaded his unworthiness of such a sphere, his want of adequate ability and words, and besought the Almighty to employ some other agent of his purposes. Is it credible that so humble-minded a man, as conscientious as he was acute, and as timid to assume responsibility as he was content with his shepherd's life, should have had the effrontery, even if he had possessed the wisdom, to have palmed off on the world his own effusions as the warranted law of Jehovah, of which he brought the autograph himself from the mountain? Not with our knowledge of human nature and of history is it possible for us to approve of this theory, which would, in our judgment, do more to shake the whole system of Christianity than all the infidels that ever wrote or lived.

As little in harmony with this profane theory is the extraordinary series of miracles which he performed from the moment when he threw down his shepherd's crook at Horeb, and it became a serpent, or thrust his hand into his bosom when it appeared leprous, to the last, which he performed only a short time before his death. These miracles, which at once certify that Moses was in the employ of God, were of the greatest variety, and extended over the long period of nearly forty years, and, doubtless, contained many of these superhuman actions, which are not recorded in the Old Testament. Nothing but such a divine manifestation could have either won for Moses the honour of being the permanent governor of Israel, or have preserved him in the office against a cowardly, an unreasoning, and an unbelieving spirit, which animated the great body of the Jews. Greatly as these miracles have always acted, since the establishment of Christianity, as one of the strongest of its lines of argument, the miracles themselves were of more importance to accredit Moses to the nation of the Jews, and to those of Egypt and Canaan, as an actually employed servant of the Most High God, whose will was as much developed by the wars of the Israelites, as by the actual words of

inspiration in which he promulgated the Sinaitic law. Scarcely less remarkable than these miracles themselves was the spirit of illogical perversity, almost universally displayed by this people of Israel. Though thus raised from slaves to freemen, they were always ungrateful; though they marched their camp at the bidding of a Captain of fire by night and of cloud by day, they were ever demanding to be allowed to return to Egypt. While they were eating the manna they grew tired of the gift, and loathed it; they became as passionately averse to the quails as they had once passionately desired them; opposing the forms of worshipping Osiris through a heifer in Egypt, they now set one up in the wilderness; and, in short, one can scarcely point out the day and the place where the Jews were contented, although they had seen divine judgments destroy the two sons of Aaron by their own fire, the earth swallow up Dathan and Abiram, the plague destroy thousands in a day, and then the enraged Levites or angels were used to chastise this people whom neither terms of peace nor of chastisement could subdue. A man less endowed with these gifts from heaven could not have been expected to make an impression on the descendants of Abraham; and it was, doubtless, often felt by Moses himself that the power of his patience was nearly exhausted, ready as he ever was to smite the rock to find them water, or to pray for the defeat of their enemies in the field of battle. The love and reverence of Moses to Jehovah is visible in all his conduct; so is his patriotism too; in short, Moses may be justly crowned 'king of men' for the depth of his piety, for his genuine attachment to his people, for his vast endowments, for his strength of character, for his impartial government, which has never yet been gravely accused, and for the immeasurable extent of his posthumous influence over all nations.

*We have, however, yet omitted to notice the prophetic powers of Moses.*

In addition to the honour of being the greatest teacher which the world had ever then seen, the lawgiver of the most original people on earth, the worker of more miracles than either human reason or faith could appreciate, and the leader of his people from slavery to freedom, Moses, late in life, added to all these extraordinary qualities—one of which would have immortalized another man—the gift of prophecy. It must be admitted, meantime, that Moses shone with somewhat less lustre in this office than some of his eminent successors, though even here he displayed how largely he had been endowed with the divine gifts. For we must maintain that this is the only sensible theory to explain the origin of prophecy, in opposition to the loose and illogical guesses of Eichhorn, or the painful efforts that are obviously made by Knobel and Ewart, who were evidently willing to admit any theory which would account for prophecy without forcing them to admit that the Spirit of God alone could have bestowed the favour.

1. *Moses foretold the rise of the kingship among his own people.* (Deut. xvii. 14—20.)

It may be objected, that Moses might have foreseen this event by the mere inductions of reason, as it would be natural for the Jews to wish to equalize themselves with the other nations. This is not so cer-

tain as it may appear; for not only were the tribes then separate people, who could not have been expected all to join in the election of one monarch, but at that time nations were few, and most of the kings only governed one or two cities, with a small territory of land. If human logic tended to enlighten Moses on this topic, it also tended to the belief in the existence of a king over every tribe; but Moses speaks only of one for all the Hebraic nation. And this prophecy was the more remarkable because the existence of *any* king over the Jews could not be supposed without admitting the corruption of the people and the contravention of that theocratic form of government which Jehovah, through Moses, had exhibited. Some persons may imagine, that the prediction of the kingship took away part of its guilt; but that opinion is untenable unless we turn prophecy into a sort of prospective atonement, for this prediction of Moses occurred above four hundred years before the choice of Saul, and the protest of inspired Samuel against the kingship altogether.

2. *Moses foretold the captivity of the nation by the Assyrians 863 years before it occurred.* (Deut. xxviii. 36.)

It has often been asserted, in answer to this proposition, that nothing more was requisite than the developed logic of Moses' own powers. We cannot admit this supposition, because Moses could not foresee that the Jews would become more corrupt when they had acquired more knowledge, and had experienced the advantages of keeping his law, than they were then. Even, however, if we allow that he might have inferred their corruption at a time when there existed so few national analogies from which to reason, it must be admitted as one of the truest specimens of a prophetic spirit that he foretold that their defection should be punished by *captivity* instead of pestilence, and that they would be carried away into a remote country, and not into one of the more likely and more proximate to themselves. The greater the distance, too, between the prophecy and the event, the more striking is the fulfilment, and the less probability attaches to any form of objection.

3. *Moses predicted the invasion of Judæa by the Romans.* (Deut. xxviii. 49—58 inclusive.)

As there are portions in this prediction that neither apply to the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Greeks, or the Syrians, they must relate to the Romans. And this is an event that did not occur to Judæa for nearly 1,500 years, and to the extension of which there can be no possible application of consecutive logic. We must therefore at once claim Divine instruction for Moses in the delivery of this prophecy. How could Moses, then, tell that the Jews, who had the most extraordinary beginning, and whose land was favourably situated for commerce, would not themselves be, in 1,500 years afterwards, the greatest people on the face of the earth? For anything he could have told, the Jews might have died out before the expiry of that period, through the ignorance and vices of the lower orders, and the bad government of the elevated classes; or how could Moses, when he delivered the prediction, be assured that the nation would

not have long before that time have emigrated to another part of the world?

4. *Equally striking is the prediction of Moses respecting the Messiah.* (Deut. xviii. 15—18.)

‘The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thy brethren like unto me, and will put my words in his mouth, and he shall speak unto them all that I command him.’ Simple and few as these terms are, we shall find no one of the intermediate prophets or teachers between Moses and Christ to whom they will apply. Isaiah was a great teacher, but neither a lawgiver nor a ruler, and, except in one instance, we do not know that he wrought miracles. Elijah and his disciple were memorable workers of miracles, but their teaching was rather from the inference deducible through their actions than from their words. And the same objections would apply to David, to Ezra, or to Jeremiah, or any other of the distinguished Jews that rose in the interim. Some of the attributes in the prediction might suit many, but all are only to be found in Jesus of Nazareth, who, like Moses, was distinguished at his birth, specially preserved in his youth, gifted with the same Holy Ghost; like Moses, he was the greatest teacher, the founder of a new law, the Governor of a new people, a worker of miracles, a predictor of future events, and ungratefully received; but, unlike Moses, he was a perfect example, and retained his honour for ever as a Son in that house where Moses was only an eminent servant. This prophecy, so distinct and full, uttered nearly 1,500 years before the birth of Christ, was one of the strongest proofs that the mind of Moses, at that period, contained the truly Divine prophetic element.

Omitting for the present the serial predictions uttered by Moses respecting the ultimate fate of his people—though we might especially insist on the importance of that portion of this series which refers to the tribes of Levi, of Ephraim, and Manasseh, and particularly to that of Zebulun, quoted by Christ himself—we would only remind the reader of the adventurousness of Moses predicting the fate of tribes whom he had so often rebuked, and whose fickleness, violence, and tendency to superstition, he was well aware of, unless he had felt within him the definitive wisdom of Jehovah. But we would rather call attention to that remarkable prediction which appears in his writings respecting the advent of better times than then existed, or than he knew would exist for a long period to come (see Deut. xxxii. 37—44, and xxxiii. 27, *ad fin.*) In these and other passages Moses shadows out a period beyond that of the polytheism that overspread all nations, and the various forms of nature and idol worship, that had even so early spread their altars among men, a period then, indeed, very remote and indistinct, but in which the knowledge and glory of the Lord would supersede them. Then, exclaims the prophet, ‘Israel shall dwell in safety alone; the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine; also his heavens shall drop down dew.’ It is no objection to this writer that he did not foresee the consistent and beneficent changes that would flow

from the reign of Messiah ! but it is enough to establish his prophetic character that he steadily contemplated a period when the despised doctrines that he taught would be universally received, though he knew how strong, even so early, was the notion of Jupiter Ammon, and how confederated were the various national powers to defeat his prophecy.

That Moses was always received by the Jewish nation as a true prophet, anyone who knows their history will not deny ; and we may be sure that so fastidious and incredulous a people would never have received him in that capacity unless he had given ample proof of his prophetic powers ; nor can we blame them for either of these qualities in this particular. His predictions of all the plagues that fell on Egypt ; of the manner in which the Jews would be delivered, and the Egyptian army destroyed ; of the death of Korah and his co-operators, and of Abiram and his participators in sedition ; completely verified, early in his history, that Moses was a true prophet of the Most High. It is, therefore, not surprising that it was held by the Jews obligatory to believe in him whenever he propounded other truths in the name of God. His possession of miraculous power was also considered an auxiliary proof that he did not presume to palm upon the nation the mere effusions of his own imagination, or of the patriotism and noble sentiments of his heart respecting the future condition of his people. Moses himself had given them too decided an opinion of the judgment they were to award to a false prophet in Deut. xviii. 20. to expose himself to the danger of being put to death by his own rules. And in the 22nd verse of the same chapter he had furnished them with too accurate *criteria* by which to judge of everyone who aspired to the prophetic office by affirming, ' When a prophet speaketh in the name of the Lord, if the thing follow not nor come to pass, that is the thing which the Lord hath not spoken.' Could any criterion have been more safe, more easy of applying, and more difficult to evade ? And can we believe that a nation, whose tribal leaders and ambitious men viewed with such constant jealousy the powers of Moses, would have forgotten this criterion if Moses had only once laid himself open to their censure ? Is it to be imagined that those men would never interrogate Moses concerning his predictions, or that they would never demand from him the proofs, on the ground of which he himself believed the prophecies he delivered ?

The importance of these prophecies at that particular time can be easily conceived. It was the design of God to furnish his people with every conceivable evidence of the truth of those laws which had been delivered by Moses. Prophecy might not then have been considered necessary, if there had not existed at the time the wizards, the auguries, and the false prophets of the pagan nations ; and their being in such vogue among their dupes seemed to compel God to outdo them in that very particular in which they professed to be superior to others. No other people than the Jews possessed true prophets, either at that or any subsequent period. The *vates* of the heathen were prolific enough, and their effusions possessed a remarkable fecundity, but

where is the prophecy that any one of them ever divulged which could be accredited to modern faith with a sufficient amount of pre-existing evidence? The oracles of all the heathen were in league with the political parties of the state, and, though they were shameful impostures, they achieved frequently the object for which they were divulged, without being on that account the more true. True prophetic oracles were, therefore, a real event of the age of Moses, and were for that reason supplied by the Divine Omniscience, which never leaves men without a complete evidence of the truth. The makers of oracles usually sought their own interests by their effusions, but Moses on no occasion either received the least emolument for his, nor did he even confirm himself in power by their issue. The pagans, also, by the words of their pseudo-prophets spread superstition, error, and crime; but those of Moses steadily bore upon the same object as his law, which was to continue on the earth the true knowledge of God, and the principal moralities of his religion; and it thus appears that the predictions of Moses were, in the first instance, intended to repel the heathen. But while this was one of the primary objects of Mosaic prophecy, we can easily believe that another purpose to be accomplished by them was, to expel that morbid curiosity about the future which had always been characteristic of their nation since the times of Rachel (Gen. xxxiv.), and which Jehovah foresaw would be one of their besetting sins in every future age. Either we must, therefore, admit Moses to have been a true prophet or a liar, a pretender, and a public deceiver; but he that can admit so preposterous a conclusion can neither believe that he wrought miracles by the will of God, or uttered a system of laws upon the authority alone of the Governor of all nations.

It may be then demanded, if Moses were so great a teacher, so unequalled a lawgiver and governor, so singular a worker of miracles, and so distinguished a prophet, besides being the holiest man of his age, and the most self-denying and zealous servant of God, why did Jehovah punish him by refusing him admission to the promised land? It was, there can be little doubt, this very sanctity of his character, and these high endowments with which he had been entrusted, that gave a relative magnitude to his outburst of passion in the very act of his striking the rock. Examples are made by men of the lowest and most friendless of the people; but God chooses to make them from the men eminent in his service or conspicuous in the world. And with how much more power and propriety such instances impress the world we have only to remember the cases of Pharaoh, of Lot's wife, of David, of Uzziah, and of Hezekiah, and others. A burst of passion may be easily forgiven by considerate and noble-hearted men, because they are liable to the same themselves; but God will not tolerate such evils about his servants in their sacred employments, nor suffer it to be said that in his kingdom—

‘That in the captain’s but a choleric word,  
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.’

It was on this high ground of political equity that we see the



whole Amram family, though so distinguished for extraordinary powers and memorable services, perish, and condemned to even unknown graves! And while this event reflects the greatest honour on the writings of Moses, who would neither allow his own faults nor those of his brother and sister either to be slurred over or to go unrecorded, it powerfully appeals to all men of genius and of eminent employment to beware of the outbreaks of unhallowed temper in their high offices; for whatever lenity such offenders may receive from men, the great Judge of all will not tolerate even these apparently unavoidable evils, even though goaded and maddened by a thankless public.

We are quite aware how much has been written and said against admitting the existence of the prophetic element in any part of the valedictory benedictions of Moses; but while we accede to the opponents the fact that along with the prophetic development, Moses may have also given utterance to the joyous feelings of his own soul, we must claim the existence of the prophetic spirit in the whole chapter. We could, also, have easily added to the above list some other expressions which were only verified in the history of the Jews at their final overthrow by the Romans; but we fancy we have already exceeded the length of our paper. The song in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, Eichhorn considered the *Magna Charta of Prophecy*; we admit that it may be such in its general spirit and sense, but it does not contain many of those peculiar predictions which obviously refer to some as special events. It is not either our province or within the limits of our ability to say which of the sacred songs are not prophetic, when we remember how clearly our Lord and his apostles quoted passages from the Old Testament, which, but for their aid, we should never have ranked among the documents of prediction.

Nor are we disposed to inquire with the Germans, 'Whether the prophetic gift may not exist in a higher consciousness beyond that of the senses,' nor enter into the theory of Calvin, who thought that the symbolic actions of the prophets were only internal or imaginary. Speculations of this nature can be raised, disputed, and, for a time, decided, on almost every proposition of theology, and, when so raised, will interest no one but some of those semi-logicians who having wit sufficient to see the difficulties of knowledge, never find the appearance of repose till they have overturned what is old, and proposed in its place some other hypothesis, whose greatest attraction lies in its mere novelty. For our part, knowing somewhat of the difficulties which accompany every sentiment we acquire, and the ever-rolling sea of disputation that lies beyond our narrow creed, it is enough for us that we have sufficient evidence on which to admit every prediction in the Bible to have been the result of Divine inspiration. How far that extended, and whether it was the same in all cases, whether many, or at least some, of the predictions have been lost, or were never intended to be written, are subjects of which we must confess our ignorance, and we do this the more readily after a life's study that has left us advanced only a very few steps beyond where we began. It is

very likely that if we could interrogate the prophets themselves they could not even now explain how their minds traversed from their ordinary routine to that state of extraordinary vision, during the prevalence of which they foretold events which they seldom seem to have understood.

In concluding this paper, we cannot avoid giving utterance to our admiration of the humility of Moses, who, to his other rare honours, added that of a prophet, and yet no child in Judæa could have been more humble-minded than this son of Jochebed. The possession of but one of his many rare attributes would have seemed enough to have swollen with pride the soul of many ordinary mortals; but in Moses his humility was never at fault during his whole career! His soul thus filled with the love and knowledge of God, seemed to progress through all his difficult employments in humbleness of mind, and when provoked by the jealousy of Miriam and of Aaron, or by the leaders in the conspiracies of Korah or of Dathan, he was so far from assuming any undue importance to himself in those instances, that he was truly afflicted with the calamities that befel his countrymen. He never talks of his good deeds, as Ezra and Nehemiah did in their inferior age, nor does he compare his qualities with those of any other men, but, true to the nature of genius, that is always humble-minded as to the laws of the spiritual life, he appeared, like Paul, impressed with the idea, 'What hast thou that thou didst not receive?' He assumed nothing for himself or his family at the time he was the depository of so much power, and for his own tribe he made the most precarious provision, in merely giving to them the voluntary offerings of the people, while he himself set the nation an admirable example of obeying those laws which had at first flown from his lips. Never, in short, did so nearly perfect a character exist as Moses, and it does not surprise us that all nations have bequeathed to us some sort of literary monument to his name either in their verbal traditions, or in the admission of a part of his institutions. And when that resplendent era shall have arrived, when the Jews will have at last admitted their long-rejected Messiah, the full-orbed glory of Moses will then be seen. Die the name of Jochebed's son never can, and his will be an immortality secondary only to that of Messiah himself; and the best proof of the esteem in which he is held in heaven may be seen in his re-appearance on the day of transfiguration.

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### Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

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[UNDER this title occasionally appear in this Magazine papers from various pens, discussing questions of interest in Christian Doctrine and Religious Truth. It has been thought desirable specially to distinguish articles or communications of this and similar character from others that appear in this journal, because of the impossibility of always maintaining a perfect consistency of view in such

matters. The Editor, therefore, wishes it to be understood, that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in these papers. He can only engage that they shall contain nothing deemed to be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Christian faith.]

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MR. MAURICE AND DR. CANDLISH.\*

THE fault most commonly laid to Mr. Maurice's charge is *indistinctness*. In the case of a writer so profound, and often so clear and forcible, as Mr. Maurice is known to be, a reader is inclined to reproach his own powers of comprehension, rather than his author's powers of expression. But the accusation is so common, and is so often urged by those who find no difficulty in comprehending other great theologians, that we have no hesitation in repeating it here. Indeed, so painfully have we felt it in reading some parts of the 'Theological Essays,' that we have been constantly tempted to ejaculate, '*Si non vis intelligi, cur vis legi.*' The author rarely attempts to understand—he stops short at the thought which 'helps us to understand how, &c.' His Essays abound in valuable suggestions, which put you on the track of a conclusion; we question if there is a conclusion definitely stated in any one of them. Nor must it be supposed that this mode of treatment is adopted unconsciously. 'Every thing,' says he, 'which has relation to our internal being, puts on a strange shape when it takes the form of a proposition.'—(P. 377.) And again, in speaking of the words of the Creed, 'He descended into hell,' 'Mighty words! which I do not pretend that I can penetrate, or reduce under the forms of the intellect. If I could, I think they would be of little worth to me.'—(P. 162.) After this a reader must be prepared for a studied absence of definition, and exact statement, neither of which Mr. Maurice appears to feel the want of himself. We cannot help wishing, however, to be informed where the indistinctness is to begin and end. It would save the reader, to say the least, much painful toil. Indeed, it may be doubted whether an effort ought ever to be made, without due notice, to express a thought which is obscure to its thinker. We much admire the candour of Emerson, who, in one of his Essays, paves the way for an interlude of what may, with strict veracity, be called *non-sense*, by confessing that he has a dim and far-off remembrance of the intuition. On the other hand, we think with unspeakable horror of the poet Edgar Poe. How often did we violate excellent advice, and 'cudgel our brains,' as a 'dull ass that won't mend his pace with beating,' in trying to find out the meaning of 'The Raven,' which has no meaning whatever; the feeling of sadness and gloom, generated by it in the reader, being a mere impression like that made by the sighing of the night-wind. We do not mean to compare Mr. Maurice's obscurities with those of either of these writers. But their removal is much to be wished; they create a general prejudice, and altogether repel minds of a certain class.

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\* 'Examination of Maurice's Theological Essays.' By R. S. CANDLISH, D.D. Nisbet.

To this class belongs Dr. Candlish. Those who know anything of Scotch theology, and the training of Scotch theologians, will readily anticipate that his verdict on this book is one of unqualified condemnation. Dr. Candlish's creed—that in which he was trained, to which he solemnly put his hand and seal when he was licensed—was settled for him, down to the minutest point, years before he was born. Most likely he has never been guilty of the profanity of a doubt or an uncertainty. The Confession of Faith is a very positive document. Its ingenious framers seem never for a moment to have suspected the possibility that the genius, the learning, the conscience, the experience, the divine illumination of subsequent times might give men new and deeper insight into matters of faith. They were wise for all future generations as well as their own. The framers of the Catholic creeds were content with asserting a number of facts, leaving it to each man to choose for himself how he should speak of them, how he should define them, how explain them, to what principle he should refer them. But the Confessors seem to have viewed such an amount of spiritual and intellectual freedom as eminently dangerous. The danger they seem to have feared is, not that the meaning of God's word would be exhausted—not that men's minds and consciences would grow sluggish and decrepid under their fetters—not that their dogmatic statements would grow so as to have none of the force of truth, because having been authoritatively imposed, and not intelligently tested, men would have no conviction of their truth—not that thus, at last, an infinite distance would separate men's souls and God's truth, no man holding it as the pearl of great price which he himself had sought and found;—none of these dangers do they seem to have feared. They seem to have had no vision of future generations, but as living in darkness, blinded by folly, uninstructed by God, not to be abandoned in the smallest tittle of Divine things to their own evil guidance. They undertook, therefore, to declare the whole counsel of God on every possible matter. We firmly believe that if there is any subject which the Confession appears to leave to private inquiry and conjecture, it is through oversight, not through design. And in all that it does affirm it is quite innocent of hesitation, and of that modest uncertainty which manifests itself in vague and general statements. Imagine, then, a theologian, nurtured on the Confession of Faith—accustomed not only to hear, but implicitly to receive its exact and positive statements—employed in criticising Mr. Maurice—a theologian who does not stop at Bacon's avowal, that 'in Divinity many things must be left abrupt'—who puts forth paradoxes as the forms which theological beliefs, reduced to propositions, necessarily take.

We have pointed out this radical difference in the theological training and habits of thought of the two authors under consideration, in order to account to ourselves and others for what has disappointed us in Dr. Candlish,—an apparently total incapacity to appreciate while he differs. Mr. Maurice's depth, originality, and rich suggestiveness, are entirely lost upon him. Secure on the stand-point of the Confession, he sees in him only the heretic to be converted with a

fierceness untempered by respect. He has not even a word of admiration to spare for the comprehensive charity that finds good in everything, and can learn of the Catholic, the Unitarian, and the Evangelical alternately. He does not even pause amid his censures to express his sympathy with the awful moral earnestness which unchristian critics have confessed to be contagious—the deep sense of the presence and helpfulness of Christ, the love of man, the zeal for God, which live in every line. On the other hand, he finds what we look for in vain, ‘extreme acerbity,’ an increasing feeling of bitterness and anger, which it ‘is by no means pleasant to observe,’ &c. He goes so far as to charge his victim with unworthy controversial arts, with the insincerity of using venerated orthodox terms as a disguise for heresies, and even of maintaining opinions in agreement ‘on all the leading points of Christian doctrine with those of ordinary Unitarians.’ Some of these accusations Mr. Maurice has refuted fully and effectively in a letter to the members of the Young Men’s Christian Association, prefixed to his last volume—‘The Doctrine of Sacrifice.’ We need not, therefore, refer to them, further than to express our sorrow that they were ever brought. Whatever the merits and defects of the Theological Essays may be, they are instinct with a passionate love of truth with which the shadow of insincerity is irreconcilable.

In spite of these drawbacks as to spirit and temper, as a critic Dr. Candlish exhibits candour and ability. He is indebted not less to the theological training to which we have alluded, than to considerable powers of mind and clear expression, which not unfrequently give him an advantage over Mr. Maurice. He is often successful in detecting him in a confusion, or an inconclusiveness. In general, too, he succeeds in stating the question at issue with a definiteness and precision, of which Mr. Maurice’s statement had left them in need. But though in this measure successful as a critic, Dr. Candlish fails equally as a controversialist and a theologian. Having pointed out the defects in the statement or proof of an opposite doctrine, he fails to establish his own. He appears to have no well-defined theological method. All Mr. Maurice’s results, on the contrary, flow from one method, which he has succeeded in making perfectly well understood. ‘The Bible is a book of books, a book which sets forth a revelation which has been made of God and his relations to man—a revelation which is complete, and cannot receive additions from our researches.’—(P. 353.) But at the same time, ‘a Theology which does not correspond to the deepest thoughts and feelings of human beings cannot be a true Theology.’—(P. 5.) And again, ‘I simply state these propositions; I am not going to defend them. If they cannot defend themselves by the light they throw on the anticipations and difficulties of the human spirit, my arguments would be worth nothing.’ That is to say, though not the measure, conscience is to be the test and interpreter of revelation; the proof of a doctrine is that it satisfies some moral want. Now, if Dr. Candlish had wished to disprove Mr. Maurice’s doctrines, he should have objected to this method of determining doctrine, which we are persuaded is not his. This, however, he

neglects to do; nor does he say what his own method is, so far as he is an independent theologian, and not a mere expounder of the Confession of Faith. Nor does his practice make plain what his method of refutation is—what test of doctrine he considers satisfactory. Sometimes it is textual, sometimes rational; he cites passages of Scripture against his enemy, or on some isolated position achieves a logical triumph. In general, however, he contents himself with pointing out the disagreement of a doctrine with that modification of the Confession which constitutes the popular Calvinism. But this, we respectfully submit, is not refutation, though by some contemporary journals it seems to have been taken for such. It is a protestation of difference, not of the grounds of difference. It neither proves his own opinions, nor disproves Mr. Maurice's. It settles none of the questions which he states so ably. Consequently, the service he has rendered to truth is not nearly so considerable as that which he has rendered to his own creed. Those who share it with him already will find their faith defined and confirmed. Those who do not, may find their dissatisfaction with Mr. Maurice's views increased; but they will find no reason for adopting Dr. Candlish's, or any others, in their place.

We cannot be expected to enter at any length into Dr. Candlish's long and minute 'Examination.' To do so would be to state, in their logical connexions, two complete and conflicting systems of Theology. But there is another reason, also, in the peculiar nature of a large proportion of the critic's objections. They are such as a party controversialist may, we suppose, with propriety urge, but such as chiefly interest those in whose ranks he fights. Again and again, in discussing the most important questions, Dr. Candlish is as much concerned to repel and repay Mr. Maurice's charges against 'the popular theology' and 'modern divines,' as to refute his teachings. He has taken some of the latter's broadest generalities for the most pointed personalities. Mr. Maurice seems to us to condemn what he thinks the Evangelical theology logically implies, rather than what any Evangelical teacher explicitly asserts. Dr. Candlish, however, seems to feel himself personally involved, and retorts, as he supposes, scorn with scorn, sarcasm with sarcasm. We can thus partly account for the insensibility and personal prejudice to which we have already alluded. Possibly, if Dr. Candlish knew more of the Evangelical party in the Established Church—the tone of talk in its journals and coteries about all who do not belong to it—its intellectual feebleness, its blind bigotry, and bitter uncharitableness—he might find some whom Mr. Maurice's descriptions fitted better than himself, and whose champion he would hardly care to become.

As an illustration of the method of argument of the book, we shall attempt briefly to explain the nature of Dr. Candlish's objections to Mr. Maurice's teachings on the fundamental question on which they are at issue, and on one or two others dependent on it.

'The one great question raised by these Essays,' says Dr. Candlish, 'concerns the nature and character of the moral government of

God. I stand for the authority of God as Judge, in the plain English meaning of the term Judge.' According to himself, and other 'orthodox and Evangelical divines,' it is an administrative government that God exercises—a government embracing in it legislation, judicial procedure, calling to account, awarding sentences; it is an authoritative law, with distinct sanctions annexed to it, that God promulgates and enforces. This is what they understand when they speak of God being a moral Ruler, as well as a holy and loving Father. This is true. This is the question. Dr. Candlish's answer is the key-stone of his Theology. 'They cannot rid themselves of the impression that both Scripture and Conscience attest the reality of such a Government and such a Law.' He seeks to show that in such a government and such a law Mr. Maurice has no belief. Granted; but it is not enough to say that Dr. Candlish's party cannot rid themselves of the impression; he must prove that 'Scripture and Conscience' do 'attest the reality of such a government and such a law.' In no part of his book has Dr. Candlish done this. He may think it unnecessary, on account of the overwhelming weight of the authority of the divines to whom he appeals. But, unfortunately, there is no such unanimity among those divines as Dr. Candlish ascribes to them. We suppose Coleridge—he of whom Dr. Candlish speaks with affectionate reverence—was orthodox; he found no place for such a view of the Divine government in his teachings. We suppose the Thirty-nine Articles are orthodox (or what becomes of the clergy who abetted Dr. Candlish in trying to lecture down Mr. Maurice?); they may imply—for is there any limit to the number and contradictoriness of the '*senses*' they may be made to bear?—but they certainly are not based upon such a view. To speak plainly, we do not believe that any 'orthodox' theologian could be brought to push the forensic analogy so far as Dr. Candlish and his countrymen delight in doing. They would think it far more probable that the processes of human justice were a feeble simile by which Divine government might be imperfectly illustrated, not an exact copy of those ways which are not as ours. It, therefore, by no means follows that a conviction of difference with Dr. Candlish is a conviction of error and heresy. Mr. Maurice is not refuted; the question raised by these 'Essays' is not settled.

Dr. Candlish has shown his wonted acuteness in discerning this to be the question at issue. His answer to it is the corner-stone of his theology. Because Mr. Maurice answers it differently, there is no subsequent agreement. This being the nature of the moral government of God—a government by legislative enactment—Justice, which, in Dr. Candlish's sense, is simple Judge-ship—a carrying out of the law being his prominent attribute—God *must* punish, and cannot pardon, except on the condition of some one competent substitute bearing the penalty. Here we have his doctrines of Eternal Punishment and Vicarious Substitution, growing inevitably out of that position which he so strongly affirms and so loosely defends. He objects to Mr. Maurice, that the Eternal Death of the wicked in which he believes is not

Everlasting Punishment, and that the sacrifice in which he believes is not a vicarious substitution. Having said this much, we have nearly exhausted the logic of his reply. All this Mr. Maurice would admit, and yet not feel himself confuted. There are some other questions connected with that Redemption, which Dr. Candlish makes to consist almost entirely in vicarious substitution, on which striking differences and strong contradictions develop themselves.

'The real question on which I and my opponents are at issue,' says Mr. Maurice, 'is, whether the Fall or the Redemption is the true root of humanity'—that is to say, the characteristic fact about humanity, determining its moral condition and prospects, and describing its relations towards God. 'The Fall,' answers Dr. Candlish, consistently with his theory of moral government. 'We are respited criminals, over whom the righteous sentence of the holy and righteous God is suspended, that a dispensation of mercy may run its appointed and limited course.' 'Redemption,' says Mr. Maurice. In his theology the position of man *as* man, is that of a redeemed, not a fallen being. Christ, not Adam, is the true root of humanity. All that Dr. Candlish claims for the believer, Mr. Maurice claims for the human being, as such. So far as in the relations of man to God there is anything analogous to the relations of a criminal to his judge, the position of man, says Mr. Maurice, is that of a pardoned, not a condemned, criminal. But Mr. Maurice hardly dwells on this aspect of Redemption. It is to him a thing real and inward, not formal and outward. It is Christ in every man—Christ's real presence and power in every human spirit—Christ warning, teaching, guiding, helping—Christ striving to overcome the resistance of our wills, which is the prominent fact of Redemption. So far, however, as his view of the Divine government permits him to take notice of that aspect of Redemption in which his critic is almost exclusively absorbed—so far as he ever thinks of man as a being accused, condemned, but in Christ justified—he takes all men to be justified—declared righteous—accepted as sons of God in Christ. To this Dr. Candlish objects, 'If Redemption is co-extensive with the race of man *de facto*, as well as *de jure*—if Christ has redeemed all mankind—not merely in the sense of his incarnation, obedience, and atoning death, being available for all men, but in the sense of his entire work being actually and effectually of avail, and of equal avail to all men—the amount of benefit implied in such a universal redemption must be small indeed. No doubt if the doctrine of universal salvation is connected with it, the benefit is large enough; but the author will not commit himself to it.'—(P. 477.) The objection would be pertinent and forcible enough—far more so than most of Dr. Candlish's—if both parties were agreed upon the exclusively, or even principally judicial nature of Redemption. If Mr. Maurice admitted, with his critic, that redemption was mainly a release from judicial condemnation and punishment, it would be a bitter mockery to tell men that they were redeemed because in life a nominal release was theirs, while yet at death, when they stood face to face with retribution, that release failed them. Such a 'benefit'



would be small indeed ! But Dr. Candlish will not remember that, in Mr. Maurice's view, such a judicial deliverance does not constitute Redemption—that he points to other 'benefits,' which it includes. In Christ fallen humanity is reconstituted ; every man is loved and dealt with by God as his son ; his loving will is striving to reconcile every man to himself, and he has fixed no date at which the merciful strife shall cease. It is in this sense that all men are redeemed. But this is not redemption, [if God's moral government is what Dr. Candlish has described it to be ; in that case, the forsenic process of acquittal, which follows on faith, is the groundwork of Redemption. How much it behoved Dr. Candlish, then, to prove, as well as to assert, that Conscience teaches, and Scripture confirms, the purely legislative nature of the government of God.]

If he could have proved this, there could have been no difference of opinion on another great question—the relation of the Death of Christ to Redemption. It follows, from Dr. Candlish's position, that that death is *the* redemptive act. Repeating our former statement, 'seeing that God rules by legislative enactment, he *must* punish, and cannot pardon, except on condition of some competent substitute bearing the penalty.' Christ is the substitute ; his Death the vicarious sacrifice. All this Mr. Maurice had warmly denied and denounced. He was, apparently, not familiar with that modern refinement of the forsenic theory, by which God is represented, not as taking personal satisfaction in punishing sin, or exacting an equivalent for punishment, but as being compelled, by the exigencies of his moral government, to do the one or the other. On this point Dr. Candlish replies. But here, as elsewhere, while he defines his own doctrine, and clears away misapprehensions, he fails to strengthen it. Mr. Maurice has alleged weighty and damaging objections, which lie unanswered. In this instance, however, Dr. Candlish has evinced the perfection of polemical art in quoting almost entire Mr. Maurice's very obscure statement of ill-developed views, and allowing it to make its own impression.

On the one question which remains for us to notice, Dr. Candlish directly controverts Mr. Maurice. The inference from the former's theory of moral government is, that God *must* punish all who are not through faith represented and exempted by Christ's vicarious suffering ; and that this punishment, in the absence of any other remedial scheme, must necessarily be everlasting. Mr. Maurice, on the other hand, is exempt from the logical necessity of making such an assertion. He says, that God at any time, and anywhere, *may* use punishment for the reformation of his creatures ; but declines to affirm the everlasting punishment of any. He is met by the word 'Eternal' in the Scriptural phrase, which describes the future condition of the wicked—eternal death. Mr. Maurice, however, draws a distinction between Eternal and Everlasting, which is now pretty well known. Dr. Candlish candidly confesses, that he is inclined to think that it is, after all, *a mare's nest* Mr. Maurice has found. He warns his reader, 'in palliation of the manner in which he has executed his task, that he is not familiar with England's academic habits and modes of

thought.' But though we cannot praise his good taste, his good nature is at fault, when he ventures to remark, *apropos* of Mr. Maurice's share in this controversy, that 'metaphysical subtleties, as well as minute and critical word-catching, are especially out of place when they can serve no other purpose than that of clouding and obscuring what the author must know is the real point at issue.' It would be premature, at the present date, to pass an opinion upon 'the real point at issue.' It is not premature, however, to pass an opinion upon the polemic, which Dr. Candlish has directed against Mr. Maurice, and of which these sentences are the triumphant conclusion. Mr. Maurice thinks that Eternity is not the mere negation of time—that it has nothing to do with duration at all—that Eternal, whatever it means, does *not* mean without beginning or end. Dr. Candlish, through several pages, shows his apprehension of this. He then goes on to claim for the punishment of the wicked, seeing that it is eternal, this 'independence of the accidents of time—this ever-exclusion of the possibility of change or end.' Therefore—for so he concludes—it is changeless, endless. Not to perplex anybody with a 'metaphysical subtlety,' let us exemplify the fault in the reasoning by an illustration. I claim for my moral feelings independence of the accidents of space—exclusion of the possibility of length or breadth. Therefore, *they are short and narrow!* This is literally the parallel case. For in saying that the punishment is changeless, endless, so far from withdrawing it from the category of duration, he predicates of it duration—qualities still. His error is the same as our predicating of the moral feelings, *short and narrow* instead of *not long, not broad*. But this is a word controversy, on which it is as beneath Mr. Maurice's dignity to enter as it is Dr. Candlish's. On it, however, Dr. Candlish, as Dr. Jelf formerly, has a most unquestionable advantage over Mr. Maurice. As in many other instances, Mr. Maurice has here laid himself open to the charge of dishonesty in using words out of their ordinary and conventional sense. So far as he is concerned, the charge is certainly unfounded; but it is not the less to be regretted that he will continue to add obscurity to obscurity by such a process.

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### Jottings on German Literature.

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THE interest which German theology excites in this country has long been on the increase, in spite of, and indeed in a great measure owing to, the vehement denunciations of the alarmists. For, somehow or other, we always like to know something about that against which a great pother is made, and a good, hearty clamour got up, often by people who know nothing, or next to nothing, upon the subject in hand. Most publishers are pretty well aware of the market value of a thoroughly abusive review of a book in whose circulation they are interested, and not a few authors themselves, *irritable genies* as they proverbially are, much prefer a stately round of vituperation, and a sharp volley of hard words, to being altogether

ignored, or 'damned with faint praise.' In this respect the German divines have assuredly had no cause to complain. They have not been passed by as nobodies, and consequently left unread, even when untranslated. Numbers of students have been spurred on to master the difficulties of a foreign language, for no other purpose than to make themselves acquainted with the Titans, who were said to be piling up mountains of learning to carry on their impious war against heaven. What else could be expected when even their detractors always spoke of them as being such very large giants—as big as Og, king of Bashan, at least! Of course everybody naturally wanted to have a peep at them, even at the risk of being served up as a side dish at their cannibal feasts, as we were fairly warned would be our fate. Thus, when Rationalism was in the zenith, the German theologians had plenty of English readers in the original; and through the medium of translations, critical analyses, direct and indirect attacks upon them from the pulpit as well as from the press, their ideas, often highly noxious, were extensively canvassed, and became known to thousands in this country who had never seen a German book in their lives.

Rationalism is now well nigh at the nadir, and we may safely wish it a long good night. We are not of those who think that it was a mere bugbear. Far from it. The evil was terribly real, and had it held sway much longer would have involved us in a gloom worse than that of the dark ages. Squat like a nightmare upon the most hopeful church in Christendom, it was fast crushing out her life. Or to change the figure, the Christian science of the future, whose cradle is certainly not here, nor in any other land save that of the Reformation, must have soon died by the bite of its venomous foe, had not the infant athlete shown vigour enough to strangle it in its young grasp, and thus afforded promise of proving equal to the twelve labours, to grapple with which it was born. Let us devoutly thank the Lord, who has thus fulfilled his word to his disciples, that he would give them power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and all the power of the enemy, for vouchsafing to our brethren so important a victory. And since Germany is undoubtedly the brain of Protestant Christendom, let us welcome, with more open hearts than was always possible in the past, the fruits of its theological thinking. We are satisfied that the turn in the tide which has happily taken place, so far from lessening the interest which intelligent Christian people in this country have, often in spite of many misgivings, all along taken in the speculations of the continental divines, will be found to have removed the only formidable objection to a wider diffusion of their influence. We, therefore, cheerfully go forth to meet this feeling, and hope, by occasional brief announcements of the principal appearances in German theology, interchanged with biographical sketches of the authors, and other 'jottings' from our note-book, to contribute our mite in making our readers more familiar with the subject.

To begin with a writer, who may be supposed by this time to be partially known amongst us—BAUMGARTEN, whose masterly work on the 'Acts,' in the translation published by the Messrs. Clarke, of Edinburgh, in their 'Foreign Theological Library,' is, we doubt not, in the hands of many of our subscribers. It is not, however, of this fine commentary that we are now about to speak, since, although, in our opinion, decidedly his best, it is not his latest production, and is, besides, already receiving due notice elsewhere. Dr. Michael Baumgarten appears to have entered

upon his vocation as a theological instructor in the University of Kiel, where he was successively *privatim docens*, and *professor extraordinary*, and whence he was called to succeed Dr. Hoffmann—the acknowledged leader of the school to which he belongs—as Ordinary Professor at Rostock. The school to which we refer may be said to have been founded by Hoffmann chiefly through his remarkable publication entitled ‘Weissagung und Erfüllung’ (Prophecy and Fulfilment), which appeared in 1841—1844. It is known as the Historical School, and is so denominated from its leading idea of revelation as *history*. Dr. Beck, author of an invaluable treatise on Biblical Psychology; Professor Kurtz, of Dorpat, who is engaged in writing a ‘History of the Old Testament,’ two volumes of which have already appeared; and other distinguished theologians, are ornaments of this influential school. It is gratifying to be able to add that—as those who have dipped into Baumgarten will easily understand—these divines are, to a man, as staunch in their maintenance of a full-orbed evangelical Christianity, as they are complete in scientific equipment, and profound and fearless in their researches into truth. Dr. Baumgarten’s earliest essay as a theological writer was a defence of the genuineness of the Pastoral Epistles (‘Die Aechtheit der Pastoral Briefe,’ Berlin, 1837), in which he broke a lance with the redoubtable Dr. Baur, the *Coryphæus* of the Tuebingen School. He next, by a sturdy and learned demonstration of the historical character of the Book of Esther (De Fide Libri Estheræ Commentatio historico-critica. Halle, 1839), routed the Rationalists on ground which they already looked upon as won for ever from the friends of the Bible beyond all possibility of recovery. Meanwhile, in the intermediate year, 1838, he had published an exegetical piece on the relations between the Mosaic teaching, and that of our Lord in the sermon upon the Mount (‘Doctrina Jesu Christ. de Lege Mosaica, ex Oratione montana hausta et exposita.’ Berl. 1838). This monograph was the prelude to a more important production, the first volume of which appeared a few years later, viz., in 1842. This was his ‘Theological Commentary upon the Old Testament’ (‘Theologischer Commentar zum Alten Testament.’ Kiel, 1842), which is often referred to in his work on the Acts. The ‘Theological Commentary’ was intended to form the complement of Olshausen’s similar work on the New Testament, but at present has reached only two volumes, completing the Pentateuch. These, however, are very valuable, and it is greatly to be desired that at some future day Dr. Baumgarten may be induced to resume this labour of love (for such it evidently was), and to carry out his design in full. Such an exposition of the Old Testament, entirely free from the least taint of Rationalism—far more so, indeed, than Olshausen’s or Hengstenberg’s commentaries—and at the same time marked by the characteristic learning and acuteness of the German exegesis, is much wanted by the author’s countrymen, and would, if translated, be a great boon to Englishmen. Even the *torso* is well worthy of being presented by the Messrs. Clarke to the readers of the ‘Foreign Theological Library.’ It is a deeply religious as well as a very profound work, and opens up quite new and intensely-interesting aspects of revealed truth, as many of those who are acquainted with the exposition on the Acts will already have inferred from the references there made to it. Indeed, so strongly was our curiosity excited by these citations that we could not rest until we had procured a copy of it, which we rank amongst the treasures of our small library.

Since writing on the Acts, Baumgarten has returned to the Old Testament, in what, notwithstanding its bulk, may allowably be styled, 'A Tract for the Times,' and, to our thinking, one far more deserving of attention than the Oxford 'twopenny trash' which made so much noise some years back. Unlike those ungodly little books, our author founds his sermon upon a text, taking for that purpose, not exactly like Irving upon one occasion, the whole book of Revelations, but half that of Zechariah. The work is entitled, 'The Night-Visions of Zechariah; or, the Voice of a Prophet to the Present Generation.' (Die Nachtgesichte Sacharias. Eine Prophetenstimme an die Gegenwart. Braunschweig, 1854-5. Pp. 934. London Agents, Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.) It is certainly a most remarkable manifesto of the new school of German theology, and shows that, conservative as are its tendencies in opposition to the worn-out Rationalism of the eve, it is ready to take the lead of the Reforming Christianity of the morrow. The book grapples with all the great ecclesiastical problems of the day, and that in no *dilettante*, finicking, nibbling, sort of way, but in an earnest, fearless, direct, and manly spirit, such as is seldom met with nowadays. Of course the question of State Churchism is one of these; nay, the weightiest of all; nor is it evaded here. Almost the whole of one entire section of the book—that on the 'Vision of the Horsemen amongst the Myrtle Trees; or, the Position of the Church of God in the World' (Zech. i. 7—17), consisting of about a hundred and fifty pages—is devoted to the subject. We are happy to say, too, that sound and scriptural views are taken of it, so that there is scarcely a sentiment to which Mr. Miall himself would refuse to subscribe. Perhaps he might boggle at the author's notion of a millennial establishment of Christianity, when Israel shall be converted, and the theocracy restored. Certainly, on Dr. Wardlaw's principles, some such state of things is conceivable. For Dr. Baumgarten holds with the Scottish divine, that an establishment is then only lawful when God himself is King. This, however, is, at all events, a matter of the least possible practical importance in the actual controversy; and the Religious Liberation Society may be congratulated upon having its principles expounded, *ex cathedra*, by one of the most influential theological schools of Germany. Thus the question rises, year by year, to European dimensions, and will assuredly yet shake the earth. The Society would do well to publish in the 'Library for the Times,' a translation of this section, which is easily separable from the rest of the work, and would make a capital shilling volume. Meanwhile, an extract or two will be acceptable to our readers, and will serve, better than anything else, our desire to call attention to the great merits of the book.

Into the subject of the connexion established by our author between the visions seen by the prophet and the lessons for our own times, which he deduces from them, we cannot enter. Let it suffice to say, that it is well made out; as, indeed, was to have been expected from such an exegetical adept. We may just say, in general, that he takes the myrtle trees in the valley of humiliation to be symbolical of the Jewish nation, spiritually prosperous, green, and flourishing, under circumstances of deep outward depression; and that the remarks we are about to cite are principally suggested by the contrast between the noble and spirited refusal of the exiled Jews to become the pensioners upon royal bounty when Darius began to show them favour, and the bearing of the Christian Church when, by the conversion of

Constantine, *her* persecutions came to an end. He cites Robinson's famous text to his parting sermon to the pilgrims—'I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way: because we had spoken unto the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him, but his power and his wrath is against all them that forsake him.' He then says:—'We must acknowledge with deep shame and humiliation that the Church of Christ was very far from manifesting such self-command in a similar turn of her outward destiny in the world. When the Emperor Constantine styled himself, with allusion to the old Roman dignity of the Pontifex Maximus, annexed to the imperial crown, "a bishop in things external," such language, indeed, must have sounded strange to many ears in the Christian Church; but for all that, men were right heartily pleased with this external episcopate, which was invested with such omnipotence. And although Athanasius, whose faithful and true confession had become, under the presidency of the imperial bishop, a law of the empire, was in the sequel repeatedly driven from his home, and forced to wander about in the world a stranger and an exile, in virtue of this imperial omnipotence in the Church, yet men as enlightened as Ambrose and Augustine believed that they possessed no more effective barrier against troublesome disturbances and breaches of ecclesiastical unity than the imperial power. Hence it came to pass that history has been compelled to record the fact, that heathen writers fought the battle of freedom of conscience against the ecclesiastico-imperial laws with the same arguments which had been before employed by the famous apologists of the Church against the persecuting decrees and officers of heathenism, and that without obtaining a hearing. In the face of such facts, how noble, and great, and holy must that tender conscientiousness—that chaste modesty and shame—of the priestly scribe, Ezra, with his company, on the banks of the river Ahava, seem to us !'

Dr. Baumgarten thinks, that but for the plea of ignorance, the sins committed by the Church, at this critical epoch of her history, would have been a real apostasy. That plea, however, he does not forget to urge on her behalf, as follows: 'Frankly; as we must confess that the Church by taking up this position towards the imperial power, and towards the world in that crisis, grieved the Holy Ghost, who is her leader and guide through the world and its times, yet we ought not to say that the Church fell into apostasy, and that the continuity of her existence was broken off. For it can be shown that this aberration was done in ignorance. The Church and her leaders were wanting in that clear, calm, and comprehensive view of the world, which we are called upon to admire in the Israelitish people and its leader in the corresponding period of its history. The extraordinarily favourable and pleasing turn in the outward fortunes of the Church, which, snatched out of the hot fire of Diocletian's persecution, experienced so short a time ago, was received into the imperial good graces of Constantine, came upon the Christians so unexpectedly and in so surprising a manner that we can only compare the state of the Church to an intoxication of joy. From the time of her birth, the Church had possessed the hope that the kingdom of Christ would become transfigured here upon earth, and living in this hope she had victoriously endured the heavy times of her persecution. When, then, the emperor, whom the Church had known by sufficiently bitter experience, as lord of the nations and countries, bowed his

head before the sign of Christ, the Church imagined that that time of glory and of peace, so long and ardently desired, had already descended upon earth, all at once. To be sure, had she all along preserved this her hope in scriptural, apostolical purity and simplicity, she would never, even amidst the most exuberant and boundless joy at having won the favour of the Roman emperor, have fallen into such a serious error. But men had long been wont to disregard altogether, or very insufficiently, the stricter limitations, which Scripture had foreseen and prescribed for this hope of the last time, and accordingly it befel the Church, that in her boundless joy at the change in the emperor's relation to her she hedizened the whole face of the world with the numbers of her own eschatological imaginings, without remarking that the state and course of the world was essentially just the same still as it was before. She had no inkling that the Roman world-empire was as little broken, or even subdued and put out of the way, by the change in the emperor's sentiments towards the Church, as the Persian had been formerly, in consequence of the equally gracious favour and help extended by its kings, Cyrus, Darius, and Artaxerxes, towards the Church of God in Israel. In this hallucination respecting the present time, the Church may be said to have buried the great and holy treasure of the prophetic word entrusted to her completely out of sight. Augustine, the great Church-father of the West, declared that the millennial kingdom, towards which the preceding generations of Christendom had turned their anxious gaze, was now to be regarded as already set up. Jerome, also, who, beyond all the rest of the fathers, had the calling to give to the Church of Christ the right direction out of the prophetic word, because the key of Hebrew learning was more at his command than at that of any other man, shows himself, with all his glowing zeal for the diffusion of biblical science, quite an adept, when expounding the prophetic word, in the art of explaining away and putting on one side, by means of spiritualizing artifices and violence, done to the text, everything which points to the final shaping of the future, and which then sheds light upon the true state of each particular present time. In this path, which Jerome was the first to open up, the Church has walked in the exposition and handling of the prophetic Scriptures to the present day, even down to Hengstenberg. It is not to be denied that the Church, by such rejection of the prophetic Scripture, most easily and pleasantly procures to herself tranquillity, warning her against her wicked delusion, now that the word of prophecy is no longer to her a light amidst the darkness of the world (see 2 Pet. i. 19). Meanwhile one sign has never been wanting to the Church in her career through the world, which might have made her ponder upon her error, and ought to have had that effect. It is this. So long as the Church has been in the habit of referring the prophetic word to her past and present in an arbitrary and forced way, she has been doomed to see individuals and whole communities use that prophetic word as a weapon against her doctrine and her stability in an enthusiastic and fanatical spirit, and she has been unable to conquer these pseudo-chilastic doctrines and tendencies, and manifestly for this reason, because even to the present day she has not allowed the scriptural truth, which these doctrines and tendencies hold in solution, its due recognition. The Church of the present has, doubtless, to apprehend the existence of Mormonism, and the rapid progress made by it, in the light of such a sign.'

B. H. C.

## Literary Notes.

MR. BATHGATE, the author of '*Æternitas*' and the '*Soul's Arena*,' has recently issued a collection of *Essays on the Characteristics of a Superior Popular Literature* (Ward and Co.). In a literary point of view these essays are marked by characteristics similar to those which have distinguished Mr. Bathgate's previous works. There is the same wealth of thought, suggestiveness of illustration and power of expression, but united with a rounder and more fluent style. The somewhat hard glitter of '*Æternitas*' has given place to a less striking, but more carefully finished, and, for popular use, an unquestionably superior, expression. More noticeable, however, is the earnest moral purpose of the writer, which adds to roundness of form and sinewy strength of composition, a fixed aspiration and aim of the soul. 'The chief design of the essays,' says the writer, 'is to furnish the reader with a scale of literary, intellectual, and moral value, fitted to help him in forming tolerably just ideas of any popular book that may fall into his hands.' The first two of these designs are, however, subordinated throughout to the last. On this—the religious element in popular literature—there is much healthy, as well as 'orthodox' observation. There is a class—and a rather numerous class—of persons who believe it impossible for a book to be religious unless it be both specifically so, and contain a most distinct and dogmatic statement of the twelve points of the Apostles' Creed. These persons constitute, also, the class who can see no 'gospel' in a sermon unless it be characterised by the same 'points.' They are the formalists of the age, and the Pharisees of the modern church, wearing their 'creed'—as the Pharisees of old their phylacteries—on their outer garments, but with voices, in place of bells, which truly sound abroad their orthodoxy, but give no evidence of light or love within. 'Every Christianly religious book,' says Mr. Bathgate, 'is distinguished by evangelical sentiments,' but 'it is anything but imperative that every religious book should contain a creed, in the popular sense of the word, likely to please by its fulness and rigidity the dogmatic disciples either of Calvin, or of Arminius, or of any other theological master.' Elsewhere, the author says the Christianity of a book should be as a 'fragrance' to it; to which the Pharisee would say, will believe in no flower that grows not after my set form. And on this, and no other ground, are many books of high moral purpose, but classed as books of entertainment, placed in his '*Index Expurgatorius*.' Mr. Bathgate lays a deserved stress on the progressive character of popular literature. He both believes in it as a theory—and, what is necessary when such a theory is held truthfully, believes in it also as a fact. If a person cannot see progress in the past or present, it is impossible that he can believe that it will ever characterise the future. Of the past intellectual and moral progress of literature, he gives many illustrations; but we are more concerned here to quote some forcible remarks on the theory of progress in Christian truth:—

'Christian literature especially ought to be progressive. There are at least two branches of this section of literature. There are the books which distinctly



profess to expound theology, and apply the sentiments of the Scriptures. While the interpretation of the Bible, like the interpretation of nature, may, especially in view of the first attempts at expounding the sacred book, be expected to be progressive, it may, without exhibiting a very dogmatic habit, be permitted to a person to suppose, that it is extremely probable that all the leading doctrines of Scripture have, at one time or other, and by some persons or others, been pretty correctly apprehended. Considering the long period which the human mind has pondered the Word of God, and the comparatively favourable circumstances under which Biblical investigations have often been conducted, we do not deem it very probable that there remain to be announced any great and grand fragments of theological truth as now discovered for the first time within the precincts of the Bible. It should exhibit a most pert and reprehensible state of mind to assert that there cannot remain to be discovered any grand seminal doctrine or principle of theological truth, as that truth is taught in the Bible. But there may remain much to be accomplished in the way of still further elucidating leading truths, adjusting and harmonizing those truths, and presenting them in a manner adapted to proper prevailing tastes. No doubt, also, there is a likelihood of biblical progress in regard to many of the minor interpretations of Scripture. It is surely to be hoped, moreover, that there will be a destruction of serious theological error, and something like a settlement of essential theological truth. This department of Christian books may manifest the progressive characteristic by displaying all the literary attractions which are generally so effective in commending current themes to the popular attention. Though Christian truth is itself lovelier than any literary style in which it may be presented, the more that the style is suggestive of the beauty and worth of the subject, the better the opportunity afforded to the reader of becoming acquainted with the principles and power of Christianity. There is a necessity for the presentation of ancient truths in modern garments, and that for the accomplishment of modern purposes. Christian truth is for man in all ages and in all circumstances, but the efficiency of that truth partially depends upon the manner of its exhibition. Whatever may be the limitations of a healthy progressiveness as to the interpretation and exhibition or application of Christian truth, the other great branch of a literature that may be termed Christian ought to be indefinitely expansive and progressive. We refer to those books which, though not treating of subjects that are essentially religious, ought nevertheless to be tempered with a Christian spirit. It is here that Christian literature *especially* ought to be progressive. It is here that there is the largest opportunity of presenting new contributions, both to theological science, in the widest acceptance of the term, and to practical Christianity.

The following may be taken as a fair sample of the critical style of the work, the reader being at liberty or not, as he pleases, to give 'a local habitation and a name' to the author's sketch :—

'There is a considerable quantity of book-criticism of the bombastic species, which is truly a nuisance, notwithstanding the favour it receives from numerous readers. One would occasionally, if the critic had his will, be tempted to believe that very ordinary personages who have entered the lists of authorship, are quite Miltonic in their flights and literary destiny. Perhaps this sort of criticism is as often issued with the intention of producing a *brilliant* review in a periodical, as of leading the author (whose book is eulogized) up to the temple of Fame. Both aims are defeated. Inflated words, magniloquent sentences, are miserably wearisome to him who knows genuine literary power and brilliancy when they are brought to play upon him. All the sparkling epithets in the English language cannot make one brilliant page, when its writer is incompetent to put within them a *spirit* which burns brighter than the most glowing of words. Doubtless there are brilliant pieces of criticism studding the review firmament, but these will never be confounded with the flashy articles of the bombastic writer—at least by the reader who is aware how much intense burning *thought* glows in the brilliant page. As to the destiny awarded to authors by the turbid critic, it, too, visibly fails. The man who is surprised into the belief that he is on the wings of a literary destiny

soon discovers himself mounted on a *painted* bird of Jove, which, alas! can never carry any author up to the empyrean regions.'

We have quoted sufficient to show that this is a *real* book, and one which may be read with profit, and, therefore, with pleasure.

We cannot say so much of the work next on our list, entitled, *Voices of many Waters*: by the Rev. T. W. AVELING. (J. SNOW.) The book contains a narrative of a journey lately made by the author through Italy, Switzerland, Egypt, and Palestine. As a literary performance, the work is without a single merit, while as a book of travels it is dull, rapid, and uninteresting. Its publication, both as regards public opinion of Dissenting literature and the author's own reputation, is, therefore, to be regretted. It is possible that it may possess an interest to those personally acquainted with the writer, but to the public at large it will be valueless. Is it, we are tempted to ask, such a rare thing for a Dissenting minister to go the 'grand tour' that he must rush into print, immediately on his return home, to tell the world where he has been? Unless he have something beside to tell, it were, to say the least, a charity to keep silent.

A third edition of Dr. AITON's *Lands of the Messiah, Mahomet, and the Pope* (A. Fullarton and Co.)—a book going over the same ground as Mr. Aveling's—has been published. Were it not a work now some two years old, and one whose reputation has already been settled, we should be glad to quote from its lively, graphic, and pleasant pages. As it is, we can only endorse the opinion of previous notices, and say that rarely have so many old subjects been handled with such freshness and vivacity as by Dr. Aiton.

Dr. JOHN BROWN's selection of *Theological Tracts* (A. Fullarton and Co.) has reached a third volume. We have not seen the first two volumes of the series, and, therefore, are not able to speak of the work as a whole. If, however, it be correctly indicated by the part before us, it is one of high and unique value. The tracts are nearly altogether of a controversial character, but they are of controversies waged between giants, and on points which, with few exceptions, are ever being brought up for discussion. So far as we can judge from this volume, they are selected by the editor very much with a view to their doing fresh service in these topics. Thus there are five by the late Dr. Balmer, bearing upon points in the Unitarian controversy; but others have an interest and importance from serving to direct attention to curious or neglected subjects. Of the first character is the rare tract of Howe on 'The Reconcilableness of God's Providence of the Sins of Men, with the Wisdom and Sincerity of his Counsel, Exhortations, and whatsoever means he uses to prevent them,' a question that must often have been brought up in the experience of Christian ministers by the many who have stood on the *doubting* point between Scepticism and Belief. There is, also, a Defence of Howe's Letter by Andrew Marvell. Mr. Bonar's ingenious 'Observations on Judas Iscariot,' in which the life of the apostate is considered as a part of Christian evidences, is of this character. One or two are religious, rather than theological. Such is Mr. Pike's celebrated 'Brief Thoughts,' which the editor,—and all who read it will endorse his opinion,—judges to be among

the 'most precious of mere-human compositions.' The titles of those who have named show that the selection of Tracts is made with great skill and discrimination. The editor's work is performed with the care and judgment of a scholar.

*Practical Illustrations of the Principles of School Architecture*—by HENRY BARNARD—is the title of a work that has been forwarded to us from the United States. The author is superintendent of the Common Schools of Connecticut; and, as such, had his attention some years ago aroused to the deplorable state of school architecture in America. To remedy it he prepared the present work, which received the approval of the Philadelphia Educational Convention, and was publicly recommended to notice by a special committee of that body. Having carefully examined it, we can say that it fully deserves the high opinion then expressed of it. As a practical treatise, it is the fullest and completest that has ever been published. No branch, either of architecture or mechanical detail connected with schools, will be found to be neglected; and on every question the author throws the light of a large experience and great practical acquaintance with his subject. To school committees and schoolmasters, it is a book that will render great and valuable assistance, while professional persons may receive from it rules and hints suggested by experience which no theorist could supply. The work is profusely illustrated, with diagrams and plans.

*The Political Annual for 1860* (W. Freeman) is a complete and careful compilation of political facts and sketches, edited with great tact and shrewdness. It contains, this year, the usual Narrative of Public Events and History of the Session, with a concise summary of the leading acts passed; and special articles on more than a dozen important topics connected with political or ecclesiastical reform; amongst others, on the Representation of the People—the Ballot—the State Church and its Rivals—Limited Liability—Reform of London Corporation—City Churches, and what to do with them, &c. Some of these subjects may appear to the reader to be rather out of date; but it is unfortunately the case that *all* of them will have to be brought up again this session. The work, indeed, is issued with a practical purpose in view, that it may be not merely a record of facts, but a guide-post to opinion. 'The editor,' we are told, 'has sought to supply both a register for the past and a guide for the new year, linking facts with principles, and in the statement of both aiming at pith and suggestiveness rather than elaboration or rhetoric.' He has done his work well. The book is, in regard to politics, what the 'Companion to the Almanack' is to science and social economy—and in saying this, we intend to convey no mean praise.

*The Scottish Review* in the number is that before us hardly bears out its character as a friend of 'social progress.' The second article—one following an inflated notice of George Buchanan—discusses the question of 'Public Houses,' and what to do with them. The writer—as all the writers of this journal on such topics are—is evidently a 'Maine Law' man; but he carries his principle of compulsory morality and punitive legislation

farther than the most fanatical of his class that we have yet met with. If the Maine Law cannot be passed, he proposes to inflict a political disqualification on publicans, *by depriving them for ever of the elective franchise*. Their claims as men and citizens are to be ignored—their position as ratepayers and householders is to be set aside—they are to be treated as on a par with the thieves and forgers of Newgate. We regret to see a journal such as the *Scottish Review* endorsing such a recommendation. If it be not a sign of weakness in the camp, it is at least a sign that there is sufficient fanaticism and intolerance still connected with the advocacy of Temperance to turn every sober-minded man from identifying himself with that cause. Such a proposition, and such a mode of presenting the *argument* (!) of Teetotalism, is little calculated to convince publicans that they are doing wrong in seeking support from the traffic in intoxicating drinks. This writer may depend upon it that there are worse things than even selling liquor, and one worse thing is—Tyranny, the source of more crime, disorder, and death, than even drunkenness.

The usual annual publications of the SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION have appeared, comprising *The Bible Class Magazine*—*The Child's Own Magazine*—*The Class Register*—and *Notes on the Scripture Lessons*. The 'Bible Class Magazine,' although we annually read it with interest, is scarcely adapted to Bible class members, who need a periodical of altogether higher pretensions and more solid contents.—The 'Child's Own Magazine' is too well known to require description.—'The Class Register' is an excellent mechanical aid to the teacher; and the 'Notes on Scripture Lessons' we should be glad to see used in family instruction as well as in Sunday-schools. They are full of information, and to a diligent, moderately-furnished mind, suggest more than they teach; but their best recommendation is contained in the following quotation from the editor's introductory remarks:—

'In the lessons issued by the Sunday School Union for the last two years, a course of New Testament history has been pursued; with selections from Old Testament histories. In the present List it has been deemed advisable to pursue a somewhat different course. In every month there is a lesson on some one part of divine knowledge, so arranged as to secure variety in the Sabbath's instructions, with connexion and dependence between the lessons. Thus, the subjects for each first Sunday in the month relate to the Bible regarded as God's word; those for the second are selections from Scripture narratives; those for the third consist of some of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith; the fourth Sundays are given to Bible biographies; and in the five months of the year in which a fifth Sabbath occurs, it has been deemed advisable to offer lessons on the important duty of prayer. These subjects will afford the opportunity of instructing Sunday-school classes on matters of the utmost practical moment, at a time when efforts to undermine religious truth and character are unusually active and virulent, especially in the more populous parts of our land. It is not intended to pursue any subject in a controversial manner; the business of Sunday-school teachers is to fill the mind and heart so entirely with truth, that there shall be no room for error; still in the notes which will follow, teachers may expect, in addition to the practical exposition of every subject, such arguments and illustrations as may be best adapted to preserve the young from the designs aimed at by men of corrupt minds. Most of the lessons for the third Sundays in the month are selections from the doctrinal parts of Scripture, for the very obvious reason, that in such Scripture portions, rather than in narrative portions, Christian doctrines are most

fully set forth. The lessons placed under the head NARRATIVE are intended mostly to teach Christian or social duties.'

Under the rather obscure and affected title of *The Prison Opened, and the Captive Loosed* (J. SNOW), Mr. JOSIAH VINEY has published a remarkably interesting narrative of the life of a thief, one very apt and forcibly drawn inference from which, apart from the knowledge which it confirms of the latent goodness or susceptibility to good impressions in the heart of the worst of criminals, concerns the success so frequently—in this instance so signally—attendant on private efforts of philanthropy. 'Never, probably,' says the writer, 'will the world be converted, until the Church in its individual capacity is more deeply sensible of its responsibility in this matter.' We believe this. We believe that the work of conversion is the work of the Church, and cannot be deputed to one of its officers. If each member, to adopt Mr. Viney's language, would but take one such case as is here narrated, and make it the object of his special regard, or would do something equivalent—would act in some way for the benefit of the outcast and poor, and seek to bring them personally to Christ, our statistics of worship, and of crime too, would soon show very different results. Mr. Viney's little book is one to be read rather than criticised. We shall be glad if this notice cause it to be read more widely and well than it might otherwise have been.

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## Record of Christian Missions.

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'THE system of missionary labour which has lately prevailed, where the missionaries have been destitute of the blessings of an apostolic ruler, is one of comparatively modern date. We know not who were the *inventors* of it, but we believe it is little older than the missionary efforts of the Church of England. . . . We believe that it has been generally found that the work of Dissenting missionaries is not lasting; theirs is not the system to which God has promised a blessing, and it contains elements of dissolution and decay.' So writes our High Church contemporary, 'The Colonial Church Chronicle,' for February, and as if to confront its own arrogance, and to rebuke its ignorance of the 'inventors' of 'the system of missionary labours which has lately prevailed,' it adds in the same paragraph, that 'missions on the Voluntary principle have put us to shame,' and month after month it instructs and delights us with details of apostolic zeal and devotedness, witnessed in the wilds of Africa and the fast-peopling solitudes of New Zealand, by most honoured men of the Church of England, whose only motive is the love of Christ, and whose highest reward is the consciousness of doing good.

In these days it really matters very little who were the 'inventors' of our great missionary institutions; that they have been, one and all, foremost amongst the instrumentalities that have lifted the weight from off 'this weary and this unintelligible world;' that they have in thousands of cases solved the great enigmas connected with man's transient career; that they have pioneered the merchant and the traveller, saved the shipwrecked from massacre, and the stranded cargo from

plunder, no one denies who pretends to any familiarity with the events of the past half-century. High time is it that we cease our unseemly contentions, and recognising a higher power than human agency, bid each other God speed in the name of the Lord! We have never been slow to recognise the works of faith and love accomplished by those who look on us as 'Samaritans,' 'not knowing what we worship,' and we shall hope to do so until the Church of Christ put forth its beauty and its strength in the oneness of disinterested love for the perishing.

What can be more touching, more moving, than the following; written from the spot to which all eyes are now turned, and amidst the scenes which are now moving all hearts. Most unfeignedly do we rejoice in such a development of Christian life, and care little where we see it, so as we do see it, and from our hearts we breathe the prayer for a Divine success to attend such illustrations of apostolic love. Dating from Scutari barracks, a clergyman writes thus; and his words will start the tear from many an eye:—'At first I could not stand the stench of corrupt wounds, but I can now live and sleep in the hospital as well as in my snug lodgings at Crayford, in the garden of England. With regard to the work of directing these dear fellows to their Saviour, its blessedness *far exceeds* my expectations. The value of the word of God—the perfection of the salvation offered us in Christ crucified—and the power of prayer in his name—come out more and more clearly every day. The most stupid being in God's creation, with the least spark of love to Christ in his soul, could not but work for him here, and in labouring feel himself useful. I am persuaded now of what I was not persuaded once, that the best school for eloquent and forcible preaching is at the bedside of the sick and the dying, and that the best sermon notes are composed there. The earnest eyes with which these brave men watch for us and welcome us, and the eager ears with which they drink in the glad tidings of the gospel, bring more ample satisfaction to the heart of a Christian minister, than the most perfect and polite attention of a crowded church can possibly do. In a word, it is the school which, above all others, I especially needed, for it gives me *great boldness* in speaking the "truth as it is in Jesus," and confirms my own faith in him.

'There is one truth especially, the inestimable value of which is called forth repeatedly by the scenes I witness daily—I mean the perfect *humanity* of our blessed Lord. I never saw human beings so utterly worn with fatigue and privation as many of these soldiers, and I remember that *He* was weary; I never was among men so cut off from their friends and relations, and I remember that *He* was forsaken; I never witnessed such humiliation as that to which the most noble and strongest among the sons of men are subject here, and I remember the condescending humility of the Captain of our Salvation; I never looked on such agony of soul as is expressed in the words and the gestures of many among them, and I call to mind *His* agony in the garden; I never saw bodies so torn and lacerated, or limbs so racked with pain as here, but the cross of Christ comes distinctly before me; I never contemplated the fact of dying in torture till I saw men die here, and then the astounding fact of the death upon the cross fills one's soul with wonder and with love. To be brief, notwithstanding all my fellow-creatures suffer here—and I do not think man could point to a scene of such multiplied suffering in any other part of the world—notwithstanding this, the sufferings of Christ in our human body always mount above them, and I am able to direct the minds even of the most wretched and miserable to that adorable fact, as a proof of his love to their souls.'

And in the same strain our 'brethren of the North' write; those of whom Keble dares to speak so contemptuously and wickedly, with 'their self-formed priesthood,' and 'their church cast forth to the cold mountain air;' they, too, are at the bedside of the sick, the wounded, and the dying, and this is the testimony of one of them:—

'For a fortnight before leaving Malta, I was much occupied with the wounded from Alma. How different war looks in a surgical hospital to war in Macanilly's "Lays," or in the famous old painting here in the Petti Palace! Although very heart-rending often, I found my visits to the wounded, upon the whole, very pleasant work. Poor fellows! I did not find a single man but was glad to see me, Roman Catholic, or whatever he was. Of course, I have no right to proselytize, but, through Mr. Lowndes, the agent of the Bible Society, I was enabled to give a New Testament to all and sundry who would take one. Some few refused a New Testament, on the ground that it taught a different religion from theirs—a sad confession, truly, and one which the Church of Rome may well blush at her children having to make; but all seemed grateful for any kindly word or expression of sympathy for their sufferings. One thing I have learned by what I have seen lately, and that is, that the Popery of our Irish soldiers does not affect their loyalty in the very slightest, at least when they are away from home. The wounded Roman Catholics were quite as patriotic as our own Presbyterian Highlanders, many of whom showed such signal bravery at Alma and Inkermann. Indeed, I had much pleasure in my intercourse with English, Irish, and Scotch.'

Before we quit this part of the world, we may just chronicle the fact that the 'Bible Society of Constantinople' held its second anniversary on the 6th of December last, in Pera. Clergymen of the Churches of England, Scotland, of the Free Church, and of the Dutch Reformed, as well as American missionaries, took part in this novel service, held in the building which was formerly occupied by the Russian embassy, at the conclusion of which 'a large collection was taken at the door.' So quietly, but surely, moves onwards the true progress of man; let us be patient and diligent, and the 'bread-corn' cast upon the waters will be found after many days.

To careful perusal we commend a paper on 'Individual and Social Life' in Samoa, found in the February number of the London Missionary Society's Chronicle; it is worthy of study; any attempt to make extracts from it would mar the whole; the significant fact that Samoa has its printing press, and its 'Samoa Reporter,' is a fine rebuke of the folly of modern scepticism, and a true testimony to the worth of modern missions. There is, also, a very thoughtful and suggestive letter from the good and worthy Mr. Ellis, now a missionary veteran, concerning Madagascar, which ought to be read *in extenso* by those who stretch forth their waiting eyes to that land of dark and intense fanaticism.

The observations we have frequently made upon the West Indies find this month an instructive commentary. A Wesleyan missionary, and a West Indian too, who years ago startled English audiences by his eloquence and zeal—once a slave, now an honoured servant in a noble cause—writes thus from Jamaica; mournfully do such paragraphs read to us, especially when we remember the mistaken over-doing of the past, and the forgetfulness of the claims of Africa in the weakness of the present. Mr. Fraser writes:—

'The ranks of our missionaries, thinned by removal to England and to heaven,

have remained unfilled up for so long a time, that our hope of a supply from the committee has lost its full assurance; and we pause between the recollections of two past years and an unwillingness to admit the thought of entire abandonment. As an individual, I can but utter my own view, leaving it to go for as much, or as little, as it may be worth. Many occurrences have combined then, to fill my mind with apprehensions, such as a sight of the band of doom stretched over this country might be supposed to produce. And, among all omens, this is not the least, namely, the rapid decline of European patronage and friendship, and the growing indifference of even missionaries to approach our shores, or of missionary societies to send them. It would be too soon for me to develop fully thoughts which I would rather see stigmatized as fanciful than substantiated by the event.'

To this we add the words of another well-known missionary labouring in British Guiana, from a private letter, dated January 23rd. After referring to the discouraging aspect of events, he says:—

'Still, there is some advancement. I import every month more than 200 numbers of various English periodicals, from the "Band of Hope," upwards. Now and then I get requests to obtain bound volumes; indeed, seldom a month passes but I get out a book for somebody or other. "Uncle Tom" had rather a brisk sale but *not among the people* to anything like the extent you would have imagined. We have not a *reading people* yet, although the number of reading *individuals* is increasing. Some of the young people in my own congregation are devourers of books, but they are the few at the present. The heaven, however, will work, and larger results must be patiently waited for.

'With respect to other things besides reading, the glowing anticipations of sanguine men, who wrote not a little some years ago that had better, perhaps, have remained within their own brains, have not been realized, neither are they likely to be in a hurry. And who, looking fairly at the whole case, can wonder? Only think of the kind of soil we have had to do with, and the terribly unfavourable influences under which our culture of it has been pursued, and surely the cause for wonder is, that so much has been done as has been accomplished.

'And more will come, if there be not such *impatience* of delay as may sacrifice the groundwork already laid because the superstructure does not advance fast enough. I am very much afraid our good friends at home are not disposed to be as patient in *waiting* for the crop as they were once *active* in commencing the cultivation, so far, I mean, as the West Indian Mission is concerned.'

We would just add to these wise words of a man who has done, and is doing, much, that he is a labourer in the West Indies of twenty years standing, and of judgment fully proportioned to his well-known activity.

Should the present crisis in the West Indies lead to a consolidation in missionary operations, to less sectarianism and more evangelism, its bitter discipline will be the greatest blessing that has dawned upon the children of Africa since the days of their involuntary exile from their dark and wretched fatherland. In the belief that this must be the result, we close our present sketch of missionary doings for another month.



## Monthly Retrospect.

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WE left Lord John Russell on his legs ringing the knell of his public reputation, and his colleagues sitting on their uneasy benches, dismally conscious that they should all have to attend his funeral. We can hardly wonder at the row of long faces on the Treasury bench. Funerals are not pleasant things. There is a sad and melancholy pleasure in following to the grave the shattered and tenantless remains of the friend of your heart, who has just been defeated in the last battle of life, just yielded up his soul to death. Your yearning affections find at least a partial satisfaction, and your troubled passions are calmed by the solemn sound of the 'passing bell'—the measured steps of the dark procession—and not least by the word that speaketh 'Peace' to the raging storm. But if you had no affection for the dead—if you attended him to his grave from mere ceremony—either because you were expected to do it, or because you could not help yourself—how every act of the ceremony jarred upon your feelings! Now this was just the case with the occupants of the Treasury bench on the occasion in question. They were in the position of the followers of a noble lord, whose death would deprive them of place, employment, and—their emoluments. It *was* hard, especially when their former leader—for whom they had all done not a little dirty work in their time—ungratefully turned round, and in his last words told a nation of their misdeeds. After this, there was no alternative. There was a great assumption of virtuous indignation, and there were many loud protestations of innocence:—but go they must! 'Injury,' says Junius, 'may be forgiven; but insult can be wiped out only by revenge.' Injured the noble lord's colleagues were, and perhaps they thought themselves insulted by the compliments so freely bestowed on their 'eloquence' and 'ability.' Mr. Gladstone, at least, took keen and ample revenge in speaking the epitaph for the noble lord's now buried reputation:—

'Here lie the dishonoured ashes of a Ministry which found England at peace and left her at war—which was content to take her emoluments of office and wield the sceptre of power so long as no one had courage to question its existence. They saw a storm gathering over the country—they heard grievances and afflicting news of the state of the sick and wounded in the East. These things did not move them; but when the hon. member for Sheffield raised his hand to point the thunderbolt at them, then they were conscience-stricken with a sense of their guilt, and, in thinking to escape from punishment, they abandoned duty.'

We believe this epitaph to express the general opinion on Lord John Russell's conduct. With the single exception of the 'Daily News'—which evidently hoped to become the organ of the noble lord in the event of his scheme proving successful—we know of no instance in which his conduct has been considered other than selfish, dishonourable, and treacherous. He made his appeal to the country on his past reputation: the country received it as a speech of Lucifer's was once received:—

'So having said, awhile he stood, expecting  
Their universal shout, and high applause,  
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears  
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,  
A dismal universal hiss!—the sound  
Of public scorn.'

Driven from his field, and disappointed in all his expectations, the practised leader at once 'makes virtue of necessity,' and willingly sacrifices his public honour at the shrine of private 'morality.' It would have done violence to his conscience to have opposed Mr. Roebuck's motion—to have done violence to his conscience would have been an act of immorality. And so, like a thief 'caught in the act,' he pleads 'guilty,' in the hope that his unusual truthfulness will mitigate the wrath of the law—that this tendered ounce of virtue will be held to weigh down a pound of vice?

It is needless now to say that Mr. Roebuck's motion was carried by a majority of more than two to one—by the largest comparative majority against a Government since Lord John Russell, a quarter of a century ago, divided the House on the Reform Bill. Nor is it necessary to recount the steps taken to 'form a new Government—to tell how Lord Aberdeen went down to Windsor and tendered his resignation—how Lord Derby was sent for—how Lord Derby called upon Lord Palmerston, and what Lord Palmerston said—how Lord Derby went the next day and resigned his commission—how Lord John Russell was sent for—of the flattering reception Lord John Russell met from his late colleagues—and how Lord John thereupon very humbly resigned his commission. Our readers will be glad not to be reminded of these scenes. Next to the conduct of the war itself, they have appeared to us the most humiliating of any public spectacle of the present generation. Is greatness so scarce, and administrative ability so unequally distributed, that some half-dozen families of Cavendishes, Greys, Russells, and Stanleys, can alone answer to the call for governors? According to aristocratic judgment, the nation is like a cracked piano, of which about one note in every seven will respond to the touch—the rest may go for firewood, or for playthings for Aristocracy's children. This theory—the theory on which the late negotiations for a ministry were conducted—is as insulting to God as to the nation. Its ultimate foundation is nothing less than Presidential favouritism. Expressed in naked terms it is this—that the moral government of the world is carried on on the 'great family' principle—that the Creator himself is an aristocrat, and bestows his favours only on the wealthy and high-born—that they monopolize every gift of nature and grace, and every favour of position—the Petos, the Laings, the Cubitts, the Stephensons, the Sharps, the Nasmyths, being born to be the hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Sutherlands, Gowers, Bedfords, Aberdeens, and Clanricardes. Accordingly, three separate sets of noble families being 'found wanting,' the Queen is advised to try a composition of the three—nothing being possible out of the charmed circle! Lord Palmerston is called in; in a few days, with only two new links, the chain is mended; the anchor is run out, and the vessel of the State is saved from certain stranding on the rocks of popular government.

The two additions to the Government on this occasion were Lord Granville and Lord Panmure. With these, and the necessary change of offices—we need not now enumerate them—Lord Palmerston went down to the House of Commons, and announced that he and his colleagues had assumed the arduous duties of a war administration. He was received with general applause, but not with general forbearance. Mr. Disraeli caricatured the members of the new, as the 'identical successors' of the members of the

It is, we believe, generally felt that the defection of the Peelites will strengthen the administration. If taken proper advantage of, it will give coherence and union to the Cabinet, which will now be moderate Whig, strengthened by Liberalism and Conservatism, opposed to moderate Tory, weakened by extreme ditto. Under such circumstances, Lord Palmerston—especially if aided by such men as the Earl of Elgin and Sir Cornwall Lewis—will undoubtedly be ‘master of the situation.’

The bad odour of the upper classes from the ill success of the war, and the selfishness with which they clutch at public offices, or refuse to serve unless the posts of greatest honour be committed to them, has not been lessened by recent disclosures in the courts of law and other places. One of these disclosures relates to no less a person than a noble marquis, a late Postmaster-General, and a member of her Majesty’s Privy Council—we allude, of course, to Lord Clanricarde. This ‘nobleman’ has recently been proved guilty of conduct which if proved against a humbler man would for ever shut him out from any but the lowest circle in society. The foulest immorality, combined with conspiracy to defraud, and, possibly, connivance at darker crimes, are witnessed against him, and yet, confident in the *prestige* of rank and wealth, he holds his head amongst his fellow peers, until driven by the scowl of public opinion to take refuge on his Irish estates. Possibly few of the ‘noble marquis’s’ order are guilty of such crimes, but some circumstances connected with the present war reflect but a sombre picture of the morality of the governing classes. The total absence of a truthful spirit, in other words, the vice of falsehood, is the most conspicuous failing; not the ordinary quibblings and shufflings of politicians, but falsehood repeated, sustained, and unabashed. Sir James Graham affords the first instance of this. Everyone will remember the question put to the First Lord of the Admiralty during the last session, concerning the blockade of the Black Sea, and every one will remember the bullying answers which the questioners received—to the effect that a complete and effectual blockade had been in force since April, 1854. Merchants receiving letters from these quarters—merchants whose trade was being ruined by the deceptions of Government—wrote daily to the ‘Times,’ complaining that Russian ships, filled with produce, passed freely out of the Danube and along the coasts of the Euxine, and Sir James as often denied every statement. Yet in January of this year, Government itself now confesses that no regular system of blockade was provided, and the first blockade is made at last in February—ten months after hostilities had commenced!—The Duke of Newcastle furnishes another instance. Letters coming every week from the Crimea to the effect that soldiers were destitute even of clothes, a noble lord rises in the House and asks if it be true. The Duke asserts the whole story to be invention; that they have abundance and to spare. Three weeks pass away, and a despatch, received from Lord Raglan himself, complains of the nakedness of the army! Similar stories might be told of the medical supplies, and of the tea for Scutari, but we need not repeat them. Mr. Sidney Herbert, with the Lords of the Treasury, and the ‘green coffee’ question, furnish still another illustration. It is not a month ago since Mr. Herbert stated as a fact, in defiance of a host of evidence, that green coffee was

never supplied to the troops. It is only three weeks ago since the Lords of Treasury, in declining, *not* very respectfully, the offer of a city firm to roast all the coffee for the East gratuitously, affirmed that the coffee sent out was all roasted. A correspondence is now published by order of Parliament, in which occurs three letters from the same Lords of the Treasury, ordering no less than 285,000 lbs. of green coffee to be sent out! Who can help saying, on reviewing these facts, that the force of lying can no further go? If, as history in all ages has proved, and as the history of our own country abundantly shows, the vices and immoralities of a class or nation are the chief cause of its destruction, what shall we say of the prospects of the Aristocracy under these circumstances?

The best *news* of the month is, that the condition of the army before Sebastopol has been very considerably improved. Rumour—lying jade—says that Lord Raglan has resigned his command, but probabilities are decidedly against this. With English and Turks, the army is now some 120,000 strong, but there is very small hope of an assault for two months to come.

It is scarcely news to say that Lord John Russell has brought in his Education Bill—he has done the same for two years running, and this year proves again that experience is always lost upon a man of crotchets. Not so with Mr. Gladstone's Newspaper Stamp Bill, which, if carried into law, will be a boon for the public, but not, we fancy for the present, to newspaper proprietors. Whether either of these measures will be pushed through another stage, is now, however, doubtful. Sir William Clay's Church-rate Abolition Bill has also been brought in. That it is a model bill our readers need not be informed, when we can print it *in extenso* on these pages:—

#### 'A BILL TO ABOLISH CHURCH-RATES.

'*Note.—The words printed in italics are proposed to be inserted in Committee.*

'Whereas Church-rates have for some years ceased to be made or collected in many parishes, by reason of the opposition thereto, and in many other parishes where Church-rates have been made the levying thereof has given rise to litigation and ill feeling: and whereas it is expedient that the power to make Church-rates shall be abolished: be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same as follows:—

'I. From and after the *passing of this Act*, no Church-rate shall be made or levied in any parish in England and Wales.

'II. Provided always, That in any parish where a sum of money has before the *passing of this Act* been legally borrowed under the provisions of any Act of Parliament on the security of Church-rates to be made and levied in such parish, such rates may still be made and levied under the provisions and for the purposes of such Act, but not otherwise, until such sum so borrowed shall have been liquidated.

'III. This Act shall not extend to Scotland or Ireland.

'IV. This Act may be cited as "The Church-rate Abolition Act, 1855."

The Parliamentary Committee of the Religious Liberation Society is energetically engaged in stirring up Dissent to vigorous action in support of this measure. The Executive of this same body have been very active during the winter in holding meetings in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Sussex,

and London—meetings of a comparatively private and friendly kind, at which information has been afforded illustrating the mode in which the Society now works. So far as we can judge from the reports, and from information which has reached us, these gatherings have been of a peculiarly interesting character, and have been the means of considerably strengthening the hands of the committee, as well as of furnishing increased funds. Now that Parliamentary business will be occupying their attention, they will, we imagine, find it difficult to sustain these meetings with the same energy, and on that account we venture to urge upon those who only require to be reminded of their duty in this respect, that no more graceful expression of confidence in the Society's Executive could be devised, than the forwarding of such subscriptions as may be required, without waiting for those formal applications, in which so much time and labour are unavoidably expended.

Having lately asked what had become of the Society's 'Occasional Paper,' we are glad to have a prompt reply in the shape of 'Ecclesiastical Incidents and Division Lists of the Parliamentary Session of 1854.' It is issued at the present period on the ground that 'the incidents of one session not unfrequently foreshadow those of the next—the bill, the debate, or the vote of last session, indicating the quarter from which danger threatens, the point at which an opponent should be assailed, and the men whose acquiescence in a policy has to be won.' This 'bird's-eye view will be found as interesting as it will be useful, while the division lists which are given acquaint us with the exact points to which exertion must be directed to carry the measures which may be submitted during this session. Who were absent when they were most wanted—who preferred consulting the convenience of the Government to the wishes of their Dissenting constituents—who ignored ecclesiastical topics by being habitually absent when members file off into the lobbies—who vote well to-day and badly the day after—and who, true as steel, are always at their post, and voting on the right side :—these are matters of importance and of curiosity, respecting which the political *quid-nunc* may here obtain with ease information which would otherwise be acquired only with considerable trouble and difficulty. It is a good and thoroughly practical idea, and if carried out, as it no doubt will be, every session, we shall have a record which will become increasingly valuable.

A winter which makes one almost think that the angry breath of the Russian bear has something to do with it—a winter characterised by six weeks of continuous frost—has brought with it some alarming manifestations of discontent amongst the starved and frozen population. Both Liverpool and London have surged up local rebellions in the shape of bread riots, but they have been of but temporary duration. Another circumstance coincident with the last war is, the freezing of the Thames; and another, the holding of a midnight carnival on the frozen inclosures of the parks.

The weather has been unusually fatal to human life. The average weekly number of deaths in the metropolis for many weeks past, has been increased nearly three hundred; the victims being mostly of the last generation. Of that generation was one who had served it well and faithfully—

At the same time, we beg to state that we are open to receive any increase of these favours that can be secured. The extra circulation of the 'Christian Spectator,' as yet obtained—equal to about a seventh of our impression—is certainly nothing of which we feel inclined to boast, but it is sufficient to justify us in building thereon a *hope*. We believe it to be entirely due to the personal exertions of our friends,—exertions which if continued for a little longer period, and extended to the general circle of the readers of this magazine, would very shortly double its present sale. Of what can be done in this direction, and the way in which it should be done, the following letters, received during the past month, will sufficiently show. The first (a private letter) is from a minister in Manchester; the second, as stated, from an active member of the late 'Christian Spectator' committee:—

*To the Editor of the Christian Spectator.*

Pendleton, January 30th, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to inform you that *eight more* of your 'Spectator' are taken among my people this year than were last; but am, at the same time, sorry that there are not four times as many (as are now) read by my people. I do not know of more than twelve at present, but will not forget you.

Your admiring Reader,

*To the Editor of the Christian Spectator.*

London, February 17th.

MY DEAR SIR,—In common with other friends who united their efforts a few years ago to increase the circulation of the 'Spectator,' I have felt no little gratification in the appearance of successive volumes of your excellent magazine, and in the evident proof they have afforded that our efforts at the time alluded to were not in vain. Your circulation was at that period *permanently* increased; and, as I happen to know that it was so principally by the personal recommendation of your readers, allow me to urge a renewed effort. I am quite sure that, considerable as your circulation now is, there are hundreds who never see the 'Spectator,' who might be induced to become subscribers. In several cases, lately occurring within my own knowledge, new subscribers have been obtained for it by simply bringing it under their notice, either by referring to its valuable articles, or by lending copies of it. Why may not such instances be multiplied? It rests entirely, in my opinion, with your present readers to double your circulation. You have kept faith with us by conducting the 'Spectator' with spirit and independence—we may not, indeed, all agree with every sentiment expressed by your talented contributors, but we should be very foolish if we expected to do so in the case of a magazine that is not the slave of a party, and if we set any value on the necessity of our religious literature being conducted with independence, ability, and a direct aim at practical good, we shall feel it a duty and a pleasure to give the 'Christian Spectator' our earnest support. Let, then, each reader get at least *one new subscriber* for this year. Some, if they try, can get many more.

Yours respectfully,

A MEMBER OF THE LATE COMMITTEE.

Our readers being furnished in these letters with both example and exhortation, we need only add that we cheerfully leave our case with them. We believe they have only at once to do their best to double the number of our subscribers, and before another month has passed it will be doubled. Our January and February numbers will then be reprinted without delay. It would be as well meantime to mention, that for the present it would be desirable for orders for these numbers to be sent with a direction to the bookseller that, if not in print, the other numbers are to be taken. Without this direction, the London publishers will not execute any part of the order.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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APRIL, 1855.

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Letters to the Scattered.

BY THOMAS T. LYNCH.

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## LETTER IV.

FRIENDS,—If you should ask me to name a Creed that in my opinion may prove a fold for the ingathering of ten thousand doubters—infidels that would believe—I name, without hesitation, the Creed of the Apostle Thomas. Here is a primitive Christianity in four words, and it has often proved, and will often yet prove, an initiatory Christianity for the incredulous, who grieve that they are incredulous. ‘My Lord and my God;’ these words, addressed to Christ, are the Creed of the Apostle Thomas. It was incredible that Jesus was alive again, and in the midst of his disciples; had not Thomas seen him die, had he not seen him dead? It was incredible indeed; but then it was True. A fact of the most amazing and unheard-of strangeness—nevertheless, a Fact. We cannot destroy a Fact: we may shut our eyes to it; may run from sight of it, and out of sound of its voice; may even quench our own eyes to avoid its rebuking light. But we are destroying ourselves, not the Fact. We may argue against a Fact, but it is as impenetrable to arguments as a ghost to bullets. Indeed, many a man, after he has discharged his angry arguments against Christianity, has felt like the murderer who, in ‘visions of the night,’ has seen the form of his victim at the bed’s foot, and has sent his pistol-ball at it, through it, as seemed. But what avail? there the calm eyes are still piercing him; he has no weapons against a spirit. Will he bolt his chamber-door on the morrow? We may bolt out robbers, not spectres. Suppose we could get a numerical and anecdotal return of the men who are haunted with the Spectres of denied Truths, haunted by Christianity itself as a Spectre, because they would not receive it as an Angel. If a Spiritual

Parliament could institute such an inquiry, and issue a Blue-book, there would be awful pages in it. But the Apostle Thomas did homage to the Fact; it conquered him, and he became not its slave, but its freeman. On seeing the Fact, Logic swept up as rapidly and irresistibly as an Angel, to the third heaven of Conclusion, and the cry was, 'My Lord, and—my God.' It was the cry of a heart whose fetters of incredulity were suddenly and utterly broken, and which felt at once free to tread the earth, and winged to fly towards heaven. Here was a man, so seeing Christ the rejected yet the victorious, that in whatever ways he might then or afterwards distinguish between Him and the Father, there was a practical identification of Christ with God. It is this Practical Identification of Christ and God, that I believe to be both an essential of Christianity, and that essential which will gather and fold in itself so many of the incredulous. In thinking out, and in stating and proving the Theorem of Christ's Divinity, it is possible that you may neither satisfy yourself nor anybody else. In accepting this Essential as felt Truth, Truth known in Spirit and Substance, but not in analysis and connexions, you obtain both rest and power. You have something to possess and something to offer. Argument is not forbidden. But when one voice says, Let us argue, another voice says, Let us pray, not as grace instead of meat, but grace before meat. For the feast of reason is the one feast of all others at which you should say grace first. But Christianity is a Fact, and the interpretation thereof. Of all voices, therefore, heed the one which says, Come and see. If you come and see Christ who died, yea, rather who arose—remembering, as Thomas must have done, the words that he spoke, 'He who hath seen me hath seen the Father'—there is hope that you will cry—and it may be with instantaneous as well as with logical and adoring verification—'My Lord and my God.' Wisely are we told in the directory for Church Service, that the Creeds may be either said or sung. And if any man has attained to this Creed of the Apostle Thomas, he cannot do better than say it in the morning, and sing it in the evening. Let him say it in the morning with the utmost deliberative calmness, and a still deepening sense of the honourable obligations it imposes, and the efficient aids it provides; and let him sing it in the evening, as one whose life is and must be prospering because he is under sure governance, as one, therefore, who is a day's voyage nearer home, and who fears not to enter the darkness of the coming night, or any other darkness, now that daybreak has arisen from the darkness of the sepulchre.

Let, then, the expanded Christian Creed be reduced to this Simplicity: a cry, a confession, a song unto Christ of, 'My Lord and my God.' Taking this as the root of Christian Doctrine, then, I say, the flower is Atonement. And if you cast this root into the flowing and troubled waters of human thought, from it, in due time, the full creed will spring; rising, like the great Regina Lily, it will elastically upbear upon these waters as they swell and fall, its broad reticulated doctrinal expansions, whose glory and crown shall be this Flower



that is in himself and in the world. Confidence in Christ is to him the mainstay of character. He associates himself with Christ in dependent faith, both to be delivered from evil, and by love's sacrificing allegiance to this master, to aid in effecting such deliverances for others. He takes the Christian Spirit as the directive one in all departments of life and action, knowing that though the human heart is not the human body, it is yet the principal organ of life in that body, and so that Christ in a man is the heart of human life in that man, though in the Christ of the New Testament you no more have all the limbs and frame of the body Politic, Commercial, and so on, than you can see all the frame of man's body in that flesh and blood heart which nevertheless rules it. The ratified and increasing union with God through his Son, is to a Christian the nourisher and sanctifier of personal freedom. This, then, he seeks as the first thing—a personal, heart to heart, union with God; the most sacred vein of religion is, that it is an exchange of hearts between God and man in mutual pledging. He then seeks other things as valuing this most, and as purified for seeking them by this; in all provinces of action he recognises divine rights and seeks divine wisdom; counts Christ king of the world as well as Lord of the Church, and knows that the Divine wisdom for *all* man's Nature and life must be at one with the Special Divine wisdom in Christ Jesus, that the Word made Flesh must indeed be the heart of the life lived according to the full ordering of the Word which was in the beginning with God.

Since, too, religion concerns not a temporal state merely, but an eternal one also, a Christian's main view of life is, that the temporal is subordinate to, because it is preparative for, the eternal. Christianity is the special assertion of eternity's greatness, and rebuker of time's pretence when their claims conflict. But, too, it conserves the present, it dignifies and sweetens it, or renders it supportable by solemnly assured hopes and strong consolations. The great awaiting Future gives then grandeur to this mortal life, immense interest to its scenes and disciplines, and making every good preliminary to a higher one, or a portion and a promise of a higher one; he that has seen and has read Christ is watchful to see God, to serve him, and to enjoy him in this present life, and has a strength for self-denial, and a solace in it, where he is called to forego or abjure pleasure, and to take up pain in the conflict between earth and heaven. Believing in Christ, then, the more we find of God and his wisdom in Him, the more full and effective our belief is. And following Christ, the more we find a power in ourselves through Him, by which we imitate him, a Life, the motions of which prompt us to Christ-like actions, the more shall we resemble the Lord, shall understand Him in his divine greatness, and shall know that the Spirit given through Him is 'the supply craved by man's necessity, and provided by God's goodness.

#### LETTER V.

FRIENDS,—I closed the previous Letter by speaking of the Spirit that God hath given us, or, at least, that the Christian believes He

hath given. Now, if we may practically identify God and Christ, and thus be believers in a Divine Saviour, when yet we have very incompletely stated and reasoned out the Theorem of Christ's Divinity; feeling the Spirit of Christ to be divine, we may be practically Trinitarian, while still unable to understand what is said, or is true, of the Trinity. The universe is not governed by a council of three equal divinities, seated upon one tripartite golden throne. The universe is governed by one God, who is the Trinity, if, that is to say, there are in Him those distinctions which so many of His most faithful worshippers, men alike meditative, adoring, and practical, have declared they have seen to be in Him. Whoever assumes to share in this alleged insight of theirs will say, as I now very confidently do, that in the Oneness there is Threeness, that the One God is Triune. But I am quite sure that there are many Christian men who have never seen this; many that have been made injuriously Tritheistic by what they have heard said about it; and many who have been driven from a position where they would have seen the Divinity of Christ, so as to cry 'My Lord and my God,' by an imperious ecclesiastical challenge, 'Dost thou believe in the Trinity?' What I have been accustomed to call the Trinitarian Process may be made delightfully and most usefully evident to simple pious persons; the Truth that there are three Necessary and Eternal Distinctities in the Primal Amity—God—cannot usually be so. It is of the Trinitarian Process that I am about to speak; not, at present, of the Trinity. Suppose that we gathered a company of persons with the design of interesting them in some specific study, say History, and that we met with success; the general effect produced would be an enlivening of the mind, with an awakened desire for further knowledge. And of particular persons, some might feel the special adaptedness of the subject to their constitution, or present state of mind; some feel the first stir of powers of which they had been hitherto unconscious; some, the restoration of tendencies and thoughts which they had had, but had lost, and now found again, with mingled thankfulness and self-reproof. Apart from the information given concerning History, we have given, too, as successful teachers, some portion of the Spirit of the Study. We have given not alone Facts, but Life; the Life by means of the Facts, yet distinct from them; Life, whose action is variously modified by the state of the recipients, yet which, in all of them, yearns to exercise, gratify, and increase itself, by a fuller acquaintance with the Subject. Here we have, notice, three things—the Subject, Information, and Life. Say, now, that our Subject is True religion, and that we speak of it successfully. There is a general enlivening of the mind with a desire for further knowledge, the newness of a young life that seeks increase; and this life is modified, as before, to particular effects, according to the state of the recipients. Let us speak of Religion for a moment, as if it were only a knowledge to be communicated. Then, taught successfully, the learner, with the partial knowledge that he gains, gains, also, Inducement and Power to advance, by means of that partial knowledge, towards a completer

one. He is ever going on towards total knowledge as possessing the Life proper to knowledge, the Spirit of one who knows, and would follow on to know. Thus, observe, any Part of knowledge mediates by means of the Life proper to the Whole, between the man and that Whole. Let it be conceived that all Principles of knowledge were contained in one Book, then that Book might be a Mediator, and a sufficient one, between the Learner and the Truth; but he could only employ it as Mediative by receiving in his use of it such energies and emotions of the Life proper to knowledge, as would carry him on, page by page, and chapter by chapter, towards mastery of the whole. Now, this I call the Trinitarian Process; it is the process by which we are ever led on through what is mediative, and, by means of life given us in that, towards whatsoever it is on behalf of which this mediative word, or thought, or person, or book, is acting. There is a Trinitarian Process, indeed, even in our common walks and familiar undertakings. It is by means of Thought that Life directs itself to ends it has in view. It is by means of that knowledge about themselves which objects of interest yield us, that the interest is excited, and we study them, or pursue them. The mediation of knowledge, knowledge about the path, &c., and about the things themselves, is necessary to take us to a rock or a waterfall, and the Spirit of the beautiful and the wonderful is given us in this knowledge, and exerts itself according to it.

We see, then, that were religion only a knowledge, there would be implied mediation and a spirit. Our aim, however, in religion, is not alone to know, but to be. Blessed are the men that come to realise, as we said in the last Letter, the idea of God's heart as to what Men should be. If this is our religious goal, then the scope of religion is the totality of our permanent human interests. It includes all aims in their relation to final and highest ones: God, Eternity, the Soul—here are great objects of religious regard; but we are not called to consider God instead of secular duty, Eternity instead of daily business and family care, the Soul instead of bodily necessities and satisfactions; but to consider God, and so do secular duty divinely; Eternity and the Soul, and so subject earth and the body to the control of moderating and far-sighted reason. The fullest possible partaking of the Divine nature is the final goal of the human course. And that we may enter and successfully finish that course, Christ is constituted Mediator. And whoever says unto him, 'My Lord and my God,' must be actuated at that moment by Energies and Emotions, which he feels to be the Spirit of God given to him in and through that Lord in whom God is present and revealed, to lead him on by that Lord to all that he may yet know and possess of that Being who must still surpass even archangelic knowledge and appropriation. By the Spirit through the Lord to the Father, we are ever advancing if we Christally love. This is the Trinitarian process, and surely it is not difficult to apprehend. A pious person who professes the Creed of the Apostle Thomas, speaks, and cannot but speak, of Christ as God with him, of the Spirit as God within him, of the Father as God above him. Here is practi-

ing men from bringing his love to the relief of their chilled and needy brethren, let us not, therefore, say that the Church has forfeited its greatness, and deserves not its fame. Call upon it to fast and pray. But remember that as England is great, though the Crimea is a crime, so the Church may be, yea is, the people of God, though a people whose heart is often wrong, and which has often 'deeply revolted.' He that hath the Spirit hath Christian life, he values things according to life, recognises the movements of life, and life's affinities. He seeks and recognises the relationship of truths in their mutual friendships and their subordinations. Valuing love so as to know that without it Truth is as impotent as it is unhallowed, he values the dispositions of men, and asks what spirit they are of. He recognises his union with men in sorrows, thrills, fears, and purpose. He thinks of Christ as a Divine Person, feels Him within him as Divine Life, depends on him as Divine Power. God is Love; Christ died for us in Love; the Spirit is God flowing out to us in Love through Christ. Love is the sign of the Church; heaven is the Country of love. And this Spirit, this Christ-like Love is the earnest—that is to say, both a portion of and a promise of—a life commensurate with the original capacities of man, the aim of which, according to his interests, is Love, his interest being indeed what most truly and deeply concerns him, and this is perfect love given and received; love permeating Providence and Thought, and so, felt within and acted out, in like perfection.

In this letter I have but tried to show that we cannot call Christ Lord, with thoroughly convinced heart, without being recipients through him of Divine Life, and that he who knows God, and the Lord, and the Life, in his Christianity, is practically Trinitarian. I hope, by and by, so to state the Doctrine of the Trinity as, at least, to meet the charge of unreasonableness that is brought against it, and to make it also more apprehensible than it has hitherto been to some minds. And when subsequent Letters have exhibited the Mediator in fuller light, we shall be able too to pass from these hints to a fuller doctrine of the Spirit.

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### *Nicholas Gebelli; or, My Life.*

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#### CHAP. IV.

UNCONGENIAL as Nicholas Gebelli daily found his situation and the whole society of the district to his new feelings and rapidly-developed powers of thought, he resolutely manned his soul to endure all; and while he discharged his duty to his master he neglected neither time nor occasion to pursue his studies. Hard work, however, had this friendless boy to live, for the bread, owing to three or four bad harvests, which was kept in the family, was more like

the neighbourhood, Captain Crewe was, to the best of his remembrance, still residing in Tamworth, and spending his fortune in promoting the humble but vital cause of religion, but Nicholas last sight of him many years ago. Mr. Freeman's constitution broke down early, and he died in triumphant conviction of those truths on which he had long lived, persecuted for his piety by his friends, and a comparative exile in his own father's house.

There were two other persons connected with that Baptist congregation; one the minister, a young gentleman from the Academy at Bristol, of the name of Jones, and the other a young woman of the name of Chambers. The minister, who was the first that had been settled at the chapel, and the bulk of whose salary was no doubt paid by Captain Crewe, was at once an intellectual man, a good singer, and a popular preacher. The chapel was soon filled, the church increased much, and if Mr. Jones had only acted prudently he would soon have raised a large congregation, but he remained only a short period after his marriage; and though Nicholas, who loved him beyond ordinary measure, never learned the particulars of his removal, the congregation itself as rapidly dispersed as it had been collected, and the wife of Mr. Jones, he remembers, was very much pitted. Miss Chambers, reader, was, in the eye of Nicholas, at that period the most attractive girl in Tamworth. She was about twenty-two when the boy had scarcely reached his twentieth year, a member of the church, had risen from a good family, was exquisitely beautiful, fluent, and graceful in conversation, a good singer, much admired by her friends, dressed elegantly, and her fine figure well reflected itself through her manners and dress; she was, in addition, of good health and excellent temper, and—not engaged. Soe indeed were those days of wordless love on the part of Nicholas, who watched every movement of this young lady with the utmost jealousy. He loved her beyond expression, but neither had the courage to tell her of it, nor any one else, though he wrote madrigals without number, and dreamed away many precious hours which he would now be glad to have over again. Ah! Miss Chambers, if you had known the madness of that apprentice for you, even if you had rejected its author, his love must have made you unhappy. Miss Chambers was some years subsequently married to a Baptist missionary, as Nicholas heard; and it was, in short, the conviction that neither she nor he could alter their opinions on baptism that at last cooled in some degree his heart; though, strange to confess, Nicholas, twelve years after that period, married a Baptist lady, and has been happy in her society.

Nicholas at this time supplied himself with the means of study by rising at two, three, or four o'clock in the morning, as many other ardent students in difficulty are always doing, less, however, to read than to think and write. At that period he had no associate in the village who could at all sympathize either with such industry or the ultimatum to which it was directed; but he had an ample recompense in the ardour with which he pursued his self-improvement, and an absolute faith in the assertion that 'wisdom is the principal thing.'

How he advanced, and what this boy learned at these early hours of study, he does not know, nor remembers any particular books that he read besides the Bible, a commentary, Clarke's celebrated argument on the existence of a God, and a few religious works of the Puritans, with a part of the History of England. It is not, however, he has long since learned, of much consequence what books a studious youth may read, as the use that he makes of them; for whatever occupies the mind develops its powers of thought, and whatever language he employs, familiarizes his tongue and pen in acquiring the art of utterance. He has often thanked God since that time for the gift of the studious heart, as well as for the absence of those books which, in too many instances, swamp the power of thought. Much of his business at that period consisted of journeys into the neighbouring, and especially to two villages, some twelve to fifteen miles distant, where the families of his master and mistress resided, and where they occupied the situation of respectable farmers. On these occasions, Nicholas enjoyed himself to the extreme, collected some scraps of information as he went, and generally received some proofs of the kindness and good opinion of the persons to whom he was sent. Sometimes, too, he would accompany his master in journeys to buy timber, or to receive money, and it was upon these occasions that he found how shallow a man he had for a master, who was as often mortified to think how far the widow's son exceeded the attainments of every one in his family. During those journeys Nicholas was often grieved to see the extent to which his master would drink; and it was upon one of them that he learned a life's lesson from a drunken coffer, who was lying in the kennel and singing:—

'Enough is as good as a feast,  
If a man did his measure but know.'

Since that period Nicholas has often felt compassion for his master, who was married to a fine-looking woman that had been seduced by a clergyman, and had given birth to a daughter, who lived with her mother, and was only two or three years younger than himself. It was a remarkable fact, too, that the moral qualities of this girl were as beautiful as her mind was superior to her situation; but though her conduct was generally blameless, the apprentice could see that her presence was destructive of everything like confidence in her mother, who still received more than becoming attention from several gentlemen who visited the house. Among these was a Mr. Norton, a gentleman who had lost the greater part of his fortune through his own folly in early life, when he had been an officer in the Peninsular army, with which he had acquired some distinction. This gentleman was in the habit of leaving his cottage frequently while he visited his friends at a distance, and he always prevailed on Nicholas' master to allow his apprentice to sleep in his bed till his return. The house was filled with valuable property, and as Mr. Norton only kept an elderly woman for his housekeeper, and the house was said to be haunted, Nicholas at first required all his courage to

execute the task ; but in time the employment was not otherwise disagreeable than as it excluded him from following his studies at home.

About that time, Nicholas returned to the city, to pay his mother one of his quarterly visits, and he had to pass over the common where the Lichfield horse-races are held, and which is two or three miles across. When he had arrived at the most dreary part of the common he met a strange man, dressed in the flashy style then common among the lower classes in Birmingham, who, as he passed, shrewdly surveyed him. The stranger had no sooner passed the apprentice, than he halted, and addressed some words to Nicholas, which he did not hear ; but, turning boldly round, he asked the stranger what he wanted ? He gave no satisfactory reply, but seemed disposed to walk on, and then suddenly turned again, and began to talk to Nicholas in a style which he neither feared nor approved. Nicholas showed a bold front, and challenged the man, if he wanted anything, to return to him, which, however, he did not ; and the apprentice afterwards had reason to believe that this man was one of a gang of highwaymen, some other members of which were at that very hour half-way across the common, robbing and murdering a man who was travelling with lace and jewels from one gentleman's house to another. A reward of 1,000*l.* was offered for the detection of the assassins, but Nicholas never heard that it was successful, and robberies and murders long continued to be committed on that race-course. When Nicholas reached the end of the common, he heard the bells of Lichfield all merrily pealing for the triumph won by the queen over her furious and libidinous husband ; and he found the common people, who hated George IV., making every demonstration of joy in their power at his defeat. The mind of the apprentice was, however, too much absorbed with the love of his mother, with his spiritual interests, and with his plans of study, to devote much attention to either king or queen. In those times, these short visits to his home were seasons of rapture and trial ; the former because he worshipped with his mother now, and because the minister presented himself in a new and a delightful aspect to the spiritual view of Nicholas. How did this youth's heart bound with the emotions of a new world, as the various friends of the little congregation recognised their new brother, who was never absent from the early Sabbath morning prayer-meeting, and the Sunday school, and who appeared to eat the living words of the humble and timid preacher. So earnest and apt was the manner of our apprentice, that several of his observers foresaw in him the outline of a future minister, and far too soon was the subject broached to Nicholas by his friends, his mother, and his minister, in the question, ' Would he not prefer to enter the Dissenting ministry, to go to college for four or five years, and thus to prepare for preaching ? ' This was a grave project, and one that stirred the soul of Nicholas to its depths, and urged upon him many queries which needed not to have troubled him at all. How could he convince himself that such was the will of God ? Which of the forms of the Pro-

testant churches most approximated to that of the apostolic order? Which was even now the best denomination of Christians? How could he be supported at college during the progress of his studies? Might he not, after all, fail at college, and thus, not only waste four or five years of the best of his life, but time so occupied would give a taste to his mind that would altogether disqualify him for business? Such were some of the earliest thoughts of this youth's mind respecting his position; meantime, he continued his studies; opened a little evening school in the small Wesleyan chapel, for the instruction of some of the ignorant adults in the village; and it was through the influence of a poor collier who attended it from a neighbouring village, and whose simple fervour of heart won the soul of Nicholas, that, some time after, he was induced to preach his first sermon to a congregation of colliers, near Wilnecote, standing behind a chair-back for his pulpit.

Shortly after his return from visiting his mother, Nicholas was for some time employed in making wooden models, that required the utmost perfection of workmanship, for some extensive schemes of improvement in the works of the first Sir Robert Peel. During the performance of this work, many gentlemen came to inspect the models, and among them two of the younger sons of the baronet, to whom our apprentice explained the mathematical and mechanical principles on which the model was designed to work. These young men had, as Nicholas was informed, but recently quitted college, but their conversation about the model neither impressed him with admiration of their mental powers, nor with a sense of the benefits of a collegiate education. The models were soon completed, but the works themselves were never executed, owing, probably, to the determination of the baronet to diminish the cotton factories at Bonehill, which common report there assigned to the rising political importance of young Mr. Robert Peel.

Shortly before the apprenticeship of Nicholas expired, an event occurred in Fazely which made on him a very powerful impression, though it only arose from the history of a poor cotton printer and his young wife. The man, whose name was James Watson, had been for several years a popular class-leader and Wesleyan Methodist preacher, and had maintained an upright character till his first wife died. Many a time did Nicholas shed tears under the natural eloquence of this man's preaching and prayers, and it is very probable that hundreds are now in heaven through the same agency. Soon after his wife's death, it was reported that he was paying attention to Mary White, who worked near to him, who had been brought to the neighbourhood among the other parish children to Sir Robert Peel's works, and had not only outlived the training of the mill, but had grown into a tall and very beautiful woman, and was then some twenty-five years of age. Well does Nicholas remember the erect and dignified figure of this young woman, who spent all her considerable wages in dress, and who seemed to treat every one with rigorous hauteur. After a short courtship, however,



Watson married her, and while he shook his religious friends his conduct soon gave good ground for their censure. Everyone did not censure him, except for choosing a wife twenty years younger than himself; but whatever was the cause, Watson soon began to neglect his religious duties, and commenced to drink. The power of conscience and memory, two terrific elements, were let loose upon his soul, but even they did not prevent his all but apostasy from the Christian faith, and that was his condition when Nicholas left the neighbourhood. — Another anecdote illustrative of the bearing of marriage on our future life may be here mentioned. Opposite to the house of Nicholas' master was the Grand Junction Canal office, the chief officer in which, who had a large income, and lived in considerable style, was named Muir, who was then about thirty-five years of age. In returning from Tamworth on a certain day, he met a young girl of the name of Peggy Wright, who was going into the field to milk her master's cows. Muir, who had never spoken to her before, asked her at once if she would marry him. She consented, and they both went to Tamworth, he ordering the first milliners in the town to decorate her in the most costly style within a couple of hours. They then took a license, were married forthwith, and after performing a tour, which was then uncommon except among fashionable people, they returned to Fazely, and came, for the time, to lodge in the house where Nicholas lived. This gaudy, extravagant, and ignorant woman was thus promoted to be the wife of a gentleman in manners and education, whom she soon disgusted, and finally compelled him to remove to that sanctuary of broken fortunes and hearts, London, where he was still actually living about two years ago. The only excellence which Mrs. Muir possessed was a bonny face and a fine womanly person, but she was too ignorant to be educated, and was just as giddy six months after her marriage as she had been when she was the servant-maid of the master of Nicholas. Much did Nicholas pity her husband, but all the condolence in the world could not have undone the supreme folly of that sudden marriage.

The apprenticeship of our young man had now expired, trade was in a state of great depression, and Nicholas, taking leave of his friends, removed to Birmingham, where he soon found employment, and a larger world of men and women than he had before ever seen. The shops of Fazely were memorable to him as scenes of irreligion and profanity, but the persecution he endured in the larger town far exceeded everything of which he had ever heard. Out of the twenty-five men at work, he was the only one possessing any form of godliness, and but for the special favour of the master, who was himself a religious person, Nicholas could not have kept his position, which he occupied for some twelve months; still, however, keeping up his old habits of study. During his abode in Birmingham, his friends were constantly pressing the ministry on his attention, and he was continually directing his thoughts to the subject, and it was at that time that he had to choose for life his religious party; though he had often preached among the Independents, and was a member of one of their

churches, but to become a preacher was in truth a different question. Some of his old friends in the city where his mother lived, said, If you must enter the ministry, why not go at once into the Established Church, where you will get a better education? Others of the Wesleyans inquired, Why not come among us, for whom you have often acceptably preached, and for whose pulpit you have education sufficient? Nicholas at that time did not feel that the Dissenting churches presented to him the aspect in which he could thoroughly confide, and Independency itself always appeared to his mind too mechanical, wanting the favour of Methodism, and a better defence for its ministers against the calumnies and schisms of the people. At this time he felt that he must preach both 'to save himself and them that heard him,' but the question when and where sorely tried his spirit and shook his courage, as they have often done since.

Nicholas thought out his own course, for he was never given to propound his difficulties to another mind, or much to rely on the advice of strangers, to his inward self. He felt at once that the loose theology of the Methodist system, and the looser and yet undefined rigour of subscription to John Wesley's sermons, repelled him as thoroughly as the *quo warranto* of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. In the one church he saw the advantage of free prayer, and a half-educated and democratic people, who appeared to him more likely to receive the gospel than the super-refined and more formal congregations of the Church of England; but in that former church he saw a new edition of a state church in the connexional principle, and felt that such a ministry would neither favour habits of study, nor tolerate them, and that he might all his days be exposed to the carping of a confidential criticism without the benefit of fraternal protection. Nicholas, therefore, soon relinquished the Wesleyan ministerial question, and had only to consider that of the Church of England. Till this time he had never heard a lecture on the Dissenting theory, and could only read the argument in the older form in which it presented itself in Towgood's book. He therefore had to think his way, and he admitted at once, and still feels the force of the fact, that by attaching himself to Dissent he cut himself off as a minister from two-thirds or three-fourths of the people of England who would never hear his sermons nor rightly appreciate his character. If he had entered that ministry, he must not only arraign all the Dissent of the country, which he could not do, but he must have confessed his belief in all the Articles of the Church of England, which he could not have done—a ministry, too, that seemed to exist without the necessity of a converted soul, or which could even be bought by money, and that was encumbered with ceremonies for which the Scriptures did not contain the pretence of a warrant, and whose successive degrees could find no higher a precedent than the corrupt ages of the most corrupt church, at once compelled Nicholas to renounce the prospect of entering the Church of England. He was, therefore, forced, morally, either to accept the theory of the

Congregational ministry, with all its defects, or abandon the project of entering the ministry at all.

During the stay that Nicholas made in Birmingham, he communed with Mr. Jameson's church, but more frequently attended the ministry of the Rev. Jonathan Eastbourne, from whom he heard many sermons, such, on the whole, as he has never heard since. It was not only the manly and the dignified intellectual expositor of the word of God that the stranger admired, but the hallowed unction and the heart-ringing appeals to the conscience of both sinner and the believer, which quietly contrasted with the more rotund and artificial style of the other great Dissenting preacher, that induced Nicholas so frequently to attend at that chapel. Ah, Jonathan Eastbourne! how art thou lowered since those brilliant days when thy voice alone could have set the mob of Birmingham on fire, and yet thou hast raised a college and left a name which will undoubtedly survive that of the little men by whom thou wast probably run down! If thou didst sin, sin no more, and be comforted, for there yet live many who have none but happy recollections of thee, and who owe to thy agency their 'right to eat of the Tree of Life!' The observer will, however, recognise the laws of retributive providence in the fall of Mr. Eastbourne, who, a few years before his own fall, had been the conspicuous agent in overthrowing Mr. Smithies, on similar charges. Happy is that minister who is thought too obscure even to be allowed to stone the unpopular; for his obscurity saves him from vices that germinate their poison through future years. Nicholas occasionally, during his stay in Birmingham, attended the other places of worship in the borough that he might judge for himself of the powers and modes of their preachers, but he found no one comparable, on the whole, to Mr. Jameson and Mr. Eastbourne, though Mr. Burter, then an old man, had a respectable and a large audience in one of the Baptist chapels. It was soon after his entrance to Birmingham that he remembers the ordination of three missionaries to India, in Carr's-lane Chapel, Mr. Jameson and Mr. Micaiah Hillier, and Mr. Matthews, who at that period were three young fervent men, of whom Mr. Matthews had, at the time, the most prepossessing appearance. This ordination interested Nicholas on two grounds: first, because he had never seen such a ceremony among the Dissenters, but chiefly because his heart and his judgment at that period had been seriously directed to the missionary work. For years did this question trouble Nicholas, who sought all the counsel in his power, and when his subsequent fellow-student, Mr. Scott, determined to visit the South Sea Islands, even then his mind was not actually made up, though it still yearned with earnestness to preach the gospel among the heathen.

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## Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

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[UNDER this title occasionally appear in this Magazine papers from various pens, discussing questions of interest in Christian Doctrine and Religious Truth. It has been thought desirable specially to distinguish articles or communications of this and similar character from others that appear in this journal, because of the impossibility of always maintaining a perfect consistency of view in such matters. The Editor, therefore, wishes it to be understood, that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in these papers. He can only engage that they shall contain nothing deemed to be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Christian faith.]

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### CALVIN AND CALVINISM.

'CALVINISM' has become with many parties in the Christian Church an epithet of bitter reproach. The Unitarian, in his controversy with the Orthodox, has exhausted his vocabulary of its most offensive terms when he has called his opponent a Calvinist. Mr. Maurice, who is the *via media* between Unitarianism and Orthodoxy, would have us regard that epithet as containing within itself all that is narrow, false, and fierce in theology. The Quaker shudders at it, and accounts the theory which it represents as a presumptuous attempt to fathom God's ways and man's destiny. The High Churchman and the Broad Churchman, the young Evangelical Dissenter and the Arminian Methodist, all unite in hoping that it is fast becoming one of the *effete* forms of theology, fit only to suckle an age of antinomian bigots or of bloodless Presbyterians.

If Calvinism mean nothing more, nor less nor else than the opinions of John Calvin of Geneva, many of its opponents would be rather nonplussed if asked—What is Calvinism? Many would glance towards Scotland as the home of unadulterated, simple Calvinism, and would be surprised to hear the learned Sir William Hamilton tell them that Scotch theology is not Calvinism—using the term with anything like precision. Equally true is it that Toplady, Dr. Hawker, the late William Huntington, were not Calvinists; but that, and a great deal more. Where are we to look for Calvinism in England at the present day? What is said to be Calvinism by its opponents is to be found in some Cave of Adullam amongst the Dissenters, or on the lips of some popular clergyman in London. But genuine, authentic Calvinism would be a difficult thing to find in its integrity amongst any whole body or denomination of Christians. The truth is, the term has come to be applied indefinitely to many modifications of the system, and many who are no sticklers for the 'five points' (as they are called), have no objection to be called Calvinistic, because the *substance* of their creed approximates more towards Calvinism than Arminianism.

We propose in this paper to expound the distinctive doctrines which Calvin himself held and defended, taking as our principal authorities his 'Institutes of the Christian Religion' and his 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans.'

That system which has been promulgated by Augustine in the early Church, by Calvin in the time of the Reformation, and by Jonathan Edwards in more recent times, is an effort to represent the *absolute* and the *speculative* side of theology. It is evident that theology may be studied by means of two methods—either as an embodiment of the absolute in religious truth or of the relative; that is, we may attempt to gather into a system that truth as it exists to the *Divine* mind, or as it can be conceived by the *human* mind. The former method aspires to apprehend truth as it is related to the Infinite mind; the latter more humbly aims to comprehend it as related to our narrow capacities, as adapted to our sinful wants, and as meeting the necessities of our practical life. The former is Calvin's method; and without prejudicing it finally, we make bold to affirm that pure Calvinism is not a practical system. Whatever noble and sublime forms of piety have been produced in connexion with that system have been produced not in consequence, but in spite of the transcendent creed which it embodies. And yet a man who has engraven his name upon the speculative theology of three centuries must have had some extraordinary qualities of mind to account for so lasting and extended an influence. And he had; Calvin had an intellect which for clearness, strength, and logical vigour has seldom been equalled. Granting that his method was valid, his system is a chain of adamant. Give him his premises, and his conclusions are drawn out with mathematical consequence and certainty; at least, when he is employed upon speculative matters; his practical conclusions flow from his heart and conscience, and not from his head.

Calvin's mind, we have said, was greatly distinguished by its logical vigour, and this will, in part, account for that strength of conviction and that unfaltering confidence in his own views of divine truth which are apparent in every line of his writings. But besides abstract reasoning and scriptural truth there was another source of evidence from which his convictions drew their strength, viz., the secret testimony of the spirit. In discussing, for instance, the proof of the inspiration of the Scriptures, he repeatedly urges, that the authority of the Scriptures remains in suspense—that there is no conclusive proof of their inspiration accessible to reason, until we have the *secret testimony of the Spirit*. Without staying to point out the consequence of such a doctrine—how it removes the whole question of inspiration out of the sphere of intelligence—we simply observe how the holding of such a doctrine deepens the foundation of a man's faith by assuring him that his creed has been formed by an immediate revelation of the Spirit of God. This explains the tremendous convictions which laid hold of Calvin, Knox, and Luther. They believed, and inspired belief in others, after a fashion, that we as little imitate as we can realize and understand in these days.

They did not admit to an opponent that it was *possible* he was right and that they were wrong; for they did not think so; but they told him who differed from them, in uncandid and impolite terms, that he was a vile blasphemer, who hated the truth—a poisonous viper, who ought to be destroyed. There is a wonderful contrast to all these things in our days. If any one were to ask us to account for the feeble faith of the churches—for the practical infidelity of many who profess Christianity, we should inquiringly point towards the pulpit, and ask—Do the men who stand there preach as men free from doubt? Do they not hesitate, stammer, and betray a suspicious anxiety to prove everything? This scepticism in the pulpit has infected the people and cooled the ardour of Christian belief. But how can we help it? This is not our point at present; but this, that let a race of men occupy the pulpit who shall be evident believers in what they preach—such believers as Calvin, Knox, and Luther—and we shall not be long before we witness a grand revolution in the religious character of the time. Let any one say whether our philosophical education has rendered such belief impossible now. But let us proceed to unfold somewhat systematically Calvin's theology.

I. Calvin has attempted a logical statement of *the doctrine of the Trinity*. Of course, on this subject, he held no opinion that distinguished him from other orthodox theologians; but it is interesting to observe how such a powerful intellect acquitted itself in such a perilous attempt. The result of much subtle controversy on the question he embodies in the following extract:—‘Although the essence does not contribute to the distinction (of persons) as if it were a part or member, the persons are not without it, or external to it; for the Father, if he were not God, could not be the Father; nor could the Son possibly be Son unless he were God. We say, then, that the Godhead is absolutely of itself. And hence, also, we hold that the Son, regarded as God, and without reference to person, is also of himself; though we also say, that regarded as Son, he is of the Father. Thus his essence is without beginning, while his person has its beginning in God.’ There is a certain perilous fascination to subtle minds in discussions and distinctions of this nature; but their effect upon the great mass of men is to bewilder, and to distract. The revelation of the Father, Son, and Spirit, was surely never intended to furnish Calvins and Servetuses with the material of bitter dispute as to the *modes of the Divine existence*; but rather to furnish a being of limited capacities with practical conceptions of the Divine nature, and to meet the wants of man's sinful nature and condition. To attempt definitions—to aspire to know the speculative side of this awful mystery—tends to defraud ourselves and others of the practical benefit it was designed to convey. All that we have ever read on the subject has produced the conviction that the sublimest intelligences absolutely become drivellers when they attempt to enclose within the narrow bounds of a definition that which is essentially illimitable and inexplicable.

II. Calvin's definition of *original sin* is, ‘A hereditary corruption

and depravity of our nature, extending to all the parts of the soul, which first makes us obnoxious to the wrath of God, and then produces in us works which in Scripture are termed works of the flesh.' This statement of the results of Adam's transgression upon his posterity may be separated into four distinct parts:—

1. That we derive from Adam a hereditary corruption and depravity. The *ground* of this transmission he finds in the doctrine, 'that Adam was made the depository of the endowments which God was pleased to bestow on human nature; and that, therefore, when he lost what he had received, he lost not only for himself, but for us all.'

2. That this corruption and depravity extend to all the parts of the soul. His statements under this head are most unqualified. 'Man,' he says, 'since he was corrupted by the Fall, sins not forced or unwilling, but voluntarily, by a most forward bias of the mind; not by violent compulsion or external force, but by the movement of his own passion; and yet such is the depravity of his nature, *that he cannot move and act except in the direction of evil.*' 'Let it be a fixed point, then, that men are such as are here described, not by vicious customs, but by depravity of nature.' And as all men are totally corrupt, he contends that every man is equally corrupt—that Catiline and Camillus were born with the same degree of depravity. He 'admits that the *specious* qualities which Camillus possessed were *Divine gifts* (and did not spring out of any original difference of nature), and *appear* entitled to commendation when viewed in themselves.'

3. That before actual sin, *this hereditary depravity makes us obnoxious to the wrath of God.*

'Being thus perverted and corrupted in all the parts of our nature, we are merely, on account of such corruption, deservedly condemned by God. This is not liability for another's fault. For when it is said that the sin of Adam has made us obnoxious to the justice of God, the meaning is not that we who are in ourselves innocent and blameless are bearing his guilt, but that since by his transgression we are all placed under the curse, he is said to have brought us under obligation. Through him, however, not only has punishment been derived, but pollution instilled, *for which punishment is justly due.* Hence, even infants, bringing their condemnation with them from their mother's womb, *suffer not for another's, but for their own defect.*' 'Nay, their whole nature is, as it were, a seed-bed of sin, and, therefore, cannot but be odious and abominable to God.'

4. That this depravity produces in us the works of the flesh. There is no need of illustrative statements under this head.

The intelligent reader will be startled most by the principles announced under the second and third of these four heads. As our aim is to expound more than to criticise, we shall not discuss the agreement or disagreement of these principles with the Scriptures; but simply remark, in passing, how it shocks us to read that man 'cannot move or act except in the direction of evil.' And this is not so strong a statement of this doctrine as we could quote. We hardly know whether to believe Calvin had any reserved qualification of this

doctrine which he did not avow. There are three observations which we briefly state in reference to it. First,—*That it is not the doctrine of Scripture.* The Bible gives no precise scientific form to its statements of man's depravity, though it does deal in very strong detailed and general and popular representations of it. But we can recollect no passage that can be tortured into the assertion that 'man cannot move or act except in the direction of evil.' Calvin found the doctrine in Augustine, but not in the Bible. Secondly,—*The doctrine finds no response in human consciousness.* Admitting that the conscience has been enfeebled by the effects of the Fall, we cannot suppose that it has become so false a witness of right and wrong as to give an approving verdict to many actions and purposes, which, according to Calvin's theory, must be *all* fundamentally evil. In the light of this theory many of our noblest emotions are to be distrusted and quenched. When we see Socrates standing with heroic virtue in the presence of his Athenian judges, charged with corrupting the youth whom he had instructed, and so steadfast in his high calling as to go willingly to prison and to death rather than abandon it, we are to believe that we are admiring only the semblance of virtue, and that at the bottom of his conduct there is a lurking evil that utterly corrupts it in the sight of God and man. Is there such an utter contradiction between theology and humanity, that because Senator Bird may not be one of the 'elect,' he 'cannot move or act except in the direction of evil,' when he receives into his house the fugitive slave? What is humanly noble and compassionate is thus theologically sinful. Thirdly,—*This doctrine would make the contrast between the regenerate and the unregenerate infinitely greater than it appears actually as a matter of fact to be.* If unconverted man is so totally and radically corrupt as this, is the converted man so totally and radically changed as to be uniformly, or in the main, actuated by an opposite principle of conduct? The theory of regeneration is, that the Holy Spirit, co-operating with the belief in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer, produces a new character and a new life, sustained by love to God, as its governing principle. Now *if* Calvin's theory of man's total corruption be sound, and if this theory of regeneration be also sound, there would then exist before the face of man two great classes of character in as utter and complete a contrast as can be well conceived. But is it so? Does *fact* equally justify each and both of these theories? We are reduced, therefore, to one of the following alternatives. While utterly repudiating Pelagianism, we must nevertheless reject Calvin's exaggerated view of man's total and universal corruption; or, on the other hand, we must make a serious abatement in respect to the theory of regeneration, and suppose that men do not undergo the vast change which is implied by the orthodox view. We prefer the former alternative. For, speaking of the two great classes or masses of men (it would not be fair to argue from extreme individual cases), there is not, we repeat, that broad opposition between them which these two theories necessitate us to look for and believe in.

Then, as to the third part of this definition—'That before actual



sin is committed this hereditary depravity makes us obnoxious to the wrath of God,' Calvin takes pains to say that it is not liability to punishment for another's fault. For even infants, bringing their condemnation with them from their mother's womb, *suffer not for another's, but for their own defect*. Now it seems to us that if the terms of these statements are to be interpreted strictly, there are two observations to be made in reply to them. *First*—putting aside the question of their agreement or non-agreement with Scripture—that *they are revolting to our sense of justice*. They embody the doctrine—not that we participate in the consequences of another's crime—for that is a plain matter of fact which no reason can shake or strengthen, but that unconscious, unintelligent, inactive creatures are responsible and punishable for a certain defect of nature or seeds of evil which they involuntarily bring with them into the world. This surely is to perplex all our ideas of what constitutes responsibility, and to introduce extraordinary notions of justice. How, upon this theory, is the salvation of those who die in infancy to be hoped for, except upon some equally unintelligible theory that the mediation of Christ in some way removes their guilt? That is to say, they are, first of all, to be condemned by a law they have never violated, and then to be redeemed by a Saviour in whom they have never believed. This we confess is a method of government which we should be reluctant to impute to a wise and righteous being. *But secondly*, Has any one the right—using the word punishment strictly—to say that the sufferings infants undergo in consequence of their relation to Adam are to be considered expressions of the wrath of God—penal inflictions upon guilty creatures? We conceive that there is a real and valid distinction to be made between what we suffer as *punishment*, and what we suffer in *consequence of our connexion with the race*. Now Calvin makes the consequences of original depravity, even in the case of those who have not *actually* sinned, to be eternal, and says that they justly deserve the Divine condemnation. Is there any foundation for this? Can it be ascertained from those passages that speak on this question, that our hereditary corruption entails upon us more than these three things—an incipient tendency to sin, which, indeed, will inevitably lead us eventually into actual guilt, physical suffering, and temporal death. Now all these consequences belong to time, and are explained by the fact that we partake the *nature* of our progenitor. Why such a law should regulate our connexion with the race may be one of the questions which theology is not competent to answer. But the illustrations of the same law are plentiful enough. The man who was born blind was not born so as a punishment to himself or to his parents. A parent bequeaths to his child a disgraceful reputation, which remains a stigma upon his name, or propagates a sickly constitution, the consequence of his vices, but we never think or speak of such things as punishments or manifestations of God's wrath; and no man ever reproaches himself in suffering such natural calamities. So our primal progenitor sinned, suffered, and died—we from him derive a sinful tendency, suffering, and death; but no one.

has a right to say that we are lying under God's wrath, b have this inherited tendency to sin; or that suffering and the penal consequence of it. But we forbear from going and fully into this question, and proceed with other matters.

III. The very difficult and perplexed question of *Liberty* Calvin has rendered still more difficult and per his manner of treating it. His chapters on Free Will ha more trouble to understand than any other part of his writ seems to have had a good deal of trouble himself in huntin metaphysical part of the question; for we have definitions, tions, &c., almost without end, quoted from Chrysostom Augustine (he always bows to the authority of Augustine), Anselm, Peter Lombard, Thomas Aquinas, and many oth then, as a sequel to all this, a very confused statement of views, backed by a multitude of Scripture quotations, only bearing upon the controversy.

Let us observe, however, that Calvin denies Liberty or F saint and sinner alike. The passages in which he denies naregenerate are very abundant. Indeed, it is but the simpl obvious inference he could draw from his doctrine of t dreadful corruption of human nature. 'Let it stand, ther says, 'as an indubitable truth, which no engines can shake mind of man is so entirely alienated from the righteousness that he cannot conceive, desire, or design anything but what i distorted, foul, impure, and iniquitous; that his heart is so th envenomed by sin that it can breathe out nothing but corrup rottenness; *that if some men occasionally make a show of their mind is ever interwoven with hypocrisy and deceit; t inwardly bound with the fetters of wickedness.*' Let that suffice—or if we were to add another it should be drawn chapter in which his relentless logic displays itself with which trembles on the line which separates piety from blaspi chapter in which he boldly repudiates the ordinary and r distinction between what God permits and what he causes diu the act of his will. 'With regard,' says Calvin, 'to secre ments, what Solomon says of the heart of a king, that it i hither and thither, as God sees meet, certainly applies to the human race, and has the same force as if he had said, *th ever we conceive in our minds is directed to its end by th inspiration of God.* And, certainly, did he not work internall minds of men it could not have been properly said that he tak the lip from the true, and prudence from the aged—takes a heart from the princes of the earth that they wander through paths. Thus, then, man's freedom, according to Calvin, is d by two causes—the irresistible influence of his entire corrupt the direct agency of God *for evil* upon his mind.

But he *denies Freedom also to the regenerate.* 'We must, th he says, 'attend to the admonition of Paul, when he thus a believers:—"Work out your own salvation with fear and tre

For it is God which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure." He ascribes to them a part in acting that they may not indulge in carnal sloth, but by enjoining fear and trembling, he humbles them, so as to keep them in remembrance, *that the very thing which they are ordered to do is the proper work of God*—distinctly intimating that believers act (if I may so speak) *passively*, inasmuch as the power is given them from heaven, and cannot, in any way, be arrogated to themselves.' And again: 'Any intermixture which men attempt to make by *conjoining the effort of their own will with divine grace is corruption*, just as when unwholesome and muddy water is used to dilute wine.'

The question of our freedom is susceptible of three modes of determination; either by means of *abstract reasoning*, showing the relation between motives and the will, and the dependence of the nature and strength of motives upon our character and circumstances—a process which inevitably lands us in fatalism; or *by an appeal to our moral consciousness*, which shows us that we have the power of altering our habits, character, and circumstances—a process which establishes our responsibility and freedom; or by the more philosophical, but more difficult, method of believing in both of these conclusions, and confessing our inability to reconcile them. This last is the method of Scripture. It proclaims man the slave of sin, and urges his dependence upon the Divine Spirit for recovery and renewal; but it also appeals to the sense of guilt and responsibility and freedom which is in him, and urges him to seek the formation of a new life and character; but it never troubles us with any metaphysical endeavour to reconcile these contradictory theories. Now, here is the vice of Calvinism. It excludes from the treatment of this question the ineradicable sense of liberty which every man has; that sense of liberty which awakens the terrors of remorse, and the joys of aspiration and victory—that indestructible feeling which tells him that he personally, whatever his character and whatever his circumstances, *might be and ought to be* a different man from what he is. And because it makes this grand omission, it must be, *if logically carried out*, ever unfavourable to practical religion and high culture. And yet it requires but a slight exercise of candour to acknowledge that some of the divinest men who ever trod the earth have been theoretical Calvinists.

What, then, is the practical solution of these contradictory theories? What bond mysteriously unites them in our constant convictions? May it not be some such principle as this, that though the Divine purpose, and our depravity, impose an actual limit upon our freedom, we cannot theoretically determine that limit; that in our consciousness no limit *can* be assigned to it; that we believe, with the force of an eternal conviction, that, *if we wish*, we can conquer habits the most inveterate—passions the most fierce—not by any single direct act of the will, but by repetitions of such acts we can gradually so modify our character as to establish the fact of our freedom. It is the absence of that wish for which we condemn ourselves, and for the

neglect of power there is within us with which we upbraid ourselves. Any system which, like Calvinism, ignores these facts in our nature, lies open to the charge, not only of being one-sided and incomplete, but also of failing to show that we are amenable to a just tribunal, and of cutting the ground from under us of all religious endeavour. To tell a man that he is to believe in Jesus Christ, that he is to repent of sin, as the apostles told him, and then to whisper to him that he is a helpless slave, unable to move hand or foot in this work, is such a message to come to him in the name of a gospel as may well embitter his misery and destroy all feeling or responsibility.

Here, for the present, we pause; in the hope of resuming our exposition in our next number.

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### Cyprian, Prelate of Carthage.

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THE origin, exciting causes, and course of the Carthaginian schism, are involved in considerable obscurity. We have the story of only one party, and, indeed, of only one individual belonging to that party—Cyprian himself. Were we able to check his statements by the accounts of his opponents, or, still better, by those of impartial bystanders, we should be in a more advantageous position to form a judgment upon the case. But when Cyprian received the honours of canonization, there was no devil's advocate employed to show cause against his promotion, according to the modern practice of the Church of Rome, or at all events the records of the process are irretrievably lost. The hierarchy, in the person of its zealous champion, Cyprian—the real father of Latin Christianity, as Millman rightly styles him—succeeded in trampling out this dangerous revolt against its swelling pretensions, and the pæans of the victors in a mortal struggle are not wont to celebrate the virtues of the vanquished. The bishop's own letter to Pupianus affords us almost the only intimation that there *were* two sides to the question at all.

The protest of the five presbyters against Cyprian's election to the prelate's chair could, of course, avail nothing for the moment against the stormy enthusiasm of the people in favour of their idol. But it is in the nature of such ebullitions of popular feeling not to last long; and as it cooled down, the importance of the clerical opposition began to make itself felt. A nucleus was presented around which all the elements of discontent—whether arising from a proper disgust at the high-handed manner in which Cyprian from the first wielded his pastoral crook, or from less excusable motives—would be sure to rally. And as the presbyters still possessed ancient rights, which they were not backward to assert, and still strove to recover their former influence in the ecclesiastical government, there could be no want of disputes

between so stiff a hierarch as Cyprian, and his antagonists in the presbyterial college.

The flight of Cyprian, and his prolonged absence from his flock, in the Decian persecution—although in all probability justifiable, and even commendable under the circumstances of the case, particularly considering that he had been proscribed by name in the proconsular edict, and marked out for special vengeance—were naturally liable to misconstruction. Amongst the fiery Africans with whom the writings of their countryman Tertullian—who has left a special treatise against this sin, as he deemed it in all cases—were a household book, this is easily conceivable. Of the, perhaps, unworthy suspicions excited by the prudence, or, as many regarded it, the cowardice of their pastor, advantage would be taken by any inclined to a spirit of disaffection. We know from the extant correspondence between Cyprian and the Roman clergy at this epoch, that his conduct was viewed with some degree of misgiving even in that distant church, so that he is obliged to heap up arguments, some of which are not very strong, to vindicate himself from their inuendoes. Much more must his withdrawal have excited evil surmisings at home. At the same time, his forced retreat left the field clear for any intrigues against his power. Under these delicate circumstances he appears to have given further offence to the five presbyters by refusing a petition which they forwarded to him in his exile, the subject matter of which is not stated. It probably referred, however, to some disciplinary measures deemed necessary by them to meet the trying exigencies of the times. Most likely they demanded his consent to the readmission of the lapsed to fellowship during the heat of persecution, without requiring of them the long term of penance which had been usually insisted upon. This was, then, a vital question to the Church, and it was that upon which the schism eventually broke out, as did afterwards the more important Novatianist division at Rome. Cyprian, although some deemed him, in consequence of his retirement from the storm, to be much in need of leniency himself, took the more rigorous view of the sin of these fallen brethren. Afterwards, when Novatian at Rome quarrelled with Cornelius, because the latter advocated the laxer doctrine, the bishop of Carthage changed sides. It is important to keep this in view, because it tends to show that with him the hierarchial interest was the all-absorbing one. Certainly, if a relaxation of the discipline of the Church was reasonable at all, it was safer to allow it in the very heat of the fiery trial, as the five Carthaginian presbyters proposed, when there was yet ample opportunity for the penitents to redeem their character, than afterwards, as Cornelius and his Roman synod decreed. This distinction appears to be deserving of more consideration than it has usually received. Novatus, the leader of the Carthaginian opposition, has been unjustly accused of levity and inconsistency because, after advocating the more lenient principle in his native city, he afterwards, at Rome, abetted Novatian in his protest in behalf of the stricter view. But historians have forgotten that the fact of the cessation of the persecution in the meantime makes all the difference.

Was there not sense and reason, as well as piety, in the wish that so long as the sword was still hanging by a hair over the head of every Christian, those who had unhappily failed in confessing Christ at first, and had thus fallen from their standing in the Church, should, upon declaring their godly sorrow for the sin, be at once welcomed back to her bosom, and be allowed a second chance of martyrdom? And was there either sense, reason, or piety, in demanding a suspension of wholesome discipline when the crisis was over, as a reward for the infamy with which whole crowds of professing Christians had disgraced the Church as she had never been disgraced before? It is surprising that Neander should see in this change of tone on the part of Novatus nothing but the vacillations of a man of a turbulent spirit, anxious only to kindle strife or to take part in it, and loving to be in opposition everywhere; and that, on the other hand, the great historian should discern in Cyprian's altered policy on this question only the proof of his growth in Christian wisdom. It may be very true that Novatus was everywhere inclined to take part against the bishops, as it certainly cannot be questioned that Cyprian never abandoned his order, whatever change may have taken place in his principles in other respects. So far, then, both men are on a par. Novatus was a staunch anti-prelatist; and Cyprian, a staunch prelatist. But Novatus has this advantage, that besides being consistently right in his opposition to prelatical usurpation, he was equally so in his disciplinary principles; whereas Cyprian plainly sacrificed his consistency in the question about the reception of the lapsed to his high episcopal notions. He was wrong altogether; wrong even in his consistency. He was wrong in preaching up the letter of the Church rule, when mercy and forbearance were urgently required; wrong in preaching it down at a time when the sternest rigours of holy discipline were loudly called for by the terrible apostasy of the times; and most wrong in thus betraying the vital interests of Christendom, for the paltry object of aggrandizing his order.

Cyprian, in his answer to the petition of the five presbyters, fell back with great address, as he was wont to do, upon the rights of the community. The cases of the lapsed, he said, could not be decided until the persecution was over, when they would be considered by all the brethren and clergy together. It was the policy of prelacy at first to pit the people against the presbyters. What the people have gained by suffering themselves to be thus cajoled, we see by the abject prostration of the popular element in every episcopal church at this hour.

Since such an answer was tantamount to mere trifling with what they deemed to be the paramount interest of the Church, the five presbyters soon began to show themselves impatient of the yoke. Each of them seems to have been at the head of a separate congregation in Carthage, or the environs; and since, as it seemed to them, Cyprian had practically abdicated his functions, they adopted their own measures in these filial communities. Novatus, one of the number, who was president of a community which met in a chapel situated upon a

hill near Carthage, had already gone so far as to ordain a deacon, Felicissimus, without consulting the bishops, whose authority he deemed to be no higher than his own. Felicissimus appears to have been a man of some influence and consideration, since the party afterwards went by his name. Cyprian warmly resented this encroachment upon his most sacred and indefeasible rights, and was most energetic in his denunciation of it. 'But,' observes Neander, 'if may have been the opinion of Novatus on the principles of his presbyterian system, that, as a presbyter and presiding officer of the Church, he was warranted so to proceed. The right and the wrong in the transaction was a point certainly not so clearly made out, at a time when the struggle betwixt the aristocratic and monarchical forms of church government remained still undecided.' Felicissimus, however, was permitted to retain office at the outset, since Cyprian was not disposed to push matters to extremes if he could otherwise secure his aim—the undisputed recognition of his authority. But he did not persevere, it would seem, in this more moderate course, and the outbreak of the Decian persecution, with the questions which it threw up, precipitated the crisis.

The cases in which a relaxation of discipline had been sought were not those of the worst class of offenders. Many, without denying their religion publicly by offering sacrifice to the gods, as required by the edict, had escaped by an evasion. They had purchased from the government officers certificates—*libelli*—that they had done so, whence they were called *libellatici*, or certificated persons. This method of escaping from the responsibilities of a Christian profession had always been treated by the Church as a tacit abjuration, and such individuals were excluded from fellowship accordingly. But it happened very frequently that they were afterwards seized with the pangs of remorse, and eagerly panted to regain the precious but dangerous honours of Christian citizenship. The question now was, whether this concession could be made to them. Cyprian, as we have seen, sided at first with the stricter Church party on the question, which was for refusing to grant absolution on any conditions to such as had broken their baptismal vow by one of the so-called mortal sins, of which apostasy was deemed to be the most heinous. This was the extreme to which Novatian was afterwards driven by the heat of opposition and controversy. Cyprian had imbibed this view from the writings of Tertullian, and expresses it, without reserve or limitation, in works which he wrote before the quarrel in his church commenced, so that his sincerity, thus far, at least, must be admitted. In his treatise, 'De Habitu Virginum,' he says:—"The words of the Lord, who warns while he heals, are—"Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." After he has bestowed health, he gives the rule of life; nor does he leave the man thenceforth to wander about as he lists; but as the man was bound to serve him by the very fact that he had been healed by him, our Lord threatens him with the greater severity; for the guilt is less to have sinned before one has known the doctrines of the Lord; but when one sins after he has begun to know them, there is no place for forgiveness.'

In like manner, in his Common Place Book of the Bible, he says :— 'To him who has sinned against God, no forgiveness can be granted in the Church.' For, with many of the fathers, he drew the Jewish distinction between sins against men and sins against God, and held that the latter were reserved to God alone to pardon. Hence, when the question came before him in a practical shape, he was inclined, alike by his private sentiments and by his jealousy for his own prerogative, zealously to oppose the exercise of the powers of absolution during his absence by his subordinates. Still the necessities of the situation were urgent in favour of a milder course, and his own sympathies must have been excited at the distress of his fallen brethren. In this state of indecision he declared that the lapsed should be exhorted to repentance, but that the decision of their ecclesiastical position should be reserved to the time when, on the restoration of peace, the bishops, clergy, and churches, in joint and cautious deliberation, should be able to unite in some common principles in relation to a matter in which every Christian was so deeply interested. 'He who cannot delay,' he added, 'may obtain the crown of martyrdom.' His opponents very naturally thought that those who were proper candidates for martyrdom, could not be refused restoration to the Church, especially at a time when God in his Providence was himself so severely disciplining all her members. It is very possible that they may have erred as much in the one extreme as the rigorists did in another, and that to increase their own popularity and to swell the number of their followers, the malcontents may have been too remiss in neglecting to exact proper guarantees of true penitence. Still there was less danger of this abuse, as we have already observed, during this time of peril than afterwards, when, with the sanction of the synods, the doors were thrown open very wide.

The matter became more serious when the imprisoned confessors, whose influence was unbounded, and rivalled that of the bishops themselves, supported the demands of the recalcitrant presbyters in behalf of the lapsed. The suffrage of these witnesses of the faith, who had already undergone the sharpest tortures, and some of whom were in daily expectation of death itself, naturally possessed great weight with the Christians. 'It was in itself considered,' Neander observes, 'altogether consonant with the spirit of Christianity, that the last legacy of these men should be a *legacy of affection*; that their last words should be an *expression of love* to their brethren; that they who, after having victoriously sustained the conflict, were about to enter into glory, should show sympathy for their weaker brethren who had fallen in the struggle; that, finally, they should recommend these fallen to the charitable acceptance of the church. It was just and right, moreover, that the word of these witnesses of the faith should be held in peculiar respect, provided only it were not forgotten that they were sinful men, needing, like all others, the forgiveness of their sins, and that, so long as they were in the flesh, they had still to maintain the conflict with the flesh.' Certain it is, that from time immemorial, the confessors had always exercised this prerogative of



mercy. That it was not unfrequently abused, and that the martyrs were prone to fall into the temptation of forgetting their liability to err, and of being so dazzled by the excessive veneration paid them as to turn their momentary victory, gained by the grace of God, to the nourishment of spiritual pride, is also too true. There is reason to believe that in the present instance they were far too free in the exercise of their spiritual powers. Cyprian complains, indeed, that they issued thousands of certificates daily to applicants from all parts of Africa, which were drawn up in the form, 'Let such an one with his family be received to communion.' If this be strictly true, it gives a sad picture of the condition of the Church at the time, and affords painful confirmation of previous misgivings. But it is probably an exaggeration, into which Cyprian was hurried by his heated temper.

These ecclesiastical drafts were honoured without more ado by the five presbyters, to Cyprian's great annoyance and disgust. Nor is it to be doubted that he was animated by a true Christian and pastoral feeling in opposing such excesses, however alloyed with baser metal. By the decided stand which he took against these practices, he exposed himself to much unpopularity, both as seeming to be unduly severe against the lapsed, and wanting in reverence for the confessors. He reminded the confessors that true confession was not an *opus operatum*, but must consist in the whole tenor of the conduct. 'The tongue,' he said, 'which has confessed Christ must preserve its honour pure and untarnished; for he who, according to our Lord's precept, speaks what tends to peace, to goodness, and to truth, confesses Christ every day of his life.' He warned them against carnal security and pride. 'It must be your endeavour,' he said to them, 'to carry out what you have happily begun. It is but little to have succeeded in *obtaining* an advantage; it is more to be able to *preserve* what you have obtained. Our Lord taught us this when he said, "Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." Think that he also says to his confessor, "Behold, thou art made a confessor; sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee." In fine, Solomon and Saul, and many others, were able, so long as they walked in the ways of the Lord, to retain the grace which was given them; but no sooner had they left the discipline of the Lord than they were left also by his grace. I hear that some are elated with pride; and yet it is written, "Be not high-minded, but fear." Our Lord "was led as a sheep to the slaughter; as a lamb before her shearers is dumb, so opened he not his mouth;" and is there any one now, who lives by him, and in him, that dares to be proud and high-minded, unmindful of the life which he led, and of the doctrines which he has given us, either by himself or by his apostles? If the servant be not greater than his Lord, then let those that follow the Lord, humbly, peacefully, and quietly, walk in his footsteps. The more one abases himself, the more shall he be exalted.' This was wholesome advice, and not less necessary for prelates than for confessors. Had Cyprian always acted in the spirit of the closing words of the extract, he would have learnt the true secret of Church power according to the New Testament, and

would not have needed to resort to such blustering declamation as we are always hearing from him to prep up his unscriptural pretensions.

Cyprian exposed himself to much odium by refusing to recognise the authority of the martyrs to demand the readmission of the lapsed. When Lucian, a confessor, claiming to act upon the dying wishes of a martyr, Paul, who had been the companion of his dungeon, furnished numbers of the fallen with the so-called certificates of peace or reconciliation with the Church, the bishop rejected the claimants, although armed with these powerful pleas in their favour, observing, 'Although the Lord has given command that the nations shall be baptized and their sins forgiven in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; yet this man, in ignorance of the Divine law, proclaims peace and the forgiveness of sins in the name of Paul; he does not consider that the martyrs make not the gospel, but the gospel the martyrs.' This protest, also, would be more deserving of our admiration, did not Cyprian's frequent assertions of the power of remitting sins vested in the *prælate*, prompt the suspicion that he was more jealous of a rival pretender to his own throne, than to that of his Lord.

The pressure against him at length became so great that Cyprian was obliged to make a partial concession. When the African summer arrived, with its intense heats, and cases of sickness became very numerous, he gave way so far as to receive the confessors' certificates of peace in favour of those of the fallen, who, in prospect of death, were eager to be restored to the communion of the Church. In a letter to the Roman community, with which he maintained a frequent correspondence, he assigns as his reason for yielding this point, the desire to assuage, in some measure, the turbulence of the multitude, and to cut off occasion of misrepresentation on the part of his refractory clergy, who brought him into discredit with the people by accusing him of insulting the memories of the martyrs. He avowed, also, that in making this concession he was greatly influenced by his veneration for the Roman Church, with which he was always very anxious to keep on good terms. For in Rome this rule had for some time been established.

The conciliatory spirit which Cyprian showed in this and in some other respects seemed likely to have the effect of restoring tranquillity to his church, and of winning back the wavering attachment of the people to his person and administration. Accordingly the bishop was already cherishing the hope that as the persecution had somewhat relaxed, he should be able to return to Carthage to celebrate with his flock the Easter of A.D. 251. But it was not to be so, and his hopes were suddenly frustrated in consequence of a measure which he himself took with the view of consolidating his episcopal power, much shaken of late, but which had the contrary effect of precipitating the schism. Preparatory to his return, he had commissioned two bishops and two presbyters to hold a visitation in his name. Their instructions were, to give to the poor of the church, who from age and sickness could not earn a livelihood, so much out of the church funds as was sufficient for their maintenance. In like manner, they were to

eke out the wages of such as had a trade, but could not live by it; and they were to furnish others with enough money to buy tools and stock necessary for their employments. Finally, they were to draw up a list of all the poor kept out of the common chest, with notes of their ages, qualifications, and their behaviour during the persecution, that Cyprian might become accurately acquainted with all these particulars, and might promote the worthy, and as he here specially insisted, the *meek* and the *humble*, to such ecclesiastical offices as they might be judged competent to fill. Now the urgency of circumstances may very well have imperatively required that some provision should be made without delay for those who had been beggared by the persecution, and nothing could be more commendable than that the bishop should bestir himself to meet this pressing emergency out of the charitable funds of the church. But in the critical temper of men's minds at such a crisis, the utmost circumspection was requisite, and it is obvious that this measure of Cyprian's was liable to misconstruction. Neander very properly observes: 'The qualifications to which particular attention was to be directed, namely, *meekness* and *humility*, were peculiarly needful, during this period of ferment and uneasiness in the Church, in those who entered into its service, that the peace of the church might be restored on a solid foundation, and the first germs of divisions suppressed.' But, on the other hand, what security, it may be asked, had the other party, at whose influence this measure seemed directly aimed, as a master stroke of policy, that these qualifications were not to be interpreted in a Cyprianic, rather than in a Christian sense; that, in short, they did not mean obsequiousness and servile devotedness to the prelate's extravagant views of his office? Moreover, as Neander allows, the Presbyterian party may not have admitted the bishop's right to ordain such a church visitation, or distribution of the church funds, on his own responsibility, and without the concurrence of the whole presbyterial college, or they may have disputed, at least, the right in Cyprian, inasmuch as they were no longer willing to own him as their bishop. They could not be blind to the fact that, should he succeed in carrying out this act of episcopal power, their power would be completely broken, whilst the church would be bound more closely than ever to himself, and its offices filled with such as would be practically his creatures. Hence it is no wonder that this his assumption of the right thus to remodel the clerical body in subserviency to his own purposes, and to dispose of the charitable resources of the community entirely *proprio motu*, as the papal official style phrases it, met with the most stubborn resistance. Especially did the deacon Felicissimus set the bishop's ordinance at defiance. In North Africa, and in the daughter church of Spain, as well as in Rome, where even down to Jerome's time and afterwards, a deacon was thought much more of than a presbyter, the diaconate was far more powerful than in other countries. Moreover, Felicissimus appears to have kept the church chest, and since a voice as to the application of its contents seemed to belong to him of right, as well as of custom, he refused to

be a party to the carrying out of what he and his party deemed a quite arbitrary stretch of prerogative, which, besides, was manifestly directed against themselves. He declared, in particular, to the poor who frequented the chapel of Novatus, in which he had been appointed deacon, that he would see they should not want for support; and threatened such as should recognise the episcopal commission by appearing before it, that they should have no part in the distribution to be made out of the funds under his control. Thus the standard of revolt was openly unfurled, and this chapel on the hill became the rallying-place of all those dissatisfied with Cyprian's administration, and especially of many of the confessors and their clients whom he had so mortally offended.

Under these circumstances, Cyprian deemed it wise to defer his return to Carthage until Whitsuntide, at which season it was usual for the synods to be held, and when, accordingly, he might expect to be supported by the authority of the whole prelatical order. In this council of the North African Church, in which Cyprian presided, the vexed question as to the proper treatment of the lapsed brethren, and the schism which had arisen out of it, were naturally the subjects which engaged the attention of the assembled prelates. As regards the former, it was determined to adopt a middle course between the excessive severity which cut off the offenders from all hope, and a lax indulgence in complying with their wishes; to maintain the soundness of church discipline, and yet not to drive the lapsed to despair by an unconditional refusal of absolution and readmission to the Church, whereby they might be led at length to abandon themselves to their lusts, or to sink back again into paganism. First, the different characters of the offences should be investigated, and to all, not excepting even such as had sacrificed to the idols, who gave evidence by their conduct of a truly penitent spirit, the communion was to be granted in all cases of mortal sickness. Should such persons recover, they were not to be deprived of the privilege they had obtained by the grace of God, but might remain in the fellowship of the Church. At a somewhat later period, on the occurrence of a fresh outburst of persecution, a further degree of indulgence was accorded, and, it would seem, the same for which the five presbyters had contended in the beginning, viz., that the communion should be granted to *all who should give evidence of true penitence by their conduct*, so that they might not enter the conflict unarmed, but strengthened by communion with the Lord's body. But they who had not given the least evidence of repentance in any of their conduct, and first expressed a desire for the communion when on the sick bed, should not then receive it, because it might almost certainly be presumed that it was not sorrow for sin which had prompted the desire, but the fear of approaching death, and *he* was not deserving of consolation in death who had not thought of death till it was near at hand. As to the schism, the synod, of course, passed an indignant sentence of condemnation on the party of Felicissimus; and Cyprian and his colleagues flattered themselves that they had thus effectually

put down the rebellion. But this was certainly not the case. The party of Novatus and Felicissimus even secured the alliance of several of the African bishops, some of whom Cyprian stigmatizes as men of bad character, which may or may not have been the case. When at length (perhaps to conciliate these episcopal adherents) they proceeded to set up an anti-prelate in Carthage itself, in the person of Fortunatus, one of the five presbyters, and according to custom notified the election to the Roman, along with other foreign churches, it even seemed likely for a while that Cornelius would side with Fortunatus against Cyprian, who was fain to write a very angry letter to his brother hierarch in the metropolis to protest against his doing so. 'Since it has been decided by us all,' he says in this letter, 'and is besides just and right, that every man's cause should be examined upon the spot where the wrong has been done, and since *his own* part of the flock has been allotted to each pastor, which he is to guide and govern *as one who must render to the Lord an account of his stewardship*; those who are under our jurisdiction ought not to be suffered to go where they please, and by their deceptions and effrontery, interrupt the harmony of the united bishops, but they should be obliged to prosecute their causes where accusers and witnesses of their offences can be had.' Even in Commodian's time, some twenty or thirty years later, we meet with traces of the continuance of this separation, which, but for Cyprian's inflated notions of his prelatical dignity, would, probably, never have taken place.

B. H. C.

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### Journal of an Episcopal Missionary.\*

ARCHDEACON MERRIMAN is described by the Bishop of Cape Town as one of the 'most heroic, self-denying, and devoted sons of the English Church,' whose 'entire self-forgetfulness and tender consideration for others, whose frankness and straightforwardness, whose light-hearted cheerfulness and simplicity of character, and whose frugal, yet generous hospitality, have won for him the respect and admiration of many in the land of his adoption.' The perusal of the archdeacon's journals convinces us that this picture is not overdrawn, and we can assure our readers they will find it very pleasant travelling in company with this African adventurer. A man who can take a walk of 'fourteen hundred miles' (p. 158), through a wild, inhospitable country, extemporize a dinner, and then cook it to his own satisfaction, sleep any where and

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\* 'The Kafir, the Hottentot, and the Frontier Farmer; or Passages of Missionary Life from the Journals of the Venerable Archdeacon Merriman.' Bell, Fleet-street. 'The Work of Christ in the World. Four Sermons, preached before the University of Cambridge.' By George Augustus Selwyn, D.D., Bishop of New Zealand. Macmillan, Cambridge.

any how, in the bush, on the grass, under a waggon, or in a Kafir hut; who in 'nineteen days rides four hundred and fifty miles (p. 177), on a poor, 'thin horse,' carrying over his saddle his 'valise, kombarse, and kettle;' who takes everything so easily that when his wearied steed tumbles down he only says, 'it was the wisest thing he could do;' a man with quiet humour, yet stern decision of character, who, when a Kafir begs him for a bit of tobacco, replies by asking him if he did not know what God had said, repeating at the same time the tenth commandment in Kafir, and saying, 'nor his ox, nor his ass, *nor his tobacco*, nor anything that is his' (p. 10); who nevertheless sits down by the side of this Kafir, gives him his walking stick as a forget-me-not, having 'cut out his name on it, MALL, previously' (a boys' trick learnt at the Charterhouse); such a man is good company at any time, and though we may not like all he says or all he does, we can't help liking and loving *him*, and that very heartily too. We propose for our readers a quiet ramble through these journals, jotting down as we travel together such remarks as may seem needful. Amongst a people like the Kafirs, African Pariahs, in our opinion far more sinned against than sinning (the archdeacon does not think so), Christianity must of necessity make very slow progress. As the eye must be educated to enjoy a picture, and the ear to appreciate harmony, so would it seem that there is an abnormal condition of humanity in which, being alienated from the life of God through ignorance, there must be some previous elementary training before the sublime truths of Christianity can intelligently be received. When a Kafir says (p. 8), 'it was too hot for him to turn Christian; he must wear clothes if he did, and might not grease his body or paint it with red clay;' we see one proof of our statement; and admire the true-hearted faith and courage of the archdeacon, who, in his visitation tour amongst these Kafirs, tells us that he knew these 'people were not to be won by a dainty approach in kid gloves; but that a mission to succeed amongst such a people must be sown in sweat and labour, and not in luxury, or even comfort;' and who on these principles starts upon his long walk of fourteen hundred miles 'with only his canvass haversack, a blanket, a few sticks of tobacco, two or three hard boiled eggs, and four three-penny pieces in his pocket.' A wise man is this archdeacon; here, for instance, is a fine illustration of his tact. 'At length Umhala, a dirty, scrubby-looking savage, in an old blanket, red with clay like the rest, crawled out and stood before me. After eyeing one another for what seemed an age, I wondered that he did not begin to ask questions, and converse readily, as the other Kafirs had done; and not knowing how long this dignified silence was to last, I turned to Wilhelm and bade him say who I was; that I came from the bishop whom Umhala had seen at King William's Town about a year before; that I bore a message to ask if he was desirous to have a teacher, and if he would receive two teachers, kindly protect them, and see that they did not starve, and keep his people from robbing and injuring them. Wilhelm looked shocked at the vulgar volubility of my ideas, though condensed into one sentence, which he heard patiently to the end, and

then said coolly, but in a low voice, "No, I must not say all that; that is not Kafir law,"—a favourite phrase with him, "Isiko masso. The captain will ask you all this."

'So again we stood all silent, till the chief condescended to ask, "A vela pina?" "Where do you come from?" And then the ice being broken, I gradually told him all the above. He shook hands, thanked me, and welcomed me; and being somewhat tired, I sat down upon the ground. He soon followed, and we entered into further conversation. I mention the above, because I think it of consequence to deal with men after their own way; and as I had purposely thrown off the "Inkosi," or English gentleman, to approach as a messenger of good tidings, I think I was bound to study Kafir politeness, and not to do as I was grieved to hear the Slambie commissioner had done a week or two before, for he, on communicating to Umhala the report which we had heard of the bishop sending a teacher to him, and on Umhala's displaying a great deal of apathy on the subject, had called him an ungrateful old dog, and other such epithets. (Pp. 28, 29.)

We should have said that Wilhelm was a Kafir servant of the archdeacon, and here is a story reminding us of one of Moffatt's adventures; the night before they had made a fire and slept out all night 'so soundly that he was loth to stir,' but archdeacons, in common with us meaner men, have appetites, and 'it was time to look out for food,' having had none since 'the breakfast given them by a Hottentot woman the day before.' At last they spy a Boer's farm, 'and ask to purchase bread.' 'They had none.' 'Meat?' 'Perhaps.' 'Milk?' 'Did not know.' At last a piece of raw flesh was brought out, which I proposed returning to the embers of our fire and cooking, as they said they had no cooked meat; but before departing I observed that a piece of dry bread would be more acceptable, as we wanted to get on our way. Mynheer replied, 'that the bread was not baked yet.' This was enough. 'I sat down on the ground, and said, "Wilhelm, we will wait half an hour, till the bread comes out of the oven." Mynheer now saw there was no escape, and brought out a good piece of bread and a large bowl of milk, half of which I of course gave to Wilhelm, who sat by my side, and we regaled merrily.

'But the sight was too much for the vrow inside, who had not yet shown her face. To see an Englishman sitting cheek-by-jowl, and parting his bread to a Kafir servant, moved her wrath, and she commenced a tirade against wicked Kafirs, English skellum (rogues); shamefulness of interfering with Boers at Natal; hypocrisy of any Kafir pretending that he could have the law of God in his heart, while his countrymen did such and such things; wickedness of English missionaries in encouraging them, &c., &c. Wilhelm argued stoutly, and I only smiled, and told her I was sorry I could not talk Dutch enough to set her right.' (Pp. 47, 48.)

And so one might go on quoting from this genial little volume, page after page; we might tell how, when the archdeacon lost all his books, philosopher as he was, he says, 'he felt no want of intellectual entertainment, for it was a pleasure to sit for hours and stare at big moun-

tains, and have no business letters to write, and no post to carry them ;' how 'he amused himself scribbling songs for the amusement of his wife and children ;' or mended his boots in readiness for to-morrow's march. The whole book is a very recommendable book, in spite of its Church of Englandism ; and remembering how many of our books are spoiled by their absurd Dissenterism, we feel that we have no room to find fault with this apostolic pioneer in the pathway of African regeneration. We must, however, take grave objection to some most indiscriminate remarks and censures of other missionaries, to justify which it has not seemed good to our Episcopal pedestrian to adduce a particle of evidence. The Moravians the archdeacon patronizes 'because they have so much more of a *church temper*,' but what a 'church temper' is we do not know ; whether it is the Bishop of Exeter's temper, or Archdeacon Denison's temper, or the Bishop of London's temper, or Bishop Selwyn's most lovely temper, who is to tell ; these are all 'church tempers,' and we wish Archdeacon Merriman would tell us which specimen of temper he means. Touching the Wesleyans, into whose districts the 'Reformed Church of England' unscrupulously went, the archdeacon naïvely remarks, 'that he marvelled with some degree of humiliation at the *appointment of God*, that the Wesleyans should thus labour, and we of the Church should thus enter into their labour.' (P. 40.) This is as cool a piece of archdiaconal impudence as we have ever met with. To rob other men of the results of their toil is the 'appointment of God,' in the eyes of a good man, who says 'to the Kafir, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's tobacco !'

Of the French missionaries, the archdeacon says that 'they are extensively engaged in farming, on their own private account, not for the benefit of their society, though 'their poverty is loudly spoken of and begged for in Europe,' and that 'their work is going backwards.' This is a serious charge, and ought not to be lightly made. Here, however, is a heavier charge still, and one we should hardly have expected from this quarter ; it reminds us very strongly of West Indian experiences, and we quote it as an illustration of '*church temper*.' 'It is a very remarkable circumstance that the teaching of the Independents appears to have produced in Africa a re-enactment of those very scenes which were the fruit of their predominance in England two hundred years since ; viz., as the Prayer-book expresses it, "the turning religion into rebellion, and faith into faction." Our rebels, like Cromwell's soldiers, or worse, read their Bibles, pray, and even receive the Holy Communion to-day, when they are going to dedicate the morrow to rebellion and way-side murder.'

Such are some of the flagrant drawbacks from the pleasure otherwise to be derived from this charming book ; if this is 'church temper ;' if it means shutting your eyes to evidence, and your ears to argument ; if it means setting Captain Prejudice with fifty deafmen to keep ear-gate ; then we join in the words of the Prayer-book and say, from all such church temper 'Good Lord deliver us.'

We commend Bishop Selwyn's Four Sermons to our readers, as fine



specimens of English and of Christianity, High Churchism notwithstanding. Nor can we gratify our own feelings more, or conclude this article better, than by making the following refreshing quotation: 'We make a rule never to introduce controversy among a native people, or to impair the simplicity of their faith. If the fairest openings for missionary effort lie before us, yet if the ground has been preoccupied by any other religious body, we forbear to enter. And I can speak with confidence upon this point from observation, ranging over nearly one-half of the Southern Pacific Ocean, that wherever this law of religious unity is adopted, there the gospel has its full and unchecked and undivided power; wherever the servants of Christ endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, there the native converts are brought to the knowledge of one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all.

'Nature itself has so divided our mission field, that each labourer may work without interference with his neighbour. Every island, circled with its own coral reef, is a field in which each missionary may carry out his own system with native teachers, trained under his own eye, and obedient to his will; grateful and loving men, with no pride of private judgment to interfere with their teacher's plans; children in obedience, but men in action; ready at a moment to put their lives in their hands, and to go out to preach the gospel to other islands, and there to encounter every danger that pestilence, or famine, or violence may bring upon them; with no weapon but prayer, and no refuge but in God. It has been my happy lot to visit these island missions, some occupied by missionaries of our own race, and some by native teachers; and to see the work of the gospel in every state of progress, from the simple teacher just landed from his mission ship among a people of unknown language and of savage manners, to the same teacher after a few years surrounded by his scholars, and ministering in his congregation, his chapel and dwelling-house built by their hands, and himself supported by their offerings.'

This is a church temper into which we pray that we may all more fully come.

'These high and holy works, mid lesser lays,  
Stand up like churches among village cots;  
And it is joy to think in every age,  
However much the world was wrong therein,  
The greatest works of mind or hand have been  
Done unto God. So may they ever be!  
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great,  
And the sublime humility of might.'

W. G. B.

## The Study of the Bible : a Suggestion.

MR. EDITOR,—I trust you will think with me that the following description of a pleasant and profitable evening contains hints and suggestions which some of your readers may carry out with advantage.

When on a visit lately to a friend, who lives in a moderate-sized country town, he informed me it was the custom of several of his Christian friends in the neighbourhood to meet once a week to discuss some passage of Scripture. To one of these meetings he invited me to accompany him, to which I gladly assented. It struck me that a brief and succinct account of this *conversazione* might show the benefits which may be thus obtained, and induce others to adopt so profitable a practice.

A hymn of praise preceded a prayer, invoking a guidance of the Spirit of Truth. Our host, Mr. Shepherd, then read the passage for the evening, which was 1 Peter ii. 1—3.

With regard to our company, as I learnt from my friend Mr. Burrows, we had the minister, Mr. Price, and Mr. Livant, with their Greek Testaments, Mr. Phillard, a sound philologist, an unpretending youth named Matthews, and a large proportion of ladies.

‘Wherefore, laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil-speaking, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby: if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious.’

The word *wherefore* or *then*, Mr. Livant said, seemed to connect this verse with the 23rd of chap. i.; verses 24 and 25 of that chapter being a digression or bye-verses. Mr. Phillard supported this by showing the close verbal coincidences running through verses 22, 23, and verses 1, 2, 3, now before us, obscured in our English Testament. He instanced *unhypocritical* (*Eng. Ver.*, unfeigned) *love of the brethren* (verse 22), and *hypocrisies* (verse 1); ‘and, indeed,’ he said, ‘all the good qualities mentioned in verse 22 are intentionally the opposites of the evil dispositions in verse 1. Then, again, *being born again*, in verse 24, is resumed in *new-born babes*, in verse 2; *by the word*, in *the milk of the word*; and *incorruptible* (*seed*), in *sincere* (unadulterated) *milk*.

Mr. Matthews, with much becoming diffidence, submitted whether *hypocrisies* did not here mean the *desire to be thought to entertain friendly and kind feelings towards our fellow-Christians* (or brethren), rather than the *pretence of religion*. This idea had been suggested to him by Mr. Phillard’s comparison of this expression with the *unhypocritical love of the brethren*, in verse 22; and confirmed by the fact, that all the other objectionable qualities with which *hypocrisies* are classed, refer to our conduct, or rather to our feelings, towards our fellow-Christians. This elucidation, though coming from the youngest amongst us, was graciously received and approved. Thus encouraged, he suggested the words *insincere professions* as coming nearer the

meaning. Our philologer clenched these observations by telling us, that the original meaning of *hypocrite* in Greek was a *stage-player*—one who assumed another character, endeavouring to act, but not to feel, consistently with it.

Having now arrived at the second verse, Mr. Burrows said he had been requested by one of the ladies to obtain a solution of a difficulty which had frequently puzzled her, viz., why believers are here called *new-born babes*. It was soon decided that this term only applies to the converts then addressed by Peter, young in the faith, not yet able to bear to be fed with strong meat, but only with milk, with reference to 1 Cor. iii. 2. There were, however, dissentients from this decision; Mr. Livant holding that the word was applicable to all believers, who were constantly commanded to display the disposition of children. Mr. Price said there was a distinction between *new-born babes* and *children*, and recommended the perusal of Whately's admirable essay upon this subject.\* Mr. Phillard proposed still another explanation, viz., that the apostle intended his converts to resemble babes only in the intense longing they should manifest for spiritual food—'As babes just born, whose essential and most noticeable peculiarity is their earnest longing for the mother's breast, so do ye yearn after; and this is not too strong a translation of the Greek.'

Some good practical observations were then offered by the minister upon the necessity of looking often and closely into the mirror of God's word, to see the sinfulness of *our corrupt nature*—a knowledge which no philosophy in the world, either ancient or modern, had ever been found capable of teaching.

The Greek Testaments now decided that *if so be* should be altered to *since*, Mr. Phillard explaining that this meaning depended upon the particular mood of *ye have tasted*; the exact English equivalent being, *if indeed ye have tasted, as ye have*. Those who before had maintained the opinion that the phrase *new-born babes* indicated new converts, young in the faith, freshly regenerated, now called in the aid of this *ye have tasted*, saying, it implied new experience, and a fresh world of ideas, opposed to the larger knowledge of advanced Christians. The scholars being appealed to, were unanimous in the opinion that the word to *taste* corresponded sufficiently closely with the original, and denoted, in its metaphorical use, partial knowledge and experience; as in Paul's exhortation—'Touch not; *taste* not; handle not;'<sup>†</sup> or rather, 'handle not; taste not; touch not;'<sup>†</sup> the writer descending in his expressions, and limiting the extent of his words as he descends.†

The connexion of this verse with the preceding was so clearly and unexpectedly brought out by our philologer, that I shall attempt to keep to his words as well as I can.

'In our English version,' he began, 'it would be impossible to see any close connexion between this verse and the two preceding; and

\* *Essays (First Series) on the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion.*

† See Trench, *New Testament Synonyms*.

I have no doubt that merely English readers take it to mean nothing more than "If ye are really Christians." We often hear similar expressions used now-a-days with such a lack of meaning; but we may take it as a sound rule, *that there is no superfluous word in the Bible*. The word *gracious* is here the culprit, which throws us off the scent. The peculiar meaning, or shade of meaning, is that of *good, kind, useful*, opposed to *just, upright*. The *just* man is admired, honoured, and gains golden opinions from all men; the *good* man gains their affection and love, sacrificing his own comforts and pleasures, laying himself out for the service of others. Such a man pre-eminently was the Lord Christ. And mark! being such a man, he was especially free from *all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, envies, and all evil-speaking*: for these are the dispositions most opposed to the character of Jesus, and to the duty of Christians. The apostle's argument, then, falls into this form: If you have, already in the infancy of your faith, discovered in any measure that the Lord Jesus was absolutely free from all malice, guile, insincerity, envy, and love of speaking against his neighbour; so do you, in imitation of his virtues, also put off these evils.'

Mr. Shepherd, upon this, closed his book. A prayer was offered, and we separated.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think you and your readers will acknowledge that none could leave such a meeting as this without benefit and pleasant reminiscence. How sealed are the beauties of the Bible to many, for want of some such key. It is possible, I allow, by the perusal of three or four commentators and ponderous German criticisms, to obtain a deeper insight into passages; but it is possible only to the few. Let the few then be glad to come, and pour forth their stores, where they will be caught up with delight. Such associations are possible, I believe, in every congregation; and though all cannot boast a Phillard, most have a Livant, and the minister, at least, ought to have acquaintance enough with Greek to be able to set right erroneous renderings. At any rate, if ministers are found deficient in this prime requisite, what more appropriate course could be adopted to incite them to remedy this defect?

E. S. J.

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### Theodore Parker.—A Pulpit Sketch.

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[We are indebted for the following sketch to a subscriber resident in Halifax, Nova Scotia, who will please herewith accept our hearty thanks.—ED.]

MR. PARKER preaches in the Music Hall, Boston, a place of no very imposing exterior, being concealed by the houses in front, and reached by a narrow alley. The interior of the hall is, however, large and commodious, and it is finely decorated. There are two galleries in it, running right round from one end of the hall to the same end on the

other side. This end contains a platform, with seats rising backward to the wall, in which is concealed a first-class organ. The roof is panelled, and decorated with gold and light blue paint. The entrances to the galleries and pit are by numerous doors opening from the lobbies, so that when a seat is not to be had near one door, people, instead of walking along inside and disturbing the congregation, pass out into the lobby and enter by another door further along—a plan that might be advantageously adopted in England. The hall is capable of holding 3,000 persons. The day I was there it was scarcely one-third full, though frequently it is overcrowded.

I expected that the congregation would be composed almost entirely of young men, whereas there were a great many young ladies, and not a few old people of both sexes. The ladies (as in New York) were gaudily and untastefully dressed in the most absurd and vulgar combinations of colour. When I entered, the choir (and a fine choir it was) was singing, the singing being accompanied by the organ, but not by the people; indeed, there was not a book to be seen anywhere but in the hands of Mr. Parker and the choir. The music was very tasteful, and had there been a 'spirit' in it would have been exquisite. The second hymn sung was Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' which Mr. Parker read with great energy. After the conclusion of the last hymn and before the commencement of the lecture, the members of the choir separated, some going to the galleries—some, I thought, going away. Their *work* was done; there was no more singing to be performed.

Mr. Parker himself was sitting in the middle and front of the platform or rostrum, behind a small reading-desk, his hands folded, his feet thrown out and resting on the edge of the footstool on which he stood when lecturing. Though apparently engaged in meditation, he was evidently not unconscious of what was passing before him, for a gentleman who came in happening to place his hat on the platform, it tumbled down; the visitor walked back to set it upright; again it tumbled over, and this time it was left to its fate, but the proceeding called forth a hearty laugh from the preacher.

In personal appearance Mr. Parker is tall and broad, but slightly stooping. His face is pale and thoughtful, not very American in caste; the forehead not remarkably high or broad, but receding slightly,—his head gathering height (in phrenological phrase) towards firmness. His forehead is bald to the apex, but on the back there is a crop of long, lanky, greyish hair; his whiskers also are grey. His eyes are deep sunk, and he wears spectacles. His mouth is tolerably large, with an expression not easily caught, seemingly, however, sarcastic. When speaking he does not open it very wide, but forces his words, like many orators, through his teeth; the tone of his voice is deep bass, monotonous, and unmodulated. His actions are neither frequent nor violent; occasionally he raises his hand and stretches out his arm, but generally folds his hands behind him or in front. Sometimes he leans on the desk, resting on his arms, and once he used his foot to express a disdainful feeling; generally, however, he stands

'erect and motionless.' He is, notwithstanding this, a most effective speaker, and his audience is remarkably attentive.

His prayer was addressed to the Father (whom he frequently called the Mother of all, and also the 'Dear God') in gratitude for light; for spring, so rich in promise; for summer, so full of growth; for autumn, so rich in ripeness and fruit; and for winter, with its grandeur, its time for securing the crops, its snows, and ice that covers the face of the waters in our northern land. He praised him for continued food and raiment, and for the great men he had given to the world, &c., &c. He was frequently very poetic, but in no part was there any recognition of himself or his fellows as sinners, or the least allusion to Christ's work. During its singular utterance there was little appearance of devotion among the audience—many of whom were talking, and some laughing.

Before the prayer Mr. Parker read several passages from various scriptures about old age and youth, and his text was taken from the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus, and was on 'old age.' The lecturer began by stating that he had been often asked to preach on old age, but had refused on the ground of incompetency, as the old man knew within what he could get only by observation. 'But this was a fault daily mending;' and he asked the aged to bear with him should he be wrong. This was praiseworthy. He then said that 'all creation praises God; the ice that crisps beneath your feet as well as the stars of fire above, praise and bless God.' Also, the lowest animal, the snake, up to the highest man. 'And it is beautiful to see them in their order so doing.' Throughout the discourse he ascribed to the unconscious and unintelligent the same power of praising as to the conscious and intelligent. The lecturer next gave a physical description of old age, common place enough; then a variety of pictures of old age, some very beautiful. He described with power the miser, the debauchee, the virtuous old man and old woman; picturing the vain woman as always seeking for admiration, everything about her being false to the last. There was much talk of manliness and of the rich and fiery blood of youth, cooled down in old age. Once he spoke of 'the rich lips meeting in a kiss, when the hot love in both rushed into one.' One picture was ludicrous enough. Speaking of a good old man, he said, 'he loved now not instinctively, as when he was young, but largely, loving the whole race. He had mounted on the shoulders of his wife, then on the backs of his sons and daughters, until now his love embraced mankind.' One was very beautiful. He said of this good old man, that 'he and his wife went on loving more deeply and strongly, until at last they became quite one. What he had given her he had received back, and what she had given him he had returned; they were now one flesh—the dualistic unity was formed. And is it not worth living many summers to attain an end like this?' Such were his appeals. He spoke strongly against orthodox Christians, Unitarians, and others, but he showed no thorough or true appreciation of Christianity. Indeed, from this specimen, as well as from the hatred manifested in his writings, it

would seem as if he could not speak without denouncing with equal bitterness all religionists who differ from him. And this is sad, for he is a man of undoubted power, and one who in America wields a great influence, not always, unfortunately, in favour of truth, though even it be not Christian truth.

Mr. Parker lectures only once on Sunday.

## *New Books in German Theology.*

AN English translation of HAVERNICK's 'Introduction to the Old Testament' was published by the Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, about five years since, and has obtained a deservedly high reputation in this country. The original work appeared in 1835, since which time the science of Biblical isagogic, as our learned neighbours style this department of theology, has made considerable advances. Hence a new edition has been undertaken by Professor KEIL, of Dorpat, the first part of which is now before us.\* Dr. Keil is a Russian subject, but we ought to be none the less grateful to him on that account for the greatly improved shape which he has given to a really good book. He must have been engaged on his task, we might almost say, within sight of our own hostile fleet as it passed into the Gulf of Finland last year; and if loyal to the Tsar, of whose university he is so distinguished an ornament, as we doubt not to be the case, he ought to have wished every ship at the bottom of the sea. Yet we deem ourselves happy in being able, even amidst the din of war, to thank one, who we suppose is our enemy, for this fresh service rendered to that kingdom which is not of this world.

Few students of the Old Testament in the original are unacquainted with Dr. AUGUSTUS HAHN's beautiful and correct edition of Van der Hooght's Hebrew Bible, nor is this the only fruit of the learned editor's studies by which he has successfully endeavoured to further the interests of religious truth. He is one of the veterans in the campaign against Rationalism, which is now, thanks to the vigorous blows inflicted upon it by him and others, in so moribund a condition. We might specify the quiet but effectual way in which he crushed the insidious attempt to cry up the Gospel of the heretic Marcion as being more ancient than our canonical Gospels, and probably one of the sources whence the latter were derived. Hahn turned this favourite position of the negative criticism most completely by simply collecting the extant fragments of Marcion's Gospel from the writings of his adversary Tertullian and others of the Christian fathers, and thus restoring, as it were, the lost work of the Gnostic teacher. This publication demonstrated to every one who had eyes to see with, the important conclusion that Marcion had done nothing more than mangle St. Luke, and that consequently this ancient heretic, whose age is the former half of the second century, must

\* Dr. H. A. C. Hävernicks 'Handbuch der historisch-kritischen Einleitung in das Alte Testament.' 2te Aufl. durchgesehen, verbessert und zum Theil umgearbeitet von Dr. C. F. Keil, Prof. der Theol. an der Kaiserl. Universität Dorpat. Frankfurt a. M. & Erlangen, 1854. London: Williams and Norgate.

have had a copy of that evangelist before him, and must, therefore, be regarded as a valuable witness to the authenticity of our third Gospel. The result was that little more was heard afterwards of this once fashionable argument of the sceptics. Other writings of Hahn against the Rationalists were equally serviceable, and having borne the burden and heat of the day, both as an author and as a theological professor at Königsberg, Leipzig, and Breslaw, he is richly entitled to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, and to contemplate with satisfaction the fruit of his former sacrifices of ease and popularity for the sake of evangelical truth, now that he has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. He is now, we believe, between sixty and seventy years of age, so that his useful and honourable career must soon be brought to a close. But it is matter of congratulation that he has a son who bids fair to emulate his excellent father's fame, as a Christian scholar and theologian. The first volume of the younger Hahn's 'Theology of the New Testament,'\* which may fairly be characterised as a work of great promise, lies upon our table, and it was for the sake of introducing the son's performance to the notice of our readers that we have availed ourselves of the opportunity of paying a deserved tribute to the worth of the father. The author appears to have a due sense of the dignity of his subject, and to exert himself to the utmost in order to do it justice. It is a happy thing that the Germans recognise the right of the New Testament to a theology of its own, and are agreed in treating this discipline as a distinct branch of sacred science. Time was when the Bible was used only as an arsenal whence arms were to be drawn for the defence of the prevailing church system. Rationalism succeeded in emancipating the Scriptures from this bondage, into which it had been brought even in the churches of the Reformation, although, alas, it was only in order to reduce the blessed book to a still more degrading slavery under the yoke of an overweening philosophy. There is now a fair prospect of its becoming independent of both its former mistresses, nay more, of its teaching them their true position as mere handmaids in its service. The day will come, when from being simply a branch of sacred study, the theology of the New Testament will be the department to which all the rest will be regarded as only subsidiary. He who truly elicits the sense of a single dark text of the inspired word, and informs with life for Christendom but half a sentence of an apostle, which the Christians of former centuries had heard as though they heard it not, does far more for the Church, in our humble opinion, and with all due deference to Dr. Silvertongue, and Mr. Redtape, than a hundred eloquent preachers or bustling secretaries. And, really, after all that has been done by the cunning exegesis of modern times, and that hermeneutical science which the Germans are acknowledged to have cultivated with no small success, and in which we must own them to be our masters, the more enlightened among themselves are the readiest to confess that very much yet remains to be done to bring us into real and living contact with the sacred penmen of the New Testament. Dr. Rothe, one of the profoundest theologians of Germany, thus expresses himself on the short-

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\* 'Die Theologie des Neuen Testaments,' von Dr. Georg Ludwig Hahn, Licentiaten der Theologie und Privat-Dozenten an der Königlichen Universität zu Breslau, Mitglied der Histor-Theol. Gesellschaft zu Leipzig und der Deutschen Morgenländischen zu Halle-Leipzig. 1ste Bd. Leipzig, 1854. Pp. 475. London: Williams and Norgate.



comings of the traditional exegesis: 'I stand before the Scripture with a key, which the Church has given into my hands, as one which has been proved throughout many a long century. Our traditional exegesis—I do not allude to that of Neologians—gives me a sort of understanding of the Scriptures, but it does not suffice to afford me a *complete* and *unspoilt* insight into them. It is able to elicit the *general sense* of the thoughts, but it can give no explanation of the *peculiar shape* in which the thoughts appear there. Even after the exposition has been given, there still remains a veil over the text. This unexplained something still cleaves to the word of Scripture as a sort of irrational remainder.' 'The great masters of Biblical exposition may laugh if they choose, it is true for all that—something stands written between the lines of their text, which, with all their art, they are not able to read, and which is yet precisely that which, above all things, it is necessary that we should be able to read, in order to understand the *quite peculiar setting* in which the thoughts of the divinely-revealed wisdom, universally recognised amongst us, meet us in the *Holy Scriptures*, and *only there*, in characteristic distinction from all other modes of exhibiting the same. Our interpreters explain to us only those figures in the Scripture painting which occupy the foreground, but ignore its background, with its marvellously-shaped mountain scenery in the distance, and its deep blue sky, with its clouds bathed in glory. And yet it is precisely from these latter that there falls upon the former that magic light, unique of its kind, in which they undergo a transfiguration, which is to us the peculiar enigma of the picture.' The truth and justice of this complaint will, we are assured, be felt by many of our readers. We are yet a long way off from the time when all shall be able to drink of the river of the water of life, in the crystal-line purity and transparency with which it flows from beneath the throne of God. Thankfully, therefore, should we hail every honest and able attempt, such as this of Dr. Hahn's, to defecate the stream. It is a high and holy problem which he has set himself to solve, and although, from the nature of the case, every fresh attempt, even to the end of time, can at the best be only an approximate solution, and can adequately serve the wants of the Church during only one stadium of her history, yet the field is one in which no faithful labourer can fail of his reward; and the manner in which our author has executed his task shows that he has not deceived himself in deeming himself inwardly as well as outwardly called to undertake it. As, perhaps, the most marked specialty of his book, we may notice his copious and well-nigh exhausting discussion of the New Testament doctrine concerning *angels*, good and bad. We hope that in the sequel he will give at least equal prominence to the subject of the New Testament Church, which, much as we are interested in the more ethereal topic, is, we fancy, of greater practical moment to Christendom just now. The inquiry as to whether angels are characterised by sex, may safely be postponed, we think, until we have settled it, whether Christ ever intended that millions of his redeemed should be perfect ciphers in his kingdom—the mere serfs and negroes of popes, prelates, and conferences.

Dr. PUCHTA's 'Manual of Practical Catechetical Instruction,\*' and Professor

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\* Handbuch der praktischen Katechese von Dr. Heinrich Puchta, evangelischen Pfarrer, in Augsburg. Erster Theil. Stuttgart und Augsburg, 1864. Pp. 284. London: Williams and Norgate.

EBRARD'S 'Prelections on Practical Theology,\* may be classed together, as being both designed to assist the rising ministry of the German Evangelical Church in the efficient discharge of their sacred functions, and both written in the same spirit of earnest and enlightened piety. The Germans are not a practical people, and if we lag far behind them in speculative faculty and subjectivity, they have much to learn of us in the other direction. They are beginning to be aware of this one-sidedness in their development, and are doing their best to restore the equilibrium between thought and action, theory and life. The works before us, and many others recently published, afford evidence of this awakening consciousness, and of their sincere desire to remedy the evil. Dr. Puchta complains that the excessive tendency to mere theorizing has left the German pastorate almost, if not quite, without useable practical helps in the actual business of the instruction of the young in the truths of the gospel, such as he professes to furnish. There is a very rich German literature on the subject of catechetical theology, but these learned treatises are almost exclusively occupied with laying down the principles and maxims which should guide the Catechist in putting questions to children, or in communicating religious knowledge to their minds in the way of addresses, and so forth, whilst they carefully eschew giving any exemplifications of their own rules. It is with the view of supplying this deficiency that our author has composed his excellent manual, which contains such a store of admirable questions and answers upon the 'Word of God,' 'The Law,' and the 'Ten Commandments,' taken *seriatim*, as it would be difficult to find elsewhere. The book is well worthy the attention of the Sunday School Union, since it might very readily be adapted for English use; whilst, on the other hand, it embodies the results of much profound thinking, on the part of the ablest Evangelical divines of the continent, who have made the theory of catechetical instruction a special duty.

Dr. EBRARD'S work is of a more comprehensive character. The author is already known in this country by his 'Commentary on the Hebrews,' in Clark's series. The performance which first brought him into note was his elaborate reply to Strauss' infamous 'Life of Jesus.' It is entitled, 'Scientific Criticism of the Gospel History,'† and first appeared in 1842. Perhaps, all things considered, this is the most vigorous of the many replies which that pestilent production called forth. Ebrard follows his antagonist step by step throughout the whole of the evangelical history, and refutes his book piecemeal. His method of handling the mythical theory is more *English*, so to speak, than that adopted by any other of the countless apologists whom the occasion summoned to the field. He answered the fool according to his folly, and stripping his objections of all the ambitious plumage of high-flown speculation in which they had been artfully decked, exposed them to universal derision simply by putting them into common language. One of the best things in this book of Ebrard's is his 'Recipe for writing a "Life of Jesus," by Dr. David Frederick Strauss,' which he subjoins, as a sort of

\* Vorlesungen über praktische Theologie. Herausgegeben von Joh. Heinr. Aug. Ebrard, Dr. der Theologie und Consistorialrath in Speyer. Königsberg, 1854. Pp. 378. London: Williams and Norgate.

† 'Wissenschaftliche Kritik der Evangelischen Geschichte.' Von Dr. A. Ebrard. Frankfurt, 1842. Pp. 1112. A second edition appeared in 1845.

bye-play, after having conscientiously gone through the more serious portions of his task. In this 'Recipe' he admirably shows up all the various tricks and artifices to which Strauss has resorted in order to lend to his monstrous theory some appearance of plausibility.

Ebrard has since published numerous other valuable works, amongst which may be specified, besides his 'Commentary on the Hebrews,' his 'Exposition of the Apocalypse' ('Die Offenbarung Johannes erklärt'), and his 'Christian Dogmatic Theology' ('Christliche Dogmatik'). To this last treatise that on our table is a worthy supplement. If the former evinces the masterly theologian, who has climbed the heights and sounded the depths of his sublime science, the latter brings us heart to heart with the wise church-teacher, who can probe, with affectionate yet skilful hand, the wounds of the daughter of Zion, and does not hesitate, through a mistaken tenderness for the patient, to prescribe what he deems the appropriate remedies in the case.

It is not easy to define in a sentence what our author, and his countrymen in general, understand by 'practical theology.' It is of course obvious to say, in general terms, that it is the application of theological science to the solution of the many stubborn problems with which the Church is called to grapple in her hourly conflict with the world. Perhaps the reader will get an inkling of the matter if we translate a paragraph or two from Dr. Ebrard on

#### THEOLOGY, CONSIDERED AS AN ART.

'In order,' he says, 'to see what is meant by *practical theology*, let us propose the question, *Who is a practical theologian?* Evidently, he must be one who discharges an office, a ministry, in the Church; whilst, on the other hand, a scientific theologian is not necessarily invested with office, not even with that of teaching, but even as a private literate, or common member of the Church (Bunsen, for example), may accomplish great things in scientific theology. If we further ask, What do we mean by a *good practical theologian*? the answer must be this: the man who *understands* how to exercise his ministry aright, who is *able* in its discharge. The man who only understands how to deliver lectures on Homiletics, Catechetics, &c., without being himself able either to preach or to catechize with any tolerable success, can be styled a practical theologian with as little reason as a lecturer upon agriculture who, in tilling a field, confounds wheat with barley, can be styled a practical farmer, or as a man who has written books on military science, but has never smelt powder, can be called a practical soldier. Here, therefore, a decided distinction comes to light between practical and the whole range of scientific theology. A man may be an inexperienced and unpractised preacher and catechist, and may be none the less distinguished as an exegetical divine or church-historian, precisely because in these latter departments nothing more than the acquisition of mere knowledge is implied. On the other hand, one who should lay down *rules* for the discharge of a function in which he is himself not at home, would only make himself ridiculous; and practical theology is concerned with *rules* for *doing* something, *rules* which may lead to a man's attaining a *facility* in the administration of his office.

'Looked at in this light, practical Theology is not a *knowing somewhat*, but a *faculty of doing somewhat*, and accordingly not a science, but an art, and, in fact, a *theological art*. It is that art, in the exercise of which a man's theological

knowledge is reduced to practice; in which it receives a *practical application*; in which accordingly theological knowledge is no longer sought for its own sake as knowledge, and made the *end*, but becomes a mere *means* to an end which lies out of the sphere of knowledge. In other words, knowledge becomes here related to practice, as mere theory.'

We are quite sure that there are multitudes of ministers and students in every section of the Church amongst us, who have often sighed after such a work as that which Ebrard has here given us, or as the kindred treatise of the illustrious Nitzsch, to whose transcendent merits in this most interesting and vital department our author is amongst the foremost to do homage, and with whom he has no thoughts of vying. How many have gone forth from college loaded with all sorts of sacred learning, which they have been eager to lay upon God's altar, and to consecrate to the ministry of the saints, but which upon engaging in the stern realities of the pastoral life, they have actually come to consider as an encumbrance, aye, and which, in a sense, may in fact have been such, simply for want of a few wise hints, such as abound in this book, how to turn the priceless treasure into ready cash. We know well that we have an abundance of excellent treatises on the pastoral care, and so forth, and we are far from undervaluing them. But something of a different sort is wanted, and that need we find met to an extent which will be quite refreshing to those who have felt the thirst we speak of, in these works of the great living German divines on what they style Practical Theology. At present we have only to announce the treatise of Dr. Ebrard, but at some future opportunity we may enter more into detail.

B. H. C.

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### Literary Notes.

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THE Congregational Lectures this year, on *Psychology and Theology*, are by RICHARD ALLIOTT, LL.D. (Jackson and Walford), who certainly deserves credit for his choice of a theme. Much has been said of late—and much more remains to be said—about the service which the study of consciousness is capable of rendering to Theology. Oddly enough, however, nearly all that has been done to elicit that service, has been done by those to whom Theology is commonly supposed not to be greatly indebted—Mr. Newman and Mr. Morell. The testimony, which, under their hands, consciousness is made to bear, is unfavourable to such Theology as Dr. Alliott teaches. It well became him, therefore, as a professor of Theology, and as the Congregational lecturer, to show what confirmations of his teachings Psychology affords. The subject is, moreover, one on which Dr. Alliott has a claim to be heard. Four or five years ago, some of the questions now discussed by him were mooted in the 'Biblical Review,' and in the controversy which ensued he took part as a critic and opponent of Mr. Morell. It may, therefore, be presumed that in the interval he has devoted his leisure to the argument of the present lectures. This we can readily believe; his treatment of it is methodical, comprehensive, and thorough.

He possesses, too, some qualifications of his own for dealing with such a topic. He is a good logician; he always knows, and lets his reader know, exactly what he is going to prove or disprove; and works out his reasoning with great patience and clearness. Further, his style, though not particularly terse or accurate, and never brilliant or graceful, is never disfigured by obscurities. We have pleasure in saying that the book is evidently the fruits of ardent pains and considerable powers, devoted to a most difficult subject.

But having admitted the importance and interest of the subject, and how well qualified Dr. Alliot is in some respects for its treatment, we are obliged to confess that in our opinion he has achieved very partial success. We are not going to show cause for this opinion at any length. We should but weary ourselves and our readers; for we find ourselves at hopeless variance with him on almost every point. When he has stated a conclusion to which he has come by an elaborate process of reasoning, the contradictory still appears to us self-evident. We do not wonder; without belonging to the legitimate Lockite succession, he is one of the most stern, uncompromising Lockites we ever knew. On the question, 'whether we have any such power as "spontaneous reason,"' or, indeed, 'any other power entitled to the name of reason, except the power of reasoning,' he 'cannot of course admit it.' For though 'it may be a matter of indisputable fact that we have a knowledge of some *necessary* truths,' it is a matter 'not of indisputable fact, but to be decided only after full investigation, whether this knowledge be derived from the *exercise of the ordinary powers of the understanding on the teachings of phenomenal experience, &c.*'

Now though *we* may consider it an indisputable, it is by no means an undisputed, fact, that we have a knowledge of necessary truths; but how, supposing that we *do* know them, the Understanding, which, as Coleridge says, 'remains commensurate with the experimental notices of the senses from which it is generalized,' could possibly derive *necessary* truths from experience, we are utterly at a loss to conceive. Of course this fundamental difference puts us *toto cælo* asunder. Nearly all those ideas which our metaphysics—such as they are—have led us to believe to be derived from the Reason as the source of necessary and universal principles, Dr. Alliot accounts for by experience. We shall not enter into a controversy with him on any of these points; partly because metaphysical discussion is not in our line; still, more, because many of the things which he tries to do, and thinks he has done, in this direction, are things which, not simply every metaphysician, except those of the narrow school with which English and French Atheism stands in immediate and most logical connexion, but every intelligent reader, will pronounce next to impossible. He seeks, for instance, to show that 'the Idea of God can be empirically acquired,' and makes one almost turn upon him with the stern advice of Carlyle, not to go poking through the universe, seeking for the sun by the light of a petty farthing candle: 'if thou dost not find God in thyself, thou wilt find Him nowhere.'

'I found Him not in world, or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;  
Nor through the questions men may try,  
The petty cobwebs they have spun.'

Again: Dr. Allcott says, the idea of Right and Wrong is empirically acquired. 'The idea of Right is of an action which, of itself, benefits the doer or others; the idea of Wrong is of an action which itself injures the doer or others.' We do not intend to answer the question, Does he succeed in showing this? We are content to say, that his analysis of this idea strikes us, like most other parts of his Psychology, as shallow and false. We have no hesitation in saying so, without saying why; for Dr. Allcott has put himself into a position in which he may be contradicted without being controverted. To revive the doctrines of Locke in their crudest form, making light of Kant, and Cousin, and Hamilton, will be commonly esteemed a proof of great eccentricity rather than of originality. And it will be well for the author if his total indifference to familiar distinctions, and want of deference to catholic doctrines in philosophy, are not held to be a proof of something worse than eccentricity—a want of profound and extensive acquaintance with the literature of his subject.

Many readers who have gathered from our remarks the nature of Dr. Allcott's Psychology, and the empirical character of his theory of knowledge, will be disposed to ask, with not a little curiosity, Does he profess to make such a Psychology contribute to Theology? We have already shown that he professes to do so by quoting his derivation of the ideas of God and duty from experience only. But this is not half what he proposes to do. In opposition to Mr. Morell—and on some questions a successful opposition—he seeks to show, by the help of his Psychology, that Religion is not owing to a distinct faculty or susceptibility. By its help he defines the idea of God—he shows that it is not an intuition—that it has an empirical origin—and that its objective validity is unquestionable. By its help he shows, also, that a supernatural revelation is possible; and that it must consist in a 'communication of ideas;' but, further, that the inspiration under which the record of the revelation is made, is not a dictation of words. The proof of these propositions occupies the larger portion of the lectures. The reader of the 'Philosophy of Religion' will notice at once that they are the contradictories of certain propositions therein sought to be established; and will rightly conceive that the work is, in great part, a polemic, aimed against that author, conducted, however, in no illiberal or dogmatic spirit.

We cannot imagine a more difficult task than the proof of these propositions on Dr. Allcott's principles. Beginning with his Psychology—starting from the position that there is no peculiar and distinct religious faculty in man—that we have no knowledge of any objects but those which we know through the senses; we should have felt ourselves in a position to affirm that, strictly speaking, we have no *idea* of God. Has, then, Dr. Allcott accomplished his task? We are obliged to say that we think not. In spite of the laborious logic he has brought to bear, we should, did we occupy his stand-point, be compelled to make the same assertions still.

Still we believe that Psychology may render important services to Theology; but not such a Psychology as our author's. We believe that a true Psychology lays, and his roots up, the basis of Theology. We believe that the deeper our analysis of consciousness goes, the more certain will

those conclusions become which he is so zealous to refute—conclusions without which there could be no Theology—that we have a spiritual nature, a religious faculty, and in conscience have a veritable intuition of God. And of one thing we are assured, that for whatsoever services Psychology is capable of rendering to Theology, now is the day and hour. In spite of Mr. Rogers, the old ‘evidences’ are losing their power. The works of God, their wondrousness, their beauty, their beneficent adaptation to man, were not so very long ago deemed the most convincing witnesses of Him. The works—their tangible reality, their nearness, their possibility and worthiness of being known, are the things to which the modern Positivist appeals, not in disproof of the existence of, but in disparagement of the search after, Him. The world, he tells us, contains enough to be known and enjoyed—affords opportunities enough of worthy and noble life. The sorrow which can find nothing to console—the moral aspiration which can find nothing to satisfy on earth—express no real wants, only a child’s dissatisfaction with the sphere and limits of its being. How plausible it all sounds! Is it not the very voice of our own earthliness and despair grown articulate? Is it not a welcome voice which tells us that we are spiritual beings?—that those secret, mysterious beliefs about unseen things, which lurk in the most sacred depths of our beings, are our strongest certainties, and the best possession of humanity? To get these to utter themselves aloud, to vindicate their truth, and to put them on record as they successively evolve themselves, is the office of a true Philosophy, and the best service which can be rendered to Theology. For they lie at the basis of Theology, not as propositions on which a system is to be raised by logical deductions; but as constituting our need of a Theology, and supplying at the same time its only test and best proof.

A small but valuable work has lately been published, under the title of *Detached Thoughts and Apophthegma, extracted from some of the Writings of Archbishop Whately*, (Blackader and Co.) The selection made by the editor of the book fairly and accurately illustrates the intellectual character and value of the archbishop’s writings; but it is *not* that indicated by the quotation from Copleston on the title-page. ‘The perception of analogies’ is neither the distinguishing characteristic of Whately, nor is it in the exercise of this power that ‘the greatest genius is shown.’ Lord Bacon has somewhere more correctly said that ‘the commonest intellects can see resemblances—it is the characteristic of philosophers to detect differences.’ This perception of differences distinguishes all the moral and logical writings of the archbishop, and constitutes one of their chief attractions. It is united with, and owes its origin to, an intellect remarkable above any of the present day for clearness and acuteness, but not for profundity or solidity. The present volume contains some of the rarest of its author’s thoughts—thoughts of a character less rare, however, in his writings than in those of most—and it will be found one of the most instructive and suggestive of ‘modern books.’

The republication of Dr. CHALMERS’ works, under the able editorship of Dr. HANNA (T. Constable and Co.), has reached a third volume, the contents of which comprise the most celebrated pulpit productions of their author, including the seven ‘Astronomical Discourses,’ the fifteen ‘Com-

mercial Discourses,' several sermons preached on 'public occasions,' and the series on 'The Two Kingdoms.' When we say that the whole of these masterly discourses, printed in a handsome volume, can be purchased for about six shillings, we have said all that need be said by us to induce an extended and liberal support of Messrs. Constable's scheme.

Dr. JAMES CORNWELL—a name well known in connexion with modern school literature—has, in conjunction with Mr. J. G. FITCH, added another useful work to his previous publications—the *Science of Arithmetic* (Simpkin). In commending it to the notice of our readers, we commend a good and altogether superior book—superior, both in aim and execution, to at least nine-tenths of the works of a similar class that have fallen under our notice. It differs from most of those by a clear exhibition and constant suggestion of the *principles* of arithmetical calculation—the design of the authors being to teach not merely a practice, but a science; in other words, to ensure that the pupil understands as well as 'does' his sums. The illustrations, as far as we have been able to test them, are clear and comprehensive, and we are informed that many of the questions are selected from the Cambridge and London examination papers, and from those proposed to schoolmasters who have been candidates for certificates of merit. 'The student,' add the authors, 'who masters the reasonings and becomes familiar with the rules of this book will, as far as arithmetic is concerned, be competent to pass with credit the ordinary examination for the degree of B.A. at either of the universities.'

Another educational book before us is entitled an *Exposition of the Grammatical Structure of the English Language*. By JOHN MULLIGAN, A.M. Abridged for the use of schools, by the Author (Simpkin and Co.) The author of this new elementary grammar has devoted great labour and valuable attainments to the development of a new and improved system of teaching the English language in schools and colleges. The book before us is an abridgment of Professor Mulligan's treatise, published a year or two ago. That the object in view is one of great importance none will deny, who know how few and inefficient have been the aids to a correct comprehension of our own tongue. To say that Mr. Mulligan has supplied the want we so deeply feel, would perhaps be saying more than an examination of his grammar will justify. We are of opinion that a complete, satisfactory, philosophical English grammar will not be the work of one man, but the result of the labour and research of many. Mr. Mulligan, however, has given a powerful impetus in the right direction, by his original and logical treatise, and has conferred an additional boon by his 'abridgment' for the use of schools. While there is much in the volume which is certainly too abstruse for scholars of immature age, there is nothing that *professed teachers* should not *know* and *examine* for themselves. The first chapters are most excellent; and the plan of the book deserves all praise. To render it more valuable for the tuition of young pupils, Mr. Mulligan will require the suggestions and criticism of schoolmasters and others actually engaged in teaching—from them he ought to meet with encouragement and support, and we feel assured that an extensive use of his book would produce the most beneficial results.



## Legend.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE, IMITATING HANS SACHS.

WHALE yet unknown, and very low,  
 Our Lord on earth went to and fro ;  
 And his many scholars his word so good  
 Very strangely misunderstood ;  
 Much and always he did prefer  
 His court to hold in the open air ;  
 Because under the heaven's face,  
 Words better and freer flow apaca.  
 He gave them there the highest lore,  
 Out of his holy mouth in store ;  
 Wondrously, by parable and example,  
 He makes every market-place a temple.

So faring in his heart's repose,  
 Wish them he once to a city goes ;  
 Sees something blinking on the way,  
 And there a broken horse-shoe lay.  
 He said thereon St. Peter to,  
 'Pr'ythee now, pick up the shoe.'  
 St. Peter was not in fit mood ;  
 He had been dreaming all the road  
 A dream of earthly power and rule,  
 Of which so many heads are full ;  
 And in the head it is unbounded :  
 On this his dearest thoughts were founded ;  
 So was the windfall much too mean,  
 Crown and sceptre it should have been ;  
 But how should he his shoulders bow  
 After half an iron-shoe ?  
 Therefore aside himself he wended,  
 And that he had not heard pretended.

In his forbearance, the Lord did stoop,  
 And lift himself the horse-shoe up,  
 And for the present he did wait.  
 But when they reach the city gate,  
 He goes up to a blacksmith's door,  
 Receives three-pence the horse-shoe for ;  
 And as they through the market fare,  
 He sees for sale fine cherries there,  
 And buys of them so few or so many  
 As they will give for a three-penny ;  
 Which he, thereon, after his way,  
 Up in his sleeve did quietly lay.

Now by the other gate, their way  
 Through houseless fields and meadows lay.  
 The road of trees was desolate,  
 The sun shone out, the heat was great ;  
 So that one in a region such  
 For a drink of water had given much.  
 The Lord goes ever before them all,  
 And as by chance lets a cherry fall.

In a trice St. Peter was after it there,  
 As if a golden apple it were—  
 Sweet to his palate was the berry.  
 And by and by, another cherry,  
 Down on the ground the Lord doth send,  
 For which St. Peter doth quickly bend.  
 So, many a time the Lord doth let  
 Him bend his back the fruit to get.  
 This for long time continued,  
 And then the Lord serenely said :  
 ' If at the right time thou hadst bent,  
 It had been more convenient  
 Of little things who little makes,  
 For lesser things no trouble takes.'

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## Record of Christian Missions.

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We cannot more fitly resume our pleasant task than by quoting the words of Bishop Selwyn, in the little work alluded to in another page of this magazine. ' Nature itself has so divided our mission field, that each labourer may work without interference with his neighbour. Every island, circled with its own coral reef, is a field in which each missionary may carry out his own system with native teachers trained under his own eye, and obedient to his will; grateful and loving men, with no pride of private judgment to interfere with their teacher's plans; children in obedience, but men in action; ready at a moment to put their lives in their hands, and go out to preach the gospel to other islands, and there to encounter every danger that pestilence, or famine, or violence, may bring upon them; with no weapon but prayer, and with no refuge but in God. It is my happy lot to visit these island missions, some occupied by missionaries of our own race, and some by native teachers; and to see the work of the gospel in every state of progress, from the simple teacher just landed from his mission ship among a people of unknown language and of savage manners, to the same teacher, after a few years, surrounded by his scholars, and ministering in his congregation, his chapel and dwelling-house built by their hands, and himself supported by their offerings. ' Many of these islands I visited in their days of darkness, and therefore I can rejoice in the light that now hursts upon them, from whatever quarter it may come. I feel that there is an episcopate of love as well as of authority, and above all things it is our duty to guard against inflicting upon them the curses of our disunion, lest we make every little island in the ocean a counterpart of our own divided and contentious church.'

This we think is the true '*church temper*' which Archdeacon Merriman sought for in vain amongst Dissenters in Africa; the '*church temper*' of which Archdeacon Hare, so recently departed from us, speaks as 'the unity, not of unicity and of uniformity, but the unity which discerns the divine central principle in all, and is no way embarrassed by the endless variety of its manifestations, but rather rejoices

therein, even as we rejoice when we look at the infinite diversity of the constellations in the one starry sky.' \*

Very pleasant is it to sit down and look at the various departments of Christian labour, as presented to us in the mission records of the sects of Christendom, with the influence of words like these fresh upon our spirits ; and writing, as we do, on this day of solemn mockery, called a day of fasting and humiliation, a day that will punish thousands by depriving them of a day's income hardly earned, and more hardly to be spared ; a day concerning which God is saying, 'I hate robbery for a burnt offering ;' we feel that we are doing ourselves better service by staying at home than joining with the many who will contribute to another day's national homage to cant and to hypocrisy.

To return : and first to visit China. Dr. Hamilton enthusiastically, but not more than is warranted by the facts of the case, says, in his little tract on the Chinese mission, 'Among the Chinese themselves are springing up intelligent and liberal-minded men, who do not share the arrogant self-sufficiency of their countrymen. There are Chinamen who now believe that the world is larger than China. Some interest begins to be exhibited about the news and the commodities of other lands ; and it is perfectly possible that the present generation may see gentlemen from Nankin and Peking travelling in Europe. Learned and unlearned alike receive with avidity the tracts of the missionaries ; and, a new thing in that land, the missionary chapel at Shanghai has its weekly congregation of 500 or 600 hearers. And should the rough ways and the rudeness of Europeans not repel this politest of all people—should the immoral conduct of sailors and residents from France, England, and America, not confute the lessons of the Christian teachers—Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism, are waxing old, and are ready to vanish away ; and it may be yet a little moment when, like their own day-spring, swift and sudden, the morning shall spread on the mountains, and the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings.'

'Dr. Medhurst, writing from Shanghai, gives us a fine illustration of these remarks in the case of a young Chinaman, son of Wan-lan-king, a Chinese teacher, a young man, of industrious habits, who took upon himself most of the labour connected with the preparation of the work,† which was generally adopted, after some corrections, by his compeers. In this way he went through the doctrinal parts of the New Testament, and all the Old. For many of the happy terms of expression to be met with in the translation of Job and the Proverbs, as well as the chaste and easy style which prevails throughout, we are indebted to him.'

This young man has embraced Christianity, and been baptized ; the paper he read at his baptism is a very marvellous production ; just such a paper as Neander, had he been of the land of Sinim, would have written ; we can only give parts of it : the whole ought to be read—it is full of power and beauty, and is sure to awaken earnest attention.

'I am now twenty-six years of age ; my abilities are few, and my learning circumscribed ; on the one hand I have not been able to cultivate virtue, nor on the other to improve my understanding ; living in this neglected state for some time I became, at length, so engrossed with the love of fame and gain, that I felt no

\* Mission of the Comforter, p. 273.

† The revision of the Chinese translation of the Scriptures.

disposition to reform ; my mental vision became obscure, and my perceptions were daily more darkened. Had death surprised me in these circumstances I should have been unable to obtain any deliverance. Thinking of this, I felt my danger, and bitterly regretted my past conduct.

'In my early years I was blessed with domestic instruction, and paid much attention to odes and classics ; I put myself under a course of learning, and ranked myself amongst the sect of the learned, embracing firmly the doctrines of Confucius, not thinking of anything beyond. About this time my father died, and I was engaged to come in his place, when I heard the true doctrines. Although I was the last and least of those employed in the translation of the Scriptures, I soon perceived in them a true excellence which I duly appreciated.'

A word or two more and we close this extract : 'Jesus died not merely to wash away the sins of the whole world, but that believers at that time, and throughout all ages, might sympathize with him in his sorrows, highly esteem his doctrines, and consider that the object of his mission was to save our souls ; if in the attainment of that object he gave his body up to the stroke and shed his blood, enduring at the same time the most unutterable agonies, then his extraordinary virtue and unbounded benevolence exceeded the circle of nature's limits, and his deep love and abundant kindness were vast as the bounds of the inhabitable globe ; knowing this, all who believe in him should embody his feelings, and go forth to proclaim his gospel for the information of the whole world, so that all might partake of its benefits ; for Jesus died for the redemption of mankind.'

With much pleasure have we read the report of the 'Calabar Institute, Jamaica.' Our previous remarks on training a native agency will not be forgotten by our readers, and we are thankful to see our Baptist brethren so far in advance of other denominations : why all the sects should not unite in this one work, and merging private views on subordinate matters, rally round Calabar as a seat of hope for Africa, is deeply to be regretted. We hope and trust that the poverty and afflictions of the Jamaica churches will accomplish that which fellowship in the same principles has utterly failed to achieve.

"The object of the establishment," says the writer, "which it is presumed is now generally known, is, as much as possible, to render this country independent of Europe for a supply of well-trained and faithful ministers of the gospel ; and also to qualify a race of holy and devoted young men for missionary work in Africa."

'Each day the business commenced with suitable devotional exercises. Mr. Phillippo conducted the examination in classics, algebra, arithmetic, and Scripture exegesis ; Mr. Clark in the political geography of Europe, natural science, and mechanics, and Whately's "Rhetoric ;" Mr. Hewett in "Biblical Interpretation ;" Mr. Gould in the "Evidences of Divine Revelation ;" Mr. J. E. Henderson in "Systematic Theology," and the course of lectures delivered by the president of the college ; and Mr. Teal in Porter's "Lectures on Preaching." Mr. Steele, one of the senior students, read an essay on "Faith in Christ the turning point of Salvation ;" Mr. Campbell on "The Connexion between Faith and Good Works ;" and Mr. O'Meally on "Salvation wholly a Work of Grace."

'The examination was minute in its details, as well as wide in its range ; and the particularity of the examiners brought out clearly the fact that the young men

possessed a real practical knowledge of each subject. The essays which were read were not only highly creditable to their writers, but some of them excited surprise on account of their logical arrangement, their chaste and simple style, and truly evangelical sentiment. The results of the examination not only exceeded expectation, but proved that the young men possessed minds capable of high attainment, and had diligently and faithfully used the facilities afforded them for improvement.'

This is really most hopeful; we heartily bid our transatlantic friends God speed; the state of this country, and the increasing claims upon the liberality of the churches which every month presents, forbid the idea that we can go on sending out European missionaries to a mere handful of people in the West Indies, merely to sicken and to die; this has been done too long already, and sooner or later the churches of the West Indies must keep themselves alive irrespective of foreign aid.

We turn from these to dark Feejee, where something is at work, leavening quietly that dark, dead mass of humanity. The Rev. Samuel Waterhouse thus writes in the 'Wesleyan' Notices:—

'The present state of Feejee is deplorable in the extreme—it is overrun with war. The labourers are too few for this extensive field. The great mass of Feejians are at this moment cannibals, murderers, delighting in blood and cruelty. Thousands upon thousands have never seen a missionary, and never heard the name of that Saviour whom the missionary proclaims. And, unless some additional agency is at once brought into action, I fear that the great body of the present generation will pass into eternity unenlightened and unsaved. Were flesh and blood to dictate, they would lead me away from these horrid scenes of darkness, and cruelty, and blood, which so often cross our path. No other motives than those proceeding from the love of Christ would induce us to bear those sacrifices which we have to make.'

We hesitate to quote the following, and yet we think we ought; very horrible is the picture thus set before us, and very urgent the appeal it makes to our faith in the gospel as the only remedial system for all our human woe:—

'*Infanticide* is written on another page of Feejean life. I wish to confine my illustrations as much as possible to cases that bear directly upon the point, and that have passed under the immediate notice of myself, or other missionaries, or credible informants. Nothing do I state on mere rumour. A woman brought me a child who, from want of proper treatment, was nearly dead. I undertook to prescribe for it, if the mother would reside for a time in the house of one of my servants, so that I might see that it met with proper attention. My treatment was successful; the disease was subdued, the child could again run about, talk, and eat; in a day or two the mother could have returned to her friends; but maternal patience was exhausted, and one night she suffocated it. A man was informed that his wife had given birth to a daughter. Hearing of its sex, he at once directed it to be strangled. Again: a female child was spared for several months; its death was then resolved upon by the parents. They dug a deep hole in the centre of the earthen floor of their house—the father flung into this grave his helpless and innocent babe. He then cast some heavy stones with violence upon it, and filled up the grave with earth. These inhuman parents still occupy that house.

They daily tread over the decaying remains of their murdered child! Such is Feejee in the present day.

'*Cannibalism* is still the *rule*, and not the *exception*, in Feejee. The young are taught to eat human flesh, in order that they may become brave. I have not yet met with a single male adult among our members here, who has not eaten human flesh. Looking over my journal, I see notices of bodies being cooked and eaten every two or three weeks in our own neighbourhood. Human bodies have been lately brought to a town within three miles of us (conveyed, in fact, right before our doors), and there eaten.

'Upon one occasion I heard of a dead body which was not yet eaten. I went to the priest, the body was cut up into sixteen joints, and then in the oven cooking. I saw the smoke curling up towards heaven. I begged the priest to give me the body; but in vain. I offered him a considerable amount of property; but he refused, saying that the body belonged to his god, that his god controlled the winds, and if enraged, as he would be if the body were given to me, would send a storm. I expostulated with him until his ire was roused, and then deemed it prudent to withdraw—the anger of an enraged cannibal being perfectly fiendish. The oven, also, was about to be opened; and, as my efforts were ineffectual, I had no wish to meet the sickening sight.

'Some time back, several bodies were taken to this town. A little girl, seven years old, had been made prisoner; she was kept alive, in order to be *untasted* when cooked, and when the canoes were within two or three miles of the town, she was cladded, and along, like the others, upon a pole.'

Reluctant as we are to quote the above, it seems right to do so. Perhaps a few more such revelations as these from behind the veil which still covers the face of so many nations, may make us sigh and cry for a time when we shall leave off our petty, miserable, sectarian squabbles, and go heartily to work in the enlightenment of a world still, to the reproach of Christendom, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death.

Here we must close our already too lengthened *resumé*; it is difficult, with abundance of materials, to choose right points for selection; but should one reader of these lines breathe with us the prayer of the bard of Olney from his inmost soul, to Him who describes truth in the inward parts, he will have performed a better work, and more acceptable, than any outward semblance of a fast and a humiliation, which few will observe, and which none can justify.

'Come, then, and added to thy many crowns,  
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,  
Thou who alone art worthy!  
Come, then, and added to thy many crowns,  
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,  
Due to thy last and most effectual work,  
Thy word fulfilled, the conquest of a world.'

## Monthly Retrospect.

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THE Ides of March! Death has always held high carnival this month. Under every mask it smites. It is the month when, as the scavenger of the world, it savagely seizes on the white and withered leaf of age, and sweeps it into its ever-empty charnel-house. Conscious that the time is at hand when fruitful Nature will teem with new-born life, it destroys with more fiendish vigour; now, like a miser, it clutches with the greater greed at its treasures; or anon, like a starved tiger of the jungle, stretches out its maw for even decayed and corrupted flesh. It is about to yield up its kingdom; it is no longer to reign supreme; its conquests are to dwindle into insignificance before the happier triumphs of its great rival; and so, with a hateful and ever-hating soul, it raises its arm against old pensioners of time and courtiers of sorrow, and they are numbered with the 'stricken of death.' Two hundred years have rolled away since it met with so great and 'towering' a captive as he who died on the second of March, 1855. Not a month has passed since then, but the details of the event have become stale, and newspaper writers have, by common consent, yielded up the subject to historians. Of the circumstance of Nicholas's death, therefore, we need not speak, and only a word or two shall we say of his character and its influences. He was the greatest ruler the world has seen since the death of Cromwell. With the cowardly spirit which would now detract from his vast intellectual powers we can have no sympathy. For sweep of enterprise and view, the world, probably, never saw his superior. He had a breadth and strength of intellect which could grasp the globe, and 'all that it inhabit.' Nothing, and no combination of things, was beyond either his conception or his management. With this faculty he possessed another, which raised him in an eminent degree above his brother kings. His intellect was as clear and subtle as it was commanding and powerful. He had no merely hazy conception of gigantic outlines. Ideas, as soon as they arose, were embodied in distinctive form, and immediately analyzed. For he could attend to details—the construction of a palace, the conduct of a bureau, or the supply of a regiment—as readily and easily as he could imagine the creation or conquest of a nation. As a man contemplating the destruction of such gigantic powers, we look at death's work on him with amazement and sorrow. We would not, if we could, kick the dead lion. The motive and aim of the mass of such powers we have, however, in common with others, a right to criticise. In the case of Nicholas, as in all other men, they were undoubtedly of mixed good and evil. We do not look at him, as has become the fashion during the last two years, as an incarnation of all that was devilish, any more than we looked at him when he condescended to visit Newgate with Mrs. Fry as an incarnation of all that was amiable, humble, and good. To his family, and on the principle of his government, to his own nation, he unquestionably acted with justice and wisdom, and with a high regard to their interests. No ruler ever did more to extend, and at the same time to consolidate, his empire, and much he did to civilize his barbarian herds. We make no

complaint abstractedly of his form of government. For ourselves, we would sooner live under a mild despotism than under a tyrannical republic. It is commonly forgotten, that a thousand can tyrannize, and that with more safety than one. The Thirty Tyrants of Rome excelled in wickedness any half-dozen Dictators. In the circumstances of his people, therefore, despotism, apart from its mode of exercise, was not in itself a crime of Nicholas. The mode of its exercise, however, was criminal; and if the murdered in soul and body ever confront their murderer at the bar of everlasting judgment, the meeting of Nicholas and his victims will be one of the most awful scenes of the day of God's wrath. The defect of his character consisted, as does the defect of every man's character, in the want of harmony between the intellectual and the moral; but in Nicholas both sets of faculties were of arch-human strength and influence. The crime and error of this great man's life are as easy of explanation as the crime and error of our own. They owed their origin to intense selfishness and pride; but selfishness and pride in this instance had a world for their exercise and a giant for their subject. National, family, and personal aggrandizement were his aims. The power of Russia at the expense of the world—the power of the Romanoffs at the expense of Russia—my power at the expense of my family. He was the Emperor-hawk of kings, pouncing upon sparrow-nations at his pleasure. He is dead; but the sparrows yet quake at his name.

It is with a blush of shame that we read of cheers in theatres, congratulations amongst friends, and expressions of joy, at the death of such a man. A month ago people were lusting for his overthrow—it came, and every man's face turned pale with awe. Was it fitting the next moment to raise a hypocritical and humiliating cheer? Did the Ironsides cheer when Charles's head fell from the block? We are told that the Romans cheered when the martyrs fell; and we are told that Charles's courtiers cheered when the news of Cromwell's death arrived; and we are told that Spanish citizens cheer at a bull-fight—these are the only circumstances we can call to mind analogous to the humiliating expression of joy at the death of Nicholas. That death occurred in the Providence of the Ruler of the World and the Creator of Spirits, but we have no right to call it 'a judgment.' There are no such things as judgments now-a-days, and only the miserable superstitions of a false theology or a weak head could talk of them. Nicholas, there is every reason to believe, died, as few men die, of a broken will—as Cromwell died of a broken heart. Eupatoria was his daughter. Only death could subdue him. In himself, and not in any extra-judicial act of Omnipotence, lay, as in every man, the cause of his death. For him to have died an old man was to have lived for sixty years an unthwarted and successful man; for to defeat him was to kill him. Now that he is dead let us reverence his greatness, for therein his Maker shone—let us abhor his viciousness, for therein the Tempter luridly glared. In their combination we behold the MAN—great and princely in his natural endowments—great and commonly vicious in his use of them.

What influence the death of Nicholas will have upon the destiny of Russia and her relations with the other powers of Europe; and what effect



it will have on the present war, are purely matters of speculation. History, however, teaches us that the fall of a great man, who has been the incarnation of a system, is usually followed, if not by the fall of his house, by the more or less gradual change and amelioration of the order and method of government. A nation must do one of two things; it must either increase in power abroad, or in liberty at home. 'Either,' says M. Kossuth, almost in these very words, 'national freedom, or dominion over a world—there is no other choice for vast empires. A nation of sixty-five millions must have, and will have, something. Either liberty, or power and glory—there is no help against it, even at St. Petersburg.' In the present instance, the intuitions of people, if we may so speak, are in favour of a more peaceful and less ambitious rule in Russia: we shall believe it when we see the new Czar holding out liberty to his people. The immediate effect of his ascension of the throne has been a freer breathing of the nations. Hitherto, his responses to the silent questionings of the world have been studiously vague, and of a rather Delphic character; breathing peace or war, as the reader chose to take them. The last response in Count Neesselrode's circular is, however, generally taken to be in favour of peace, and seems at once to have had the effect of hastening the Vienna Diplomats through their labours. By the latest accounts they had agreed on two out of the four points—the protection of the Principalities, and the navigation of the Danube; but as the third, touching the Black Sea, is the only one that was ever likely to create much difficulty, it may be said that as yet they have done nothing. There cannot be much doubt, however, that the removal of Nicholas—if there be an honest intention of securing peace—will tend to lighten their labour. We can well imagine, indeed, that professors of diplomacy, and statesmen, and kings in general, must feel considerably relieved by the death of one, compared with whom they were as Lilliputians to a Brogdignag. The great man being gone, the small men become great. Next to noticing them, the greatest favour Nicholas could do was to die; but will not his death bring into greater relief their vices as well as their abilities? For no differently did they stand in relation to morals than he. The only difference between them was, that whereas his vices, and, we may add, virtues, were great, theirs were small—whereas his tricks were gigantic, theirs were mean and pettifoggery. 'There is something,' says Mr. Carlyle, 'imposing about a SPLENDID lie—but a *little* lie is the meanest and most contemptible thing in the whole kingdom of Satan.'

We have no news this month of the progress of the war. The storming of the Malakhoff tower by the Zouaves has added another to the deeds of chivalry and heroism, but nothing has occurred to advance the final catastrophe.

The Sebastopol committee has been sitting almost daily. Its revelations have confirmed, in every particular, the accounts received from the 'Times' correspondents; but although such men as the Duke of Cambridge, Sir De Lacy Evans, Mr. Layard, Mr. Stafford, Mr. Macdonald, and Mr. Godolphine Osborne, have testified to the horrible and disgraceful condition of every branch of the army, ordnance, and commissariat services, to the

blundering stupidity of officials, and pangs and sufferings of the sacrificed soldiers—Ministers continue their denials, and as yet show no signs of adopting other courses. They are, however, receiving a partial retribution for their mismanagement in the weight of public indignation and scorn that is falling upon them. The worst punishment to a guilty man is the loss of reputation.

The Sebastopol Committee brings us naturally to the 'Times' newspaper. Our readers are aware that we have not generally been very ready to approve of the course the conductors of this journal think fit to pursue on public questions. Its course, however, since the war, demands from us, as religious and literary journalists, a word or two of comment. Having, we believe, read every line that has been written in this paper on the War questions, we feel that we are in a position to speak without hesitation or reserve in this matter. And we therefore say that no public journal, and no estate of the realm, has rendered such service to the country during the last six months, as the 'Times' newspaper. We do not now allude to its brilliant and minute descriptions of military operations, or to the fulness, speed, and accuracy of its intelligence, although on these, as literary and commercial qualities, we set a high appreciation. It is to its faithfulness to fact and truth; its boldness in exposing and denouncing jobbing and incapacity; its unwavering advocacy of the claims of the public service; its honourable mention of merit, whether in the obscure or the exalted; and last, though not least, to its establishment and management of the 'Sick and Wounded Fund;' in one word, to its patriotism, its humanity, and its generosity, that we would bear our best, though tardy, testimony. Its conduct in these particulars has entitled it to a nation's respect and gratitude. One has only to think of the place of late so well filled by it having been blank to appreciate the value and extent of its service.

Parliament demands this month but a brief notice. All that it has *done* has been to vote the 'supplies,' and this duty it has performed, as usual, with a liberality about equal to the extravagance with which the same supplies will be spent. The other subjects that have occupied its attention have been, Sir John Pakington's Education Bill—the new Chancellor's Newspaper Bill—Sir Joshua Walmsley's Sunday Amusement Resolution—and the Lord Advocate's Scottish Education Bill. Sir John, in bringing in his measure, evinced his usual amount of ignorance and misrepresentation. The purport of his speech may be summed up in two sentences—The ignorance of the lower classes is owing to Voluntaryism; only my Sixpenny Local Rate bill will ever remove it. Our answer to this would be contained in the affirmation of the contraries of these statements. The intelligence and religion of the country, as its history, and especially the Census Returns, abundantly show, is principally owing to Voluntaryism; force an act on the people, and you sap the very foundations of the Voluntary support of education.—Sir Joshua Walmsley's resolution, on the whole, we think wisely, was rejected. We are not yet, and we hope we shall not be for some generations, ripe for a continental Sunday.—Sir Cornwall Lewis's Newspaper Stamp Bill hangs,

as yet, like Mohammed's coffin, 'twixt earth and heaven,' and its fate is painfully uncertain. It may be carried, but we doubt whether the results which will flow from it will be, on the whole, quite as beneficial as the economical theorists appear to anticipate. A greater drawback on cheap literature than the Penny Stamp is the Paper Duty, to the removal of which it would have been far better had the late agitation been directed.—The Lord-Advocate's Education Bill, defeated last year by the Voluntaries in the House, has been brought in with hopes of better success. We can only say of it, not having yet seen the bill itself, that it appears to be not quite so objectionable as the last, and that it is better spoken of by independent Scotch members. But we candidly confess, that we have not an atom of faith in any compulsory or public eleemosynary system of education.

Sir William Clay's Church-rate Bill will be brought again before the House before our next number is issued. The bill has already been placed under the notice of our readers, and we can now only say, Support it quickly, and thoroughly, and you will be rid of church-rates for ever. The best way of supporting it is by writing to, or *seeing*, your Members, and getting up private, and, if possible, *cestry* petitions in its favour.

Lastly, in point of importance, if not of time, are Lent and the Day of 'Fast and Humiliation.' Living ourselves under the shadow of an archiepiscopal palace, we have this year taken due note of the season. It was signalized at its commencement, as our readers are aware, by an epistle from the metropolitan bishop, suggesting that it was a fit time for the thoughts of the people to be directed to the state of the nation; but stating that public prayer on such a subject was 'not allowable.' Government, improving on the Blomfield pattern, thereupon appointed Wednesday, the 21st, for a day of fast and humiliation. The mockery, and almost blasphemy, of such an appointment, coming from parties who, by their own misdeeds, have brought on the nation and its army its humiliation and disgrace, was pretty generally felt. By the 'Church as by law established,' the day, however, was kept; but by Nonconformists generally, we are glad to say, it was passed by with indignant, though silent protest. 'Is *this* such a fast as I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? saith the Lord.' Shall ten men sin, charge the people with their transgression, and appoint a day on which the people are to ask forgiveness for it? 'Wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?' Let the people rather ring in the ears of their rulers the words of St. Augustine, 'The only true abstinence is abstinence *from iniquity*—the only proper fast the FAST FROM SIN.'

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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MAY, 1855.

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Nicholas Gehelli; or, My Life.

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## CHAP. V.

IN the course of a few months after the scenes recorded in our last chapter, Nicholas was standing before a committee of one of the Dissenters' colleges in the neighbourhood of London, to be examined for his fitness to enter on a course of preparatory study for the ministry, when he was admitted among the students of that institution, and sent to reside for a year with a Dissenting clergyman who lived in Northamptonshire. This, on the whole, was the happiest year of Nicholas's life, for though the style of instruction was meagre enough, the conversation at the table, which was always on a subject given at the last sitting, showed forth the table-talking power of the students and the tutor. The blunders of some of the young men, the marked superiority of others, the frequent preaching journeys made into the country villages, and the occasional intercourse with R. Hall of Leicester, Mack of Clipstone, and Toller of Kettering, with the honest, homely society of many of the farmers who formed the large congregation of our tutor, made that year pass away in a cloud of light which has not yet left the memory of Nicholas. As he slept and studied at the house of a farmer, Nicholas could go to bed and rise at what hours it pleased him; and as the watchman of the village always called him at three o'clock in the morning, he rose to study some seventeen or eighteen hours a-day; and before the year was out Nicholas had broken that nervous system which since that memorable hour has never left him a moment's repose. What is that nervous system? A sphere of divine chords, which bind the soul to the body, but which, when once overstretched, is dissolved, and can never be mended again. Happily, it is not every reader of Dr. Brown's Philosophy of the Mind that pays down the fee-simple of his nervous energy

in endeavouring to master some of its abstruse portions ; but Nicholas did foolishly thus suffer, and has since that period always been the sport of debility, often lain awake for weeks together, and to this day seldom leaves home without the fear of coming to a violent death. His good mother constantly wrote to him about the importance of his life with Christ in God, but she said nothing of his nervous system ; and his excellent and paternal tutor always insisted on the importance of *work*, and as the silver thread in Nicholas happened to be in him made of tough copper, he seldom dropped a hint about the importance of taking care of one's health. This transition in the life of our subject from work with the hands to pure labour with the thought, from building houses or furniture to building systems with ideas, tried the temper of Nicholas sorely ; and while he was sometimes then beset with the doubts of other minds like his own, young and ardent, but differently constituted, he felt into what an entirely new world his student-life had thrown him. Some of the young men who were with him were discouraged and broke down ; one, he thinks, left to join the body of the Episcopal clergy, where his trials would be greater, from supporting a system against which both the common understanding of mankind and the common interpretation of Scripture are antagonistic ; but Nicholas and his fellow-students, in 1826, were all sent off to the college at London, where they were again subject to another probation of three months, though they were well recommended by their preparatory tutor. Nicholas believes that if he had remained with that tutor for four or five years, he would have been both a better scholar and more prepared for the work of the ministry, by preserving the fervour of his early and domestic affections for the cause of religion.

When the forty students were collected in the college at London, Nicholas often felt the want of laymen among them ; for it painfully presented itself to him, not only how one-ideal, for the most part, the students were, but how necessarily they must remain so, from having no companions who were intended for commerce, for the civil professions, or for private life, they must take the chance, whatever it was, of associating only either with the old men their tutors, or with the books of a bygone and a spent age. These theological students were intended to mix with, to know, and to conquer, by persuasion and learning, these worldly men when their studies were finished ; but meantime, instead of being educated with them, they are placed for four or five years in a course of ascetic study, in which they are doomed either to ape the clergy of a former age, or those of the present time. Nor is this disadvantage counteracted by the nature of the studies pursued at a Dissenting, or, indeed, at any college. There the students continued to read classics, to study mathematics, mental philosophy, grammar, composition, &c., in all which they would have been the better for the more ardent competitorship of the lay students, while they also would have been improved by attending to theology, to Jewish antiquities, and especially by reading the Greek Testament and the Hebrew Bible. Vast, indeed, were the disadvantages of this ill-judged mode of conducting the college, and especially as it hap-

pened at a period when all the theological students were passing the crisis of their character, and were in the highest state of intellectual receptiveness. Several of the Dissenting colleges are now modifying this evil, but Nicholas fears they are introducing one perhaps of even greater magnitude—that of requiring the young men to devote too large a portion of their time to mere literary acquirements, which he is persuaded will, in the long run, restore the Dissenting preachers of England to the ineffective style of reading their sermons, and of introducing too great a proportion of literary questions in their pulpit addresses.

Another evil of this collegiate system consisted in making the educational system too meagre and general. He spent the four years which he passed at this college in daily reading the classical historians and poets; in attending to the insignificant system of Dr. Bloom's mental philosophy; while, in the whole course of that time, he never heard a series of lectures on biblical criticism, on English composition, on general, and especially not on Church history; and the early fathers of the Church were either entirely neglected, or left to private reading. The students had only one course of lectures on anatomy, and none on chemistry or astronomy, on geology, or other general science; and what is still worse, no course of lectures was ever given on the principles of Nonconformity, on the order and use of the Dissenting churches, on the delivery of sermons, or on the important subject of general literature! Neither the French nor the German languages were studied in the college, and Nicholas only remembers a very elementary instruction even on the Syriac tongue; while the Arabic was completely neglected; and so imperfectly were the Hebrew and the Chaldaic taught, that out of the whole forty students, Nicholas does not believe there are now ten left who can with ease read the Hebrew Scriptures. Often has he asked himself of what use, directly or indirectly, was all this vaunted knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics? Has it ever expounded any of the difficulties of Scripture? ever led to the formation of a better sermon? predisposed one either to read the Bible or to pray more earnestly? Has not such knowledge rather befrosted the feelings, and given tortuosity to ideas which, but for those overlauded classics, would have been better employed? But the greatest difficulty of all in the system of education at the college where Nicholas was brought up, consisted in turning the students loose upon the world without ever having given them a correct and an extensive knowledge of the manner in which the canon of Scripture was formed, and of the many world-wide controversies that for the first three centuries grew out of it, and that have perpetuated the tendency to controversy to the present age. How could it be otherwise, however, with three or four small-measured tutors, men that were then grey and worn out, who had lost their enthusiasm for knowledge and for men, and who lived through the tutorial routine with a crafty eye to the least possible amount of labour, and the greatest quantity of money that could be obtained from their office? Nicholas prejudiced against the men! No, indeed, reader; he loved them ardently, and

still loves the survivor of them, and is extremely grateful for their services ; but it was no fault of either his or theirs that their busbel was the thimble, and their universe the evil of Dissent. Of all offices that of a collegiate tutor demands men of *accurate* and *free* thought, of sound and extensive learning ; men of middle age at most, with a good body of animal courage and spirits ; but, most of all, tutors should be men of sound personal godliness. Are these the men for which committees in that day, from twenty-five to thirty years ago, sought ? No ; they imagined that the best tutors were the crammed literati who would alike prudently bear the insolence of the young students and the busy meddling of treasurers and committees to the college, who, besides toiling all the week for probably 100% a year, should be a pastoral dead weight upon some near church.

Lively beyond expression, with all its disadvantages, was that collegiate life to Nicholas. The ever-joyous brotherhood of these forty young bachelors, with their vast accumulation of animal spirits, and their raw, but strong and undisciplined minds, collected from all corners of the country, some few evincing even then original powers of thought and imagination, and others, who had been the pride of home and their village church, had appeared to come to college only to be extinguished into ordinary men. The riotous dinners, though but often only half-cooked, and the horrible black beer with which it was swallowed, seldom prevented among the students a discussion after dinner of some topic that was interesting to them ; the displays of wit, and the boisterous bursts of laughter with which these post-prandial effusions ended were but small parts of the joys of student life. The groups that met in the afternoon in the different studies to record progress, to practise music, or to tell stories of frolic or tragedy, and the gradual breaking up of these parties to the playground when fine, or the stroll out by twos and threes into the fields, or the streets of London to buy books, to see the lions, or to call on friends, often made up the after part of the day. At nine o'clock all the students were required to be in to prayers, and after a short and hasty supper of bread and cheese, or of gruel, in which was often to be found marbles of oatmeal, and occasionally a blackbats, the room was cleared. Meantime, the men of property, or those of a more disorderly temper, had hot supper in their study, which they bribed the servitor to get cooked for them, and frequently continued till the morning was approaching, outlaws against and within their own college, and principal among these gentry was one who is now demure enough, for even he is a tutor in one of the colleges of London. There were three extraordinary men in the college when Nicholas was there, two of whom shortly after died, one of hunger and want in a common lodging-house in Birmingham, because he had offended the treasurer of the institution, and the other of decline ; the latter as perfect a man as extensive cultivation and thorough piety could make him, and the former the possessor of as fine an imagination as poet could be gifted with, and even in those early days sometimes overwhelmed the whole body of the students with the most wonderful

outflows of natural beauty and eloquence, so soon and so unfitly to be quenched. The third extraordinary man among the students was one who had risen from humble life, but who possessed that rare faculty of logic which seems to be natural to some men, and that has made him now one of the tutors in a new college near the metropolis, where he lives a widower, in poor health, and with only one idiot child. No student of that institution can ever forget the riotous farewelling at the recess, and the greetings when the session re-opened, or the mimicking of Parliament in the set controversies of the senate, the weekly sermon preached by the students in the adjoining chapel, and the occasional furor between them and the committee. Happy days, indeed, were those, if one could forget how little one learned, and yet how much we seemed to be doing!

A word, reader, about the treasurer of this institution. He was a gentleman nearly seventy years of age, apparently penurious about trifles, but magnificent in his benevolence for what he considered large objects; and if any man ever spent his life in doing good, it was little Positive Force, for by such name we shall denominate him. When other men gave 50*l.*, he gave, if the object commended itself to his conscience, by the thousand, and often did that when his friends called his munificence prodigality. But for no object did Positive Force care in the degree that he did for this college. While he poured out his money thus freely, however, he expected not only the legitimate influence of well-employed wealth, but all the control which he desired over both the committee, the tutors, and the students of the institution, and absolute and uninquiring obedience from all. This, of course, was a great weakness, often produced the utmost mischief, made him great enemies, and sometimes created considerable fun. But all those things were trifles which Positive Force cared no more for than the galloping horse does for the dirt which he flings up from the road. With few feelings of his own, he respected no one else's; and on one occasion, when a poor miserable student, who had lost his intended wife by consumption, wished to be excused from a preaching excursion, Positive gave him a good round lecture for his fastidious feelings, and finished it by telling him that John Newton preached his wife's funeral sermon. Nicholas found afterwards that this was his standing argument against the cultivation of any feelings which he disapproved. In the committee he would occasionally throw out some similar hints, if he were opposed, and the tutors, whom he treated as a sort of senior and older students, fared no better. The mischief of this spirit was that it was too blind not to be easily imposed upon, and sometimes Nicholas discovered that students who were always ready to eat the leek before Positive Force often came to the college and created roars of laughter at the way in which he had been foiled. This treasurer, in the abundance of his power, corresponded with all churches and ministers, answered every application for a supply, and elected, at the close of their college career, such men for the places for which *he* thought them qualified; in other words, such persons as swallowed his little dogmata with the greatest readiness always



fared the best. It is true, that this unnatural state of things put the whole destinies of both churches and students into his hands ; but what did the good treasurer care for that, except to ask who was so likely to know the students as himself ?

The rest of the college life which Nicholas led was, for the most part, the mere business of stereotype and of routine, added to a little conventionalism, which in due time turned out all the men much after one type, for none but the bold and independent thinkers could avoid being squeezed into the academic mould. Several of the forty who entered college during the stay of our author broke down in health and retired to business or home to die ; one or two failed in character, and were very properly requested by the committee to withdraw ; the finest singer of the whole died a student, and was the chum of Nicholas ; and several others died soon after leaving the institution, before they had the misery to get hackneyed to the harness of the pastoral life ; while our subject, who had quarrelled with Positive Force about the touchiest of all the topics on which these worthies could have broken their lances—the legitimacy of his enormous and often ill-used power—turned his back on the college, with perhaps two or three sovereigns in his pocket, his head filled with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew accumulations, a raw recruit in that very theology which the college must be assumed to have taught, and a novice in real criticism, history, and Bibliography, with the world all before him. Positive Force never allowed a man to leave college without either feeling the effects of his friendship or ire ; and many brave-souled students left the institution at different times with all the outward signs of disgrace, though they were often the most successful students in the house, and never recovered from that position but by humbling themselves to the treasurer ; but our worthy was among the very few who could never be induced to do what would at least have offended his judgment, his feelings, and his memory ; and so Positive Force left the world without seeing Nicholas again. A better man could scarcely be found in a week's walk ; but good as he was in his private character, he was, in his office of treasurer to the college, the most unadulterated specimen of tyranny which, while it grasped all the fruit at the top of the tree, expected to be asked for permission to allow the worms to creep about the roots beneath.

The event which the treasurer thought would crush Nicholas—his being sent to a village congregation in his own native county, and that in a state of violent schismatic agitation—was the means of making him. For finding himself, though a stranger, and a prudent one, the object of vituperation to the party that had not invited him, and being supported very loosely by the one that had, he resolved to be independent of both, and began to preach, to read, and to lecture, with all his industry and care, when two trials soon befel him ; one the withdrawing of the main deacon, wealthy, but a human bull-dog, from the chapel ; and the other the startling news from Ireland that his *chers amie*, whom he intended soon to have wedded, was lying beyond all hopes of recovery. These two calamities for a young man,

and he with no other friends than such as he had left at college, or who had quitted it the same year, sobered both the reason and the feelings of Nicholas. In the third vacation he had been sent into the north-east of Ireland, to supply a pulpit which had just been quitted by a popular minister recently settled in Dublin. The congregation consisted at that time of Mr. Blick, so long familiar with the Irish Education Society; of Captain and Lieutenant Murphy; of Miss Holmes, the sister of the famous Tory, who acted in the House of Commons as whipper-in; and a few other persons of the same quality, with some of the better tradesmen of the city, and two paupers who were supported by the contributions of the church. Among this more intellectual audience than Nicholas had often found in England was a young lady rather older than himself, well dressed, well behaved, and one who had the reputation of being the belle of the town; but like most of the handsome daughters of Erin, she had no other property than what arose from her mother's annuity, and the gifts of her brothers, one now a judge in Dublin, and the other very high in the medical profession. After being invited to dine a few times at her mother's, an intimacy arose between Catherine Carnegie and Nicholas, and most tenderly did he love her, and wisely and piously did she inspire and ennoble him. After staying for several months in Ireland, Nicholas returned to college, unwisely, as he has often thought ever since, for no country could more want ministers than one where the two master evils are the system of Popery, strong in numbers and in conventional ignorance, and State-endowed Protestantism, scarcely a remove from the doctrinal stand-point of Popery, yet claiming for a few hundred thousand false worshippers all the tithes, the church-rates, and the other offerings of the people. The P.P., or the parish priest of the Roman Catholic Church, was almost always at war with the other P.P., or pampered priest of the State, and both of them gave as untrue an account of the Christian religion in their discourses as they did in their titles. An independent and a true party was, therefore, necessary in Ireland; and it has often seemed to Nicholas that he missed his way at that time, in not complying with the request of the church to continue their minister, but it mortified him not a little to be told by Positive Force, on his return, 'Well, sir, so you have not succeeded in Ireland.'

The Potter's-field, into whose dingy and inglorious smoke the life of Nicholas was now led, meantime went on somewhat rapidly, the Church and congregation increased, the influence of the town was won in part, the good fellowship of neighbouring ministers was cultivated, a school was built, for which, however, he had to pay, after he had left the place, the greater part of the cost. But at this period Nicholas was taken ill, and remained for many months in a deplorably weak state, sleep having absented itself for fourteen nights from his pillow; the action of the visceral organs seemed, for three weeks, as if they would work no more; a terrible pain was constantly at the heart; and all this was increased by a nervous irritability, the most extraordinary when, as the *dernier ressort* of the medical man, Nicholas was ordered

to smoke and drink a glass of wine negus at supper time. Strange to say, he slept that night, and awoke the next morning with the most delicious feelings of exhilaration, and ever since has unfortunately continued to smoke. At this time Nicholas paid a visit to one of the towns of Lincolnshire, which, it appears, he had supplied while a student with considerable acceptance. Judge of his surprise when he learned that Positive Force had dissuaded the people from inviting Nicholas, and had represented him as dying of a disease of the heart; but all the feints and schemes of this crafty man were abortive, for our minister was at once invited to the pulpit, and at once accepted the charge. Two or three subjects occurred in this part of the life of Nicholas which may be worthy of record. In the town in which he resided there were some quarter of a hundred of clergymen all zealous and armed to the teeth against every form of Dissent; and at one of the meetings for laying a rate a busy and an ill-read Baptist minister, who was a clerk in one of the banks, challenged all those clergymen to discuss with him the rights of the Established Church to the rate in question. The challenge was accepted, and the dispute was carried on by the press to little advantage; but, to the surprise of the clergy, at the next meeting for laying the church-rate, after their churchwarden had proposed his rate of 3s. 6d. in the pound, one of the Dissenters proposed that there be no rate given. This zealous Baptist had, however, been spirited out of the way for the occasion; and as Nicholas was the only other Dissenting minister in the place, he had most reluctantly consented, though ill at the time, to be present at the meeting. All the clergy of the neighbourhood, the corporation, and the lawyers, were at the meeting; and for the first time in his life, and before such an audience, our young minister, together with a Mr. Richard Paddison, a lawyer, spoke for two or three hours, and at the conclusion carried the motion against the church-rate by a great majority, before the vicar, who was in the chair, and who, of course, demanded a poll. This occupied three days, suspended all the trade of the town, turned everybody into a partisan, and displayed such shocking scenes of profanity, drunkenness, and perjury, as were new to Nicholas; but such was the force of truth and the novelty of the Dissenting theory, that the end of the poll showed sixteen votes in majority against the rate! This was the first occasion on which Nicholas had tried his powers of extemporaneous oratory, and though he greatly impelled the spirit of free inquiry by that and other events, the same combinations of the craftsmen that drove Paul from Ephesus contributed more than anything else to compel him to leave that lovely little marsh town of Luda, where, besides finding a wife, winning the first 100 guineas he was ever master of by the publication of a topographical work, materially contributing to expel the old town clerk and corporation from all prospect of a share in the new municipal body, he brought to light a school endowment which that corporation had smuggled, but which has now for some years been in happy activity. The Congregational life of Nicholas was all the more cheering, because the church contained no diaconal officers, and, conse-

quently, it had none of those meddlesome and ambitious persons to check the progress of the brethren, holding the minister's life in a state of constant misery, either through the absolute power the deacons possess over his character and peace, or from the consummate control with which they manage the pecuniary income. There are, no doubt, many Dissenting churches whose deacons are an honour to the Church and important aids to the minister; but if Dissenting ministers would but boldly speak out their experience, they would confess that nothing amongst us so urgently cries for reform as the manner in which the diaconal office is now sustained. These deacons, who are as ready to proclaim the *nolo episcopari* as anyone till they are firmly seated in office, when some of them soon become chargeable with traversing their respect to their minister into a dictation over his entire affairs, others are accusable with keeping close and loose accounts; many of them are in the habit of forming a cabal against either some members of the church or the minister; and while it may be easy to add that the church has the corrective in its own hands, we must not forget how much more than ordinary courage is required to call a deacon to an account, and how much more still to expel him from office, which can scarcely ever be done without shaking some of the fruit from the ecclesiastical tree. Nicholas has had to do with some of the best in the earth, as well as some culprits of no small criminality in this office, besides the great horde of intermediate non-efficients, who are always prudent out of season, display their zeal for trifles, and contrive to sow the church with the wrong seed. The diaconal evil is not yet, perhaps, ripe; but Nicholas will possibly live to see the day when the churches will thrust those dextrous 'masters of table' out of the vestry within their pecuniary department; and never until that event has taken place will the deacons of the Dissenting churches of England be in their right place. By no means trouble yourselves, readers, to reply to this potential prediction; but if you stir in this matter, you will only increase the fire. Be prudent, wise, and pious in the discharge of your offices, keep to your own domain, and as soon as you have turned fifty years of age, resign the offices to the church, and let it know from your own honest confessions that the danger begins to grow rapidly after that age of both loving money unduly, and of power in an inordinate degree; and that you have neither the aptitude nor the agility to sustain the office with advantage any longer; and when your successor is chosen, protest against the act with all your might, except he '*be first proved*' (1 Tim. iii. 10).

One gentleman, however, in Luda performed the duties of a deacon, to which office he had often been elected, but always refused to serve, in consequence of the exalted conception he had formed of the scriptural deacon. He, too, a lawyer, combined more of the qualities of the true gentleman than almost any other of the friends of Nicholas, the large view of life chastened by the accurate thinking of the Christian church; actually poor, but rich in the beneficence of Christian works; meek and loveable by almost all; but where principle was in difficulty, or conscience at stake, he discovered that fearlessness of soul

which is so rarely found pure, except in persons habitually mild. It was through the influence of such a soul that Nicholas grew up into the husband, the father, and the author; but shortly after these events had transpired, John Gray died, leaving his own widow and her fatherless children to the chances of the world.

About this period Nicholas's faith in his Dissenting theory was put to the test by his being offered the sanction and influence of several distinguished Churchmen, whose letters he still retains. It was represented to him that his tastes were too literary to be gratified by the Dissenting churches, and that he would probably be never able to realize an adequate income from that source; that many Dissenting ministers had taken this step, and that the Church of England contained a considerable body of pious and conscientious men. To all this Nicholas felt, even so early in his ministerial life, the strong logical falsehoods that he must, in some forms, utter before he could return to the Church of England; one in maintaining the Divine origin of episcopal government, parochial divisions, liturgical services, which, of course, he did not believe; and the other the hollow and snap-dragon sort of logic with which all the clergy maintain this system, from Mr. Canon Wordsworth to Mr. Canon Champneys, a logic that every school-boy and nursery-maid know to be unreal, and unlike the reasoning which men use in their worldly affairs. Nicholas felt the difference between 500*l.* or a 1000*l.* a year, and from 80*l.* to 150*l.* among the Dissenters, and that as precarious and capricious as possible; but what could he do? As an honest man, he was bound to take the latter sum, with all its difficulties, or retire from the ministry altogether, and pursue some legitimate trade. To accept the Churchmen's offer was impossible to him with his conscience at that time, and he consequently declined it with grateful respect, and what was more, retained the friendship of the gentlemen through whom the offer was made.

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### Emmanuel Swedenborg.\*

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THE prediction of a celebrated writer, that 'there will be a resurrection of names,' bids fair to be fully realized in the present day. Ours is becoming, if it is not already, the very age of resuscitation. What with 'Biographical Magazines,' 'Biographical Libraries,' 'Biographical Dictionaries,' and reprints of old and defunct authors, we are in some danger of being deluged with the past. That truly philanthropic body, 'the Royal Humane Society,' whose labours have been so well

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\* 'Swedenborg: a Biography and an Exposition. By Edwin Paxton Hood, author of 'The Age and its Architects'; 'Andrew Marvell'; 'John Milton'; 'Literature of Labour'; &c. &c. London: 1854.

appreciated during the past winter, in the west end of London, can show no results comparable with those of which the unpatronized and unincorporated body of editors, biographers, and sketch-writers can boast, in a similar line of benevolent effort. For every one that the former has restored to animation, dozens could be mentioned who have been saved—at least for a time—by the latter. So much so is this the case, that it has become almost a misfortune not to have been born some centuries ago. When Swift dedicated his ‘Tale of a Tub’ to ‘Prince Posterity,’ his admirers received it as a good joke; but the lapse of time has shown that the worthy dean was serious, and saw farther than his contemporaries into the tendencies of a coming age. Who, or what, is answerable for the present ‘fashion,’ we care not now to inquire; but that it is not wholly without evil, we are certain few will deny.

There is, however, one consolation, which our *Resurrectionists* seem to have forgotten, namely, that there is such a thing as a ‘second death.’ While some men, on account of their genius and immortal worth, can never wholly perish, all who have been artificially revived—as if by the incantation of the necromancer, rather than by the force of the life within them—must needs pass away for ever, so soon as their true character is known. No power on earth *can* retain them here, and no heavenly power *will*. The ghost, however raised, however vamped into celebrity, however accomplished and gentlemanly a ghost, must vanish at glimmering of day.

It cannot be said of Swedenborg that he has ever been wholly forgotten, or that his fame has ever been greatly obscured. Indeed, he is too much of a modern to be regarded as one of the past. He is still on his trial, rather than given up to neglect; and the question respecting him is not so much whether his memory is worthy to be revived, as whether, and how long, he will live. He has always had admirers and disciples; some of them of high name; and not a few as enthusiastic as Swedenborg himself could desire. Coleridge, Tennyson, Emerson, and others, are amongst the former; and Mr. Hood—notwithstanding his protest that he is ‘no more a Swedenborgian’ than he is ‘a Bunyanist, an Howeist, a Bernardite, a Franciscan, a Moreist, a Behmenite, or a Lawite’—we feel justified in placing amongst the latter.

Why Mr. Hood should hesitate to avow himself a Swedenborgian, after what he has published in this ‘Biography and Exposition,’ we cannot understand. His book is much more a vindication than an exposition of Swedenborg’s doctrines; and besides this, he does not hesitate to avow his conviction that Swedenborg was admitted to the spiritual world, and chosen by God as a special agent for communicating divine truth to man. If Mr. Hood is not a Swedenborgian, after this, all we can say is, that we think he ought to be.

Indeed, the great fault we have to find with Mr. Hood’s volume is, that it is too Swedenborgian, too one-sided, to be of much service to the cause of truth. If it had been, what it professes to be, an exposition of the peculiar views of a confessedly acute mind; if,

besides, it had dealt fairly with the evidence respecting Swedenborg's seership, and had left it to an impartial public to decide upon the merits of the entire question; the author would have received our hearty thanks. As it is, we have seldom read a work more replete with special pleading, with irrelevant and long-winded digressions, and with quotations from profound writers, which, though they may illustrate the varied scholarship of the author, fail to assist the reader in appreciating the doctrines of the Swedish theologian. This we regret for many reasons, but chiefly because Mr. Hood, we believe, might have produced another and better volume, adapted to assist 'inquiring spirits' in this inquiring age. We shall endeavour to furnish an impartial estimate of this singular man, more especially in relation to his pretensions as an organ of the Divine Spirit, and special medium of revelation to mankind.

Swedenborg was born at Stockholm, on the 29th of January, 1688. His father, Dr. Jesper Swedberg, bishop of Skara, in West Gothland, was a man of some celebrity, and well received at the Swedish court. His mother, Sarah Behm, was of good family. His childhood was remarkable, and exhibited the early germ of future genius. While yet a very young man, he took his degree as Doctor of Philosophy, and edited a volume of collected Latin poems. After coming of age, he travelled for some four or five years in Holland, Germany, France, and England; published several works, chiefly on mathematical and physical subjects; and corresponded with some of the most eminent philosophers of the day. At the age of twenty-eight, or in 1716, he was introduced to the notice of Charles XII., who recognised his talents and acquirements, and appointed him to a place of trust and honour in connexion with the Metallic College, or Board of Mines, from which Sweden has always derived so much of its wealth. On the death of Charles, he retained his office, and continued to do so until 1747, when, as he himself informs us, he 'quitted it, but still retained the salary annexed to it, as an appointment for life.'

In 1719 he was ennobled by the queen of Sweden, by whom he was held in great esteem, and named Swedenborg. From that time he dropped the paternal name, and took his seat with the nobles of the Equestrian Order, in the triennial assemblies of the States. He also became a fellow of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm; and informs us that he 'never sought admission into any other literary society,' because he belonged to 'an angelical society, in which things relating to heaven and the soul are the only subjects of discourse.'

His greatest work, the '*Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*,' was published in three folios, in 1734. In this, and some following publications, he put forth all his strength, and afforded ample proof of an acute, penetrating, disciplined genius, which attracted the attention of men of science throughout Europe, and promised great things for the future. Although it would hardly be correct to say that this hope was wholly disappointed, it was in so far as science and philosophy were concerned; since at the age of fifty-four, he aban-

doned his former pursuits, and devoted the remainder of a long life to the course which has rendered him celebrated as the founder of a religious system and sect.

During this period he published a great number of works on various subjects, but all of a religious or theological character, in which he assumed to be the special vehicle of Divine revelation—a prophet—a seer—a chosen instrument for enlarging the views and correcting the errors of mankind, in relation to spiritual things. Of the general character of these publications we shall have something to say presently; our first business will be to notice the evidence adduced respecting the extraordinary pretensions of Swedenborg.

We should have been gratified, and doubtless instructed, by ample particulars relating to the critical period of his life, when he turned aside from the pursuits of science to those of a spiritual nature; but we are doomed to disappointment. Nothing worthy of notice has reached us beyond what Swedenborg has himself related; and that is of the briefest and most unsatisfactory kind, making large demands upon our faith, without any evidence to command it, beyond his own word. 'I have been called to an holy office, by the Lord himself, who most graciously manifested himself *in person* to me his servant, in the year 1743, and then opened my sight into the spiritual world, and endowed me with the gift of conversing with spirits and angels, which has been continued to me to this day. From this time I began to print and publish various *arcana*, that have been either seen by me, or revealed to me, as concerning heaven and hell, the state of men after death, the spiritual sense of the Word, and many other important matters.'

This statement, furnished by Swedenborg himself, and prefixed to the translation of his book on 'Heaven and Hell,' fixes the precise period when he commenced his new career as a seer and revealer of Divine secrets. Without calling in question his sincerity, there is ample room for inquiry as to the possible cause, or causes, of this hallucination. Those who are familiar with the phenomena of spectral illusions, apparitions, and other forms of mental aberration, are well aware that the higher order of mind is as susceptible of deranging influences as the lower; and, in particular, that many examples have been furnished of gifted men who have been monomaniacs on the subject of religion. We are inclined to the belief that Swedenborg is an example in point. How can we conclude otherwise? Here is a man who tells us that 'the Lord himself manifested himself in person, opened his sight into the spiritual world, and endowed him with the gift of conversing with spirits and angels.' We ask for some proof of so marvellous a thing, and there is none, or none worthy of the name. Nothing short of a miracle is sufficient to attest such a claim; but no miracle is even purported to have been wrought. The whole rests upon the simple affirmation of Swedenborg. That his order of genius was precisely that which rendered him susceptible of deranging influences, his writings abundantly show. Mr. Hood has furnished several specimens of his fervid imagination, which, combined with a



subtle power of analysis and great earnestness, presents the very kind of mind likely, under certain circumstances, to become the subject of delusion. We have only to suppose that, after many years of patient and profound inquiry in the various departments of mathematical and physical science, in the course of which several discoveries are made, which elate the mind, and inspire it with a feeling of superiority, if not of vanity—that after this, the same mind is turned to the contemplation of spiritual things, with a strong desire to penetrate their secrets—and we can easily conceive how, in the very process of meditation and long-sustained thought, the vision of a Divine manifestation is beheld, and the inquirer, mistaking the illusion for fact, ever after deems himself a special medium for revealing Divine secrets to men. The operation is repeated from season to season, as one topic after another is pursued by the same process of thought; and he even dies in the conviction that what he has written has been the result of a special gift imparted by God.

We do not affirm that this was, in fact, the process by which Swedenborg was led to believe in his own seer-ship; we have only indicated a possible solution of the psychological problem. It is at least more probable than that Swedenborg should have actually been the vehicle of a Divine revelation, without any concomitant evidence of the fact. "Mr. Hood labours hard to prove, that miracles were not necessary to attest the claims of the Swedish prophet; and, in the excess of his zeal to make good his position, casts a stigma upon all miracles whatever. 'It is confessed now,' he writes, 'that miracles produce but little effect; even the miracles of Christ do not appear to have been wrought to convert the Jews, or to confirm the minds of young believers. Reading the history in the Gospels should we not say that if this were their intention, they failed; they were doubtless not without their power in awakening, and they were appropriate exercises of the benevolent heart of the Saviour; but their great end was, doubtless, to present, in a sort of type, a picture of the Saviour's more spiritual work, and an operative power of faith and Divine influence in combination, for removing the blindness, deafness, paralysis and death of the old nature, and the awakening the spirit to the newness of the life of Christ in the soul. . . . Powerless evidences are miracles! Whenever did a miracle touch the heart? Touch the heart! Whenever did a miracle touch the understanding? Whenever did a miracle remove a prejudice?' Such is a sample of Mr. Hood's reasonings against miracles; in the course of perusing which we anticipated for the conclusion of the whole a repudiation, first of Christianity as proved by miracles, and afterwards of Swedenborgianism as proved by something short of miracles! But we were mistaken. Mr. Hood's logic is of a peculiar order. His deduction is:—Miracles are *not* sufficient to establish the truth of Christianity; therefore, Swedenborg's *ipse dixit* is sufficient to establish the truth of Swedenborgianism. But although Mr. Hood writes in this strange fashion respecting miracles, misrepresenting their real value, and casting away as useless all the miracles ever

wrought—from the day when Moses sought and received power to perform them, in order that the Israelites might believe that the 'Lord God of their fathers' had 'appeared' unto him, until the day when Jesus said, 'If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not; but if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works: that ye may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him'—there can be little doubt that he would have made the most of Swedenborg's miracles, had any been performed. We say this, because he has made so much of what is, according to his own acknowledgment, short of miracle. We refer to the instances of *clairvoyance* attributed to Swedenborg, and to the peculiar organization by which he was prepared to hold intercourse with the spiritual world. As the cases of *clairvoyance* are remarkable, and not without a certain measure of interest, we shall cite some of them. One of the most striking is the following.

In the year 1756, towards the end of September, on Saturday, at four o'clock, P.M., Swedenborg arrived at Gottenburg from England. Mr. William Castel invited him to his house, together with a party of fifteen persons. About six o'clock Swedenborg went out, and after a short interval returned to the company quite pale and alarmed. He said that a dangerous fire had just broken out in Stockholm, at the Sudermalm (three hundred miles off), and that it was spreading very fast. He was restless, and went out often. He said that the house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already in ashes, and that his own was in danger. At eight o'clock, after he had been out again, he joyfully exclaimed, 'Thank God! the fire is extinguished, the third door from my house!' This news occasioned great commotion through the whole city, and particularly amongst the company in which he was. It was announced to the governor the same evening. On the Sunday morning, Swedenborg was sent for by the governor, who questioned him concerning the disaster. Swedenborg described the fire precisely, how it had begun, and in what manner it had ceased, and how long it had continued. On the same day the news was spread through the city, and as the governor had thought it worthy of attention, the consternation was considerably increased, because many were in trouble on account of their friends and property, which might have been involved in the disaster. On the Monday evening a messenger arrived at Gottenburg, who was despatched during the time of the fire. In the letters brought by him the fire was described precisely in the manner stated by Swedenborg. On the Tuesday morning the royal courier arrived at the governor's, with the melancholy intelligence of the fire, of the loss which it had occasioned, and of the houses it had damaged and ruined, not in the least differing from that which Swedenborg had given immediately it had ceased; for the fire was extinguished at eight o'clock.

Here is another, almost as marvellous. The Count de Martenville, ambassador from Holland to Stockholm, having died suddenly, a shopkeeper demanded of his widow the payment of a bill for some articles of drapery, which she remembered had been paid in her

husband's lifetime. The widow, not being able to find the shopkeeper's receipt, was advised to consult with Swedenborg, who, she was told, could converse with the dead whenever he pleased. She accordingly adopted his advice, though she did so less from credulity than curiosity; and at the end of a few days Swedenborg informed her that her deceased husband had taken the shopkeeper's receipt for the money on such a day, at such an hour, as he was reading such an article in Bayle's Dictionary, in his cabinet; and that his attention being called immediately afterwards to some other concern, he had put the receipt into the book to mark the place at which he left off, where in fact it was found, at the page described!

Once more. A merchant of Elberfeld, having heard a good deal of this extraordinary man, went to see him. He found a very venerable and friendly-looking old gentleman, who received him politely, when the following dialogue took place. After some preparatory remarks, the *merchant* said, 'I think you will not be displeased with a sincere friend of the truth, if he desires an irrefutable proof that you really have communication with the spiritual world?' *Swedenborg*. 'It would, indeed, be very wrong if I were displeased; but I believe I have given already proofs enough, which cannot be refuted.' *M*. 'Do you mean those respecting the queen, the fire at Stockholm, and the mislaid receipt?' *S*. 'Yes, I do; and they are true.' *M*. 'May I be so free as to ask for a proof of the same kind?' *S*. 'Why not? with all my heart.' *M*. 'I had a friend, a student of divinity at Duisburg; a little time before his decease we had an important conversation together: now could you learn from him what was the subject of it?' *S*. 'We will see: come again in a day or two; I will see if I can find your friend.' The merchant returned accordingly; when Swedenborg met him with a smile, and said, 'I have spoken with your friend: the subject of your discourse was, the final restitution of all things.' Swedenborg then repeated, word for word, what he and his deceased friend had maintained.

Besides these and some other instances of more than 'second sight,' it is attested that Swedenborg predicted the day of his own death, which took place accordingly. 'On Sunday, the 29th of March, 1772. his faculties were as bright as usual, the maid and her mistress were sitting by his bedside when it struck five, and he asked what o'clock it was? and being answered five, he said, "It is well—I thank you—God bless you;" and, in a moment after, his spirit gently and peacefully passed away.'

These examples of Swedenborg's gift are certainly remarkable enough, if they may be credited. The first is recorded at second-hand, by the celebrated philosopher Kant, and appears the best authenticated of all; but with respect to all, we feel very much as the merchant did when he asked for some 'irrefutable proof.' Not only is the evidence in every case very slight, but of such a nature that, after so many years, it is impossible to sift it to any certain conclusion. Without, however, calling in question the veracity of the various witnesses, or rejecting their testimony, we have still to ask whether these

cases of *clairvoyance* are sufficient to accredit Swedenborg's claims to be regarded as a medium of Divine revelation? According to Mr Hood himself, instances of *clairvoyance*, as wonderful as those recorded of Swedenborg, are of *frequent* occurrence. Are we, then, to receive all these instances as proofs of the seership of those who are thus gifted? If so, we fear the school of modern prophets will turn out not only very large, but somewhat divided, even to the utter confounding of all truth; but if not, we do not at present see why Swedenborg alone should enjoy the honour and the confidence not conceded to the rest of the fraternity.

There is, however, another startling circumstance related respecting Swedenborg, by which, it seems, he was specially prepared for intercourse with the spiritual world—a circumstance on which much stress is laid by his biographer. ‘Swedenborg’s education, hitherto,’ says Mr. Hood, ‘was complete, profound in knowledge—the world of learning had been traversed by him, so as few men of his age or ours had traversed it; we have said enough soberly already to show that he was a compeer of Aristotle, of Plato, of Herschel, and of Newton, but as yet his observations had been confined to the domain of nature; these observations had fitted him perhaps to bear his testimony to the existence of the kingdom above, and beyond nature. But for an entrance into that world a different preparation was needed. Prepared? How? Mr. Wilkinson has made several ingenious remarks on breathing, especially referring to the fact, that the respiration of Swedenborg underwent a considerable change, as he bears testimony himself, when he says, “My respiration has been so formed by the Lord as to enable me to breathe inwardly for a long period of time, without the aid of the external air, my respiration being directed within, and my outward senses as well as actions still continuing in their vigour, which is only possible with persons who have been so formed by the Lord. . . . I have also been instructed that my breathing was so directed, without my being aware of it, in order to enable me to be with spirits and to speak with them.” And in illustration of this he says, “If we carefully attend to profound thoughts we shall find, that when we *draw breath* a host of ideas rush from beneath, as through an open door, into the sphere of thought; whereas, *when we hold the breath* and slowly let it out, we deeply keep the while in the tenour of our thought, and communicate, as it were, with the higher faculty of the soul, as I have observed in my own person times out of number. Retaining or holding back the breath is equivalent to having intercourse with the soul; attracting or drawing it amounts to intercourse with the body.”’

Of course, it is to no purpose to set our experience against that of Swedenborg on a matter of breathing, although we have never been conscious of the different results attending the holding and the drawing of the breath to which he adverts; neither is it for us to say how Swedenborg was ‘formed by the Lord’ so as to be capable of breathing inwardly, without breathing outwardly, that is, without breathing at all, and that for a very long time, so as to allow of those prolonged

visits to the spiritual world which he has recorded ; still less is it for us to understand how he came to know that his breathing was so directed, and yet, as he distinctly states, he 'was not aware of it.' On all these points, we freely confess, we are fairly puzzled, and begin to suspect that Swedenborg must have been an 'incarnation,' and have dropped down from the moon, or some other sphere, or, in his straining after spiritual things, must have given his nervous system somewhat of a wrench in relation to the subjects of his earnest search. If the learned baron had asserted that he was in a trance whenever he was indulged with a 'vision of angels' or of spiritual things, we should have understood him; but this inward breathing, or rather no-breathing, with awakened 'senses' and 'outward actions' in full 'vigour,' we cannot comprehend.

On the whole, then, we come to the conclusion, that no satisfactory evidence is furnished respecting the claims of Swedenborg to be regarded as a special medium of Divine revelation. While confessing our inability wholly to reject the testimony of various respectable witnesses respecting his gifts as a *clairvoyant*, we are at the same time unable to accept it without further proof, and believe that if the Almighty had designed to communicate his will, more fully than it is already revealed in his own word, through this man, he would have furnished him with power to demonstrate his mission to mankind.

But, it is affirmed, the writings of Swedenborg are enough to prove the truth of his pretensions. We are content to abide by this test. During the later period of his life he published a large number of treatises, in which his views are fully propounded, some in a most fanciful, and others in a more sober manner. The principal of them are the 'Arcana Coelestia;' 'Brief Exposition of the New Church;' 'The True Christian Religion;' 'Conjugal Love;' 'Intercourse of the Soul and the Body;' 'Heaven and Hell,' &c. All these works evince the subtil, analytical mind of the thinker, in combination with a high predominance of the imaginative faculty. On some points there is little to object to, and on others one is fascinated by the original views and profound thoughts which open up unexpectedly before him; but the whole is dashed by a vein of unsupported speculation, expressed in the most dogmatic manner, which suggests even to the most candid reader the idea, either that the author is endeavouring to impose upon his credulity, or is the sport of some hallucination, which must needs betray itself in spite of his sobriety in particular portions of his theme. Not seldom we are reminded of the 'Opium-eater,' and could almost imagine we were reading some of his productions before he conquered the giant evil.

Mr. Hood has devoted several chapters to an 'Exposition' of Swedenborg's opinions, and has endeavoured to show their consistency with truth and Scripture, not without some laborious attempts to vindicate their superiority over all previous opinions on the same subjects. In reply to all that he has advanced, under the several heads of 'Initial Letters;' 'Theosophy;' 'Homology and Psychology;' 'Marriage;' 'The World of Souls;' and 'Sacred Hieroglyphics;' we

ask, what is there in all Swedenborg's disclosures that can be considered as a real addition to what has been already revealed in Scripture? and what point of difficulty is there in relation to the interpretation of Scripture that he has not left as debateable as it was before? With respect to the views of Swedenborg on 'Degrees;' on 'Good and Evil Uses;' on 'Self-hood;' on 'Spheres;' on 'Pairs;' on 'Triplcity;' on 'Love;' there is little that may not be conceded without affecting materially either theology or Scripture, although on these points we are not prepared to admit the originality or completeness of his views. To apply a vulgar phrase, it 'needed no ghost' to inform us that there are degrees of things, or that all things have their good and evil uses; that selfishness is the bane of depraved human nature; that some things go by twos, and others by threes; that there is a fundamental antithesis of things; and that Love is the essential life of the soul and of all true religion. Neither do we believe that any real ghost ever communicated to Swedenborg the intelligence that evil in man arises from 'influx;' or that God's word is a great book of hieroglyphics, a picture-puzzle, a complicated piece of spiritual mechanism, the 'key' to unlock which was reserved for Swedenborg. It is quite amusing to follow Mr. Hood as he paces the various chambers of Swedenborgian imagery. Like the showman he pronounces it all wonderful. There does not appear to be any suspicion of error or collusion; and what is best of all, everything is original as well as true. We have not space to notice these matters in detail, but one or two particulars may be adverted to as samples of the rest.

The chapter headed 'Theosophy' introduces us to Swedenborg's views respecting the Divine nature and character, in the course of which Mr. Hood claims for him 'the honour of having first released Theology from the prison of Time and Space.' Let the following passage explain how this release is effected:—'Whoso elevates his mind to things spiritual and divine, passes from darkness to light, and by virtue of that light, he shakes off the darkness of natural light, and *removes its fallacies from the middle to the sides*. Every man who hath understanding, may think above those things proper to nature, and, also, does actually so think; and then he affirms and sees that the Divine, inasmuch as it is omnipresent, is not in space, but fills all spaces of the universe without space. And thus it is that we see man really unclothed. All they who die and become angels, put off those two things proper to nature; they enter into spiritual light, and there is perfect resemblance between the object seen and the state of the thought, and things will appear as in time and space in themselves.' This may be very satisfactory to Mr. Hood; to our mind it is nothing but a jargon of words. In the same chapter, the Swedenborgian view of the doctrine of the Trinity is set forth as a simple yet profound solution of the great mystery. Let us hear Mr. Hood's exposition of this matter. 'Swedenborg devoutly believed in the doctrine of the Trinity—not in three Gods, but in one God, with three modes of manifestation. Of course God the Father, in

his scale of argument, is Divine; but in what other pages does God the Son, the Saviour, look so Divine? We now see, indeed, how "in Him dwells all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Jesus is here very God of very God. Thus, also, God the Spirit, proceeding from the Father and the Son, ineffable, eternal, co-equal, as truly, as greatly, Divine. It appears to us amazing now, how any other ideas, save these obvious and simple ones, could ever have crept into the Church.' We join with Mr. Hood in the feeling of amazement; but not precisely for the same reason. We are amazed that Mr. Hood should be so easily satisfied with this explanation of the great mystery of revealed truth, and that he should parade it as a novelty in Theology. Has he never heard of the Presbyter of Ptolemais, and of the successive controversies to which his explanation of the Trinitarian doctrine gave rise in various periods of the Church? If not, he is scarcely the man to expound the views of a modern theologian; if he has, why should he rest the claims of Swedenborg to the gratitude of mankind on the shallow ground of a revived Sabellianism? The 'heresy' of Sabellius may stand side by side with that of Swedenborg. He maintained that the appellations Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, were only so many different *manifestations* of one and the same Divine Being; thus converting the real distinction of persons into a distinction of modes; a trinity of essence into a trinity of manifestations; *ἐν μιᾷ ὑποστάσει τρεῖς ἐνέργειαι*.

Then, again—and with this we must conclude our brief review—we are invited to yield our homage to Swedenborg as the discoverer and expounder of a new science of biblical interpretation—the science of correspondences. The nature of this science may be gathered from the following expressions:—'In the word there are three senses: the celestial sense is its first sense; the spiritual sense is its middle sense; and the natural sense is its last sense. . . . The celestial and spiritual senses are not the word without the natural sense, which is the sense of the latter. . . . The truths of the literal sense of the word are, in some cases, not naked truths, but only appearances of truth, and are like similitudes and comparisons taken from the objects of nature. But whereas they are at the same time correspondences, they are the receptacles and abodes of genuine truth.' The object of the science of correspondence is to discover the laws in relation to these three senses of the word of God; which, according to Mr. Hood, Swedenborg has both ascertained and revealed. After a careful study of the several examples furnished by the ingenious Swede, we have arrived at the conclusion that whatever is really true in his system, is neither original nor profound. The typology of Scripture has received no small measure of attention in our day, and its principles are becoming more and more clearly ascertained. But Swedenborg's arbitrary method of interpretation, notwithstanding Mr. Hood's bold assertion that 'the key' has been found by him alone, robs some of the most instructive portions both of Old and New Testament prophecy of all their meaning. The following extract from Mr. Hood's book, intended to vindicate the

Swedenborgian doctrine, will abundantly justify our assertion with all Biblical students :—‘Horses, chariots, wheels, in how many connexions in the sacred writings do they constantly occur where but little solution can be given of them ; but does not the difficulty become lessened—nay, does it not clear up, when we know that the horse implies the intellectual principle, the understanding ; the chariot, doctrine derived from the understanding ; and the wheel, the understanding combating. . . . An interpretation like this rolls away the clouds from the Apocalyptic visions, and makes them sources of sacred and intelligent, as well as intelligible, instruction. With this light let the reader turn to the passage where he is told that “upon the bells of the horses shall be written holiness to the Lord,” and then he will gather from thence an age when the service of the understanding shall be entirely consecrated to divine uses. Horses of various colours will, by the same light, denote various shades and kinds of doctrine in their beauty or depravity—thus, *a dead horse* signifies no understanding of truth ; *a white horse*, a pure understanding of the truth from a knowledge of the word ; *a black horse*, the famine of the word ; *a pale horse*, the destruction of the word, both in its goodness and its truth ; and *a red horse*, the destruction of the good of the word, although a retention of the truth of it.’ Mr. Hood thinks that the interpretation of those passages in Ezekiel and the Apocalypse, in which horses are referred to, by this principle, will render their meaning ‘simple, pleasing, natural, and most instructive.’ We have a deep conviction, on the contrary, that such a method of interpretation will reduce most of the passages in question to absolute nonsense. In the one cited above, respecting the ‘bells of the horses,’ a meaning is certainly given ; but that it is not the right one we are equally certain. As for the passage in the Apocalypse, its prophetic truth and force evaporate under this mode of treatment. Let any one compare the Swedenborgian interpretation with that of Hengstenberg, and, so comparing, decide.

But we must conclude, and, in so doing, express our conviction, that while the writings of Swedenborg evince great acuteness, and even genius of a certain order, they are anything but proofs that he was deeply versed in the essential doctrines of the Divine word, still less that he was raised up in this age of ours to become the special exponent of Christian truth. Without questioning his sincerity, we believe he was deluded by the notion that his acquirements in mathematical and physical science fitted him to rise to a higher platform, and to become the teacher of mankind in spiritual things ; and that in arrogating to himself the functions of a seer he was visited by a pleasant illusion which rendered him as dogmatic as his system was visionary and false. Mr. Carlyle, we have heard, was once asked, respecting a certain noble lord, whether he thought him a great man ? ‘A great man ?’ said Mr. Carlyle ; ‘undoubtedly, a very great man, with a very large brain. When the maggot of vanity gets into an ordinary brain it soon eats it all away ; his lordship’s brain must have been originally very large, since it is not all gone yet.’ We incline to the belief that



the maggot of vanity—not of the common kind, but extraordinary, and amounting to monomania—was very busy for many years in Swedenborg's brain; and that if it did not eat it all out, it was because it was a large one to begin with. His name may live for a time; but as the clouds roll away from the volume of inspiration, the Church will learn to smile at the vagaries of a self-constituted prophet, who had no Divine warrant, and who showed no 'sign' from the Lord, and whose disciples, however enthusiastic in a half-taught age, could find no place when the season of true illumination arrived.

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## The Prophets of the Old Testament.

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### II.—BALAAM.

WE have, in the present article, to deal with a man who left no writings, unless we believe that he copied his own predictions after they were uttered, one who has generally had the misfortune to be deeply censured by all classes of the religious, and for whose biographical notice we are indebted to an enemy, yet in whose character we find more difficulties than in any other of the prophetic family. One class of writers continues to insist on the unmixt badness of Balaam's character; they affirm that none of his virtues were apparent; that his worthlessness was obvious from his assuming the office of a magician; that he uttered his predictions contrary to his own will; and that, to crown all, he was an apostate from the true religion, which he had observed in his youth. On the other hand, we find writers who maintain that this man is over-censured by such biographers, who, it is affirmed, are unable to make their accusations good; since it is believed by the apologists for Balaam that, with the exception of 'loving the wages of unrighteousness'—and who can now say that he is not in some form guilty of the same sin?—he was no worse than even some of the best of the Jews, and that he cannot be justly charged either with being a hypocrite or a false prophet; perhaps even not, in the modern sense of the term, with being a magician. We must, however, leave these persons to continue their controversies, caring little, meanwhile, how they determine their disputes, since if they resolve to take the milder view of Balaam's character it will not materially diminish the difficulties of his predictions, nor, if they leave him under the ban of all the religious, will it sensibly increase our labour.

In forming our own opinion of the distinguished and remarkable predictions of Balaam, we cannot altogether be insensible to the theological dogmata of the Jewish and Gentile schools. Among the opinions of the former we might allege the doctrine of the Rabbis, who revel *con amore* in the half-concealed character of Balaam, give the full reins to their imagination, and almost pour forth encyclo-

pediacal dissertations on every part of this biographical history which favours a duplex interpretation. Nothing could have more happily suited the gorgeous and obscure hues of Rabbinic literature than the history of Balaam, in whose words they descry antiquities without a basis, miracles beyond number, and prophetic allusions that are inappreciable to all the rest of mankind. The theologic school of Germany, equally as much smitten with the gaudy and the indistinct, has laboured hard, especially at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one, to throw new light on the Balaamic history. But with the exception of the doubts and surmises of De Wette and his companions, now to shake the story of this prophet from its genuine antiquity, and then to deprive it of its genuineness as a truth, the record has passed through the severe test-house of German criticism, much as it was 1800 years ago.

The army of Moses, after countermarching through the wilderness for forty years, had at last received orders from Jehovah to 'pitch in the plains of Moab on this side (east) Jordan by Jericho.' This movement excited the fears of the Moabites, who had witnessed the irresistible course of victory by which the Jews had swept through the land of the Amorites, and who now considered themselves in imminent danger from the proximity of the Jews; and the miracles of whose history had long before reached the ears of Balak. Dismayed as the king himself was, his people were more moved, for 'Moab was distressed because of the children of Israel, and Moab said to the elders of Midian, 'Now shall this company lick up all that are round about us, as the ox licketh up the grass of the field.' To meet this emergency, Balak neither sought by politic mediation to make terms of peace with the Jews, nor to muster his warriors for war, but sent joint messengers for himself and Midian, bearing presents, with haste to Balaam, the son of Besor (*query* Beor), to Pethor, a place in Mesopotamia, with this remarkable message: 'Come, curse me this people, for they are too mighty for me; peradventure I shall prevail, that we may smite them, and drive them out of the land, for I wot that he whom thou blessest is blessed, and he whom thou cursest is cursed.' A man living at so great a distance from the boundaries of Moab, one would imagine, must have done something real and distinguished to have given such celebrity to his name. Philo, the Jewish writer, in his life of Moses, observes, 'There was a man at that time celebrated for divination, who lived in Mesopotamia, and was an adept in all the forms of the divining art, but in no branch was he more advanced than in augury; to many persons, and on many occasions, he gave astounding proofs of his skill. For to some he foretold storms in the height of summer; to others, drought and heat in the depth of winter: to some, scarcity succeeding a fruitful year, and then again abundance after scarcity; to others, the overflowing and the drying up of rivers; and the remedies of pestilential diseases, and a vast multitude of other things, by each of which he acquired great fame for predicting.' All this, however accurately Philo may have written, falls short of the occasion, on account of which Balak now applied to Balaam. One

would imagine that he must either have aspired to higher services than these, or have, at least, impressed his neighbours with the possession of greater powers than the mere prediction of the aerial changes of the weather. It may be, however, that Balak conceded to Balaam the possession of the gifts of 'cursing and blessing' by way of complimentary inference from his assumed weather-wisdom. We can easily understand why the ridiculous notion possessed the mind of Balak that a prophetic person had the power of either cursing or of blessing any multitude of men, when we remember the universal history of divination, such as it has been found to display itself among all the forms of false religion. Macrobius, in his chapter on 'The Incantations which were used to induce the Tutelary Gods to forsake the Cities over which they presided, and to devote Cities and Armies to destruction,' gives us the form of supplication used by the Roman general, at the head of his army, when Carthage was besieged:—'Whether it be god or goddess under whose protection the people and city of Carthage are placed—and thee especially who hast undertaken to defend this city and people—I pray, beseech, and earnestly implore that you would forsake the people and city of Carthage, and leave their places, temples, and sacred things and city, and depart from them; and that you would inspire this people and city with fear, terror, and forgetfulness; and that coming out from them you would pass over to Rome, to me, and to mine, and that our places, temple, and sacred things, and city, may be more agreeable and more acceptable to you; and that you would preside over me, the Roman people, and my soldiers, that we may know and perceive it. If ye will do this, I promise to consecrate to your honour both temples and games.' And after supposing the divinity of Carthage had complied with this request, the general further prays:—'Diis, Pater, Vejovis, Manes, or by whatever name you wish to be invoked, I pray you to fill this city of Carthage with fear and terror, and to put that army to flight which I mention, and which bears arms or darts against our legions and armies. And that ye may take those enemies, those men, their cities, and their country, and all who dwell in those places, regions, countries, or cities, and deprive them of the light above. And let all their armies, cities, country, chiefs, and people, be held by you consecrated and devoted according to those laws by which and at what time enemies can be most effectually devoted. I also give and devote them as vicarious sacrifices for myself and for my magistracy, for the Roman people, and for all our armies and legions, and for the whole empire; and that all the armies and legions which are employed in these countries may be preserved in safety. If, therefore, ye will do these things, as I know, conceive, and intend, then he who makes this vow I engage shall sacrifice *three black sheep* to thee, O mother Earth! and to thee, O Jupiter!' Marvellous as this vow was, Macrobius assures us that he found it recorded among the writings of several of the overthrown cities, which the Romans believed could not have been taken till the tutelary gods had withdrawn, and that if a city had been seizable, it would have been sacrilege to have captured the town before

the gods had retired ! Who does not remember that Virgil attributes the taking of Troy to the withdrawal of its deities, in his

‘*Excessere omnes adytis, arisque relictis  
Dii quibus imperium hæc steterat?*’—ÆN. ii. ver. 351.

While Tacitus affirms that when Suetonius Paulinus had passed over into the island of Mona, where the Druids and Britons had retired, their priestesses, with flowing and wild hair, wearing white robes and carrying torches, execrated their foes, the Romans, to destruction ; and such was the effect of the imprecations and the furious attitudes of the priestesses, that the Roman legions were for a time paralyzed, and suffered themselves to be pierced by the weapons of the Britons without making the least resistance ! The Jews also had a more horrible form of execration, which may be seen in Buxtorf’s Talmudic Lexicon, under the article ‘Cherim.’

It may be objected that these occurrences did not happen till many centuries after the death of Balaam, and that we have no proof that they were the sentiments of the Moabites 1400 years B.C. We reply, that the objection is more specious than valid ; for as we have anterior instances as early as the time of David, in which the warriors of contending nations were accustomed to employ their *priests* in execrating their enemies, there can be little doubt that the practice was also employed in the times of Balaam ; and, indeed, the form of execration which was used by the Roman *general* at the siege of Carthage rather appears to us as the corrupted remains of a very old tradition, which, in the earlier ages, had only been practised by persons of the priestly order, or by such as were supposed to be learned in the art of divination, and not by the mere general, who was only a civilian. Such, then, were the circumstances under which Balaam was sent for ; we shall now see how he met the messengers, and what there was in his spirit to earn for him the ineffaceable award, that ‘he loved the wages of unrighteousness.’ It will, perhaps, be meantime inquired by some of our readers, How Moses obtained the knowledge of the intercourse between the king of Moab and the mantic agent of Pethor ? We confess our inability to reply to that question, though we may imagine that as Jehovah intended for the support of his servants to make the Balaamic history a portion of the sacred volume, that he may have directly inspired Moses with the knowledge of the facts ; the author of the Pentateuch may have come into possession of the predictions themselves when Balaam, who doubtless wrote his predictions after their delivery, was found with them upon his person among the slain of the Midianites, into whose territory he seems to have retired when he quitted Balak ; and by adding such investigation as the affair would easily admit from the princes, or even the king, of Moab, Moses might thus easily have arrived at the full knowledge of the Pethorite diviner.

We have nothing to say, except to refute the opinions of the school of De Wette, which appears to hang in doubt, not between the different expositors of the predictions of Balaam, but between the

positions whether the history be as old as it is assumed to be by ranking with the other Pentateuchal events, or whether it be an authentic narrative at all? We suppose critics of that class would easily admit the opinions of some of our own commentators, who maintain that the whole Balaamic history, with the prophecies too, are only visionary occurrences. This method of resolving the difficulties of the Bible into visions is a curt and easy way of slipping out of the critical harness; for by this means the reader, when he meets with passages that demand both thought, learning, and labour, has only to write in the margin, 'A visionary epoch,' and by the time he had arrived at the Apocalypse he would find that the visionary epoch had reoccurred so frequently that he had now a Bible with more visions in it than facts! This old *ruse* of empty and blustering scepticism has often tried to abolish the real history of the fall of Adam, of the occurrence of the flood, of the intended sacrifice of Abraham, and of the call of Moses, and the publication of the Jewish law; but it has been always found that to depart from the sense of an authentic narrative into a visionary interpretation merely to avoid difficulties, is to murder historic truth by wholesale, and to treat genuine history rather as a felon than as a judge. If we must admit the visionary signification of Balaam's history, what is to prevent our extending it to the wars of the Canaanites, to the plagues that befel the Jews, and even to the miracles of Moses himself? The tendency of the present age to favour a visionary interpretation of the word of God looks hard towards the great high road to scepticism, and we trust our youthful readers will hesitate to admit such a solution of any difficulties which reason, learning, experience, and scholarship, will better explain.

When Balaam first heard the messengers of Balak, he gave such an answer to their proposition—that he should go and execrate the Jewish army—as we would naturally expect from a servant of God who was accustomed to hold frequent intercourse with his Master: 'Lodge here this night, and I will bring you word again as the Lord shall speak to me.' We suppose it is from the habits implied in this message which has led many of the less charitable writers on Balaam's life to accuse him of having been in early life a servant of Jehovah, from whom, say they, he had apostatised to the craft of divination. Gently, severe annotator! whoever thou art; read that 8th verse of the 22nd chapter of Numbers again, and then say whether thou canst find either of those slanders contained in it? Dost thou not rather observe with what prompt and easy habitude Balaam, upon the request of Moab's king being made known to him, refers the reply to Jehovah himself? Jehovah meets the inquiring prophet just as promptly, and Balaam relates the simple request of Balak in a candid and a fair manner. It may be, indeed, that Jehovah saw that covetous heart in Balaam from the first, which has doomed him to imperishable infamy among men; but there is scarcely any display of this avarice in the recorded conduct of Balaam throughout the interview. We know, indeed, that a vice may exist, and yet not display

itself; and that a man may deserve reprobation for that hidden fault which no one but the Omniscient beholds. But we must judge Balaam for his manifested faults only; and though we can never be wrong in following the judgment of an inspired censor, we may be premature in finding occasion where none exists to justify the censure.

We find the same sturdy resolution on the part of Balaam when Balak had sent a more influential deputation, and more valuable presents, to urge his immediate visit; he replied, 'If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord *my* God, to do less or more.' Thus far the conduct of Balaam appears to us to have been right; but when Jehovah gave permission to him to go, '*if the men come to call thee,*' Balaam, unwisely, did not wait for this condition that *was to be the signal for his going* to Balak, but 'rose up in the morning and saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Moab.' It was by his disobeying the precept which required him to wait 'till the men came to call him,' and thus readily accepting the permission to go after Jehovah had before forbidden him, that proved his avaricious temper. Hence we find God's anger was kindled because he went before 'the men came to call him.' It was on this occasion that 'the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an adversary against him,' and terrified the ass three times, which induced Balaam to strike the animal, and to say, 'I would there were a sword in my hand, for now would I kill thee.' Such was the unreasoning rage into which this prophetic man had fallen, when God, who can use any mouth to subserve his purposes, 'rebuked the madness of the prophet, the dumb ass speaking with man's voice.' But here, again, we see the old habit of obeying God in Balaam display itself, for he immediately replied to the angel, 'I have sinned, for I knew not that thou stoodest in the way; now, therefore, if it displease thee, I will get me back again.' There may be somewhat of the tardy spirit of obedience in these words, but still, in the judgment of men, they must be admitted as expressive of a loyal feeling towards Jehovah on the whole. We must now hasten to the predictions themselves.

There is every appearance, in the construction of the Balaamic predictions, of their being at least committed to writing in the hemistich form of verse, and as such we shall quote them here, because in that form the parallels will be most easily visible; and a reason will also be thus given to supersede the necessity of our remarking on certain minor passages of the poem. We would, however, here observe that while some writers ridicule the seven altars which Balak, at the suggestion of his important seer, constructed, as the mere mummary of divination, others regard them as allusive to the seven planets that were then known in the East; but whatever may be the significance of the number seven, in the '*Oriental Illustrations of Scripture,*' by Roberts, there is the following remark alluding to certain Hindoo customs: 'Before a king goes to battle he makes a sacrifice to the goddess of the royal family to ascertain what will be the result of the approaching conflict, and, likewise, *to enable him to curse his enemies.*

In front of the temple are raised seven altars, near to which are seven vessels filled with water. . . . The victims—which may be seven, or fourteen, or twenty-one, consisting of buffaloes, of rams, or cocks—are brought forward. . . . The number seven, also, is generally attended to by the poor in their offerings. . . . Thus, seven ereka nuts, or the same number of limes, plantains, or of beetle-leaves, or seven measures of rice, will be presented.' And it is possible that this all-but universal reverence of the number seven, of which the Scripture contains many instances, may have existed among all nations from the origin of society; and that the number seven was only intended in the first instance to keep in memory the days of the week, or, perhaps, the first seven days during which God formed the visible world. We now come to the first prediction of Balaam:—

'Balak, the king of Moab, hath brought me from Aram,  
 Out of the mountains of the East, saying,  
 Come, curse me Jacob;  
 And come, defy Israel.  
 How shall I curse whom God hath not cursed?  
 Or how shall I defy whom the Lord hath not defied?  
 From the top of the rocks I see him,  
 And from the hills I behold him.  
 Lo! the people shall dwell alone,  
 And shall not be reckoned among the nations.  
 Who shall count the dust of Jacob,  
 And the number of the fourth part of Israel?  
 Let me die the death of the righteous,  
 And let my last end be like his.'

We will not here raise the question whether the hemistich metre was given by the Spirit of prophecy itself to Balaam or to Moses, though we confess we see no more difficulty in admitting the former supposition than we do in the fact of God speaking to man at all. But let us attend to this extraordinary composition. Let the reader commence at the third line of the above prediction, and he will find every two lines are parallel in signification, of which, the latter one contains a various, and for the most part, a stronger idea. The only prediction in the piece is in the fourth parallelism.

'Lo! the people shall dwell alone,  
 And shall not be reckoned among the nations.'

The affirmation of these words, that the Jews should be an unique and an original people, unlike all other nations, and never to be numbered with them, hated and despised by all, and yet themselves hating and despising others, and this said too almost before that people had become consolidated into a nation at all, must be admitted at once as a most remarkable prediction, which has been fulfilled for the period of some 3,500 years! As such a fact was altogether super-rational, and highly improbable, Balaam could only have acquired the information from a divine source. Some of the other parts of this prophecy, meantime, amply demand our attention, as where Balaam represents, by implication, the difference between the forces of the Moabitish king relying on the power of execration and the energy of demoniac malice.

and invoking without remorse upon the armies of Israel all the destructive vengeance implied in those agencies, and the moral superiority of the army of Moses, dwelling safely under the care of Providence, free alike from the stroke of the diviner's art and from the ireful rage of supernatural evil. One must not, however, quit this first prediction without reminding the reader of the improved version of the Septuagint of the last couplet. The couplet would then read in the following manner:—

‘Let me die the death of the righteous,  
And let my posterity be like his.’

In which the prophet both prays for his own happy termination of his life, and for the correlative bliss of his prospective self in the as happy death of his descendants, a prayer which seems from the Mosaic record to have succeeded in neither of the particulars.

The second prediction of Balaam is thus recorded:—

‘Rise up, Balak, and hear;  
Hearken unto me, thou son of Zippor !  
God is not a man, that he should lie ;  
Nor the son of man, that he should repent.  
Hath he said, and shall he not do it ?  
Or hath he spoken, and shall not he make it good ?  
Behold, I have received commandment to bless,  
And he hath blessed, nor can I reverse it.  
He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob ;  
Neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel.  
The Lord his God is with him,  
And the shout of a king is among them.  
God brought them out of Egypt ;  
He hath as it were the strength of an unicorn (the reem).  
Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob ;  
Neither is there any divination against Israel.  
According to this time it shall be said  
Of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought !  
Behold, the people shall rise up as a great lion,  
And lift up himself as a young lion ;  
He shall not lie down until he eat of the prey,  
And drink of the blood of the slain !’

The studious reader will observe here the same construction of gradational parallels, the latter line amplifying or energizing the signification. This second prediction takes the turn, in the third line, of maintaining the irreversible veracity of Jehovah, from the fact that Balak had requested the prophet to come unto another place, ‘from whence thou shalt see but the utmost part of them, and curse me them from thence.’ The prophet wished to impress Balak with the fact that all places were alike to God, and that there was neither juggle in the terms which he addressed to men, nor collusion in his government, and he adds the melancholy assertion to Balak, if not to himself,

‘Behold, I have received commandment to bless,  
And he hath blessed, and I cannot reverse it.’

Though we cannot regard the next couplet as a prophecy—

‘He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob ;  
Neither hath he seen perverseness in Israel’—



it is liable in its literal interpretation to the erroneous construction of the hyper-Calvinistic creed, which is however avoided by translating the Hebrew word, here rendered iniquity, by its more ordinary and better signification of an 'idol' and an 'image,' of which the places in 1 Sam. xv. 23, and Isaiah lxvi. 3, are specimens, as well as the Church of England's homily against the peril of idolatry, where the passage is translated, 'There was no idol in Jacob; nor was there any image seen in Israel.' Balak, still clinging to his notion of the topographical power of his divinities, was not even yet convinced that Jehovah was equally the Lord of all places, but having bidden Balaam 'neither to curse them at all nor bless them at all, summoned the prophet to another place, adding, 'Peradventure it will please God that thou mayest curse me them from thence.' This leads us to the third expression from the lips of Balaam :

- 'Balaam the son of Beor hath said,  
And the man whose eyes are open hath said,  
He hath said which heard the words of God,  
Which saw the vision of the Almighty,  
Falling, but having his eyes open :  
How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob !  
And thy tabernacles, O Israel !  
As the valleys are they spread forth,  
As gardens by the river's side,  
As the trees of lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted,  
And as cedars beside the waters.
- 'He shall pour the water out of his buckets,  
And his seed shall be in many waters,  
And his king shall be higher than Agag,  
And his kingdom shall be exalted ;  
God brought him forth out of Egypt ;  
He hath, as it were, the strength of an unicorn.
- 'He shall eat up the nations his enemies,  
And shall break their bones, and pierce them with his arrows ;  
He crouched, he lay down as a hare,  
And as a great lion ; who shall stir him up ?  
Blessed is he that blesseth thee,  
And cursed is he that curseth thee.'

The whole of this predictive passage is happily eulogistic of the condition of the Abrahamic progeny, but the really predictive portion is included in the four lines which begin, 'He shall pour the water out of his own buckets,' &c., and which seem to foretel the state of contented affluence to which the Hebrew race, then without a home, would rise ; that the nation would become distinguished for its monarchs, and that the kingdom was destined to increase. Unimportant as this passage may seem to us who know the history of the Jews, it was not only then important, but most unlikely to take place ; for though the Jews were then under the one government of Moses, they had still all their enemies to subdue, and every foot of land to win by battle, before these predicted events could transpire. The unity of the seed of Jacob sprung from no less than five mothers, yet attested alike by the prophecies of Jacob, of Moses, and of Balaam, is the

historic miracle, which appears more extraordinary when we remember the feuds of the tribes themselves, and the fact that the twelve tribes were always divided into four distinct encampments.

The fourth and the last prediction seems to have been uttered to Balak, either without his request, or with the seven offerings which had preceded the other communications, and is introduced by Balaam's remark, 'Come, I will advertise thee what this people shall do to thy people in the latter days;' and it thus opens:—

'Balaam the son of Beor hath said,  
And the man whose eyes are open hath said,  
He hath said which heard the words of God,  
And knew the knowledge of the Most High;  
Which saw the vision of the Almighty,  
Falling, but having his eyes open:  
I shall see him, but not now;  
I shall behold him, but not nigh.

'There shall come a Star out of Jacob,  
And a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel,  
And shall smite the corners of Moab,  
And destroy all the children of Sheth;  
And Edom shall be a possession;  
Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies,  
And Israel shall do valiantly:  
Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion,  
And shall destroy him that remaineth of the city.

'Amalek was the first among the nations,  
But his end shall be that he perish for ever.'

Of the Kenites the prophet continues to add:—

'Strong is thy dwelling-place,  
And thou puttest thy nest in a rock;  
Nevertheless, the Kenite shall be wasted  
Until Asshur shall carry them away;  
And ships shall come from the coast of Chittim,  
And shall afflict Asshur, and shall afflict Eber,  
And he also (*i. e.*, Chittim) shall perish for ever.'

If the eighth and ninth lines refer to the four succeeding ones, their interpretation is sufficiently easy, for the prophet foretels the rise among that strange people whom he was brought to execrate of a distinguished individual, who would arise in some future and unknown period of their history, and whom the prophet himself would only distantly behold. Whether Balaam foretold the compound personages of David-Christ, the former as the temporal type of the latter, and as smiting the corners of Moab, we must leave to the reader to determine for himself, but of this opinion, certainly, were Maimonides and many of the modern writers on Scripture; but there can be little doubt that Balaam, though ignorant of the particulars of his character and government, foretold the Messiah as 'the Star out of Jacob.' We must, meantime, admit, that the modern Jews interpret this prophecy solely of David, who destroyed the independence of the Moabite power (2 Sam. viii. 2), but to confine the prediction to the times of David would be to outrage the very spirit of historical criticism. Besides his predic-

tion of the Messiah, Balaam foretels what would befall the Kenite, the Moabite, the nations of Amalek and of Asshur; and though the Grecian power did not then exist, the prophet describes the doom that was held in reserve for that remarkable people.

There is still one other poem, which Bishops Lowth and Butler, as we think erroneously, impute to Balaam. The passage itself occurs in Micah vi. 6, 7, 8, and it may perhaps bear more analogy with the poems of Balaam than with those of Micah; but as it was not inserted by Moses in the Balaamic history, nor is mentioned by any intermediate author, we cannot help refusing to class *this more theologically developed poem* with the relics of the diviner from Pethor.

In concluding our remarks on this non-Judean prophet, and the only one of his kind, we must admit that the whole bears evidence that Balaam was a worshipper of the true God; that he appears to have acted conscientiously in uttering his prophecies; that he evinced considerable courage in resisting the power and the offers of Balak; that his predictions are as lucid and as decisive as those of any of the Jewish prophets; that it does not appear that his advice to Balak extended beyond the counselling intercourse by marriages and treaties with the Jews; and yet that Balaam would, if he could, have execrated the Hebrew people, for 'he loved the wages of unrighteousness.' This compulsory adoption of the diviner for a true prophet, if against his will and his interest, was one of those extraordinary instances in which Divine Providence overrules the counsels and intentions of men to achieve purposes and to reveal words to which they are only involuntary agents, and which they do not even understand.

Some may imagine that we have not treated the subject fairly by not quoting Josephus. Why should we encumber the article with the opinions of a writer who violates the Mosaic record? He affirms that Balaam told the first messengers that he was very willing to go with them, but God did not permit him; and that the seven altars were erected that he might discover in the smoke the maledictory turn of the wreaths. His speeches to Balak are not even a paraphrase on the Hebrew text, while he works up the parts of the Balaamic predictions that refer to Israel immeasurably beyond the warranty of Moses. This Josephus, who attributes to the Pethorite prophet the request that he would build more altars, mentions but two of the predictions of Balaam, while he unjustly enlarges on his assumed advice to 'set some of their handsomest daughters' before the young Jews, and even adds a long speech of these Moabitish women in favour of idolatry. No one, with these particulars before him, can justly believe that Josephus had other historic documents beside the Pentateuch from which to quote, but which have long since been destroyed. In our judgment, this whole account of Josephus appears to be almost entirely worthless.

## Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

[UNDER this title occasionally appear in this Magazine papers from various pens discussing questions of interest in Christian Doctrine and Religious Truth. It has been thought desirable specially to distinguish articles or communications of this and similar character from others that appear in this journal, because of the impossibility of always maintaining a perfect consistency of view in such matters. The Editor, therefore, wishes it to be understood that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in these papers. He can only engage that they shall contain nothing deemed to be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Christian faith.]

### OF THE FALL OF MAN.

BY FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D.

*'By one man's disobedience many were made sinners.'*—ROMANS v. 19.

It is a natural question, How could a race of sinners have been created by a holy and most merciful God? The answer to this question is contained, in part, in the words of the text. By one man's disobedience many, or 'the many,' became sinners. That is, the Scriptures teach us that the race of man was created upright; that our first parents sinned; and that, in consequence of that sin, their descendants are found to be universally depraved. My object, in the present discourse, is simply to present the statement of the Scriptures on this subject, and to consider some of the objections that have been urged against it.

1. The Bible asserts that God created our first parents perfect. 'God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him. And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good.' By this I understand that God created man with a perfect moral nature, such that every impulse and affection was in harmony with the relations in which he was placed. But man was endowed with the gift of free agency. He had the same power to disobey the law of God as to obey it. Without such power he could have been neither virtuous nor vicious. The consequences of obedience and disobedience were placed before him, and thus his destiny was left in his own hands.

2. It pleased God, at an early period in the history of man, to place before him a trial of his obedience. 'And the Lord God commanded man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.' Whether this narrative be understood literally or figuratively, its lesson is precisely the same. It teaches the all-important truth, that there is a moral limit affixed to the gratification of human desires; that, under our present constitution, we have the power to enjoy objects which God has forbidden, and to pursue the gratifications which he has allowed, beyond the limit which he has assigned; and that the perfect

subjection of all our desires to the holy will of God is made the test of our moral character, and the universal means of our improvement in virtue. This is my interpretation of this history. I look simply at the moral lesson which it teaches. The drapery with which it is clothed is a matter of inferior consequence.

3. The Scriptures proceed to inform us, that our first parents were tempted by Satan to disobey the plain commands of God. 'The woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden, but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing both good and evil. And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also to her husband, and he did eat.'

How other men may look upon this narrative, I know not. To me it presents a perfect analysis of every act of sin against God. In the first place, there is a conviction, more or less distinct, that the act is a violation of the known will of God. Then there is a dallying with temptation, and a contemplation of the pleasure which we may enjoy by sin. This is succeeded by obtuseness of conscience, and the hope that the desire may be indulged, and yet the consequences which God has threatened be averted. Then follows an intenser desire for pleasure, the power of passion waxes stronger, and the power of conscience waxes weaker. At length, the balance between these opposing forces is destroyed, the will consents, the act is done, the sin is committed. I do not know that the literature of our race presents a more accurate account of the process of wilful transgression than is here recorded in the first pages of our history. They speak a language that finds a response in every human bosom.

4. This one act changes at once the moral condition of the creature. It is not merely a sin,—it is a fall—a fall into a fathomless abyss. It is a victory of the passions over the conscience; a defeat that can never be retrieved. It is a declaration of rebellion against God; a deliberate preference of the pleasures of sense to the favour of our Father who is in heaven. With the change of the object of his supreme affection, the man himself is radically changed. God, who is unchangeably opposed to this new choice of the creature, ceases to be lovely and adorable in his eyes. Henceforth, he becomes an object of suspicion and dread. Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord among the trees of the garden, just as their children ever since have endeavoured to hide themselves from the gaze of Omniscience. Instead of confessing their sin, they strove to impute their guilt to each other. Henceforth, all their character becomes tinged with moral corruption.

5. After this, the Scriptures always speak of the race of man as corrupt and sinful. The first-born of our common parents was the

murderer of his brother. Soon 'God saw that the wickedness of man was great upon the earth, and that every imagination of the thought of his heart was wholly evil continually.' Throughout the volume of inspiration man is everywhere spoken of as morally depraved, a sinner against God, and, in consequence of this sin, under the condemnation of his most holy law.

But the Scriptures go farther. Unless I wholly mistake their meaning, they assert that there is a definite connexion between this sin and the consequent sinful character of our first parents, and the sinful character of their posterity. By one man's disobedience the many were made sinners. 'By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, in that all have sinned.' The Bible, however, does not assert that we committed Adam's sin, or that we are guilty of Adam's sin, or that we shall be punished for it, or that we had any part or participation in it. It, on the contrary, declares that every man shall be judged for what he has himself done. Every man shall give an account of himself to God. But the Bible does, nevertheless, inform us, that such a connexion exists between us and our first parents; that we become sinners in consequence of their transgression. Of the manner of this connexion it gives us but little information; yet some important light may possibly be discovered if we diligently reflect upon the truth which has been revealed to us.

Such is a brief statement of the doctrines of the Scriptures on this subject. Are they in any respect at variance with right reason? Is there in them a single assertion repugnant to the human intelligence and conscience? To these questions let us now direct our attention.

The substance of the Scripture statements may be, I think, expressed briefly as follows:—

I. Our first parents were created free agents; that is, moral intelligences.

II. They were placed under circumstances in which their virtue was subjected to trial.

III. By the constitution under which our race was created, the conditions of our probation were so interwoven with theirs, that, if they became sinful, we should become sinful also.

Let us briefly consider each of these statements, for the purpose of inquiring whether, in either or all of them, there is anything revolting to an enlightened conscience, or at variance with the moral attributes of God.

I. Can any objection be urged against the truth that our first parents, and all the race of man, have been created free agents, that is, moral and accountable beings?

I might here observe, that the doctrine of man's free agency is not a doctrine of revealed religion, or, in fact, of religion at all. It is the simple dictate of the human consciousness. To object to it is just the same absurdity as to complain because God has given us hands or feet, a heart or a brain, or a reasoning soul; it is, in fact, to revile the great Giver on account of his gifts.

But, farther : a moral agent differs from a brute mainly in this—that he is capable of distinguishing right from wrong, and of choosing freely between them ; that he is capable of deserving moral praise and blame, and is held responsible for his actions before the tribunal of a righteous and all-seeing Judge. Brutes are endowed with none of these powers, and are charged with none of this responsibility.

Now, can any one impugn either the justice or the goodness of God, because we, and all the orders of higher intelligences, were not created brutes? Would it have been more consistent with the perfections of the Holy One to fill creation with beings unable either to admire or adore his goodness ; who could neither love him or be loved by him ; who were, by the necessity of their existence, incapable of virtue—sensual, irrational, brutish? Or would it be good or wise for the Deity at this moment to withdraw from all created intelligences the gift of moral agency, and transform men and angels, cherubim and seraphim, into brutes that perish? Should we desire that ourselves or our friends should become oxen of the stall or swine of the sty? We cannot, then, make any objection to the goodness of God because he has created us and other of our fellow-creatures moral agents.

But, in this very idea of moral agency, there is involved, as we have already intimated, the power of choice, the absolute freedom of the will. When the good and evil are set before us, we must be left entirely free to choose and to refuse, or there could be no moral desert, and we could not justly be the subjects either of reward or of punishment. To the truth of this every man's consciousness bears witness. We do not feel deserving of either praise or blame for the pulsations of the heart or the heaving of the lungs, or for being either hungry or thirsty, but only for those acts which we know to be dependent on our own volitions. As soon as an act is placed beyond our own control, we disclaim all responsibility both for it and its results.

Again : I think that our notion of moral agency involves the additional idea, that there are certain limits established beyond which the Deity does not interfere with the actions of his creatures. If he have conferred upon him the power of free choice, he does not interfere with that power, nor retract the gift which he has bestowed. He places before men motives, and leaves them free to act, in view of them, as they will. Having created a man or an angel, he ever treats him as a man or an angel, and neither as a brute nor a stone. Hence, if God have created man free, and fixed the just limits beyond which he will not interfere with his actions, the Deity is not responsible for the result. An invaluable source of happiness is placed in the power of the creature, and he is at liberty to use or to abuse it. Let him do either, the character of the Most High is unsullied.\*

Is it said, that thus far the exercise of this power has been produc-

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\* I do not here bring into view the doctrine of the agency of the Holy Spirit. This is a free gift, the result of the mediation of Christ, to which we could lay no claim, and which, under a system of law, has no place. Besides, even this agency is exerted in perfect harmony with the free agency of man.

tive of misery rather than happiness, inasmuch as our whole race has abused it? I answer, this world occupies an almost infinitely small space in the whole universe of God. It may be that this is the only spot in the whole creation in which this constitution has produced anything but happiness. Incomparably the greatest portion of the creation we believe to be holy and happy; and wherever there are holiness and happiness, they are the result of this very gift of moral agency. It is this which has filled heaven with myriads of spirits, who have passed through their probation without sin, and are now rejoicing before the throne, clothed in a holiness that cannot be sullied. Let us, then, learn to look upon the ways of God with humility; and, least of all, let us speak lightly of that endowment by which we become specially allied to the Divine nature.

II. If, then, it was just and merciful in God to create a race of moral intelligences, was there any thing at variance with his perfections in the circumstances in which our first parents were placed?

They were created innocent, in the image of God.

They were endowed with moral powers capable of appreciating their obligations to the Creator, and an intellect by which they became aware of the consequences of their actions. All the conditions which were necessary to influence their decision were within the sphere of their vision, and they were endowed with the unrestrained liberty of choice.

The trial to which they were subjected was by no means unreasonable for beings thus endowed. The preponderance of motives was such as might naturally be expected to lead them to choose the path to virtue and happiness. The word of the tempter was set against the word of the Creator. A momentary sensual gratification was opposed to the displeasure of the eternal Father. The finite was put in comparison with the infinite. It was under such circumstances that man was required to hold fast his integrity during the brief period of his probation, with the promise, if he were found faithful, of immortal felicity. More favourable conditions of probation can scarcely be conceived. If there must be a moral trial, it could not take place under more favourable auspices.

Still, it is to be remembered that the result is left dependent upon man's free will. After all, he is, and from the necessity of his nature he must be, liable to sin. He may act in opposition to every noble and generous motive, and yield himself up to the seductions of sense. Unless there existed this liability, he would be as incapable of virtue as of vice.

Do you ask me how a being so constituted and so conditioned could ever sin? This question can be answered in no other manner than by an appeal to the observation and consciousness of every man. Why is it that we see such things done every day? And why is it that every thoughtful man feels himself liable continually to just such moral disasters? Why is it that men, by a single vicious indulgence, or the gratification of a single unholy desire, cover themselves with infamy? Why is it that men, perfectly convinced of the



truth of the gospel, reject the offer of salvation, and prefer those very sensual pleasures which they confess are empty, vain, and absolutely despicable? Can any man tell us why such things should be? And yet, every one knows them to be matters of daily occurrence.

If, then, any one will calmly consider these facts, I think that he will be persuaded that the conditions of probation under which our first parents were placed were eminently favourable. In all this there seems nothing at variance with the perfections of God.

3. But an important question yet remains to be considered. The Scriptures teach us that the conditions of our probation were affected by the conduct of our first parents. 'By one man's disobedience many were made sinners.' It is said that such a constitution is inconsistent with the justice of God.

Suffer me here to repeat, what I have before asserted, *the Scriptures never assert that we are guilty of the sin of Adam, or that we are punished for it.* They everywhere declare that every man is guilty simply of his own voluntary transgressions of the law, and that the guilt of every man is to be estimated by the degree of moral light which he has voluntarily resisted. Every man is thus held responsible for just so much moral illumination as he has enjoyed, and no more. Nothing, surely, can be more equitable than this.

What, then, is it that the Scriptures assert respecting the connexion between us and our first parents? To me it seems to be simply this: If they had kept the law of God perfectly, their children would have passed through their probation under more favourable circumstances than themselves; and thus, through successive generations, the conditions of man's probation would have become more and more favourable. If they disobeyed God, the conditions of the probation of their children would be less favourable than their own; and it would, through successive generations, become less and less favourable. In the one case, there would be created a tendency to holiness, and in the other, a tendency to sin, each growing stronger as long as the succession continued. In both cases, however, it is to be remembered that the moral character of each individual is subject to the power of his own free will.\*

Now, I think it obvious that there is no practical injustice in such a constitution as this. It is manifestly the fact that our subsequent condition depends upon our present acts. He who does a conspicuously good or evil act, feels its consequences ever afterwards. If, then, our good or evil condition is made to depend upon the act of another, and if the circumstances in which the trial was made were decidedly in his favour, as well as ours, there seems no practical injustice in making the trial in his person instead of our own. We

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\* I wish it to be remembered that I here speak of this tendency as a fact, without discussing the manner in which it is produced. On this subject, various opinions have been held by theologians; some believing in a physical change; others, in a spiritual bias; others, again, in the power of external circumstances. Into this controversy it did not suit my purpose, in this place, to enter.

should have realized the benefit if he had acted worthily, as we suffer the injury from his acting unworthily.

But the question still returns, Why was such a constitution established? Why were moral agents so connected in destiny with those who have gone before them? Or, in other words, Why is our probation rendered either more or less favourable in consequence of actions in which we had no agency?

I answer, This is a universal principle of the Divine government, and we never object to it except in this particular instance.

Who of us is ignorant of the fact, that the conditions of his probation have been influenced most materially by the character of his parents? Their virtue, their self-denial, their example, has given you a position which, under opposite circumstances, you never could have held. Had your parents been dishonest, intemperate, degraded, would not your condition have been far less favourable than it is? I do not say that in either case your destiny would have been taken out of your own hands; I only say that the circumstances which I have mentioned would have rendered the conditions of your probation either more or less favourable. But what had you to do with their character or actions? Manifestly no more than you had with the character or actions of Adam.

Again: let any man cast his eyes over our beloved country. Let him survey its fields loaded with harvests, its villages resounding with the hum of industry, its harbours crowded with shipping, and its cities becoming the markets of the world, and everywhere the rights of person and property protected by equal laws, and still more by a moral sentiment which has become a part of our social nature. Let him enter the family, and observe how closely virtue clings to the domestic hearth, and how strongly filial and parental affection bind together the members of the same household. Let him enter our schools, academies, and colleges, and take notice that the door is thrown wide open to intellectual improvement, and that facilities in abundance are everywhere afforded for the cultivation of meritorious talent. Let him frequent the house of God, and observe in what manner, throughout our land, every man is engaged in the worship of his Creator according to the dictates of his own conscience; that the Bible is found in every house, and that the Sabbath-school and the Bible-class are instilling its blessed truths into minds of those of every age and of every condition. Having observed all this, let us ask why is it that our probation has been granted to us under circumstances so favourable to moral improvement, and from millions there will arise but one answer—we owe it all to the piety, the intelligence, the earnest faith, and the self-denying energy, of our forefathers. But what had you or I to do with their character or actions? Nothing. Yet it is owing to that character and those actions that our probation is passed under circumstances so eminently favourable.

The illustrations of this principle are innumerable, for its application is universal. Our probation has been materially affected by the

printing press. But what had we to do with the invention of the printing press? The present age derives innumerable blessings from the invention of the mariner's compass. But who of us had any agency in the invention of the mariner's compass? We all enjoy the advantages resulting from the invention of the steam-engine. But what agency had any one living in the labours of the Marquis of Worcester, of Watt, or of Fulton? In fact, the conditions of our probation, in instances that defy enumeration, are materially affected by the acts of those who have preceded us, while with these acts we have no more connexion than with that act of our first parents by which we became sinners.

Such, then, is the law of our constitution. It is manifestly a merciful law. On it alone depends our capability of social progress. Abolish it, and every generation of men, without advancing a single step, would stand immovably fixed in the footprints of that which preceded it. Advancement in the arts and sciences, in wealth, power, and civilization, would be impossible. All our relations both with the past and the future would cease. History would become an unmeaning word. Society would be dissolved, and every human being become an isolated and solitary unit. Let it once be granted that no man's condition shall be affected by the actions of any other being, and the whole constitution under which we exist must be abolished; and in what manner a better one could be established, the objector himself must inform us.

Such, at all events, is the law under which we are created. It seems to me a good and merciful law, absolutely necessary to our social and individual well-being. But you will observe that the conditions under which we were made sinners are only a particular instance under this general law. If, then, the law be wise, and good, and merciful, absolutely necessary to our well-being, why should we object to it in this particular instance?

Here, however, let me recur again to the distinction which I would ever bear in mind. We are not either virtuous or happy simply because those who went before us were so. We are not either ignorant, vicious, or miserable, simply in consequence of the character of our ancestors. The law of which I speak simply asserts that our condition for becoming either the one or the other is more or less favourable in consequence of the acts and character of those who have preceded us. Every individual is still free to resist or conform to the tendencies by which he is surrounded. Our free agency is in neither case either destroyed or even affected. The New Englander is just as free to choose as the Hottentot. The descendant of the Puritans may resist all the influences that would train him to virtue, and become pre-eminently vile, while an example of virtue that shall attract the admiration of the world may be produced on the banks of the Amazon, in the deserts of South Africa, or among the islands of the Pacific. The conditions of our probation alone are affected by this law; our own character remains by necessity dependent upon our own free will.

Such, then, as it seems to me, is the explanation which the Bible offers of the acknowledged fact of man's universal sinfulness. It teaches us that God created man innocent. He, however, created him a moral agent, and placed him on earth to form a character for eternity under circumstances as favourable as could be conceived for attaining to everlasting life by his own obedience; and he established a constitution by which the conditions of the probation of those who should succeed should be rendered either more or less favourable by the acts and character of those who preceded them. Under these circumstances our first parents sinned; and the conditions of our probation are rendered less favourable than theirs at the beginning; less favourable, indeed, to such a degree, that every one of us, as soon as he becomes capable of moral action, becomes a sinner.

It may, however, be asked, Why did not the Deity, by some merciful agency, so influence man that his fall might have been prevented? To this I know not that any answer can be returned. It is not to be expected that we shall be able to fathom the depths of the wisdom and goodness of the Eternal. It may be that this could not have been done without infringing upon the limits of the free agency with which he has endowed us. It evidently did not originate in any want of love to man. The same page that records the history of our fall and the sentence of our condemnation, reveals to us the wonderful fact that 'God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?' Here, surely, a devout mind may rest satisfied.

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### Joshua's Address to the Sun.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KEIL.

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THE author of the book of Joshua, in chap. x. 11, gives a description of the terrific shower of hailstones by which the Canaanites were slain in immense numbers after they had been routed by Joshua at Gibeon. Having recorded the proof thus given by God of his omnipotence and mercy, he breaks off for a moment the thread of his history of the miraculous victory obtained by Joshua, and introduces an extract from an ancient poem, which had been written to commemorate the events of that day. The verses containing this quotation\* have been properly regarded by the latest critics, both Rationalist and Orthodox, as parenthetical. But they have differed in this respect. The former declare them to have been introduced by another hand after the book was

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\* Chap. x. 12—15.

written, and say that the quotation from the book of *Jasher* consists of the 12th verse and the former part of the 13th, and that in the second part of the 13th and in the 14th verses this later interpolator affirms the historical veracity of the words he has quoted. The latter, on the other hand, regard the whole of the passage, from the 12th to the 15th verse, as a *poetical* description of the victory that had been miraculously gained by the help of God, and suppose it to have been introduced by the author himself as an ode from the *poetical* book of *Jasher*.

From this book the author has copied the whole of the four verses; and not merely, as some suppose, the first verse and half of the second, which he comments upon in the remainder of the passage. This is evident, in the *first* place, from the close connexion between verses 11 and 16. *Secondly*, both the opening and close of the section show that it is not written either wholly or in part by the author of the book of Joshua. The opening words, 'When the Lord delivered up the Amorites,' clearly indicate a different writer; and the closing sentence, 'Joshua returned, and all Israel with him, unto the camp to Gilgal,' could not have been written here by the historian himself, for Joshua did not return to the camp then, but followed up his victory, took the fortresses of the south, in which the enemy had taken refuge, and *then* returned to the camp at Gilgal, as the historian informs us in ver. 43. Hence the 15th verse is unintelligible, unless we regard it as forming part of the extract from the book of *Jasher*. The same conclusion may be drawn, *lastly*, from the fact, that the poetical parallelism is just as apparent in the last part of the 13th verse and ver. 14, as in ver. 12 and the first part of ver. 13; for this is sufficient of itself to prove that the former cannot be a comment in prose upon a poetical extract contained in the latter. The only difficulty worth noticing arises from the occurrence of the words, 'Is it not written?' &c., in the middle of the quotation, whereas in other cases such formulæ stand either at the beginning or the end. But this is not a rule without exception. We have an analogy in the prophetic form, 'Thus saith the Lord,' which is placed sometimes before the message which the prophet is about to deliver, sometimes in the middle, and at other times at the end.

At least equal occasion for controversy has been furnished by the *quotation itself*. The Fathers and earlier theologians followed *Ecclesiasticus*\* and *Josephus* in the supposition that the sun miraculously stood still. Justin Martyr is of opinion that the day was thirty-six hours long. Another writer estimates it at twenty-eight, because the longest day in Palestine is about fourteen hours. But when the Copernican theory became generally prevalent, and it was admitted that the planets revolved around the sun, the explanation adopted by commentators was, that we have here a description according to appearances; i. e., that the earth miraculously ceased to rotate upon its axis, and the sun, in consequence, seemed to stand still.

There have been a few by whom the attempt has been made to

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\* Chap. xlv. 4.

explain the miracle as a natural phenomenon. *Grotius* was the first to say that it was not impossible for God, 'by means of refraction, to retard the sun's course, or even after it had set to make its disc visible in a cloud above the horizon.' Another writer says, 'We must suppose the miracle to have occurred thus: After the sun had really set, and without any change in the motion of the celestial bodies, the light of the sun (not the sun itself) continued in the atmosphere, or in the region of vapour, which was in the midst of the sky and air above the city of Gibeon. And the sunshine fell upon the city in such a manner that the reflected rays lighted up the valleys on all sides, and prevented the Amorites from escaping; which was the design of the miracle.' Others suppose that a strong refraction was produced by the violent hail; whilst others again imagine that it merely continued to lighten all night, and that this was an assistance to the Israelites, and hindered the Canaanites from concealing themselves.

The last of these suppositions, and every modification of it, we reject at once as unfounded and arbitrary. All the supporters of them imagine the author to be relating an actual event, which he cites the other work as confirming. But if that be the case, he certainly refers to something very different from lightning, refraction of the sun's rays, or anything of the kind, when he assures us that the sun and moon stood still. We should not, of course, object to the explanation that the author describes the occurrence as it appeared; and, therefore, it would be enough to understand it as denoting the cessation of the earth's motion upon its axis, and a consequent prolongation of the day. Natural events are described in the Bible according to their appearance, from the first book to the last, in the discourses of Christ as much as the history of the creation; for the Scriptures are not intended to furnish us with instruction in astronomy, physics, and similar subjects; but to hand down the revelation which God has made to men for their salvation.

We do not hesitate for a moment to believe in a miracle of the kind supposed to be recorded here, in its fullest extent, whenever a literal interpretation of the words leads to it, or when it can be exegetically proved to be the only explanation admissible. For, even if it be true that in the whole of the world's history no other such miracle ever occurred, yet the fact that it only happened once would no more disturb our faith, than the objections that are founded upon the invariable order with which the celestial bodies obey the eternal laws implanted in them by the Author of nature. These laws, in our opinion, are nothing more than phrases by which men are in the habit of describing certain manifestations of that creative power of God, whose nature no mortal has ever explored; and, therefore, we can believe that the Creator, in his omnipotence, could depart from the so-called laws of nature whenever, in his inscrutable wisdom, he found it needful for the salvation of men, for whose redemption he did not spare even his only-begotten Son. We should not be at all perplexed by the difficulty that, if the earth were thus suddenly arrested in its rotation upon its axis, all the works of men's hands, which existed anywhere

upon its surface, would be destroyed, and the earth itself, with its satellite, the moon, thrown out of its orbit. For we are assured that the almighty hand of God—which not only first created the stars, and so arranged them that they would move with unvaried regularity in their orbits, but which continues to move, and preserve, and govern all things in heaven and earth—would not be too weak to ward off any such disastrous consequences. In a word, if this were the correct interpretation of the passage, there is to our mind no objection, founded upon the supposed impossibility or inutility, which would have the least weight with us, or excite a doubt as to the actual occurrence of so remarkable a miracle.

But, first of all, we must remember that we have in these verses, not the words of the *historian* himself, but a quotation from the 'book of Jasher,' or '*book of the just*;' and that in the only other place in which that book is mentioned,\* an *ode* is copied from it, viz., the elegy which David wrote on the occasion of Jonathan's death. Moreover, there can be no doubt as to the poetical form of the extract made from that book in the passage before us. This, at least, is admitted by every commentator. The book of Jasher was, in all probability, a collection of odes, written in honour of the heroes of the theocracy, to which fresh contributions were frequently made; for *Jasher*, in the opinion of most modern writers, means *the true theocrats*.

If, then, the book of Jasher was a collection of *odes*, we must interpret the passage before us according to the analogy of other songs and works of a similar kind, that is, as a poetical work of imagination, and not as a history in prose. But it may be said in reply, 'We are only justified in resorting to a poetical explanation if it can be proved indisputably that the poet did not confine himself to the plain historical truth, but merely intended to express in forcible language, and clothe in purely imaginative drapery the fact that Joshua expressed a desire that the day might not end till the enemy was completely defeated.' We must certainly make the general acknowledgment here, that a poet may communicate historical truth. In fact, the fifteenth verse, with which this extract concludes, contains a historical statement, and that in pure prose. So also does the song of Moses in Exodus xv. end with a historical remark; but no one would think of inferring from that that every poetical expression, and all the imagery of the song, must be understood literally. Why, then, should we in this case if not in that? We proceed, however, to the examination of the song.

In verse 12, the word 'spake' is sometimes supposed to mean 'sang,' because a song follows. I do not adopt that explanation, however, for Joshua would certainly not sing the words, but speak them. All that we learn from the first clause is, that 'Joshua spake to the Lord;' that is, that he addressed the sun in the terms which follow; for his address to the sun was the utterance of a desire to the Lord and Creator of the sun. That he did this *in the sight*, or presence of

Israel, does not prove, as some suppose, that a miracle actually occurred. The most that they show is, that the words themselves were really spoken by Joshua, and not put into his mouth by the poet. The expression used by Joshua is, 'Sun, wait (not stand still) at Gibeon, and Moon, in the valley of Ajalon.' But if the Hebrew word means *wait*, which it does, the sentence is elliptical, and to complete it we must add, from the next verse, the words, 'until the people have avenged themselves of their enemies.' Another question arises here; viz., when and where did Joshua utter these words? Some imagine it to have been in the evening, just as the sun was setting, and after the moon had risen. There was no necessity, they say, for Joshua to feel any anxiety before then, lest he should not have time enough to destroy the enemy; moreover, the sun and moon would not be visible together till the evening. Others infer from the words, '*in the midst of heaven the sun stood still,*' that it was at Gibeon in the middle of the day. 'There,' says one writer, 'in the heat of the battle Joshua felt the desire that the sun should stand still; by the time that the moon shone he hoped to reach Ajalon in his pursuit of the foe. And from that place the moon is not to withdraw her light till he no longer stands in need of it.' But this supposes that when he spoke the moon was not shining at all. For the valley of Ajalon was on the west of Gibeon, and if the sun at mid-day was seen above the latter place, the moon could not at the same time have been visible in the west or south-west above the former. And such a supposition is unnatural. Since Joshua addresses both, we must conclude that both were visible; for his real wish must have been that the sun should not set, in other words, that the day should not end, till he had subdued his enemies; and therefore the only thing likely to induce him to address the moon as well was that he saw it in the sky. The setting of the moon could not affect his purpose, and this accounts, probably, for the fact that the poet afterwards only refers to the sun, and speaks of it as delaying to go down. If, then, Joshua saw both at the same time, as Gibeon is on the east of Ajalon, it must have been in the early part of the day and during the engagement before Gibeon itself; for then the sun might have been visible on the east or south-east of Gibeon, and the moon in the south-west, above the valley of Ajalon, as it might then have been about to set.

What, then, is the meaning of the words, 'Sun, wait at Gibeon, and Moon, in the valley of Ajalon, till the people avenge themselves on their enemies?' Joshua can hardly have intended to express the desire that God would work a miracle, and make the sun and moon stand still. At the most he can only have been anxious for them not to set till Israel had entirely subdued their enemies. And, therefore, when the poet afterwards announces the fulfilment of his desire in the words, 'and the sun waited, and the moon stood still, till the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies,' he is merely saying that God heard Joshua's prayer, and gave the Israelites a complete victory over their enemies before the setting of the sun and moon; and does not intend to affirm that the sun and moon miraculously stood still.



There are some, however, who suppose that **this is clearly expressed** in the last two clauses of the 13th verse, 'and the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.' But these very words, in which the poet is describing, in his own language, the fulfilment of Joshua's desires, lead to the opposite conclusion. The expression, 'stood still,' is explained by the parallel clause, 'it hasted not to go down;' and if any one is inclined to take this literally, it means, not a complete cessation of motion, but a slower movement.

Different explanations have been given of the phrase, 'about a whole day.' One writer substitutes the rendering, 'the greatest and longest day,' and explains it as meaning that 'to those in Gibeon it was like a very long day in summer.' Another supposes it to be elliptical, and would complete the sentence thus, 'as is the case in a perfect and entire day.' But neither of these is admissible. The *literal* meaning of the words is, 'the sun did not hasten to go down (delayed its setting) for nearly a whole day;' i. e. it remained in the sky nearly a whole day longer. There is nothing, however, in the context to render a *literal* interpretation necessary. It is true, that in the 14th verse the poet says, 'and there was no day like that before it or after it.' But there is no evidence that he means by this that the day really lasted longer than any other. For the thing which distinguished that day above all others was, 'that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man;' i. e. that, in compliance with Joshua's wish, he did not allow the day to end till he had overthrown his enemies, 'for the Lord fought for Israel.'

If we had before us only prose, or the words of the historian himself, we should, without any hesitation, admit that the day was miraculously lengthened in consequence of a retardation of the sun's course. But the 13th and 14th verses are merely a poetical expansion of the words which Joshua uttered in the heat of the conflict, 'Sun, wait . . . . till the people have avenged themselves upon their enemies;' and we should therefore entirely overlook the very essence of poetry if we were to adhere so closely to the words of the poet, as to understand them as meaning that the day was miraculously prolonged in consequence of the sun standing still. In fact, it would show an utter want of ability to enter into the spirit of poetry, or of any figurative writing, for us to regard the words of Joshua, 'Sun, wait at Gibeon, and Moon, in the valley of Ajalon,' as either a command addressed to the sun and moon, or a prayer that God would cause them to stand still. When Isaiah prays to the Lord, in the name of his people, 'O that thou wouldest rend the heavens and come down, that the mountains might flow down at thy presence;\*' or when David sings, 'In my distress I called upon the Lord . . . . he heard my voice out of his temple . . . . he bowed the heavens also and came down . . . . he sent from above and took me; he drew me out of many waters;† who is there who ever thinks of taking their words literally, as

\* Is. lxiii. 19.

† Ps. xviii. 7—17.

meaning an actual rending of the heavens, or a desire that God would actually descend from heaven and stretch out his hand to draw David out of the water? Undoubtedly, the idea of a fearful storm accompanied by earthquake has furnished materials for the imagery of the 18th Psalm; but it is as clear as day that the striking figures which it contains are not fully explained by referring them to an earthquake and storm. And the same may be said of Deborah's song, 'They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.\* There have, indeed, been some who have endeavoured to explain her words historically, on the supposition that the stars actually contended against Sisera, 'by concealing themselves, and, *as it were*, withdrawing their light. That is to say, when night came on the heavens were overcast, and the fugitive was deprived of the benefit of starlight.' But to change the fighting of the stars into a withdrawal of their light is so unnatural a perversion of the words, that instead of furnishing an argument against the figurative interpretation of the passage in Joshua, they decidedly support it. The most important passage is in Habakkuk,† where the prophet writes, according to the usual rendering, 'the sun and moon stood still in their habitation;' *i. e.* in the sky. Most commentators regard this as a direct confirmation of the fact that the sun miraculously stood still at Gibeon. But with our present knowledge of Hebrew, no one at all acquainted with the language would need to be told that such a translation is grammatically incorrect. The literal meaning of the words is, 'sun and moon have entered into their habitation;' and hence they do not bear any reference even to the setting of the sun and moon, but denote an obscuration resembling their setting. 'The early miracle and the words of Habakkuk are in direct antithesis to each other.' Instead, therefore, of proving that the passage in Joshua contains the description of a miracle, the words of the prophet furnish evidence in support of the opposite conclusion.‡ For, if by the entrance of the sun and moon into their habitation, we are not to understand a literal withdrawal, but are to take it merely as a poetical representation of total darkness, there is the same reason for not interpreting the passage literally, when it is said that 'the sun and moon stood still in the midst of heaven, and did not hasten to go down.' It has, indeed, been said that, if we have only a poetical quotation, the writer, who introduces it in the midst of a historical narrative, ought to have added a description in prose of the circumstances which the poet intended to celebrate; and that, whereas this is done in every other instance, it is the more requisite in this case, since the quotation is introduced without any explanation at all, and therefore the reader could not come to any other conclusion than that it contains a historical statement, and for that reason there was no necessity for

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\* Judg. v. 20.

† Hab. iii. 2.

‡ We do not meet with a single reference to these verses of the book of Joshua in any passage in the Old or New Testament; whereas, if they really describe the occurrence of so extraordinary a miracle, the only one of its kind, we certainly should have expected to find it mentioned again.

further explanation. To this we reply, that all the explanation required is given clearly enough in the context. The whole passage,\* as we have already shown, is parenthetical, and is taken from a poetic description of the victory gained by Joshua at Gibeon. It is, therefore, evident that, if this is its character, it cannot contain any fresh historical details. Moreover, we must observe that in vers. 10 and 11, the author has fully described the course of the victory over the enemy, first at Gibeon, and then in the flight to Azekah and Makkedah; and, besides relating the fact of their defeat, has given an account of the death of a greater number from the large hailstones, which were sent down from the heavens by God, than from the swords of the Israelites. And as soon as he has finished this quotation, he resumes the thread of the history, which was dropped at ver. 11, and shows how the fugitive kings were taken and slain. Now, if we look carefully at all this, and mark the close connexion between the 11th and 16th verses, it will certainly be apparent enough that the intervening section, which contains the extracts from the book of odes, does not relate any fresh occurrence, or anything which has not already been told in other words, but is merely a poetical picture of the historical events narrated in the 10th and 11th verses. The only difference is in the form in which those events are described, for in reality it is the same thing whether the omnipotence of God extends one day to the length of two, or causes as much to be accomplished in *one* day, as, without his help, would inevitably require *two*.

J. M.

### The Battle of Church-rates.

ALTHOUGH the re-introduction of the Church-rate Abolition Bill, by a majority of two to one, is not a triumph, the circumstances attending the event decisively indicate that the day of triumph is approaching. The change in the Government has afforded really liberal officials an opportunity for avoiding, with a good grace, the fatuitous blundering of last session in respect to ecclesiastical matters. It is true that Lord Palmerston is professedly unpledged to support, or even to refrain from opposing, the second reading, but, in assenting to the introduction of a bill unconditionally abolishing church-rates, the Government, and with it the whole Liberal party, has, virtually, committed itself to the principle involved, and will find it difficult to vote against the measure at its next stage. The Tories were logically right in their resistance, but in respect to policy showed wretched generalship, in allowing the abolition party to acquire the moral influence given to them by the late division.

Will the 'Ayes' have it on the second reading on the 16th inst.?

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\* Verses 12—15.

If the Government again supports the bill a majority is certain. If it simply leaves the question open, failure will result only from criminal apathy out of doors. Should it even ply whip and screw to throw out the bill, it may, and it ought, still to be carried. But, judging from the tone of the reply given by Sir George Grey to Mr. Masters Smith, it is probable that Lord Palmerston will throw on the House of Commons the responsibility of adopting or rejecting the measure at its pleasure. And we believe, too, that many members of the House of Commons, including Conservatives, are in the same impressible mood. The fact is, that the subject has become a bore and a nuisance. Everybody, except that Whig Marplot, Earl Grey, acknowledges that the law *must* be amended; yet neither the Government, the Conservatives, nor any considerable body of Churchmen, can propose a scheme sufficiently feasible to be even entertained for serious discussion, much less one likely to be carried through both Houses. There is, however, one section of the community, large, politically influential, and thoroughly in earnest, unanimous in favour of a proposal, quite adequate as a remedy, and based on a principle, the soundness of which, in the abstract, is every day more widely acknowledged. Under such circumstances, it is idle to assert that the question is one which must be settled by the Government, and not at the instance of a private member. Just the same red-tape pretext was employed last session to prevent Dissenters pressing their claim to be admitted to Oxford; but it was, happily, disregarded, and an independent party settled that question in a style which must have made the Ministry envious of their triumph.

It is a felicitous fact that the Anti-church-rate party is in a position to carry its point, more or less, let Parliament abolish the law or leave it as it is. While the Braintree case was pending, the Establishment gained greatly by the uncertainty of the law; for the Voluntaries were paralyzed by the suspension of their ancient rights; but now the battle is being fought in Parliament and the parish vestries simultaneously, and whether Parliament shows a disposition to yield, or a determination to resist, the result is the same. For the evident progress made last session has unquestionably had the effect of multiplying the cases in which church-rates have been refused in vestry, while the Gladstone plea—that it is not necessary to abolish such rates where no opposition has been offered to them—has naturally screwed up passive minorities to the resisting point, and widened the area of parochial strife. Of course, if the existing law of church-rates is essential to the maintenance of the throne, constitutional Whigs like Lord John Russell may argue for its retention, in the teeth of parochial contumacy; but if, while the Dissenting objection to the system is irresistible, its admissibility is to be limited to places where it has been expressed at the poll, pliable Peelites, like Mr. Gladstone, will find their stock of reasoning against abolition to be a constantly diminishing quantity.

We speak with some knowledge on this last point, and with the feeling that all wise Churchmen, equally well informed, would at once

surrender with a good grace, rather than prolong so unequal and self-damaging a conflict. We believe that the Liberation of Religion Society could, if it pleased, rather astonish lackadaisical politicians with the evidence it possesses of the rapidity with which opposition to taxation for religious purposes is spreading—with the organized form which that opposition is assuming—and with the facilities which it has afforded, and will to a greater extent afford, for successful resistance to the levying of ecclesiastical rates.

We have taken pains to become acquainted with the particulars of all the published vestry and legal proceedings relating to church-rates occurring during the last twelvemonths, and the impression produced by the whole is of a very decided character. We have been most struck by the occurrence of contests for the first time, and by the fact, that instead of the anti-rate party being, on these occasions, in a 'ridiculous minority,' they have frequently carried their point by very large majorities, and, in other cases, have made such a demonstration as may be regarded as a presage to victory. Another point of importance is the locality of these struggles. Formerly, they were mostly confined to the large towns. Those towns, however, without long waiting for either courts or Parliament, disposed of the subject years ago, save Liverpool, which, as a great stronghold of Churchism and Toryism, has only just given church-rates the *coup de grace* by the decisive majority of 595 votes. Their example is now being followed in the smaller places, and even in the village parishes, so that the opposition member who lately deprecated the deference paid by the Legislature to large towns, took an objection which is too late to be either forcible or relevant. Why, we could, if needful, give a list of places in which the battle of church-rates has been lately fought so small and obscure that their very names would be novelties to our readers. Nay, we could furnish cases in which only one or two hands were held up, in village vestries, in support of Lord John Russell's buttress of the throne and national homage to religion.

Another feature, promising much future ill to the Establishment, is the sharp-wittedness and legal knowledge which is being acquired by those who are bent on availing themselves of the impunity accorded to them by the irrevocable ruling of the Lords in the Braintree case. It is not easy to make a church-rate which shall free from legal flaws: and parochial officials in the country, unused to opposition, have hitherto relied more on the timidity or indifference of objectors than on the impeccability of their acts. Hence, their illegalities have become habits, and they are, therefore, rather bothered, and often baffled, by a newly-awakened determination that 'the law' to which they have been so wont to appeal shall be scrupulously adhered to. In not a few cases, therefore, a triumph at the poll has been but the commencement of their difficulties, and having taken counsel either with their fears or with their lawyer, they have abandoned the collection of the rate as difficult or impracticable.

Still more gratifying is the increased willingness of Churchmen to accept the offers of Dissenters to unite with them in a voluntary

subscription, to avoid the making of a rate, and the manly avowal, in some instances, of a conviction, that the existing method of taxing the whole community to pay for the worship of a sect is indefensible, and should be abandoned. Such avowals are, of course, none the less acceptable to Dissenters for being, in fact, a surrender of the principle of a Church Establishment, while they ought to feel indebted to statesmen of the short-sighted class—of which we are sorry to recognise a type in Lord John Russell—for the pertinacity with which they are impressing that fact on the public mind.

The success of such appeals to Voluntaryism as have been made in cases where, in lieu of making a church-rate, a subscription has been entered into to meet the current expenses connected with the parish church, and the still greater success of appeals on a wider scale, in the multiplication of new churches, and the enlargement and restoration of those already in existence, is our sufficient answer to the question of the alarmed Churchman, What is to become of the fabrics if church-rates, in all cases, cease to be levied? What, we ask, *has* become of them in the many cases where church-rates have already ceased? Where are the ruined churches, in town or village, to justify the lachrymose appeals of clerics or archæologists? Is it not the fact, that our 'fine old churches' were never—at least in modern times—so much the object of tasteful and expensive, as well as affectionate regard? We greatly suspect that it is not so much for keeping the *buildings* water-tight that church-rates are tenaciously clung to, as for retaining a ready means of meeting extravagant or ill-judged expenditure on the parochial staff, of facilitating small jobbing, and sometimes jobbing which is not small, and of defraying charges which no self-supporting religious community would tolerate. When congregations worshipping in the churches have themselves to find all the 'ways and means,' there must needs be a new ecclesiastical *régime*, of which economy, adaptation, and earnestness must be the characteristics; and under which incompetency and heartlessness will not continue to be patiently endured. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

The Executive of the Liberation Society are, we think, acting with characteristic wisdom in making preparations for carrying on the parochial warfare with increased vigour, irrespective of their anticipations of success in pushing Sir William Clay's bill. Nothing will have been lost by this forethought, while, if the bill *should* miscarry, time will have been gained, and the foundation for future success have been strengthened. They have just supplied to church-rate opponents a book,† the want of which has been too long felt, and the value of which

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\* The opponents of Sir William Clay's bill, both in the House of Commons and in the press, are repeating, with as much confidence as though they were stating an axiomatic truth, that in not more than one parish in 500 are church-rates refused. As there are reckoned to be about 11,000 parishes in England and Wales, this would give twenty-two parishes as the number in which church-rates are practically abolished!!

† *A Treatise on the Rights and Duties of Parish Vestries in Ecclesiastical Matters: being a Vestryman's Guide.* By Alfred Wills, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. It is published by Maxwell, law publisher, Bell-yard, but may be had of the Society, and received

will be more and more felt as occasions arise for referring to its contents. Hitherto, we believe, 'Prideaux's *Churchwardens' Guide*' has been the only legal manual accessible to those who desire to exercise their parochial rights for the subversion of the present mode of repairing churches, and defraying the expense of church services; but that work, as the author of the volume we are now noticing tells us, 'from its very nature, looks at the subject from a churchwarden's rather than from a vestryman's point of view, and is more explicit upon the powers of churchwardens than upon the rights of parishioners,' and, we may add, if a point can be strained in favour of the authorities, the author places his ingenuity at their disposal *con amore*.

Mr. Wills' book has the advantage of being written to meet difficulties which have actually presented themselves, for it appears that the extensive correspondence of the Society has been placed in his hands, with a collection of letters and articles from State-church journals, 'which,' says the author, 'disclose an amount of ingenuity on the part of chairmen of parish vestries (usually the ministers of parishes), exerted for the purpose of preventing the free discussion of the questions brought before a vestry, and of putting down or rendering nugatory inconvenient opposition, which, apart from the use to which it was put, would have done honour to a very different profession.' It will now be less easy to resort to these ingenious dodges, for 'forewarned is forearmed,' and an accurate knowledge of the law will enable vestrymen to protest against them with more or less effect. Of course, this book does not profess to be attractive. It is simply a law book, written with great clearness, fulness of information, and, we should judge, scrupulous accuracy. The most recent decisions in the law courts are given, as well as the acts of Parliament regulating vestry proceedings and the enforcement of church-rates.

It is not, we trust, needful to renew exhortations, to leave no means untried to influence the votes of members of the House of Commons on the second reading of the bill, which, if successful, will put a happy termination to anti-church-rate agitation, both in and out of vestry. The path of duty is plain, the incentives to exertion are strong, and the facilities afforded to those who wish to contribute to such a result are, probably, greater than have been supplied on any former occasion.\*

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post-free for 4s. 6d. In addition to this work, the Society has issued a new batch of tracts and handbills, suitable for distribution during church-rate contests, samples of which may be obtained by a line to 'the Secretary, 2, Sergeants'-inn, Fleet-street.' In noticing the Society's recent publications, we must add a reference, however brief, to a pamphlet entitled 'Burial Acts and Burial Boards,' a digest of the recent statutes affecting the burial of the dead, with practical hints for the guidance of Dissenters. Wherever burial boards exist, or are likely to exist, Dissenters should get this tractate and study every line of it.

\* The Liberation Society has prepared geographical lists of the members of the House of Commons, with their votes, on four different church-rate divisions, and on the Dissenters' clauses of the Oxford Bill, the town addresses of the members being added. These votes furnish a tolerably good indication of the ecclesiastical whereabouts of those whom it is sought to influence, and the lists should be obtained and carefully studied by electors intending to write to or see their representatives.

In ordinary cases we may deserve without being able to command success. We believe that, in this case, to deserve it by skill, and pains-taking, and pertinacity, is to command it also; for we believe that, if the country plainly wills it, the Legislature will interpose no obstacle to the extinction of a system which is evil, only evil, and that continually. It can scarcely be otherwise, where all the activity and energy, and, we may add, all the converts, are on one side. As yet, so far as we can judge from Church journals, the 'Church-in-danger' party have no conception of our nearness to success any more than they had in the case of the Oxford Bill. Let us give them another surprise, and win another victory, the more gratifying, because it will be felt to have been not only long waited for, but fairly earned.

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### For the Young.

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## CLARA AND HER COUSINS; OR, WHAT IS RELIGION?

### CHAP. III.

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GRAVITY can scarcely rest upon the spirit of a child; and long before the little party had reached the entrance to the grounds of Arden Hill, the mind of Lizzie had recovered its usual buoyancy. Something of the wish of the morning was still stirring in her heart, to 'go up, up, up, into the blue sky, and see what was behind it.'—but new ideas, new visions, had taken the place of her vague fancies; and she had become instinctively conscious that to gain admittance into heaven something more was necessary than the wings of a bird. She could not reason about what that something was, but she could feel, and feeling to a simple mind is often the best reasoner, the best solver of difficulties.

She had, however, another guide. From the manner in which Morgan had spoken to Fanny, Lizzie was led to look upon her as a person of wondrous wisdom, of vast experience; and she soon began to unfold her thoughts to her, and to seek the removal of her perplexities from *her* instructions. 'Fanny,' she said, 'I don't know what Mr. Morgan meant by telling us to come to Jesus; and I don't understand why it should be called *coming* to Jesus. I wish I could hear him calling me, and see him beckoning me to come to him.'

'But you can't do that while you're here, Lizzie; still you *are* coming to him all the time, though you don't see and hear him. That is, if you are believing, and trusting, and obeying, and loving him.'

'I wish I had you to talk to very often about him,' replied Lizzie, 'for I know so little, and I'd like to know a great deal about him.'

'But you can learn all about him in the Bible, Lizzie!'

'Ah! but I have no Bible, Fanny.'



'Have you no Bible in the house?' asked Fanny, surprised.

'Oh, yes! there's a beautiful Bible on the study table, but no one reads out of that; 'tis so handsome. And mamma has a Bible in her dressing-room, and she calls us in every day to read a chapter, but we have no Bible of our own.'

'That's a great pity,' said Fanny, 'but Jessie will give you a Bible; she always has them to give away to those who wish for them. She will be quite glad to have you ask for one.'

'Oh, thank you, thank you, Fanny; it will be so nice to have a Bible of our own, and to learn all about Jesus, and about heaven. Oh, what a nice place heaven must be.'

'What kind of a place do you suppose it is?' said Fanny.

'I can't think what kind of a looking place it is at all,' answered Lizzie; 'but I suppose it is a very beautiful place, more beautiful even than this (they had just entered the broad gravel walk leading through the grounds of Arden Hill), but then I'm thinking of the people that will be there. They'll all love Christ, won't they?'

'Oh, yes,' answered Fanny; 'they couldn't get to heaven, nor be happy there at all, if they didn't.'

'Well, and he'll love them, won't he?'

'He loved them first,' replied Fanny.

'Well, then, what I think is this, that if he loves *them* all, and they all love *HIM*, then they must all love one another.' This was Lizzie's logic, and very sound logic it was, though not learned in any school but the school of the heart; and as Fanny had been to the same school, she quite agreed in Lizzie's view of the matter, and they decided that heaven must be a very happy place indeed, seeing all its inhabitants love one another; and, moreover, that earth would be a part of heaven if the same could be said of it.

Caroline had taken no part in the conversation by the way, yet she was not uninterested; her conscience was awake, and she heard it whispering, 'Attend to these things;' but her heart was making the same excuse which thousands of other young hearts are making—'There is so much to be given up for religion.' So much to be *given up* for religion! Ah! so there is; there is to be given up all that is fading, and unsatisfying, and transitory; and how large a portion this is of what those who love not God are pursuing day by day; but what is to be gained by embracing religion? Do they think of that? Do they inquire what is contained in a 'fulness of joy,' in 'pleasures for evermore?'

Jessie listened with deep interest to Lizzie's glowing account of the happy day they had spent, and especially of their visit to old Morgan; and her heart rose up in earnest prayer that Fanny's birth-day might prove the day of a new birth to each of her young cousins.

After dinner, Fanny set aside some fine bunches of grapes, and having lined a little basket with vine leaves, she laid the grapes therein, and then covered them over with a few additional leaves.

'Those are for Sarah Dartnell, I'm sure,' said Clara.

Fanny only smiled.

'Ah! how happy you are, Fanny,' continued Clara, 'always thinking of others, not of yourself.'

'Oh! don't give me the credit of this,' said Fanny, who had a great dread of being thought better than she was. 'This is Jessie's work. And would you believe that Jessie is very selfish?'

'Selfish! Jessie selfish!' No, Clara could not believe that.

'Well, now,' said Fanny, laughing, 'if you knew that she was always thinking of that which would make herself most happy, would you not say that she was selfish?'

'Oh! but Jessie cannot help being made happy by doing good and being kind,' replied Clara, catching her meaning; 'nor you either, Fanny; indeed, I don't think anyone can if they are good themselves. That's not being selfish, I know. 'Tis being like Christ.'

Fanny became serious at once. 'A little of your sobriety would do me good, Clara,' she said; 'and now will you be so good and kind as to come with us this evening?'

'I'd rather stay with Jessie, if it isn't wrong,' answered Clara, timidly, for she had a very tender conscience.

'Wrong! oh, no, don't think of that; I'd like your company, to be sure; but so will Jessie, and now good bye.'

Fanny now took her cousins in an opposite direction from that they had gone in the morning. It was towards a village, or rather hamlet, in which both Widow Wilkins and Sarah Dartnell lived. The poorest houses in it were very poor indeed, and one of these was occupied by Mrs. Wilkins. The largest in it was still but a thatched cottage, but being a few feet higher than its neighbours, it afforded a couple of small rooms in the roof, whose dormer windows commanded a pretty view of far-off woods and hills, and one of these rooms was the abode of Sarah Dartnell. Both of these habitations were as neat and clean as Arden Hill itself.

Widow Wilkins was the first the party visited. She had been a cripple for years, having lost the use of her lower limbs by a fever. The walls of the room in which she sat, in an upholstered wicker chair, were entirely covered with pictures, taken out of missionary magazines and other periodicals, and she had shown such good sense and good taste in selecting them, that every picture might suggest something good and pleasant. And then the widow herself was a picture; she might have sat for the likeness of Faith, Hope, and Charity, for the peculiar features of each were visible in her countenance. She needed such happy inmates in her bosom, for the greater part of her time was spent alone. The only other occupant of the cottage was a poor woman several years younger than herself, who came to look in upon her once or twice in the day, and always spent the night on a straw mattress at her bedside. The villagers said that Kate Peters was 'simple,' by which they meant silly; and they wondered at the strange friendship that seemed to subsist between these two lone women, who cared nothing for the gossip that buzzed around them. The widow could have explained the mystery, but the story of her heart's struggles was not for every ear.

But Fanny was a prime favourite, as, indeed, her lively disposition made her, with all the poor people of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Wilkins was especially glad to see her on the present occasion, as she was accompanied by her cousins, and the widow loved new faces. No wonder ; it was some variety in her changeless life. And yet it was not merely that ; but when she saw a new face, she would scan it closely, and try to find out the character of the soul that dwelt beneath it : had it given itself to Christ, or was it yet a stranger to Him ? She 'knew the heart' of such 'a stranger,' and she longed to lead the wanderers home to him.

'And I'm here still, Miss Fanny,' she said, after the first inquiries were over ; 'and sometimes I wonder the Lord leaves us here after he has brought us to himself. It must be he has something for us to do ; and yet, what can I do ? I've been in this chair twenty years and more.'

'But you are not impatient to go, Dame Wilkins ?'

'Impatient ! Oh, no, I'm not impatient, blessed be his name. I could say, indeed, as Paul did, "to depart and to be with Christ is far better." But if I could do anything to serve my Lord, I'd sit here twenty years more, and count it only a day. Oh, it is a pity that those who know the Saviour don't strive to bring others to know him ; if they all gave themselves to that, the world would be a different world from what it is. Don't you think it would, Miss Fanny ?'

'Ah ! but you know, Mrs. Wilkins, there are a great many that are Christians that would not be able to teach others.'

'Miss Fanny, dear, we can all teach what we know ourselves ; more's the pity we don't try. Do you know who taught me ?'

'No, Mrs. Wilkins, I never heard.'

'Well, 'twas long ago, and I wasn't living in these parts then, so no one here knows it. I was living in Dover, where I was married. A sober, industrious man my husband was, and more than that, he was a Christian ; but I was not. You may wonder he married me, but people reckoned me handsome, and beauty goes a great deal too far even with Christians sometimes. Well, he was very sorry when he found me giving myself, from day to day, to "the world and to the things of the world ;" for I suppose poor William had persuaded himself, as many inconsiderate young Christians do, when they have a mind to act as he did, that it would be only for him to set the gospel before me, and I'd embrace it ; but no, dearly as I loved him, my heart was a rebel to the God he worshipped ; and though I attended a gospel ministry for the sake of being with him, I think I used to come away each time more hardened than I was before, just from having rejected the Lord's mercy again.

'We lived so for about ten years, and in that time I had several children ; but none of them lived beyond a few months, and some only a few days ; the last babe lived to be five months old, and I had began to hope I'd be able to rear her, when, one day, she got a convulsion and died off in my arms. Oh, what a wicked woman I was then ; I got quite impatient, angry like, with God for taking my children from

me; and though William tried to make me feel my sin, and turn to God for comfort, I continued in the same state from week to week, and from month to month; and the end of a year from my baby's death found me as great a rebel as ever against my God. Oh! what a mercy that he didn't say, "Let her alone." He followed me still, and with a sore chastening he visited me next. The very day twelvemonth that my Polly died, the news was brought me that William had been killed by falling from the mast of a vessel at Hastings, where he had gone to work, for he was a ship carpenter.

'I had always been an active, stirring young woman, and had liked to do the business of my house myself. But for the last year I drooped a great deal, and my dear husband hired a girl to come in and do the rough work for me every day. Half-witted the people said she was, and she went among them by the name of crazy Kate. They despised her, too, because she was Irish, and they said she was a Papist. Papist she might have been, or Protestant, I don't know which; but this I know, she was a Christian. She never knelt to an image, nor put a creature in her Saviour's place. She was the same Kate Peters that you have seen with me here, and that the neighbours call "simple Kate." She was very odd, to be sure, and had a way of talking, half to me, half to herself, in an under tone; and as I used to sit moaning and crying in my chair, I'd catch now and then some of her words, and good words they were, though I did not know their meaning then, and did not care to ask her, or where she had learned them.

'Well, Kate was with me at the time the doleful news came of William's death. I can tell you nothing of that time; it was all one black, wild dream, and I knew nothing that passed. In a few weeks I was the mother of another baby, a dear little boy, but I hated the sight of him now that his father was gone; and when Kate saw that seeing him made me worse, she gave him to a sailor's wife that lived near, and who had lost her own child, and she nursed him for me; for me, I say, though I knew and cared nothing about him then. It was a year before I let the light of heaven shine on me, or allowed any one to come near me but Kate, and soon she began to coax me of an evening to take a few turns in the open air, and I got up a little strength by and by, but I was as gloomy as ever, and would let no one speak to me to comfort me, not even Kate.

'It was about a year and a half after my husband's death that Kate came into my room one day, holding a little boy by the hand. Oh! young ladies, so like his father; I screamed, "Oh, William, are you a child again?" The poor babe was frightened, and began to cry, but I coaxed him to my arms, and—well, from that day I had another idol. I could hardly bear him from my sight, and many a time I sat for an hour together without ever taking my eyes from his, comparing them with his father's, and thinking that just such another must William have been when he was his age.

'He grew up a lively, loving child, and with great sense for his years; but I suppose every mother thinks that of her child. I often

heard him saying some of the same good words I used to catch from Kate. I was jealous that he should learn anything from her ; but I could not bear to check him, only I tried more than ever to keep him to myself. He was just eight years old when the measles came badly into the street where I lived. Oh, how I tried to keep off the danger by every way I could think of ! At last I said, " I'll take him away to my mother's ; " she lived out of the town about a mile. I got all ready one evening, and the next day early I said, I'd go ; but when the morning came, he complained of pains in his head and limbs ; it was the sickness I was running away from, and he never got off his bed again. The disorder went on, and on, and on, and every day he got worse, till I saw I could not keep him any longer. The day he died (I can talk of it quite easy now, but *then* I was half-mad) I was hanging over him, watching his eyes, that used to be so bright, getting duller and duller ; and just as I thought he was going, he looked up at me with his lively look again—I thought he was reviving. " Mother," he said, " do you know where I am going ? " " Going, my treasure," says I, thinking it was only wandering he was, " you're going nowhere ; you're going to stay with your fond mother." " No," says he, " mother, I'm going to heaven ; I'm going to be with Jesus, who died for me ; I'm very happy." " Going to be with Jesus who died for me ; " who had taught him that ? who had made his early death so happy ? Ah ! not his mother.

' I longed to know where he had learned about Jesus, but I couldn't frame a word ; " my tongue was cleaving to the roof of my mouth ; " but he told me himself. In a minute or two he looked at me again, and spoke the last words that ever passed his beautiful lips ; " Kate told me all about Jesus," he said, " and she's coming herself after me ; *Mother, won't you come too ?* " and then he leaned back and died.

' Yes, it was Kate, poor despised, half-witted Kate, that I used to laugh at when I had a heart to laugh at all, because she was simple, and I had some book learning ; it was she that had led my lamb to Jesus, while I, his mother, was doing worse than the heathen mothers of old, that put their children into the arms of the burning idol, for I was seeking to put him into the arms of the world, that would consume him, soul as well as body. But I hadn't these thoughts then ; I could only think of the last words of my precious boy, " Mother, won't you come too ? " I didn't *think* of them either, but I heard them ; every moment they were ringing in my ears ; above the storm and the thunder, above the cannon and the trumpet, that feeble voice was always sounding.

' When I was able to think of them, I was in an awful state, young ladies. " *I go to heaven,* " I said to myself ; " what would a heart like mine do in heaven ? *I go to Jesus ! I that have been rejecting him these years and years, defying him, rebelling against him ; for what would I go to him, but to hear him say, " Depart from me—I never knew you ? " I never shed a tear ; my heart was as hard as the nether millstone. 'Twasn't grief—'twas black despair. I was lost,*

that I was sure of; separated for ever from every thing but my own misery, and the terrible presence of an angry God, *that* would follow me to the depths of hell. Ah! I didn't know then that there were depths deeper than hell—the depths of a Redeemer's love.

'I never spoke but when I thought I was quite alone, and that was seldom, for Kate rarely left me. You may be wondering on what I was living all this time, for I did nothing to earn the bread that only hunger made me eat; but my husband had left me a small interest, and the captains that he worked for made a subscription for me, and bought me a little annuity in consideration of his sudden death, and so I wanted nothing, and Kate managed everything for me in her own way, which was an odd way enough; but I didn't care. I'd rather have laid down and died than have attended to anything myself.

'One day I thought I was quite alone. It was in the morning early, at the hour that Kate always went to the baker's, but I forgot it was the Lord's day, for I seldom knew one day from another. Well, I was talking, or, indeed, groaning over my misery, as I thought by myself, and I said, "Oh, if there was only rest in the grave," and I heard a low voice saying, "Mistress, Christ says, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.'" "He doesn't say it to me," I said sullenly. "He never said it to a sinner like me." "Mistress, Paul says, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.'" "He might be the chief then," I said, "but not now; never was there a sinner in the world like me." "Mistress," Kate went on, "John says, the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from *all* sin." "There's nothing could cleanse away mine," I said. "Mistress," Kate says again, "God says, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "He said that to the Jews," was my answer. "Mistress, he says, 'Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.'" "He never would allow a sinner like me to look at him; if every other sinner in the world was saved, hell was made for me." "Mistress, Christ says, hell was prepared for the devil and his angels, and that God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Oh! but it was those words that broke my heart. Poor Kate never put in a word of her own, except Mistress, God says, or Christ says, or Paul says, or John says, and that was enough. Surely the "word of God is quick and powerful;" surely it is "like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces."

'And did your heart find rest at once, Mrs. Wilkins?' asked Fanny.

'Ah! no, Miss Fanny; even that very day, though the weight of the world seemed to be raised from off it, my old feelings would come back, and I'd say, "I dare not come to Christ." Then Kate had the same way of meeting me: "Mistress, Christ says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'" It was long before I could say that "he had set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings;" but that was my fault, not his. Often I wouldn't believe him, and

then "my way was as darkness." No wonder; but now I trust I can say I am "light in the Lord," and he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.'

'But, Mrs. Wilkins,' said Fanny, 'how was it that poor Kate came to know so much of religion and the Bible?'

'Well, Miss Fanny, I didn't myself know that for a long time; for though she could apply a passage of Scripture as well now as Miss Jessie, and not miss a word in repeating it, she had very few words of her own, and talked so oddly when she did talk, that none but those who were used to her way could understand her. I think she was "taught of the Lord."'

'But she could read the Bible, I suppose?'

'O dear! she could read the Bible; and how she got one to read I'll tell you, for I drew it out of her hard enough. Her father and mother had once been in a good way, and sent her to school, and she told me the other children laughed at her queer ways, and that made her queerer still. But she loved reading, and gave herself to learn; and just when she could read pretty well, her father died a sad death, I needn't tell you how, and her mother and she were left in great poverty. The shock poor Kate got made her more odd, and people said her head was touched, but she never forgot her reading. Whenever she found a bit of printed paper she'd treasure it; and she'd stop at the booksellers' windows, to look at the open books and read a little; but she hadn't much time for loitering that way, as she had to work hard to help herself and her mother. The work she did was charing from house to house. Well, one day she was set by a housemaid to clean out a gentleman's study, and she got an apron full of *waste* papers, as they were called, to take down to the cook to singe her fowls. Among the papers there was two or three leaves of a Testament. It is a bad way to throw leaves of Bibles and Testaments to make waste paper; but in this case, as the Lord would have it, it did good. "Maybe you'd give me these leaves, ma'am?" says she to the cook, for she wouldn't take a thread without leave. The cook glanced at them: "Oh, yes, indeed," says she, "I'd rather have a newspaper to read; you may take them." Kate herself didn't know what they were, only they were leaves of a book. So she thanked the cook and folded them up, and put them in her bosom, till she went home at night, and then, by the light of a farthing candle she had got for the purpose, she began to read. It was the greater part of the fourth, fifth, and sixth chapters of Paul's second Epistle to the Corinthians; you know them, Miss Fanny. When she saw that it was part of God's word she was frightened, for, as I told you, she was a Papist, and she thought, poor thing, may be it was wrong for her to read it; but she said to herself, "They're good words, fine words, nobody can be the worse for them;" and then she got frightened for fear her mother would take away the paper from her, and she put it by when her mother came in. Every stray moment she could get she'd be studying her paper, and from the tenth verse to the end of the fifth chapter she read over and over again; and surely the Lord gave her

the meaning. It was some time after that she went to work in the same way at another gentleman's house, and there was a young lady there about your age, Miss Fanny, that was very kind to her, and that often, when she had done her day's work, would tell the cook to give her some broken victuals, besides the money she had earned, and sometimes herself would bring her a basin of tea and a piece of bread ; and while Kate would be taking this in the kitchen, she'd be reading her precious paper. Well, one day the young lady came down, and she saw Kate reading. "What are you reading, Kate?" says she. "Fine words, ma'am ; good words," says Kate, and she held out the paper to the young lady. "They're very good words, indeed, Kate," she said ; "and would you like to have more of them?" Kate opened her eyes ; "Oh, wouldn't I!" she cried. The young lady laughed, and ran away to her papa, who gave her a fine strong Bible for Kate ; she brought it to her, and the poor thing went away happier than any queen, calling down all kinds of blessings on the dear young lady. That's how she got the Bible, Miss Fanny ; and if ever a Bible was well given that was.'

'Well, Mrs. Wilkins,' said Fanny, 'I am indeed very much obliged to you for your interesting story ; so are we all, I am sure. But tell me why did you leave Dover ? and how comes Kate to be with you still ?'

'Why, you must know, my dear Miss Fanny, that the little interest my husband left me I lost by some ill doings of an —— well, I won't say anything of that, only I lost it ; and then I had to go to a poor lodging, and I caught cold, and it ended in bad fever ; and with all the care Kate could take of me, and she never left me night or day, I lost the use of these poor limbs. I was just beginning to recover, so as I'll ever recover in this world, when an uncle of mine died, and left me this little cottage and garden ; and so I came here, and Kate would come with me, her mother being dead, and she works about among the cottages and on the farms, and sleeps here at night, besides visiting me during the day.

'Well,' pursued the widow, after a short pause, 'what a wonderful book the Bible is. Just think how it reaches up to the mind of the *learnedest* man, and stoops down to the heart of such a one as poor Kate, and has the word of life for them both. Poor Kate ! why, young ladies, she hasn't the quarter the sense of the youngest of you, and see the use she made of the Bible. Surely the Bible is a wonderful book ; "it giveth understanding unto the simple." And oh, it giveth comfort to the afflicted. No tongue could tell how miserable I was before I knew the religion the Bible teaches ; and now I'm so happy ! Why, sometimes at night, when Kate shifts my chair out to the little garden, and I look up to the stars, and think of the heaven that's above them—you know we all think that heaven is above—I don't know, I'm sure ; I suppose 'tis everywhere, for Christ is everywhere ; but when I think of seeing him, there doesn't seem to be room enough in my heart for my joy. Oh ! dear, dear young ladies, receive the gospel the first time it is offered to you ; 'tis an awful thing to reject it only once.



Who knows if they'll ever have it offered again ; and even if they have, the heart will be a little harder the second time than it was the first, and it will be harder again the next, and so it will go on getting harder and harder, till it becomes like mine, and will need to be crushed as mine was to take the stone out of it. I began very early to reject the gospel, for I had a godly mother, but I would not listen to her ; and do you know what hindered me ? It was my beauty ; I thought so much of that ; I was so proud of that, I wouldn't stop to think of anything else ; and what a thing it is to value oneself upon ! a thing that's like "the flower of the grass." There's poor dear Sarah Dartnell, now, how beautiful she is, and there she is dying, dying, dying. When did you see her, Miss Fanny ?

'Not for some time, dame ; but we are going to see her now.'

'Ah ! well, I'm glad of that ; take her my blessing. As long as she could get out, she came to "visit the widow in her affliction." I wonder now will she get home before me.'

Fanny and her cousins bade the dame good evening, and turned their steps to the cottage where Sarah dwelt.

## Aphorisms.

SELECTED FROM 'DETACHED THOUGHTS,' BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

### DREAD OF THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

To dread danger from the progress of any truth, physical, moral, or religious, is to manifest a want of faith in God's power, or, in his will to maintain his own cause.

Falsehood, like the dry-rot, flourishes the more in proportion as air and light is excluded.

Truths dangerous indeed ; yes—and so are meat and drink ; but who will therefore resolve to perish with hunger ?

Unless the people can be kept in total darkness, it is the wisest way for the advocates of truth to give them full light.

Those are narrow prejudices which would set science and religion in array against each other, and the practical consequence, the making them indeed adverse, though easy to be foreseen, is often overlooked in practice. If the efforts, formerly made by a bigoted hierarchy, to represent the cultivation of astronomy as opposed to religion, had proved successful, and consequently no Christian had been an astronomer, the result produced by themselves, viz., that no astronomer would have been a Christian, would have been triumphantly appealed to in justification of their censures.

In the middle ages, grammar ('gramarye') was regarded as a kind of magic art.

Those who avow their dread of the pursuit of knowledge of any kind, as likely to be injurious to the cause of religion, forget that the acknowledgment of such a feeling, or even a bare suspicion of its existence, does more harm to that cause than all the assaults of its adversaries. However sincere their own belief may, in fact, be, the impression will inevitably be excited, that it is not so ; that they secretly distrust the goodness of their cause ; and are desirous, from some sinister

motive, of keeping up a system of delusion, by suppressing the free exercise of reason. For truth can never be at variance with truth; discoveries in astronomy, for example, in chemistry, or in geology, may indeed be totally unconnected with religious truths, but can never contradict them. To this it is replied, that it is not truth, but specious falsehood, not real, but pretended discoveries, that are dreaded. But this falsehood should be refuted, and these alleged discoveries tested, by an appeal to such data as our natural powers of reason supply; not by an appeal to the Scriptures save as an ancient book; not in reference to their sacred character, in short, not as Scripture. We ought to employ Scripture for its own purpose, which is to reveal to us religious and moral truths. It is for us to 'behave ourselves valiantly for our country and for the cities of our God,' instead of bringing the ark of God into the field of battle to fight for us.

The truths of religion ought not to be rested on any decision respecting questions belonging to the natural philosopher, or the metaphysician; nor our hopes in God's promises be mixed up with debates about extension, and gravitation, and form.

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### My Harp.

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Harp of my heart, now art thou sounding sweetly,  
 Hope's gratulation rises on thy strings;  
 The love we seek for shall be found completely;  
 This breeze bears proof upon its succouring wings.

Harp of my heart, why soundest thou in sorrow?  
 The wind that stirs thee, it is still from heaven;  
 Grieve not at death, for life will come to-morrow,  
 And then to waiting faith shall rest be given.

Harp of my heart, once more thy tones are changing;  
 Now hath the minor to the major passed;  
 Grief yields to joy, yes, such is heaven's arranging,  
 That sorrow least shall be, joy greatest, last.

C. C. L.

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### Song of a Poor Man.

FROM UBLAND.

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I AM, in truth, a poor man,  
 And all alone I go;  
 And fain I would, if but for once,  
 A child's glad spirit know.

A child in my dear parents' house,  
 A happy child was I;  
 And bitter grief has been my share  
 Since in the grave they lie.

I see the rich man's garden bloom;  
 I see the golden corn;  
 But mine is the unfruitful way,  
 By care and trouble worn.

Yet quietly sad, 'mid happy men,  
Most willingly I stay ;  
And heartily and warm I wish  
To every one, *Good day*.

O thou rich God, yet is there left  
A joy for me to know ;  
A comfort sweet for all the world  
To us from Heaven doth flow.

Rising in every village yet  
Thy holy house is found ;  
For every ear the choral song  
The organ-tones resound.

Yet shineth sun, and moon, and star,  
So full of love on me ;  
And when the evening-bell doth ring,  
Then speak I, Lord, with thee.

One day thy lofty hall opes wide,  
The good with joy to greet ;  
Then come I too in festive robe,  
And sit me down and eat.

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### Monthly Retrospect.

WE do not know how our country friends have got along this month. Speaking for ourselves, we can say, with most emphatic truth, it has been the dreariest 'series of thirty days' since April, 1852, when the wind blew from the east *every* hour ; whereas this April we have had forty-eight hours of W. by S.W. In 'fifty-two,' however, there was no Luigi Brunelli to be tried, no Mrs. Ramsbotham found stealing, no great Hopwood will case ; nor was there a Sebastopol as barren of news as the wind of fertilizing influence. We by no means consider any of these episodes of the past month as wearing a very cheerful aspect ; on the contrary, they have wonderfully harmonized with the universal aspect of nature—sharp, rugged, leafless, flowerless, and out of joint with the times. You bear with them, because if you walk abroad amongst men you must encounter them, but you need a different air to nourish and bring forth the spring blossoms of cheerfulness and gaiety, and the clustering summer fruits of human virtues. Doubtless, such events serve their purpose ; they are, in fact, the east winds of society. If they nourish not the virtues, they at least serve to check the rank growth of the vices. But, be it remembered, they have no positive effects. They are as the preaching of the law, which may serve to check the practical development of a vice, but has no power to evoke in a single heart the love of the good and the true. They are faithful, but unwelcome teachers, and but miserable comforters.

Lord Raglan having left off reporting the state of the weather, evidently finds it a difficult matter to fill his weekly despatch. From him or of him we have no news, but from the camp we have intelligence that the siege

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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**JUNE, 1855.**

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*Nicholas Gebelli; or, My Life.*

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## CHAP. VI.

It was contrary to the tastes and habits of Nicholas to quit his beloved and his ever-remembered Marsh residence. The town itself, which had stood probably from the time of the Romans, but certainly from the days of the Saxons, was large enough for his ideas; it contained a great proportion of well-to-do people, with some men eminent for learning; it was advanced in its opinions of both political and religious doctrine, and had withal a free spirit of good neighbourhood and *bonhomie*, which drew all the better circles together, till that accursed church-rate discussion introduced the genius of chaos, which, in a few weeks, turned everything topsy-turvy. It was amusing to see how soon the altered tale began to be felt by Nicholas; the clergyman who before stopped to speak, now only passed with a cold and dignified nod; the friend who had lent a volume to our knight of the church-rate, speedily sent for it's return under the pretence of wanting to consult it; and the tradesman looked more expertly after his bill; while those wide-awake knaves, the lawyers, looked as shy as it was prudent on a young man who might soon want to employ their skill. All this could Nicholas bear well enough; but to see his young and blameless wife cut off from her natural and long friendships merely because her husband had been reluctantly drawn into a church-rate squabble, excited, as it ought to have done, both his indignation and scorn. Meantime, all this opposition only led Nicholas to more careful preparation for the pulpit, and to a more studious life at home. He saw the world's worst side in this church-rate contest, and he took a lesson from it which made him more wise and resolute; but, however many of the glittering berries he could pluck from this tree, there it was, growing every hour, poisoning the enjoyments of his

friends, making the timid more cautious and the courageous less enthusiastic ; and while all this added to the labour and anxiety of Nicholas, it foreboded to him an early removal from the town. His congregation, meantime increased—chiefly, however, by young men—had to record its loss of a wealthy tradesman, who had till that time regularly attended, of two young men who were driving a large trade as drapers, and of several small gentry, who, with the others, had all been persuaded to vote for the rate.

That little town possessed, as little towns generally do, a rare assemblage of deeply-marked characters, which it would be unjust altogether to ignore in this history, some of them the friends of our author, but the greater part of them belonging to the opposite party. First among these heteroclite personages was the old vicar, Mr. Dolly,—who, when Nicholas entered the town, had been there above fifty years—was held in high respect, though he had been, through the greater part of the period, almost a confirmed drunkard, and who was often taken home at night between two men in a state of perfect unconsciousness. And did the parishioners endure this in their clergyman without protestation, or even complaint against him to the bishop ? Certainly, with a small exception of the Evangelic party, no one ever complained of the vicar, and if a Dissenter suggested the necessity of some improvement, he was instantly laughed down, told, if not to mind his own business, that the parish was used to it, and that Mr. Dolly was a right merry fellow, and neither troubled his parish with theological disputes, nor with quarrelsome divisions. Mr. Dolly had been a professed antiquary ; and he converted the vicarage garden into what he called a hermitage, the paths to which were paved with sheep's bones and fantastic anagrams of stones, painted glass, old carvings, and a few of the oddest engravings that were to be met with ; and so elated was the vicar with this trumpery hodge-podge of devices, that he considered it one of the highest honours to admit either stranger or resident within this sacred enclosure. This was all the good that Nicholas ever heard of his having done in those fifty years, except having frequently succoured the poor with his income, in which we will do him the justice to admit his excellence. But in the theological and moral training of the parish, Mr. Dolly had done nothing ; he rarely, indeed, ever read anything except a few books of entertainment, and as he had baptized and brought up nearly the whole of the inhabitants, like himself they lived at as great a distance from everything good as their own taste or the keen eyes of the Dissenters would permit. Poor Mr. Dolly at length died, more than an octogenarian, and Nicholas will never forget the rank hypocrisy of the town which, on the day of the interment, closed the whole of the shops, while great numbers of the inhabitants went into mourning ! Nicholas and others protested against these acts as unbecoming to Christian citizens, who could not forget how often they had seen Mr. Dolly taken home intoxicated ; and he said that the more prudent course would have been to have allowed the corpse to go to the tomb in solitude and silence. The secret of all this extravagant vassalage of the public mind lay

carelessness with which he allowed his parishioners to believe what they pleased, to practise what they preferred, and in many cases either to pay to the Church or not, as their inclinations prompted. It is this *laissez faire* temper that makes many a clergyman the idol of his parish; the Dissenting minister popular without talent; and even the political chieftain honoured by everyone's good word, till the reckoning falls upon them like a thief in the night, and swallows up both the worshippers and their demigod.

Nicholas could see the influence of Mr. Dolly to have been most distressing, not only on the general mind of the town, but especially on the younger clergy that lived there, and we will introduce the reader to a few of this important class. Do you see that light dog-cart driving out from the buildings in the moonlight at a rapid rate? That is a poacher's cart, which, when it gets a little further from the town, will pick up a young clergyman, of a high position in the little town, and the representative of one of the oldest and best families in Lincolnshire, who will drive off to some preserved river or pond, net them if there be a chance, and then drive home again as rapidly as possible. Mr. Bernally has been at this nightly trade for years, and yet never been caught, and even if caught, it would scarcely be credited by a magistrate that the classical master of such a grammar-school could descend so low as to poach his neighbour's waters. It was not, however, either from a desire to steal, or a meanness to get fish cheaply, that led this gentleman to spend a part of his nights in this manner, but merely the love of frolic, which, when turned against one of the tradesmen of the town, issued in a trial, and resulted in keeping this marvellous scholar a close prisoner for years in his own house. In the same house in which Nicholas lodged prior to his marriage, a clergyman occupied two of the front rooms, rode his hunter to his church in the distant Marshes on the Sunday, and spent the greater part of his time either on the back of his horses during the hunting season, or in gambling either at his own rooms or in those of some one else. On one occasion, Nicholas was asked to walk up into these rooms by the landlady, and examine Mr. Scoopall's excellent library; he did so, but found no other books in either room than one to tell the value and patron of all church livings, another poor and even paltry theological dictionary by one Mr. Wright, with a good book on farriery, and an odd volume of some old poetry. But of spurs, of whips, sticks, lancets, pistols, and life-preservers, Mr. Scoopall, who drew 700*l.* or 800*l.* a year from his living, had provided himself with prodigality. How different were the lives of the Dissenting minister and the clergyman, and their studies. That of the former was crammed with books which he diligently read every day from twelve to sixteen hours; and that of the latter had but four volumes, not altogether worth 2*s.* 6*d.*, while their owner was seldom up much before dinner time, except on hunting days, and yet, strange to reflect, the clergyman was the lauded man, upheld by the State, and by public opinion, and the Dissenting minister was only not despised merely because his

character and abilities preserved him from such a fate. Other scenes, too gross to be tolerated at present, Nicholas saw, and knew cases among the clergy of that county even worse than those he has recorded. Take the following for an example. A gentleman was observed one evening to enter from the Lincoln coach into the Fleece-inn, and to inquire from the landlord whether there was not a clergyman living in the neighbourhood of the name of Booker? 'No,' was the reply. 'Are you sure, sir?' 'Yes, I am quite certain,' replied the innkeeper, 'for I know every clergyman by name at least for twenty miles round.' 'But,' rejoined the stranger, 'you had a few days ago such a name representing the rector of such a church?' 'Oh, yes, we had, but my first words were quite true, for that gentleman died yesterday, and his servant-boy has just been to town to give orders to the drapers and to the coffin-maker, and therefore I know his master is really dead.' Now the truth is, Booker knew that the bishop was about to send an investigator into his parish, and he not desiring his presence had feigned this act of death, through his errand-boy, to prevent him; and the ruse so far succeeded that the messenger took the Lincoln coach the next morning, and told Dr. Kay, the bishop, the striking falsehood that Mr. Booker was dead. This state of immorality, that prevailed among the clergy of that county twenty-five years ago, is now either changed into the cowardly party called the Evangelical, or into the more mischievous one of the High Church; and that after fifty years' oversight by the Calvinism-hating Bishop Tomline, and the traditionary, but amiable Dr. Kay.

It was not, however, only on the clergy of the little Marsh town that Mr. Dolly's influence was detrimental, it extended also to the principal laymen, who went to church in the morning of Sunday as regularly as they frequented some of the inns in the afternoon or evening of the same day. How could such men feel any qualms of conscience while they only heard a tippler no better than themselves preaching? or how at sixty were they to reform the habits contracted twenty or thirty years before? Hence Nicholas believes that the wine and spirit trade of this little town was in a most successful condition during the reign of the tippling vicar, and the effects of the long custom of drinking appeared in his time in the number of gentlemen glittering with red noses and tremulous hands, and the odious practice of post-prandial drinking at respectable tables continued long after he had left the vicinity. Nor were some of the ladies free from the infection. Among others, however, of this sex, Nicholas will never forget the generosity and shrewdness of one of the ladies of this town, who belonged to his own congregation, and who had been sadly disappointed in a drunken and surly husband, that had stolen her at eighteen years of age from a boarding-school, where she was known to have a portion of 10,000*l.*, added to the most extraordinary beauty of person and mind. When our author settled in the town she was evidently dying from that slow and indefinite disease which is called a broken heart; and yet Elizabeth Sirani could scarcely have drawn with

more artistic effect, and perhaps scarcely one of our theatric heroines was so much at home with her piano, but the blow at the heart that had quashed all her affections, except for her children and the poor, left her a solitary wreck of what she had been, and she soon died, at the time that her daughters were gushing into women.

Two or three opportunities presented themselves, when Nicholas had made up his mind to leave the neighbourhood, but, unfortunately for him, they were all in the manufacturing districts, and though he knew that a removal to any of those places would lead to a better income, a more intelligent audience, and a community more free from the old and little municipal prejudices which he had been made to feel, he long hesitated, but at last was compelled to migrate to a large town, which we shall call Moreton, nearly twenty times more populous than the one he was about to quit. But how could he abandon friends who had so promptly invited him, and who, on the whole, had stuck so tenaciously to his ministry? How was he to quit that lovely cottage, with its charming garden, so well stored by the preceding tenant, the old Catholic priest, with almost every variety of English fruit-tree? Or how could he muster the courage to bid farewell to so many special friends who had fought by his side, not only in the church-rate struggle, but in the more deadly grapple with the old corporation, and the excessively High-Church party, who had been almost suddenly raised by the new vicar, a prospective Puseyite? He accomplished, however, the whole business by removing at once, and bidding no one farewell; and, after two days' journey, he entered the noisy and smoky streets of Moreton, to be one of seven Independent ministers instead of the only one, to find as many churches and Wesleyan chapels, and to commence to him that ever-memorable ministry, the faults and virtues of which he can now more calmly survey.

First, however, let Nicholas speak of the impression made on him by the first sight of this manufacturing population, which was certainly in a higher state of mere thinking development, but incomparably more ugly in its features, more crafty in its speech, immeasurably more pert in its bearing to every one, and more unimpressible of feeling. While the men of the Marshes were thinking of a measure, the men of Moreton would have despatched and forgotten it, and with their curt and sharp jokes, and their grotesque and rude caricatures, would raise a laugh from the thousand before the countryman could have understood the force of an observation. So far, then, as the exchange went, Nicholas had won a shrewder community, which most emphatically needed the gospel even more than the field-workers to whom he had been preaching, but all the advantages nearly were confined to that one item of a ruder but a further developed thinking power. And what can be, without a corresponding development of the moral feelings, a more hideous and to-be-dreaded thing than mere mental growth? Hence many of the criminals and some of the forms of crime peculiar to the manufacturing districts, the more desperate struggle between the employers and the servants, the bolder air of reckless independence assumed by the workmen in times of good trade, their harder drink-



ing, the increased love of finery among the female members of society, and the early self-control which young people acquire, and which generally ends either in extravagance or rakishness. No one except a groom or a household servant ever touches the hat when he meets a superior in Moreton or any other of the manufacturing districts, because Jack thinks himself not only as good, but better than his master ; and as to women-servants in that town, they were as inferior in habits of thrifty carefulness and civility as possible to those of the agricultural district, though their wages were double, and their 'rights,' as they called what were elsewhere denominated 'privileges,' were tenfold more numerous. All this our young preacher rapidly learned in his new situation, from his own experience and observations in the families with which he visited, and he soon confirmed his opinions from what took place in the religious society of which he was the minister.

From the rapid increase at first of his congregation, Nicholas believed for a time that these new hearers were really interested in his preaching and his person, and from their quick apprehension of his meaning, and their greater readiness to fall into immediate action, the preacher was flattered and deluded. No long time was required to elapse before he learned the character of these new additions to his flock, which had been made for the most part from the disaffected of other congregations ; from the miserly, who heard a minister for years whom they yet refused to support ; from men of doubtful characters, who had lost all the confidence of their former churches ; from persons of doctrinal peculiarity, who flattered themselves that the new preacher would meet their views ; and from that uneasy and ever-discontented section of the young who are mad with the thirst for beauty, or who believe that mere change is an equivalent for improvement. Among these new comers to the congregation of Nicholas were a few wastrel characters, who had previously abandoned the chapel, but the new views and the fresh fire of our country preacher did not conquer their cups, or their sluggishness and spiritual fatalism ; though along with the rabble came also a few respectable and worthy families, who became, and yet remain, some of the most stedfast friends that Nicholas ever found. The chapel had only been in existence about fifty years, and during that period it had possessed seven ministers, with all of whom the church had quarrelled, and no one of whom had it long or adequately supported. All this, however, Nicholas could only learn in course of time, from a careful examination of the church-books, nor, such was the faith he reposed in present pretensions, did it at all fill him with the fear of failure, or induce him to see the guile and the treachery that he might have beheld in those dark and laughing faces, which joked with God in prayer, and mounted the pulpit occasionally, when Nicholas was ill, without either preparation or decorum. It was not long after Nicholas had accepted this urgent invitation that he might have been seen freely shedding tears in his study at the too-late discovered fact, that he had left a situation in the Marshes, with but one or two defects, for that of Moreton, where these defects

became fifty times magnified, and the advantages were comparatively reduced.

It was a new feature in the ministerial life of Nicholas to have in the same town six or seven other churches of the same order, and one to the working of which he was for a long time a perfect novice. He entered the borough with the belief that all these ministers would be *brethren*, ready to suggest his dangers, and willing to rescue him from snares, as he felt assured he was so inclined himself to them. He soon after his entrance to Moreton discovered that these assumed brethren were real rivals, and actuated by the same suspicion and jealousy that he found among competitors in trade, with this difference only, that the competition of the latter class was acknowledged and confessed, but that of the former was only discovered under the shadows of a professional varnish. This jealousy soon displayed itself in an obnoxious form by the older ministers and their partisans, who had kept their pulpits and the platform guarded against new men, and were not willing to allow our young preacher to assume in the public meetings of the town that position to which his official connexion entitled him: the struggle, however, was short and decided, and Nicholas won the acknowledgment of his claims by four of the oldest ministers, but their partisans remembered the defeat against a day when, as they thought, it would be their turn to become victors.

The *pater presbyterum* was above eighty years of age, whose short sermons of twenty minutes long, and his habit of determined controlling every thing and every one, kept his congregation rather in the unity of awe than of love; and as he had baptized nearly the whole of his flock, there was an hereditary tolerance to him which was by no means allowed to the young man who, inconceivably his superior, was his co-pastor. Old Mr. Baldwyn was never at a loss for the means of retaining his power, and when at last he did retire, it was with the sardonic boast to younger men, 'Bless your lives, I have forgotten more than ever you knew!' He did, however, retire at last, though Nicholas imagines ignorant of the fact, that every one else knew, that the cause of Dissent was incomparably reduced from the state in which this very old man had found it in Moreton fifty years before. Peace be to his name, for he was as good a man as the narrow soul that he possessed, and his proverbial prudence, if not avarice, would permit; he did not long live to enjoy his annuity for so long a period of working *in petto*; and if hundreds of men in Moreton curse the names of his sons, it may be that old Baldwyn was not much to blame.

The second of the senior ministers was the Rev. Thomas Doolittle, A.M., a gentleman of probably eighteen stone weight, of large, awkward build, of fat and very bald head, short-sighted in addition, and possessed of an accomplished lady of fortune for a wife. This gentleman was the minister of the largest and the best chapel in the town, but his own congregation, though the representative of the ejected ministers in 1662, was diminutively small, and that, as we take it, because he was

a mere man of books, and, without forming independent opinions of his own, enslaved himself to those of Howe and Bates, Charnock and Clarkson, with men of that old and profound school, whom the public would not now patronize. Hence he had only a small number of persons, who attended because their ancestors had done so before them, those who thought him a good man because he had much wealth, and some few of the lovers of high doctrines, with their dependents, servants, and friends, making an audience altogether of 150 to 200 persons in a building that would hold 1,500 or 1,600 people! This congregation, though small, was the Privy Council to the Dissenters of Moreton, and on account of its wealth, its age, and its respectability, was tolerated in assuming the dictatorship to the other churches, to which Nicholas for a time was obliged to bow. This gentleman, too, was the representative preacher of the town in the judgment of most of the inhabitants; strangers were directed to him if they desired to attend a Dissenting chapel; but so ill-governed a taste, and so badly arranged were the stores of his mind, that few who heard him preach ever left the chapel with feelings of approbation, while it was to be regretted that one would often hear of the younger branches of the old families quitting Mr. Doolittle and Dissent together, and betaking themselves to the less defined and more indifferent system of the Established Church. And yet Nicholas found this gentleman a much more interesting companion than he was a preacher: he could tell all the best editions of the Classics, read with ease all the modern criticism of emendatory scholarship, knew somewhat, but less, than Nicholas himself of the early Fathers of the Church, and could quote almost every modern book that had been published; and as he was a generation older than our author, he could tell him stories worth knowing of some of the more distinguished pioneers. But this gentleman, too, had the same fault as his colleague, Mr. Baldwyn—that of an apparently undue love of money; and while this gave to the denominational proceedings an ungenerous aspect, it repelled the young and the benevolent to that degree, that Mr. Doolittle had scarcely any of them in his audience. He died some time ago, and his place was filled by a snappish dialectician, who delivered metaphysical theses on various subjects, and called that preaching the gospel of Christ!

The third of the new ministerial colleagues of Nicholas was the Rev. Francis Cocker, who was upwards of seventy years of age at the time that he entered Moreton, and had a congregation of about 250 to 300 persons, almost entirely of the lower classes, to whom he preached on the Sabbath-day with more or less success, and acted as an accountant at a guinea a-day through the week, and was almost always fully employed. Whether this trade was Mr. Cocker's original employment, Nicholas never learned: we will assume, that it was resorted to to help his inadequate salary as a minister, though he had three or four very wealthy persons in his congregation. Of all the dwarfed specimens of ministerial mind that Nicholas ever knew, that of 'old Franky,' as he was familiarly called, was the most complete. At any-

thing advanced which he could not find in the 'Orthodox Magazine' he would at once utter his prompt denunciation; and if he were reproached with not reading he would rejoin, 'There is nothing new in the gospel, and if my friend Mr. Doolittle meets with anything worth knowing in his extensive reading he will be sure to tell us, for he reads for us all!' Mr. Cocker, however, so overworked his brain during the week, that he was cut off shortly after Nicholas knew him by a rapid and violent series of epileptic fits; and when this merchant-preacher was buried, all the rest of the ministers walked as mourners at his funeral, while one of them rehearsed the gloriously consistent life of the deceased. This worthy man commonly had the credit of shooting the bullets of Messrs. Baldwyn and Doolittle; and as he had a great sway of commercial influence, he might have accomplished the most beneficial changes in Moreton, but he wanted the time, the courage, and, above all, the liberal soul.

We now come to the most original of all the ministerial colleagues of Nicholas in the person of Mark Tucker—a wit, a punster, and a general joker in the pulpit, but who kept up his great influence to the day of his leaving Moreton. For years Mr. Tucker had his chapel well filled, not merely with the hunters after a joke, or the thirsters for some new display of novelty, but with good, staid, and intelligent people, who infinitely preferred a sermon of the smart things which Mark would produce, to the long, wordy, windiness of Mr. Doolittle, or even the more poetic effusions of Nicholas himself. They were right for this preference, because, though it neither implied nor led to reading, it abounded in those short and fresh business views of Christianity which, if it neglected the commentary and the Lexicon, it bent Christian verities to the arts, the trades, and the wants of life, and sent home the audience with the belief that it had heard something original and useful. The extent to which this quality of Mark Tucker prevailed may be known by the fact, that every one had a treasury of his remarkable sayings, while no doubt many that were of foreign growth are to this day steadily affiliated on him. Nicholas often attempted to analyze this quality in the preaching of Mr. Tucker, but it always foiled him; for if he called it pictorial, he found that he had left a material part out of the definition; or if he said it was a witty style, while so loose a phrase might mislead the reader, it could neither convey a correct notion of those exquisite flights of imagination in which Mr. Tucker would indulge, or still less that train of boldly-conceived religious thinking which he would at times throw with apparent nonchalance from him among the more receptive of his people. This gift was not the result of polish or study, for it often broke out most brilliantly on the spur of the occasion, and was noticed to be less common and fecund towards the close of life. But the highest testimonies in sudden and strange conversions, such as those we read of in the Acts of the Apostles, were frequently heard among religious people to the powers of our rude Mark Tucker, whose life was inconceivably more worth writing for the power it might contain to set modern preachers once more on their feet again, than the vagaries of

some startling artist, a popular minister of State, or than many an Archbishop of Canterbury. In them you might see something worth the gaze, but in the striking ministry of Mark Tucker, you must feel in the presence of no ordinary master.

The successor of Mr. Tucker was a Mr. Speechman, who had been imprudently raised from trade late in life without education, and thrust into the ministry by a wealthy and benevolent gentleman, who little knew of what that ministry is composed, and that, too, in the very shoes of Mark Tucker, whose preaching proved how much he was above the mere educationist of every school. This successor of his came to Moreton with no education at all, but that people who had sat at the feet of Mark for eighteen or twenty years, and had grown jocose themselves through hearing the frequent outbreaks of his wit, seemed to laugh at the attempt of their silly deacons, who appeared about to prove on how small a modicum of wisdom a congregation could subsist. Having, as they said, 'enjoyed ourselves for so long a period with a witty pastor without education, it appears we are now to have another still more vulgar, and without the wit!' The raking out of the fire of the church rapidly commenced; family after family quitted their seats, and the few that remained apparently immovable were either such as were attached to the high doctrine of the new minister; such as could not persuade themselves to quit a place of worship so redolent with the memory of Mark; or such poor creatures as had neither doctrine nor will of their own. Who can preserve his temper in equilibrium when his congregation is flying from about him in discontented sparks? And Mr. Speechman soon began not only to display his own feelings, but to be annoyed with those of his dissatisfied friends, to complain of an unstable audience and of deficient income; and, like all weak ministers, he fell into contention with his deacons, who gave him what they pleased, and refused to let him see their accounts. This is, however, by no means an unique instance of this cavalier treatment of ministers. The ministers attempted to uphold Mr. Speechman by exchanging pulpits with him. The chapel was beautified and re-opened by new men; but nothing could keep the leaden body afloat in the air, it always sunk again, and as the Sabbath closed, the congregation could not help the feeling of astonishment at the difference between the two ministers, both being about the same age of fifty-four. In course of time matters at Mark Tucker's old chapel grew worse; some of the ministers' sons behaved ill and left the chapel; and at last the old man himself was struck with paralysis, and died.

The fifth Independent minister was a young man, at a new and a fine chapel, more favourably situated than any other place of worship in the borough. Like many of the Dissenting chapels, it had arisen from a quarrel between one or two of the leading men and their worn-out ministers, Baldwyn and Cocker, who were joined by little squadrons of David's ragged regiment from the other chapels. This congregation of Dissenting odd fellows soon defiled their new chapel by clamours against their minister, who was neither high enough in senti-

ment, nor exalted sufficiently in intellect, to please his audience, and still more lacked that laughter and mob-moving power of Mark Tucker, which was sure to fill the house. Mr. Swivell, moreover, was very feeble in bodily health, stooped like an old man, though not thirty, and contrived at last to creep into that modern type of humanity, the toad-eater to the blustering and thrifty Mr. Scythe, who was his deacon, the mortgagee of the chapel, the treasurer of the minister, and the maker of bullets which were to be fired off at the other congregations occasionally by Mr. Swivell; and, moreover, report said, the frequent reviser of his sermons. Chaff-men never work, and so Mr. Swivell, after a great deal of pirouetting and complaining, exchanged this large and fine chapel for the shabby old one which was then occupied by the successor of Mr. Cocks, and who had filled it to suffocation. But even this small chapel was too large for Mr. Swivell, and he at length determined to emigrate to a warmer quarter of the world, where he would find an audience less developed by about five hundred years' growth.

The last of the Congregational ministers that Nicholas had for a contemporary was Mr. Plaistow, a gentleman who filled almost at once the large chapel which the discontented had built for Mr. Swivell. He was the son of an eminent and an excellent Dissenting clergyman, recently deceased, and in his younger days had not only been an amateur theatrical, but had to quit his country for some years, owing to a serious misdemeanour. But he at length returned with the assumed reputation of being a genuine convert, was sent to one of the colleges, and subsequently settled with two of the largest Dissenting churches in the provinces, and was, by the fact of his attending at one of the missionary anniversaries, at once invited to Mr. Cocker's then vacant church. This gentleman, the most extraordinary minister that Nicholas had ever known, at once took his position at the head of all the other ministers; made such telling speeches as no other speaker could approach; preached sermons of prodigious power; and in the sitting-room of his friends could hold any company captive by the hour with his powers of mimicry, of jest, and of badinage. He seemed unable to forget anything which he had ever heard or read; to be *au fait* in quoting the choicest passages of poetry and eloquence in the language; and moreover was the most dextrous flatterer in the world; and it was by these means that he drew our young minister, some dozen years his junior, into a friendship which continued for nearly two years with growing intimacy. But in that time Nicholas discovered his tendency to an immoderate use of wine, spirits, and beer, and as this circumstance developed itself still more, Mr. Plaistow drew off and attached himself to a simple-minded, but wealthy tradesman, whom he soon drew to his chapel, and in the course of another year or two had emptied it of the crowd that began to whisper calumnies against his character. These matters had not continued long before our popular minister went off to London, resigned his charge in Moreton, and lived for many months away from his family among the inns and publichouses of Lancashire, in one of which

he at length died, and Nicholas remembers the mournful funeral procession passing through Moreton on its way to the cemetery, where the remains of one of the most gifted men in England were laid; another instance to the fearful folly of a minister of the gospel loving to drink and joke immoderately. There is great reason to fear that some of the early converts of this unhappy man went back in their religious life, and Nicholas knows several who plead as a bar to conversion the fact that the man who had often urged the subject on them, had himself died a drunkard.

This variety of ministers, the first set with whom Nicholas became acquainted, and the best of whom was poor Mark Tucker, furnished to his patience and his conscience many urgent and curious problems. Since the whole seven congregations would, if condensed, have made but two, or at the most, three churches, where was the need for the rest? Concentration of our forces, instead of rickety and unsound expansion, may please the pride of 'itching ears;' but while it prevents the employment of several ministers in what would be thus the larger churches, it exhausts the resources of the people to support their preachers, and leaves them little for the noble work of eleemosynary bestowments. These weak and insane expansions seem to be the fault of the age, which increases the difficulty, and lowers the qualification of ministers, and takes away from the people those motives to *self-denial in hearing*, which would promote extensively the union of the churches.

## Philological Elucidations of the English Version of the New Testament.

'Search the Scriptures.'

THE Authorized Version of the New Testament, by its general acceptance as a standard translation among all sects, is allowed to be excellent, and not easily surpassable. It has peculiar graces of its own in its nervous and stately English; while its poetical beauties and the music of its diction, added to the solemnity of its archaisms,\* combine to invest its expressions with a charm, and make them live upon the tongue. It is of immense advantage, too, to have some one version adopted by all parties, to which appeal can be made, and which passes universally as current coin: we could not have half-a-dozen different translations in general use without being involved in endless confusion. But this, be it remembered, is quite different from asserting that the

\* How far the English version is representative of the language of James the First's day, the reader will see by consulting Professor Craik's 'Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England,' vol. iii. p. 218.

English version is as a translation perfect and without error; or, that it could not be improved. On the contrary, there are many grave and important mistakes, arising from an inaccurate knowledge of the original Greek, as well as from misapprehension of the subject matter. These considerations may suggest to us a classification of the difficulties which beset the unlearned reader of the English New Testament. First, it must never be forgotten he has, after all, a *translation*; by which it is proverbially impossible to transfer the thoughts uttered in one language into another, without loss of force, beauty, and point. Secondly, it aims at being *literal*, and a literal translation is frequently more faulty than a paraphrastic one; inasmuch as oftentimes shades of meaning and minute peculiarities of thought are forfeited, if the chief anxiety is for the preservation of the letter. Thirdly, it is a translation from an Eastern into a Western language: for we call the Greek of the New Testament Hebrew-Greek, the words being Greek, the modes of thought and turn of mind being Jewish. The highly imaginative and tropical language of Eastern nations contrasts strongly with the more sober and staid expressions of the Western world: a peculiarity apparent enough in the Old Testament, but sometimes also observable in the New. Fourthly, there is a class of difficulties which may be called *logical*: by which we mean such as arise from intricacies of argument, where the train of thought is hard to follow. These abound in St. Paul's Epistles, 'in which,' a brother apostle tells us, 'are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unstable wrest, as they do also the other scriptures, unto their own destruction.' (2 Pet. iii. 16.) These difficulties may be increased also by an inaccurate or too literal rendering. The advantage of a paraphrastic translation over a close one, may be well seen in many parts of Conybeare and Howson's Version compared with our Authorized English Version. Fifthly, an important class of difficulties, which may be called philological, arises from inaccurate and inadequate renderings of *words*. These errors admit of many subdivisions; such as those which result from the ignoring manners, customs, or institutions prevalent in ancient times, but now defunct; the same word translated by different words in different passages; different words translated by the same English word: and so on. It is the object of this, and it may be one or two succeeding papers, to deal with this fifth class of difficulties. The grand and saving truths, indeed, of the gospel are stated in such plain, simple, and straightforward terms, that they have lost little or none of their force in their transmission into a modern tongue: but the sincere Christian, desirous of knowing *all* his Lord's revealed will, is glad of any light which will illuminate the bye-ways and corners of the Word.

#### SLAVERY.

The prevalent existence of slavery in ancient times is a feature which furnishes their most striking contrast with our modern life. It was universal; 'not the exception, but the rule.' No philosopher theorized against it; no philanthropist was ashamed of it; no states-



man dreamed of taking measures to destroy it.\* At Athens, Sparta, Rome, and in many of the principal states of antiquity, the slave population far outnumbered the freemen. Considered far below their masters in the social scale, in intellectual cultivation the slaves were often far superior. They were frequently educated men; and filled such offices as those of house-doctor, copiers of manuscripts, or amanuenses. No one, until Christianity in its spirit, if not in its letter, taught the truth, ever had an idea or suspicion that it was in the least degree unjust or unnatural for a captive of war, or a ruined debtor, to become the slave of his captor or his creditor. To the lord of the slave accrued thereby a complete power of life and death; the slave, with all he was and all he had, was his owner's absolute property, to keep, to sell, or to set free if he liked; as much his property, and in the same sense, as his house or his dog. How wide then the distinction between a servant and a slave! a servant having his liberty, covenanting what work he shall do, and on what terms; free to engage, re-engage, and disengage himself, as his interest or fancy urges; able to acquire property, to rise above the station in which he was born, or to sink below it; a slave having no personal liberty, bound to do whatever tasks the master that buys him chooses to impose, having no option as to his master, or the kind or amount of service to be rendered, unable to emerge out of his condition except by the indulgence of his owner, occupying the lowest condition in society. Notwithstanding all this, the Greek word δούλος (*doulos*), *slave, bondsman*, occurring a hundred and twenty-three times in the New Testament, appears in the English version as *servant* in all but seven instances; while δουλεία (*douleia*, *the condition of a slave*), occurring five times, is uniformly and correctly rendered *bondage*.

Before entering upon a discussion of these passages, some preliminary remarks are necessary.

The question, what word, or set of words, shall we substitute for *servant*? is important, and not easy to answer. The word *servant* implying what the doctrine of the gospel takes especial pains to deny, is perhaps the worst. The word *slave*, implying to us Englishmen injustice, inhumanity, and oppression, is perhaps too repulsive: to this additional notion, however, sometimes there is no objection, as when the natural man is called the *slave* of sin. But we must also hear with patience St. Paul declaring himself the *slave* of God; or here we may choose *bondsman*. These two, though neither of them equivalents of the Greek, are perhaps the best to be had. If the *idea* of the thing is clear, the *word* is of less importance.

The usages of this and connected words in the New Testament may be distinguished as, I. literal; II. metaphorical; III. mixed.

I. Literal; best translated by *slave*.

It was on behalf of a favourite and valuable *slave*,† who 'was dear

\* F. W. Newman. Four Lectures on the Contrasts of Ancient and Modern History, p. 8.

† Related in Matt. viii. 6—13, where, however, our word *doulos* occurs only once (ver. 9); *servant* in vers. 6, 8, 13, standing for a different word, which being

unto him' (Luke), that the centurion applied to our Lord for help. Calvin (quoted by Trench, 'Notes on the Miracles,' p. 222, n.), says, 'Owners were not thus wont to be anxious about the life of a slave, unless he had gained good-will by remarkable industry, or fidelity, or some other virtue.' See also the account of the nobleman of Capernaum, John iv. 46—53. Malchus, whose ear Peter smote off, was a *slave* of the high-priest.\* In John xviii. 18, we read of 'servants and officers,' which would appear unfit company, standing together at the fire warming themselves: we should read, 'slaves and hired servants:' i.e., officials, underlings.

The illustration employed by our Lord in Luke xvii. 7, 9, is much more forcible and apt, when *servant* is replaced by *slave*.

St. Paul, while he exhorts all classes and social conditions, does not forget the then prominent one of *bondage*; urging the *slave*, not to discontent and rebellion, as being under an unjust oppression, but to work heartily for his master, as though he were working for Christ. 'Bondsmen, obey your earthly masters with anxiety and self-distrust, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as bondsmen of Christ, doing the will of God from the soul.'†

Consistent with this teaching is the fuller passage, 1 Cor. viii. 17—24, 'Let each abide in the condition which he held when he was first called (20). Wast thou *in slavery* at the time of thy calling? Care not for it. Nay, though thou have power to gain thy freedom, seek rather to remain content (21). For the *slave* who has been called into fellowship with Christ, is Christ's freedman; and so also, the freeman who has been called, is Christ's *slave* (22); for he has paid a price for you all; beware lest you bind upon yourselves the yoke of *slavery* to man.' (Conybeare and Howson, vol. ii. p. 39.) Compare Philemon 16.

The argument of St. Paul, in Gal. iv. 1—7, depends upon the Roman law, that the son was in the same condition as a slave until his majority; and when, on his father's death, he became really the heir, he could not inherit until the appointed time, but was under overseers and stewards. 'So we also,' he says (ver. 3), who are Israelites, 'when we were children (i.e. under age), were treated like *slaves*, and taught the lessons of childhood by outward ordinances. (4). But when the appointed time was fully come,' God's Son was sent (5), 'that he might redeem from their *slavery* the subjects of the

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literally a *boy*, was also used for *slave*; and in Luke vii. 1—10, the word occurring in vers. 2, 3, 8, 10.

N.B. All the passages in which the words under discussion are used are referred to in these remarks. If the reader will turn to each instance where the words are not quoted at length, and make this matter a study, it will take him some time, but, I think, bring him an adequate return.

\* Matt. xxvi. 51; Mark xiv. 47; Luke xxii. 50; John xviii. 10 (*bis*), 26.

† Ephes. vi. 5, 6 (from Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul. vol. ii. p. 422). Compare also, Col. iii. 22—24; iv. 1; 1 Tim. vi. 1, 2; Titus ii. 9. The New Testament did not *sanction* slavery, it only *permitted* it, until it should fall before its spirit. See Rogers' 'Eclipse of Faith,' pp. 415—420, and the 'Defence,' sect. xiii.

law, and that we might be adopted as the sons of God.' (7.) 'Wherefore thou [who canst pray, "Our Father"] art no more a slave, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.' 'But you [who were Gentiles], when you knew not God, were in bondage to gods that have no real being. But now,—when you have gained the knowledge of God,—or rather, when God has acknowledged you,—how is it that you are turning backwards to those childish lessons, void both of strength and blessing? Would you seek again the slavery which you have outgrown? (Conybeare and Howson, vol. ii. 145.) In Acts vii. 6, 7, the words are applied to the subjection of the Hebrews to the Egyptians, and translated rightly; and in Rom. ix. 12, to the subjection of Esau to Isaac, 'the elder shall be in bondage to the younger.'

We conclude this head with noting the seven passages where the correct rendering is given, the terms *bondsmen* and *freemen* including every possible condition of men.\* We pass now,

## II. To the METAPHORICAL application of these words.

1. In the gospel, the condition of the unregenerate heart is set forth as one of *slavery*, and subjection to sin. Our Lord taught this doctrine in so many words, 'whosoever committeth sin, is the *slave* of sin.' (John viii. 34.) And St. Peter (ii. 19) calls the false teachers who promise liberty '*slaves* of corruption, for a man is *enslaved to him by whom he has been overcome*.' St. Paul also declares, 'I bring my body into subjection, or slavery' (1 Cor. ix. 27), for unless the passions are subjected, they will reign. Substitute also, 'be *slaves of sin*,' for '*serve sin*,' in Rom. vi. 6; '*were slaves*,' for '*did service*,' in Gal. iv. 8; '*enslaved to divers lusts*,' for '*serving*,' in Tit. iii. 3; '*enslaved to much wine*,' for '*given*,' &c., in Tit. ii. 3. In Rom. viii. 21, the translation is correct.

2. The following passage from the Romans (vi. 15—22, Conybeare and Howson, vol. ii. p. 173) will form a transition to this head:—'What then? Shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid. Know ye not that he to whose service ye give yourselves is your real master; whether sin, whose fruit is death, or obedience, whose fruit is righteousness. But God be thanked that you, who were once the slaves of sin, have obeyed from your heart the teaching whereby ye were moulded anew; and when ye were freed from the slavery of sin, you became the bondsmen of righteousness. (I speak the language of common life, to show the weakness of your fleshly nature, [which must be in bondage either to the one or to the other]). Therefore, as ye once gave up the members of your body for slaves of uncleanness and licentiousness, to work the deeds of license; so now give them up for slaves of righteousness, to work the deeds of holiness. For when you were the slaves of sin, you were free from the service of righteousness. What fruit then had you in those times, from the deeds whereof you are now ashamed? Yea, the end of them

\* Viz. 1 Cor. xii. 13; Gal. iii. 28; Ephes. vi. 8; Col. iii. 11; Rev. vi. 15; xiii. 16; xix. 18.

is death. But now being freed from the bondage of sin, and enslaved to the service of God, your fruit is growth in holiness, and its end is life eternal. For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord and Master.' (See also Rom. xvi. 18.) Here, then, St. Paul teaches that while the unregenerate are *slaves to sin*, the renewed and redeemed are *slaves to righteousness, slaves of God, slaves of Christ*. But Christ says, 'If the Son [by redemption] shall make you *free*, ye shall be *free indeed*.' (John viii. 36.) Are the renewed and regenerate then both *slaves* and *freemen*? Does St. Paul preach a different gospel from that of Christ's? We may answer for him, 'God forbid.' How can these inconsistencies then be reconciled? Easily, and without violence; thus:—

A slave's condition, whether it should be happy or miserable, depended upon his master's character. The slave of a master tyrannical, cruel, and exacting, allowing no indulgences, having mercy for no weaknesses and infirmities, exhausting all the body's strength, and killing all the heart's affections: what could exceed the misery of such a bondage? Only one condition, if the master should entice the slave by the promise of fair prospects, and a large gain, and years of rest and peace, only to enhance the misery of his torment by blank disappointment. Such is the slavery of sin and corruption. But if the slave were under a master who remembered his frame, who had compassion on his infirmities, who pardoned his short-comings, and used correction indeed, but only with the gracious end of calling him to a sense of his condition and his duties; would not a slave serve such a master with love and gratitude, and while feeling entire devotion his bounden duty, feel it also his delightful privilege? Such an one would be rather a son than a slave. Such is the condition of the slaves of God and of Christ! Such is the 'glorious liberty of the sons of God.'

It is well known to the careful student of the New Testament, that the *law* of the first dispensation is spoken of as a *yoke* and a *slave-master*. From servile obedience to this law, Christ has also set his people free. For before, they 'through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage.' (Heb. ii. 15.) In the Epistle to the Galatians, St. Paul treats this subject fully: compare Gal. iv. 1—7, quoted above, p. 14. 'Stand fast, therefore, in the freedom which Christ has given us, and turn not back again, to entangle yourselves in the yoke of bondage.\*' (Conybeare and Howson, vol. ii. p. 148.) 'For you have not received a spirit of bondage, that you should go back again to the state of slavish fear, but you have received a spirit of adoption, wherein we cry unto God, and say, Our Father.' (Rom. viii. 15. Conybeare and Howson, vol. ii. p. 178.) Compare also Rom. vii. 6, 25.

3. *Slaves of righteousness and slaves of God*† may be considered

\* Gal. v. 1. This is an instance of that obscurity of which there are too many examples, arising from the violent dismemberment of a paragraph or argument by the arbitrary division of the chapters in our version. The present verse belongs essentially to chap. iv.

† The pious ear may perhaps hear this term with repulsion; and naturally,  
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synonymous expressions. They who are *slaves of God* are bound to do his will, which is *righteousness*. All men by nature are indeed God's absolute property; but he does not own them unless they acknowledge his supreme will as their law: for 'no man can be the slave of two lords: ye cannot be the slaves of God and of Mammon.' (Matt. vi. 24; Luke xvi. 13. See, again, Rom. vi. 15—22; and compare Ephes. vi. 7, 1 Thess. i. 9.)

Simeon (Luke ii. 29), Mary (Luke i. 38, 48), Paul (Tit. i. 1), and John (Rev. i. 1), call themselves *slaves of God*. Such is the style of Moses (Rev. xv. 3); of the prophets (Rev. x. 7, xi. 18); of the apostles (Acts iv. 29, xvi. 17).\*

While, however, the devout are thus really in a state of *bondage*, they have a glorious *liberty*, viz., deliverance from the bondage of sin, and are raised to the rank of sonship and heirship. And then by an easy transition, if the devout and pious, even under the law, were *slaves of God*, Christians are that too, and besides,

4. *Slaves of Christ*. And 'he who is a slave to Christ, is acceptable to God' (Rom. xiv. 18). Moreover, Christians are in bondage to Christ by a fresh right; for he has redeemed them [bought them] from their slavery to sin, and bondage to the law; they are his, therefore, by purchase, as well as by original ownership. Consequently, as no man can be the *bondsman* of God, and at the same time the *slave* of Mammon, so the Christian cannot be a *slave* to the world and sin, and at the same time a *bondsman* of Christ. 'If I,' says St. Paul, 'still sought favour with men, I should not be the bondsman of Christ' (Gal. i. 10).

The apostles Paul (Acts xx. 19; Rom. i. 1; Phil. i. 1), James (i. 1), Peter (2 Pet. i. 1), and Jude (1), call themselves by this title. Paul gives it to Epaphras (Col. iv. 12), and to Timotheus (Phil. i. 1).

In conclusion on this head, all-important are our Lord's gracious words, recorded by that disciple in whose mouth they seem most natural. That same Lord, who once invited all the weary and heavy-laden—wearing sin's hard yoke, and heavy-laden with sorrow—to exchange that yoke for his easy one, and that burden for

since, as we have said, our modern word *slave* has acquired an additional meaning, not implied in the Greek *doulos*. Still *slave* comes nearer to the original than *servant*. Perhaps *bondsman* would be better. It is curious that our word *servant* is derived from the Latin *servus*, which means a *slave*. The idea of *justification by works* maintained by the Roman Church, and expressed in the word *servant*, is rejected by our Lord, when he bids his followers confess, after they have done what is commanded them, 'We are unprofitable *slaves*, for we have done (merely) what we were bound to do' (Luke xvii. 10). Compare the parable of the labourers in the vineyard, Matt. xx. 1—16.

\* See also Acts ii. 18; 1 Pet. ii. 16; Rev. i. 1; ii. 20; vii. 3; xix. 2, 5; xxii. 3, 6.

† The word *yoke* (*ζυγός, zugos*), in five passages out of the six in which it occurs in the New Testament, is used in connexion with the idea of *slavery*. Christ's *yoke* (Matt. xi. 29, 30), the bondage of the law (Acts xv. 10; Gal. v. 1), and of literal slaves, who are said to be 'under the yoke' (1 Tim. vi. 1). In the remaining passage (Rev. vi. 5), the word means a *balance*, or *pair of scales*.

his light one, at a later period of his ministry declares to his chosen apostles, 'I no longer call you my bondsmen; for a bondsman does not know what his lord is doing [is not admitted into the secret of his lord's purpose and ultimate object: obeying in darkness each command, he cannot tell its meaning: he cannot work *with* his lord]; but I call you **FRIENDS**, because I have disclosed to you whatsoever I\* have heard from my Father' (John xv. 15).†

5. And then, if *slaves* of Christ, his followers are also, to a certain extent, *slaves* of one another for his sake. The whole duty of man being divisible into duties to God and duties to man, our whole conduct can then only be rightly ordered when it has reference to both these ends. Hence the graces of humility and concession urged upon his followers by Christ, in contrast with the way of the world: 'It shall not be so amongst you; . . . whosoever shall wish to be first among you shall be your *slave*' (Matt. xx. 27; Mark x. 44). And Christ's followers herein only follow their Master's example, who 'stripped himself [of his glory], and took upon him the form of a *slave*, being changed into the likeness of man' (Phil. ii. 7): an example which the great apostle of the Gentiles is forward to imitate: 'For I proclaim not myself, but Christ Jesus as Lord and Master, and *myself your bondsman for the sake of Jesus*' (2 Cor. iv. 5), an iteration of what he had already told the same church at greater length (1 Cor. ix. especially ver. 19); and an example which he urges upon another church: 'For you, brethren, have been called to freedom; only make not your freedom a vantage ground for the flesh, but rather *enslave* yourselves one to another by the *bondage* of love' (Gal. v. 13).

III. We come now to the last class of passages, in which these words are used with a *mixed* or compound meaning—one literal, the other metaphorical. They are to be found for the most part in the Parables; three times in Proverbs.

1. *Parabolical*.—In the parable of the wicked husbandman,‡ the *slaves* represent the 'prophets and other more eminent ministers of God in his theocracy, or the more regular and permanently established ecclesiastical authorities.'—(Trench, *on the Parables*, p. 198.)

In the parable of the Marriage of the King's Son,§ the *slaves* who summon to the feast the guests, previously invited—that is, the Jews—are the first ministers of the gospel, viz., 'John the Baptist, the Twelve, and the Seventy' (Alford, *ad loc.*).

In the parable of the Great Supper,|| distinct from the former one,

\* Notice the pronoun, which is here emphatic.

† We may find here an interesting, and, perhaps, not far-fetched parallelism:—

'No man can serve God and Mammon;  
No man can please Christ and the world;  
God raises his devout worshippers to the privilege of sonship;  
Christ admits his true followers to the intimacy of friendship.'

Add to the instances in the text, Matt. xxiv. 45—50; Rom. xii. 11; Phil. ii. 22; 2 Tim. ii. 24.

‡ Matt. xxi. 34, 35, 36; Mark xii. 2, 4; Luke xx. 10, 11.

§ Matt. xxii. 3, 4, 6, 8, 10.

|| Luke xiv. 17, 21, 22, 23.

the *slave* here sent forth also represents the first messengers of the gospel. It is, perhaps, stretching the interpretation too far to say with Mr. Alford—‘the first message was delivered by John the Baptist and our Lord; the second by our Lord and his apostles; the third by the apostles and those who came after.’

Hitherto we have found the term under review to represent those who were entrusted with some commission, or charged with some message; but in the parable of the Tares\* the *slaves* ‘are men, zealous indeed for the Lord’s honour, but zealous with the same zeal as animated those two disciples who would fain have commanded fire to come down from heaven on the inhospitable Samaritan village.’—Trench, *Parables*, p. 94.

In the parables of the Unmerciful Slave,† of the Talents,‡ and of those who watch for their Lord’s coming,§ the description may well cover all who have any work to do in the Lord’s kingdom, and should not be restricted to those merely who are entrusted with some high post, as ministers and stewards.

In the parable of the Prodigal Son, what force and beauty does it add to the narration to hear the self-righteous, proud plea of the elder brother, the Jew: ‘Lo! for these many years I have subjected myself to thee,|| been no better than a *slave* or *bondsman*. The *slaves* mentioned in ver. 22 are merely incidental to the framework of the parable, and have no antitype. Lastly, Gal. iv. 24, 25, furnishes an allegorical use of our term, ‘for these two women are the two covenants; the first given from Mount Sinai, whose children are born into bondage, which is Hagar (for the word Hagar signifies Mount Sinai in Arabia); and herein she answers to the earthly Jerusalem, for she continues in bondage with her children.’ (Conybeare and Howson, vol. ii. p. 147.)

2. *Proverbial*.—Two evangelists furnish the same instance. In Matt. x. 24, 25, our Lord, warning his followers to expect persecution, declares to them that the slave must not think to fare better than his lord. The same is the application in John xv. 20. But in John xiii. 16, the same proverb is used to enforce the duty of imitating Jesus in readily performing even lowly offices to one another: ‘I have washed your feet; much more ought ye to wash one another’s feet; for the slave can never be greater than his lord.’

E. S. J.

\* Matt. xiii. 27, 28.

† Matt. xviii. 23, 26, 27, 28, 32.

‡ Matt. xxv. 14, 19, 21, 23, 26, 30; Mark xiii. 34; Luke xix. 13, 15, 17, 22.

§ Luke xii. 37, 38, 43, 45, 46, 47.

|| Luke xv. 29.

## The Israelites and the Hyksos.

(CONDENSED FROM PROFESSOR KURTZ'S "OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.")

THE Pentateuch does not state under which Egyptian dynasty or under which king the immigration, the oppression, and the Exodus of Israel took place. For information upon these points we are obliged to consult Egyptian and other sources of profane history, and with their assistance to ascertain the epochs to which the facts and circumstances recorded in the Pentateuch belong. The simplest and most obvious course, in order to a satisfactory determination, would seem to be, to consult the synchronisms; but, unhappily, it is precisely in the chronology, Egyptian and Biblical, that the greatest uncertainty, confusion, and want of clearness prevail, so that, in the first instance, assumed synchronisms are a most precarious means of arriving at an acquaintance with the true points of contact between Israelite and Egyptian history. Our knowledge of the facts of the most ancient Egyptian history is, for the most part, limited to a bare list of dynasties, which of itself can present no point of departure for drawing the line of parallelism with the Jewish history. Still, Josephus has preserved two considerable fragments of the ancient historical work written by the Egyptian priest Manetho, the purport of which bears in several ways upon the narrative in the Pentateuch. The former of these Manethonian fragments relates to the so-called Hyksos dynasty, or Shepherd-kings, and contains unmistakeable traces of some relationship or other between the Israelites and this dynasty; the second identifies the Israelites with a number of leprous people, who are said to have been driven out of Egypt by its king Amenophis. The same mythical story recurs, in a more or less modified shape, in Chæremon, Lysimachus, and Apion, three other Egyptian writers, and in Diodorus, Tacitus, and Justin.

The former of the two Manethonian extracts (that, namely, respecting the dominion of the Hyksos) is given by Josephus in the first of his two polemical books against the slanderer of his nation, Apion, as follows:—

‘Manetho, an Egyptian by birth, who, however, had evidently acquired Greek culture, wrote the history of his country in Greek, deriving his information, as he himself testifies, from the sacred records of his nation; he also severely censures Herodotus for his ignorance and false relations of Egyptian history. Now this Manetho, in the second book of his Egyptian Annals, writes concerning us in these terms. I will set down his very words, as if I were to bring the man himself into court as a witness:—“There was a king of ours whose name was Timæus. Under him it came to pass, I know not why, that Egypt lay under the Divine displeasure, and on a sudden, men from the East country, of an ignoble race, audaciously invaded the land. They easily got possession of it, and established themselves without a struggle, making the rulers thereof tributary to them, burning their cities, and demolishing the temples of their gods. All the natives they treated in the most brutal manner—some they put to death, others they reduced to slavery, with their wives and children. Subsequently, also, they chose a king out of their own body, Salatis by name. He established himself at Memphis, took tribute from



the Upper and Lower country, and placed garrisons in the most suitable places. He fortified more especially the Eastern frontier, foreseeing, as he did, that the Assyrians, whose power was then at its height, would make an attempt to force their way into the kingdom from that quarter. He found in the Sethroite nome a city particularly well adapted for that purpose, lying to the east of the Bubastite arm of the Nile, called Avaris, after an old mythological fable. This he repaired and fortified with strong walls, and placed in it a garrison of 240,000 heavy-armed soldiers. In summer he visited it in person, for the purpose of recruiting them with a fresh stock of provisions, giving them their pay, and practising military exercises, by which to strike terror into the foreigners. He died after a reign of nineteen years, and was succeeded by another king, Baon, who reigned forty-four years. After him Apachnas reigned thirty-six years and seven months; then Apophis, sixty-one years; then Jannas, fifty years and one month; and lastly, Assis, forty-nine years and two months. These six were their first rulers. They were continually at war, with a view of utterly exhausting the strength of Egypt. The general name of their people was Hyksos, which means 'Shepherd-kings;' for *Hyk* signifies, in the sacred language, a *King*, and *Sos*, in the demotic, is *Shepherd* and *Shepherds*. Some say they were Arabs. But in another manuscript it is said that this word *Hyk* does not denote *Kings*, but *Shepherd-prisoners*. *Hyk*, or *Hak*, with the aspirate, signifies, in Egyptian, Prisoners, and this seems to me more likely, and more in conformity with ancient history." "These shepherds and their posterity," Manetho proceeds to say, "reigned over Egypt 511 years. After this the kings of the Thebaid and of the other parts of Egypt revolted against the Shepherds, whereupon a great and long-protracted war ensued. Under a king called Misphragmuthosis, the Shepherds were defeated, and not only driven out of the rest of Egypt, but blockaded in a place 10,000 acres in extent, by name Avaris," which, as Manetho says, "the Shepherds had surrounded with a vast and strong wall, as a place of security for their possessions and plunder. At length the son of Misphragmuthosis, Thummosis, endeavoured to take this city by blockade, and encamped before the walls with 480,000 men. At last giving up all hope of reducing it by assault, he entered into a treaty with them, by virtue of which they were to withdraw from Egypt, and have a safe conduct to any place they should choose. So they decamped from Egypt, through the Desert to Syria, with all their families and effects, not less than 240,000 persons. Fearing the power of the Assyrians, who were then dominant in Asia, they built in Judea a city large enough to contain so many thousands, and called it Jerusalem."

The second Manethonian fragment communicated by Josephus (viz. that relative to the expulsion of the lepers) occurs a few chapters further on in the same book against Apion. The statements of the Jewish historian are these:—

'Manetho, who promised to interpret the Egyptian history out of their sacred writings, first relates that our forefathers had come into Egypt, many myriads in number, and subdued its inhabitants, and that subsequently, upon being driven thence, had seized upon Judea, and built Jerusalem and its temple. And herein he followed the ancient monuments. But after this he allows himself, in order to make a parade of writing what rumours and reports passed current about the Jews, to interweave incredible stories, as if he would mix up our forefathers with a number of leprous Egyptians, and men afflicted with other diseases, and have them all driven out of Egypt together. For this purpose he introduces a king Amenophis, whose name is forged, on which account he does not dare to set down the length of his reign, which yet in other instances he is wont carefully to do. To this Amenophis he tacks those fables, forgetting that, according to his own showing, the expulsion of the Shepherds must have taken place 518 years before. For Thummosis was king when their exodus occurred. From him to Sethos are 393 years; Sethos reigned 59 years, and his son Ramses 66 years. Then, for the first time, he interpolates the spurious Amenophis, and relates these things:—"Amenophis was very desirous, like Orus, one of his predecessors, to see the gods. This

his wish he made known to a certain wise man, whose name was the same as his own, Amenophis. From him he learnt that he must first cleanse the land of all lepers and other impure persons. The king therefore ordered all the impure people, to the number of 80,000, to be got together from all parts of Egypt, and condemned them to forced labour in the quarries east of the Nile. Amongst these lepers were also some learned priests. Meanwhile, the other Amenophis repented that he had counselled the king to banish the lepers, since he feared that Divine wrath would follow this act of oppression, and since he soon afterwards received a revelation that the lepers, assisted by certain foreigners, would hold dominion over Egypt thirteen years. He did not dare, however, to inform the king of this, so he killed himself, leaving the secret behind him in writing, which, when the king knew, he was in the greatest perplexity." After which Manetho writes thus *verbatim* :— "After those that were doomed to work in the quarries had continued in that miserable condition a long time, the king, at their entreaty, conceded to them the city of Avaris, which had been evacuated by the Shepherds, to house and shelter them. This city, according to the ancient doctrine of the priests, was, from the first, sacred to Typhon. So these persons, having got possession of it, and finding it favourably situated for a revolt, made a priest of Heliopolis, Osarsiph by name, their leader, and, submitting themselves entirely to his guidance, entered into a solemn compact with him. The first enactment he made was, that they should not worship any of the gods, nor abstain from any of the sacred animals, which were held in the highest veneration in Egypt, but use them all for sacrifice and for food, and should hold no intercourse with any but the conspirators. After he had enacted these and other laws, which were in direct opposition to the Egyptian customs, he bade them to make all possible exertions for putting the walls of their city in order, preparatory to going to war with king Amenophis. He also attached some of the other priests and leprous persons to himself, and sent envoys to the Shepherds, whom Thummosis had expelled, to the city called Jerusalem, and communicated to them his own plans and those of his confederates, requesting them to invade Egypt, and make common cause with them. He promised them admission into Avaris, the residence of their forefathers, and to furnish their army with abundance of provisions, to fight for them in case of necessity, and put them in possession of the country without any difficulty. The Shepherds, in great delight, immediately collected together, to the number of 200,000 men, with the greatest alacrity, and very soon arrived at Avaris. Now, when the king of Egypt heard of their having marched into the country, he became very uneasy, for he recollected the prophecy of Amenophis, the son of Papis. After assembling large bodies of Egyptian troops, and consulting with his captains, he sent the sacred animals, which were held in the highest estimation and kept in the Temple, to the royal residence, and ordered the priests to conceal the images of the gods in the best place of security. But his son Sethos, who was also called Ramses, after the father (of Amenophis), and who was then five years old, he entrusted to the care of his friends. He then put himself at the head of the other Egyptians, about 800,000 fighting men, but when the enemy came to attack them, he declined to fight, thinking that he should be fighting against the gods; so he drew back again and came to Memphis. Taking from thence Apia, and the other animals which had been sent thither, he decamped with his whole army into Ethiopia. The king of that country, who was strongly bound to him by the ties of gratitude, received him hospitably, provided his troops with the best provisions his kingdom afforded, gave them cities and villages sufficient to contain them for the thirteen years they were doomed to be driven out of Egypt, and likewise placed an Ethiopian army to co-operate with the Egyptian on the frontier. So it came to pass in Ethiopia. But the Solymites, who invaded the country in conjunction with the outcast Egyptians, dealt so cruelly with the people, that all who heard of their atrocities held them in detestation as rulers. Not content with burning the towns and villages, and plundering the temples and mutilating the images of the gods, they even fed upon the sacred animals, which had been from all times held in veneration, forced the priests to sacrifice and slay them, and then drove them naked into the streets. It is said that Osarsiph, of Heliopolis, who, upon joining them, drew up a constitution and a code of laws for them,

changed his name, and was called Moses." I pass over, for brevity's sake, other stories told by the Egyptians about the Jews. Manetho proceeds to say, that Amenophis, after an exile of thirteen years, returned with a great armament out of Ethiopia, as well as his son Ramses, who commanded another large army; that they fought with the Shepherds and outcasts, conquered them, slew many, and pursued them as far as the coast of Syria. This and similar accounts has Manetho recorded.

The Manethonian story about the lepers is found, in a modified form, in other writers as well. Chæremon, in a fragment, likewise preserved by Eusebius, relates it thus:—'The goddess Isis appeared to Amenophis in his sleep, and blamed him because her temple had been demolished in the war. But Phritiphantes, the sacred scribe, told him that in case he would purge Egypt of the unclean, he should no longer be troubled with such frightful apparitions. Amenophis, accordingly, collected 250,000 of those that were polluted with disease, and expelled them the country.' He adds that Joseph and Moses were scribes, and that their names were originally Egyptian, Moses being called Tisithen, and Joseph Peteseoph; that these two came to Pelusium, and lighted upon 380,000 men, whom Amenophis had left there, and forbidden to enter Egypt; that these scribes made a league with those men, and organized an expedition against Egypt; that Amenophis could not make head against their attack, but immediately fled into Ethiopia, leaving his pregnant queen behind him, who lay concealed in a certain cavern, and there brought forth a son named Mesene. This son, when he was grown up, pursued the Jews into Syria, 200,000 in number, and then received his father Amenophis out of Ethiopia.

The myth appears in a still more fantastic shape in Lysimachus. In the reign of King Bocchoris, he says, the Jews being leprous and smitten with other loathsome cutaneous disorders, were wont to frequent the neighbourhood of the temples, and live by begging; and, since their numbers were very great, there arose a famine in Egypt in consequence. Hereupon the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, being consulted by the king, commanded him to cleanse the land of the unclean and godless, and to banish them into the wilderness, and to drown the lepers and diseased persons, that the sun might no longer be insulted by their being permitted to live. The monarch, accordingly, had the impious transported into the wilderness, and the lepers rolled in sheets of lead and flung into the sea. The exiles, being thus entirely thrown upon their own resources, deliberated what to do, and determined that, as the night was coming on, they would kindle fires and lamps, and keep watch; that they would also fast the next night, and thus propitiate the gods. On the next day, one Moses put himself at their head, and encouraged them to go forwards till they should come to an inhabited country. Moreover, he enjoined upon them to hate all men henceforward, and to overthrow all the temples and altars they could. After a journey of much difficulty, they reached Judæa, where they plundered and burnt all the temples, and built a city, which they called, in allusion to the *sacrilège* (ιεροσυλῆ), to which its creation was due, Hierosyla. Since, how-

ever, this name afterwards became a reproach to them, they changed it to Hierosolyma.

Apion's account is simply a repetition of that of Lysimachus, with the addition of one or two more absurdities and odious features. Tacitus, after mentioning several other popular heathen traditions respecting the origin of the Jewish nation, at length gives the preference to the story of Lysimachus, to which he adds the following peculiar trait :—

'Nothing distressed the Jews so much on their march through the desert as the want of water; and now they lay stretched through all the plains, ready to expire, when a herd of wild asses, returning from pasture, went up a rock shaded with a grove. Moses followed them, and, forming his conjecture by the herbage that grew upon the ground, opened copious springs of water. This was a relief, and pursuing their journey for six days without intermission, on the seventh, having expelled the natives, they took possession of a country where they built their city and dedicated their temple. In order to bind the people to him for the time to come, Moses prescribed to them a new form of worship, and opposed to those of all the world beside. Whatever is held sacred by the Romans with the Jews is profane; and what in other nations is unlawful and impure, with them is permitted. The figure of the animal, through whose guidance they slaked their thirst and were enabled to terminate their wanderings, is consecrated in the holy of holies of their temple, whilst, in contempt of Jupiter Ammon, they sacrifice a ram. The ox, worshipped in Egypt as the god Apis, is slain as a victim by the Jews. They abstain from the flesh of swine from the recollection of the loathsome affliction which they had formerly suffered from leprosy, to which that animal is subject.'

Justin derives the origin of the Jews from Damascus. The first king of this city, who gave it his name, was Damascus; then followed Azelus, Adores, Abraham, and Israel. Israel had ten sons, amongst whom he divided his dominions. Soon after the partition, Juda, one of the sons, died. His portion was shared amongst the rest, and from him the whole people were called Jews. The youngest of the brothers was sold by the rest to foreign merchants, who carried him to Egypt. There he became acquainted with magic arts, interpreted prodigies and dreams, predicted many years beforehand an impending famine, and thereby delivered Egypt from perishing of starvation. Moses was his son, who, besides inheriting his father's wisdom, was distinguished by surpassing beauty of person. Now when, in consequence of an oracle, the leprous Egyptians were banished, he placed himself at their head, and stole from the Egyptians their *sacra*. The Egyptians pursued him, in order to recover them by force of arms, but were compelled to retreat by a mighty tempest. Moses now marched towards Syria, his fatherland, and took possession of mount Sinai. In memory of his having arrived there with his exhausted hordes, after a seven days' fast, he consecrated the seventh day, the Sabbath, as a perpetual fast-day. The Israelites courted the enmity of all the surrounding nations, as they had before done that of the Egyptians, by shunning all intercourse with them. In course of time this isolation was enjoined by a religious law. Arnas, the son of Moses, united the priestly with the regal dignity, and from that time forward the Jews were ruled by kings of priestly race.

The oldest known attempt to combine these various accounts with

that in the Pentateuch, is that of Josephus himself, who identifies the lepers with the Hyksos, and these latter with the Israelites. He pronounces the former of the two Manethonian stories a credible piece of history in the main, drawn from genuine Egyptian tradition, and makes use of it in order to vindicate, in opposition to the blasphemies and slanders of Apion, the high antiquity and historical importance of his nation. The second story, on the other hand, he regards as in glaring contradiction with the first, and represents Manetho as conceding that it had no support in the written archives of Egypt, but was merely taken from vague popular hearsay, to which, accordingly, the Jewish apologist declares no credit whatever is due. There is, however, good reason to suspect the heartiness of his belief in the historical character of even the more palatable narrative, or at any rate the correctness of his explanation of it. Nearest to the view of Josephus in modern times comes that of Delitzsch, who is inclined to receive, as a fact of history, a subjugation of Egypt, and a dominion of several centuries over it, by the Israelites. Perizonius, Buddæus, Thorlacius, Hofmann, and Hengstenberg, consider both accounts to be different versions of one and the same fable. They hold that both have metamorphosed, in the interest of Egyptian national feeling, the real state of the case, as we find it credibly given in the Pentateuch alone, by simply transferring all the barbarity, violence, and oppression of which the Egyptians had been guilty against the Israelites to the account of the latter, to which procedure the political measures of Joseph (Gen. xlvii. 13—26) may have furnished a sort of handle. Hengstenberg even goes so far as to set down the pretended Manetho for a *mauvais sujet*, and impostor of the times of the Roman empire, who has devised this distortion of the Mosaic history out of his own head. A closer examination, however, of the reasons adduced in favour of the identity of the Hyksos and the Israelites shows the utter inadmissibility of this view.

Delitzsch says :—

‘How if the three dynasties of Hyksos belonged to different Israelite tribes? Is it not possible that subsequently to Joseph’s well-nigh royal dominion over Egypt (according to Artapanus, cited by Eusebius, it was at last actually royal), the native princes sunk into a relation of dependence, which the tribes of Israel made them feel with warlike barbarity, their untamed natural disposition breaking forth during their sojourn in Egypt, and that Israel’s oppressed condition then first began, when Amosis, after a protracted war had again obtained the mastery over both Upper and Lower Egypt? The four centuries about which the Pentateuch is silent, because they were not of importance in the history of redemption, may have been of so much the more importance in the point of view of universal history. If it is said in Exodus i. 7, that the Israelites “were fruitful and increased abundantly and multiplied, and waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them,” such language plainly implies a spreading of the people beyond its original boundaries; and when it follows immediately, “Now there arose up a new king over Egypt,” who sought to keep down the Israelites, already become “more numerous and mightier” than the Egyptians, we naturally understand by the “new king,” the first king of the native dynasty, which after being heretofore pent up within the Thebaid, had now regained full sway. That the prediction, Gen. xv. 13 (“they shall serve them, and they shall afflict them four hundred years”), is not irreconcilable, to the Old Testament conscious-

ness, with a rising supremacy of Israel, is shown by such passages as Deut. xvi. 5, and Psalm cv., where, with allusion to Exod. i. 7, it is said that Jehovah gave to Israel in Egypt power over their foes. Moreover, we know that during the Egyptian sojourn, military movements took place. Such are referred to 1 Chron. vii. 21, according to which passage the Ephraimites undertook a foray into the country of the Philistines, and 1 Chron. iv. 22, where we read that the descendants of Judah made themselves masters of Moab. The statement, also (1 Chron. iv. 18), that an Israelite, of the name of Mered, had a daughter of Pharaoh for his wife, and that her name was Bithiah, which is a Semitic word, is favourable to the assumption of an Israelite dominion over Egypt. In Chronicles, the facts narrated iv. 22, are styled "ancient things."

This hypothesis of Delitzsch is not without its attractions. Nevertheless, in spite of its plausibility at first sight, it will not bear close investigation. In the first place, the grounds on which Delitzsch endeavours to account for the silence of the Pentateuch respecting a fact of such grand and singular importance as such a subjugation of Egypt by the Israelites would be, are quite insufficient. The sentence above, 'The four centuries about which the Pentateuch is silent, because they were not of importance in the history of redemption, may have been of so much the more importance in the point of view of universal history,' involves much that is erroneous and calculated to lead astray. It is contrary to the entire analogy of the sacred history. Rather must we say that everything in the history of Israel which belongs to universal history possesses importance *eo ipso* in the history of redemption. Were Delitzsch's canon admissible, much that is related in the historical books of the Old Testament would be out of place. If the Pentateuch deems it necessary to inform us of the outrage of the sons of Jacob upon the Shechemites, how much more occasion was there to record the assumed subjugation of Egypt? Would not such a narrative have placed the ungodly, unsubdued, evil nature of Israel, which the sacred history always designedly makes so prominent, in the clearest light? Again, how would the Divine Nemesis, on which the Scriptures are wont to lay equal stress on all occasions, have found eloquent expression, in the oppressive conduct of the Egyptians, and all the misery brought upon Israel in consequence! What a standing lesson would such a fact have been for Israel throughout all generations! And yet we are to suppose that the Bible has passed over in silence such an event as quite unimportant! And the Spirit of God, the Spirit of Prophecy, who, with foresight of the future needs of this people, superintended the writing of its history, who knew that Israel's future history would be ever and anon becoming entangled, to their own destruction, in the meshes of mere political action and reaction, has let slip this striking opportunity of engraving upon the very portals of Israel's national history, for the memory of coming generations, a fact so rich in instruction and warning! And in what a different light would the redemption of Israel from Egypt by the strong arm of the Lord appear on this supposition! What scope would have been afforded for that recognition, pervading the entire Old Testament history, of the grace and truth of Him that calleth, in

spite of all the guilt, perseverance, and misconduct of the called ! In how living and consoling a manner would it have been proved, on the very threshold of the history, that Jehovah does not forsake his chosen people, even though it should forsake the ways of God in order to walk in its own ungodly ways, but that he ever chastens it with the scourge of his Nemesis, that he may draw it towards himself again with the cords of his love.

We believe, therefore, that had such a subjugation of Egypt taken place, the Scriptures would have recorded it ; and that since no such fact is stated, it never took place. But, indeed, it is not enough to say that the Scriptures know nothing of such a fact ; they even plainly exclude the supposition. Again, if the sacred writer was acquainted with it, and yet forbore to mention it, this would be to accuse the Scriptures of an unfair and lamentable suppression, and of seeking, by a deceptive silence, to burden the innocent Egyptians with the guilt and crime chargeable on God's own people. Assuming the correctness of the view of Delitzsch, the Egyptians were perfectly justified in oppressing the Israelites ; they only dealt with them according to the *lex talionis*. The Scriptures, however, not only keep silence as to anything of this sort, but, on the contrary, load the Egyptians with the guilt of ingratitude and perfidy (Exod. i. 8 ; compare Deut. xxvi. 6 ; Ps. cv. 25, &c.) According to Delitzsch, the oppression exercised by the Egyptians was a reaction against the previous actual encroaching of the Israelites ; but according to the representation of Scripture, the great numerical increase of the Israelites is the first thing which inspires the Egyptians with the *fear* of *possible* encroachments, and the aim in view in oppressing them is, to ward off and render impossible any attempts of the kind.

The few Biblical data which Delitzsch adduces in support of his hypothesis are not of any great moment. If it is said in Exodus i. 7, that the Israelites were become so numerous that the land was full of them, this does not imply 'a spreading of the nation beyond the boundaries of its original domicile ;' for by 'the land' which was full of them, we are certainly to understand only the *land of Goshen*, which had been assigned to them. When Jacob's family (seventy persons in number), with some thousands of dependents, first settled in the land of Goshen, they could not possibly have filled this extensive district, but they soon multiplied so much that the whole land became full of them. Further, if in Exodus i. 9, the king says, 'Behold the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we,' the character and tendency of this speech are such, that a certain amount of exaggeration is quite in place. But even if understood ever so literally, there is nothing strange in it. According to chap. i. 8, we find ourselves in the time when a new dynasty has just arisen, i.e., when the national Egyptian dynasty has just shaken off the yoke of the Hyksos, and again seized dominion. The military power of the Hyksos, indeed, had been driven beyond the frontiers and compelled to retreat. But there certainly remained behind, settled in the country,

many of the Hyksos (Exod. xii. 38 ; Numb. xiv. 4). Under these circumstances, it is easily conceivable that the number of the Israelites was really greater than that of the dominant national Egyptian party. If, according to 1 Chron. iv. 18, Mered, an Israelite, had a daughter of Pharaoh named Bithiah as his wife, this fact speaks not in favour of, but against the hypothesis of Delitzsch, since it proves that the Pharaohnic family, and that of Jacob, were not identical. So long, however, as the Hyksos dynasty—which, from the time of Joseph, was so favourably inclined towards the Israelites—held the reins of government, it is not inconceivable that an Israelite of eminence should marry a daughter of the reigning Pharaoh. The military exploits of which we read (1 Chron. iv. 22, and vii. 21) are of weight in favour of Delitzsch's hypothesis only in so far as they appear to prove that powerful warlike demonstrations may have taken place during the 430 years' sojourn in Egypt, without any mention being made of them in the Pentateuch. But in the first place, there is wanting, in both these events or exploits, that important character in reference to universal history, which even Delitzsch ascribes to the assumed subjugation of Egypt by the Israelites. And in the next place, the Pentateuch had no special occasion to mention those occurrences ; whereas the history of the Exodus must have suggested a hundred reminiscences of *this* great fact. We must add, that since the author of Chronicles found occasion, and had an interest in recording, by way of supplement, those relatively insignificant attacks upon Philistia and Moab, he must have had a still stronger interest, and more urgent occasion, to mention the far grander event, and so much richer in results—the subjugation of Egypt, which must certainly have been as well, and far better, known to him. Finally, we have to urge against this hypothesis this consideration also, that whilst, on the one hand, it elevates the Manethonian account of the Hyksos to the dignity of an historical and credible narrative, it is, nevertheless, obliged to pronounce it at the same time unhistorical in most essential particulars. For, according to the authentic representation of the history in the Pentateuch, the Israelites stay in Egypt for more than a century after the rise of the new dynasty ; and so far are the Egyptians from being disposed to drive them out, that they rather do their utmost to retain them. Nor can this difference be explained by assuming a metamorphosis of the account of the catastrophe of the Hyksos domination in the interest of Egyptian national vanity. For, had the Hyksos, after the resurrection of the national dynasty, been humbled by it, enslaved, oppressed, reduced to forced labour, and prevented from leaving the country as they wished to do, as the Pentateuch relates of the Israelites, there was, doubtless, in all this far more to nourish and keep up the pride and national vanity of the Egyptians, than in the pretended transformation of the facts, as exhibited in the Manethonian account of the Hyksos. We may grant that the representation in the Pentateuch includes in the account of the final liberation of Israel an element which would powerfully tend to humble the pride of the Egyptians. But the



second Manethonian story of the expulsion of the rebellious lepers shows us that the Egyptian national myth could contrive to metamorphose the fact of the liberation of Israel, so fatal to Egypt, as, also, how it went to work about it. It shows us, too, how it could still retain the feature of Israel's bondage, which was so flattering to it.

B. H. C.

(*To be continued.*)

## Remarks on Expository Preaching.

PREACHING, or the public proclamation of religious truth, is peculiar to the worship of the true God. The ancient Romans and Greeks knew nothing of it; and, except the Jews, all the world were strangers to it. Even among the Jews, its observance seems not to have been regular until after the captivity of Babylon. In Neh. viii. 1—8, we have the first recorded description of public preaching. The practice afterwards prevailed in the synagogue worship; but John the Baptist gave it a prominence, and used it with a power, before unknown. In the gospel we find its resources still further developed, and under the Christian system we meet with it in every possible form from the commencement of our Lord's ministry to the present day.

The earliest specimens we have of Christian preaching are either without a formal text, or are founded upon a passage of Scripture of any convenient length. When, however, the canon of Scripture was completed, a text was regularly chosen. Robert Robinson gives the following account of the ancient practice:—'In general, their sermons were paraphrastical, regular, and textual, going from psalm to psalm, from chapter to chapter, through whole books; but they made no scruple, when occasion offered, to defer the regular subject, and to choose a text on the spot, suited to any case that happened, even after they were in the assembly; yea, after they had ascended the pulpit, and even after they had read the text. . . . Most of the sermons of those days were divisible into three general parts. The first is a short introduction; the second an exposition of the text; and the last a moral exhortation, arising out of the discussion.'

The present general practice of preaching from a short text was, until recent times, the exception, and not the rule.

Even in our own country, the habit of preaching from consecutive portions of Scripture through entire books, prevailed at a period by no means remote. But the reign of Charles II. encouraged another order of things, and the mode of preaching which was borrowed from the schoolmen was firmly established, and it was found convenient to select Scripture texts as mottoes. The great expository preachers of England henceforth disappear. It is true that individuals could be

found who kept up the practice in question, but they were not many. Preaching had become an art.

In Scotland, however, the custom of expository preaching still continues, and is much more common than with us. The late David Russell, of Dundee, is said to have owed, under God, his eminent success to his adoption of this style of preaching.

Here, in England, attention is again drawn more strongly to the subject, and many good men think it would be well if we could return more generally to the primitive style of preaching. Mr. James says:—‘In the way of exposition, a minister should go through the greater part of the whole Bible, fairly and honestly explaining and enforcing it.’ (‘Earnest Ministry,’ p. 63.) His own practice has for some years been in accordance with this sentiment. The same may be said of other eminent and popular ministers of the present day.

It may be urged, that preaching should assume a *form* in harmony with the spirit and manners of the age; and that, therefore, expository preaching is not now suitable or likely to be successful. There is a measure of truth in the position thus laid down, and perhaps also in the inference from it; but less in the conclusion than in the principle. As a matter of fact, preaching will be modified by the age, but how far *ought* it to be? It is itself intended to mould and modify the habits of both individuals and of society. It should, therefore, not be too yielding, while it adapts itself to all men. If the age is *thorough* and *earnest*, it will be more tolerant of that preaching by which God’s *whole* counsel is declared. But if the age is superficial, and men *not* in earnest, they will regard rather the science than the staple of preaching. If the age is of a *mixed* character, so may our preaching be. At present I think ordinary congregations are like the age, of this mixed character, and a judicious interchange of exposition and of topical preaching, will, in the end, be found both beneficial and acceptable.

It may be said that consecutive or expository preaching is not needed now, owing to the spread of religious knowledge, and the better understanding of Scripture, which prevails. But we must not take too much for granted. The majority of persons have not carefully examined many portions of God’s word. Nor are the people at large wont to weigh well what they seem to know, and to make such a manifold application of Scripture as it is able to bear.

Again: ‘Expositions are not sufficiently interesting and exciting, and people soon grow weary of them.’ I answer, first: preachers are to ‘teach’ as well as exhort; and are to expound the lively oracles as well as rhetorically declaim on sacred subjects. And, secondly, much depends upon the *manner* in which exposition is attempted. It may be made mere verbal criticism, and very dry; but a judicious admixture of the practical, experimental, and hortatory, is possible and needful. Moreover, for the sake of variety, sermons in the ordinary style will be useful and profitable.

If it be said, exposition lacks that unity and concentration which give power and pungency to preaching, it may be fairly questioned if

it be so. But suppose it sometimes is, it is not credible that those who range with the industrious bee over the flowery fields of holy Scripture, will fail to carry home a rich treasure, and be abundantly rewarded for their toil.

'But many hearers are irregular in their attendance, and therefore consecutive exposition will not be appreciated.' It may be replied, that many are regular to whom this does not apply; that it may make others regular; and for the rest, no well-prepared, instructive, and spiritual explanation of any part of God's word can be without those elements which, under God, make all preaching beneficial.

Lastly: 'Expository preaching will lead to the frequent investigation of what is of less general interest, and the frequent expression of opinion on points of controversy.' The answer is twofold. First, such things will be useful to some at the time, and to all who remember them at some time. Secondly, there are many topics of less prominent, and yet of daily importance, to which attention can be called only by means of exposition. The teaching of the pulpit under this system will be more complete and thorough; and those things which it behoves men to understand and to do, will be *all* advanced in due course.

On the whole, it appears that a regular system of expository preaching would be liked, if conducted on proper principles; and that it would secure to the Church an amount and variety of instruction such as cannot be now afforded.

Surely that manner of preaching which was effectual in laying the foundations of the Church in the world, is the best for founding building up the temple of God in the heart. By adopting it, and not else, shall we fully 'search the Scriptures,' and declare, as we ought, 'the whole counsel of God.'

For the manner, let it not be too verbal and critical, nor too logical; but earnest, intelligent, practical, and devout—for the spiritual element is all-important. 'The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.'

## Letters to the Scattered.

BY THOMAS T. LYNCH.

### LETTER VI.

FRIENDS,—The Government of God is a glorious and a fearful subject; and it is not given to man to choose the glory and refuse the fear. There are splendours which he who would see must climb to see, and the path to the heights skirts precipices. We cannot know the glory of the God of Love unless we know him as the Supreme Avenger. But this is my solemnly confident affirmation to you, that Redemption itself is a grand Divine vengeance, and that all the Revenge of God is either

a part of his redemptive work, or is such as receives its measure and its interpretation from the Redeemer. And these things I trust will become apparent as we advance. But let me first express my belief that the Love of God is as intense as it is immense; and that, therefore, he must often hide it awhile from the souls that are dearest to him, in order that he may afterwards fully gratify it in them and by their means. Our spirit must be tempered by the fiery trial of earth, that it may become capable of sustaining and reflecting the brightness of heaven. On earth we are as fragile vessels, on which, indeed, the light of love must often shine that the Divine workmanship upon us may be discovered and admired; but as concentrated sunbeams would consume that which temperate ones reveal, so the fullest love of God would, if manifested to us in our mortal state, be insupportable and injurious; and He must often seem to love us less than we wish because he does really love us more than we think. This, let me say, I have *learned*, in that particular college in the great University of Experience in which it pleased God to enter me. But now concerning revenge.

To speak of a man as characteristically revengeful is to speak of him as bad. And both such a temper and such works of vengeance may be ascribed to God, that though we may name Him good, men must feel that this God of our dark imagination is not good. Yet the very feelings that rise in our hearts on hearing the God who is Love so spoken of, prove that an avenging resentment is not only consistent with, but may be caused by, goodness. God, whom we would extol, is defamed. These discrediting statements malign benevolent Truth. They are our adversaries, for they are the enemies of Truth. Would we not rid us of our adversaries? Do we not feel an indignation that would effectively express itself? Our energy is stirred to condemn, and, if possible, to destroy the injurious falsehood. We hurry to our Bible—that select Library of Religion—to fetch weapons for Truth against the error which is slandering God. We hurry to our Heart—that cabinet stored with household and the tenderest proofs of His mercy, that we may display these to the enemy with protests, and with tears or rebukes. As then the bad acts of a revengeful man stir in a good man an indignation against him and his deeds, that will, if it only can, effectively express itself; and this rightly avenging temper justifies *some* vengeance by the very act of condemning *such* vengeance as has roused the indignation: so, too, the defamation of the glorious God may and should stir feelings in us which proclaim revenge to be good, and God to be an Avenger. He who protests against a God made to him hateful, and yet says that in God there is no vengeance, confutes himself by the very energy of his protest. Not that our protest, let me now observe, against what is said of God's wrath is always pure. Some men take offence at the truths told of a just God, because these represent Him, as he actually is, against themselves; and these are angry with the truth, with an anger of this world or of the world below. And others, from their defective sense of sin's evil, and their limited views of the Divine government, would

moderate words about that fierceness of the wrath of Almighty God, whose flame assuredly He will not moderate till it has consumed from the cumbered earth what is noxious, leaving it clear for what is salutary. Some men then have little ardour against sin; and some other men's ardour is not against Truth perverted, but against Truth itself. Nevertheless, the awful moral ardour of God remains as pure as it is strong. He is supremely Good, and it is impossible to conceive of Him as otherwise than displeased with what is not good. And his displeasure is not alone a sentiment, but an energy. As He feels, he acts. He is the Being who ought to, and who will, victoriously oppose whatsoever is contrary to Himself. Our wrath may be, oftenest is, hurtful and deservedly hateful; but in us, too, there may be a wrath that smites that it may save, that if it destroys is but protective and ministrant to what is creative. Our abuse of natural passions must not make us deny that in God whence they have their original. Cannot vengeance in God be holy, because in us it is sinful? Cannot wrath serve Love in Him because it banishes love in us? God, supremely good, creates, as glorious in love, and must be most intensely against whatever thwarts the work of his Love. It is possible for a spirit to hate much without loving much, but it is not possible for it to love much without also hating. So little love have we—so undivine, therefore, is our hatred, that the very word hatred seems as if it did but name a sin. But for us, too, there is a sacred resentment, an anger tending to purity, if not yet pure; mixed with sin, but from which the sin is passing off. The better any man becomes, the more does he seek to impart good, and to remove and destroy only what hinders such impartation. The wickedest a man is, the more does he seek to subdue all to his own mere will, to destroy all for himself. He is not provoked for the Truth's sake, but for its own selfishness sake. Human wrath may be blind, illimited, and selfish. But of God, we say, His avenging wrath is not only consistent with his Love, but it is from that Love that it has both its intensity and its limits; and since in Him is no possible discomposure even in extremest energies, love can accomplish in Him what it oft seeks, but oft fails to accomplish in men, kindle an anger that never falls short in zeal, and never exceeds in act,

Let me speak now, before trying more fully to illustrate God's Revenge in Redeeming, of that subordinate vengeance which consists of the infliction by a just wrath of deserved strokes upon wrong-doers; and let me ask particularly to what ends such vengeance serves. I say, subordinate vengeance, because, though God is everlastingly and inexorably opposed to evil, he is so that he may glorify his goodness, and his goodness is glorified by communication. God's chief vengeance is shown on Evil—his subordinate vengeance on the evil-doer. Evil, though it be infinite in tendencies, is repressed by God within finite bounds of his own determining. His stroke upon the finite mortal is a finite stroke. His gift of mercy is infinite, and through eternity renews and prolificates blessings. What ends, then, does the infliction of strokes serve? The stroke may deter the sinner from sins; I say,

it may, not it must : and the sin may be prevented, yet not the sinner amended. A tiger chained is not a tiger tamed ; yet the chain may serve us by limiting the effects of his ferocity, though it does not change his nature. The stroke may both deter a sinner from sins by fear, and disempower him from committing such wrongs as he still would not fear to do, had not his punishment deprived him of the ability. The stroke, again, may deliver and may vindicate many of the suffering and the oppressed. Punishment may serve those who have been aggrieved by the wrong-doer, by proving their case, answering their cry, and working for them full or partial remedy. The stroke, again, may establish and honour the rule of right. Law, read in the light of penalty, is read distinctly, and so read that the impressible heart is a prepared plate, and the lurid light photographs in us the inscription on which it glares. Men feel then, too, what they so oft forget, that the power is where the truth is. The stroke, too, may thus strike salutary fear into many who had not sinned, but were going on to sin. Thus, the effect of vengeance may be the destruction, repression, and prevention of wrong. The award to the wrong-doer is in kind according to his desert—not in every case and at once in *degree* :—by his sin is he self-deprived of good, and suffering is self-derived unto him. And the award of a stroke is a good award, apart from its possible moral effect on the evildoer ; good, as expressive of God's holy ardour against evil, and as a part of His work for its frustration and overthrow. And the good moral effect of punishment on the man, the effect upon his character as distinguishable from that upon his actions, is greatly due to his recognition that the vengeance was a right thing, whether or no he made a right use of it. Not only can punishment, as the subordinate vengeance of God, deter from evil actions, but it may become occasion of evil's relinquishment. But, for this, the penalty must be, as, thank God, it is, administered redemptively. The whole scheme of punishment is constituted relatively to the whole scheme of benevolent mediation. The storms of the law may drive men to the shelter of the gospel ; the repulsions of fear drive them within range of the attractions of love ; but then for this there must be a gospel, must be a supreme love ; such a love, such a gospel, there is.

The great God loves his own justice, and must needs be inexorably against the wrongness of his creature ; but not inexorably against his creature. The great God loves his creature, the work of his heart and hands ; so capable of resembling him in character and joys. And He must needs take care, in his severest punishments, that this love be exercised unto the uttermost. The work of penal vengeance must be subservient to that of love ; not, observe, consistent with it only, for vengeance is directed against the wrong of the creature, and that, however great, is finite ; but the work of love expresses the excellency and infinitude of God's own proper being. He is love. And however grievous hell, and all that holds of hell, may be, and however mighty ; in our final view of it, it shall be unto heaven, as the least possible outworking of Evil, to the greatest possible of Love. The

one is the work of the creature, the other that of the Creator; and how magnificently shall the Creator's love transcend and conquer the creature's fault! It must be thus. But, then, how actually can it be thus? It is so by an Atonement, which is an Expression, with a correspondent Power; an expression of the Love which loves righteousness, yet loves men—a Power for the destroyal of sin, and of the need for full penal vengeance upon the sinful.

Are there not, we now ask, many cases in which even a man may be said rather to revenge himself against wrong than upon the wrong-doer? If an act mean or cruel has been done in the circle which he influences, he may or may not be able to deal penally with the transgressor; but if he is able, will not his anger at the sin lead him to take other earnest measures for the abatement of sins like that in the neighbourhood; and will he not seek to exhibit as impressively as possible the excellences most opposed to such sins? He is angered by a lie, and shows how indignantly he is opposed not to the liar only, but to Falsehood. And if his own character has been clouded by the breath of the calumniator, will he not best avenge himself if his light so shine as first to disperse the cloud, and then to reach him who puffed it forth, and who receiving blessing in requital of hurt, learns, by the light of magnanimity, at once how brief was the injury he could do, and how mean he was for attempting it.

In such ways has God revenged himself upon the world; he has abashed iniquity by exhibiting perfect and lustrous rectitude; he has shamed selfishness by self-sacrifice; he has confronted the world's disloyalty by Christ's fidelity; coward, self-indulgent man has been confounded with Christ's sublime earnestness. In the intensity of Christ's sufferings, and the dreadful battle in which he was engaged, God has expressed His awful moral ardour for right and against wrong. By the utter contrast of a Life simply and grandly good, to the general course of men's lives in this world so variously and disgracefully evil; and by the free offer of this Life to us as a Word of mercy pledged, and a Hand of mercy stretched out, God has at once avenged himself on the Sin of the world rather than on the world, and avenged himself on us by showing and doing that good in the most perfect way, to which we had become darkened, from which we had fallen. God revenges himself on Selfishness by Love. With evil he contrasts good—that he may overcome evil by good. That man best triumphs over and revenges himself upon his enemies who makes them his friends. Such revenge does God seek, and shall He seek and not find? The essence of Sin is a Will that will be its own rule; a will not *with* God, not *in* God. Christ exhibits the uttermost reverse of selfishness in a Will ever subject to God though in pains, in an obedience only required, and indeed possible, in a world fallen into the vanity and anarchy of selfishness. Love alone can atone for selfishness: can atone the selfish. God so loved the world that he sent the Son of his Love into it armed with powers for subduing selfish man unto himself; and when Love subdues us to itself it is to impart to us its own plenitude, whereas when Evil subdues us it is to draw our life from us con-

sumingly away. We yield to Good, and enter into a celestial marriage; we yield to Evil, and, like a spider or a serpent, it preys upon our vitals. Only the plenitude of wise divine love could fill up the dreary void which Selfwill had made, re-imparting to a world which hate had wintrified the summer warmth of life. In Christ, God was most worthily satisfied, for by him did He indeed conjointly express the Love of righteousness and the Love of man; so express them that on those who believe his reconciliative Love exerts Power to produce moral union with Him. He who believes takes the benefit of God's vengeance upon Sin, and ceases to be obnoxious to God's vengeance on himself. Without being treated according to his desert, he comes so to feel it as to avail himself of all Christ's power to effect holiness in him. God has so revenged himself on Sin, as to change the heart of the Sinner: what need now of penal vengeance upon him? In what way sufferings for his past sins may still attend the forgiven and reconciled man, and how we are to regard these, will afterwards be shown. How God's great avenging display of his own character in Christ's redeeming mercy involved Suffering truly vicarious, that of the just for the unjust, will also appear. And it will be seen, too, that no man can escape the penal vengeance of God except as blessed through that reconciliative Love which proclaims forgiveness of sins, and whose accompaniment and effect is an inwrought and substantial righteousness with its varied and abiding fruits.

#### LETTER VII.

FRIENDS,—I spoke in the last letter of the government of Him whose Name is the Fearful and the Glorious, and spoke of it as one should who prefers to use of His Love the term—unspeakable. But magnify that Love as we will, the heart of mortals must sometimes tremble. Crucifixion is terrible, though resurrection is triumphant. Retribution is terrible, though the Song of Redemption is as the joy of Humanity, the mother, who remembers no more the Sorrows of Time, now that she sees the child God hath given her—Immortal Happiness. But let the Christian steadfastly believe that terror serves triumph; pain ministers to bliss; that punishment does homage to mercy; and that the maddest and wickedest free will of man or spirits evil, is as fast bound within Divine limits as are the surging waves of the sea. Even if God permits, as he oft has done, in the burned city and the bloody battle-field, his creature man to learn some primary lessons of justice and truth as by the light of hell-fire; it is because of the Heavenly worth of the lessons that he will have them so learnt if they can be learnt no otherwise.

They who were sent forth to preach God's Love were to begin at Jerusalem, yet before they were so sent, Jerusalem was doomed. The preaching was preached, and the doom was accomplished. Think what 'wild farewell' old Jerusalem took of the earth; think how the resounding strokes of the vengeance God wrought on her still vibrate on the air of history. He judged her for the murder of her King; yet forgave—on their repentance—even these that killed the Prince



of Life, for his dear sake. Though he took vengeance, he forgave; though he forgave, he took vengeance. For the manifestation to the evil-doer and to others of what evil is, for its repression in the world, and for the conduction of men into preparedness to receive the Atoner and to live by atoning truths, is vengeance, penal vengeance, needed. The time, the mode, the degree, God knoweth. Because the Redemptive is paramount, it is not implied that the Retributive is unnecessary. Though the Cross of Christ is mightier than the rod of the law, yet the rod is an active and a constant servant of the cross. By Christ's stripes are we healed, but a part of the healing is of that soreness and weakness which the stripes we ourselves have deserved and received may have brought upon us. In smiting the rebellious city, God smote sinners and he smote sin; but in that Act of Doom he smote sin less by Disheartening it through fear, than he did by breaking away in Jerusalem's destruction the great obstacle to the Mission of Forgiveness to man. He made a way for Love by taking out of the way by fiery wrath the obstinate and rebel city. Thus Love may be seeking and may find its triumph by the very overthrow that judgment works. And this triumph of love is in the restoration and enhancement of blessedness by the restoration and enhancement of character. But in the fact that penal vengeance and sufferings consequent on sin are needed at all in a world where there is a Redeemer mighty to bless men by turning them away from their iniquities, it is implied that the whole Providence of God is redemptive, that the Redeemer is such partly by directing their redemptive administration, that he carries on his work ever proceeding by his work once for all finished: that in punishing God is redeeming, that, in fact, his moderated penal vengeance and our sufferings on account of sin, are as necessary, *in their own place*, towards our redemption—that is, our being brought out of all evil and brought into all good, this is Redemption—as were Christ's sufferings on our behalf, and God's avenging of himself against sin and us in that mighty work of love. What these truths further imply of God who saves and of the man who is being saved, I shall presently show. But meanwhile, let me observe, that the cases of suffering on account of sin are very complex. One such case may illustrate how the good suffer for the sake of the evil, in self-sacrifice; how the innocent suffer with the evil, by necessary involvement; how the consequence of one man's sin is made excessive through another man's sin; how the results of what is done with blame are aggravated by what is done by error that is blameless; how what is retributive may be proportioned rather to the nature of the sin as such, and to its relative hurtfulness as compared with sin of another kind, than to the guilt of the particular action; how some of the results of Sin are unavoidably necessary, some contingent upon other action, and where the results are least mitigable, the guilt is not always most apparent. These things we say not to confuse the minds of the Scattered, but to impress upon them the scope God has for variety in his redemptive providence, and the scope he has given us for the rewarding study of that providence. But I wish

them chiefly to notice now how God's retributions have an aim beyond the particular offence, and the particular offender. It is sin in us as a Force, rather than sin on us as a stain or sore, that God considers; and sin as a power spreading injury through a world of necessarily related individuals, rather than sin as confined in its effects to the sinner, with which he deals. It is sin as the bent of the heart having the tendency and the power totally to estrange us and the earth from rectitude, and therefore totally to disinherit us and the earth of blessedness against which he directs the measures of his allied Mercy and Vengeance. Consequently, some of his direct retributions may be rather expressive of his utter hatred of evil and ardent action against it, than a measure of the present guilt of men and of communities. The last issue of sin on souls is to make them fit only for utter and irreversible exclusion from God's kingdom in Christ, unchecked sin tending to the perfect worst in wretchedness because to the perfect worst in character. But if the Penal is also the preventive; if the Just God is in his sternest rule of the earth ever also the Saviour; then in what we have said of the subordination of the retributive to the redemptive, such that this is itself a part of the Redemptive, it is implied, That God will often express his displeasure to us as by an angry look or an upraised finger, threatening to punish in order that he need not; That when his strokes come they may be now lighter than our individual guilt, and now heavier; That his penal vengeance may often be made prominent in the course of the earth's story, that He may secure the least possible suffering, and that of the fewest possible persons at the end; and That by postponement of full vengeance he provides its complete justification when at last it falls on those who might have avoided it. These are some of the things that must be true of God the Redeeming Avenger. And they are, as thus expressed, but mustard seeds of spiritual thought, which must be hidden awhile in the ground of meditation, that plants largely and fruitfully expansile may proceed from them.

But what such a redemptive government implies of the saved man must now be shown. Is it asked how far he is relieved of the consequences of his past sins? He is relieved of the main spiritual consequence as soon as he repents and believes; for he, the changed man, is not now under the wrath but in the love of God; not now aside from God, not opposed to God, but in God by union with his will, and with God in dependent work. His past demerits cannot become unreal as facts. But God, though he hated the man's actions, was not angry with the actions, but with the man because of his actions, and the man is changed! Christ has availed to produce the sense of demerit, but to change the spirit of demerit. And now the effect of these former actions is reversed, for whereas before the change they could but be stimuli for further misdoing, they now excite to effort against that evil life of which they were particular effects. The penitent, believing man has an avenging zeal in respect of his past

life. He now destroyeth that which was destroying him. Aiming at the sacred consistency of an unselfish life, he avenges himself on his former selfishness, and is as earnestly contrary to his former ways and temper as these were entirely contrary to God. Saved by the Redeemer, Christ's life in him gives him an atoning spirit in all he does. Some particular compensations he may make for neglects and omissions; the effect of some particular errors he may nullify. But it is only God who can undo what our actions have done, that is, can so constitute the scheme of things that good shall arise, and even by occasion of evil, which shall countervail and compensate for the effects of evil. But the good man's still improving life will work together with that of the church, of God's associated people, to purify and advance the world. The effect of his sins was upon his own spirit, wheresoever else it was besides, and this effect being remedied by the operation of Christ's spirit, atonement is wrought in him, that is, a compensative and reconciliative work is. And Christ's work being pledge of Sin's utter undoing; and so satisfying God that he can be satisfied with those who believe in Christ, atonement is wrought for him. He can only act atoningly, that is, towards redress of his own wrong deeds formerly done, compensation for injury wrought by his past life, as he acts in the spirit and under the providence of the Atoner, the efficiency of his acts being caused by Christ. And so will he seek to act. But the present defects of his forgiven yet imperfect spirit, the kind of work which he is best fitted to do as one who will henceforth act as one of the servants of the atoning providence; the relation of his past life to the public sentiment about good and evil, may all require that this man shall long bear the fruit of his sins. Yet he suffers for instruction, discipline, and stimulus: his pain is no expression of God's moral resentment against him. The proof that God hates the sins he has committed is not the proof that God hates him. The results of God's punitive arrangement are never borne by a really good man as mere punishment. To him the retributive is, indeed, the redemptive also. Such a man possessed of life, and of the hope of honour and immortality through Jesus Christ, having renounced mere nature to live by the Divine Spirit, may so act in self-sacrificing love, that grace shall by him more abound for good than ever sin did for evil. But he does not pass over from a state of demerit in which he was less, to a state of meritoriousness in which he is more, than the commandment requires. He who has failed under the old commandment, as restored is under the new, and is for ever out of the sphere of mere law, except as love understands it. What he does, he does according to the promptings of a heart alive to spiritual love. And be his love much as it may, it can never be *more* than is answerable to the Divine love. How much less, indeed, must it be than this! Love pays best when it acknowledges that payment is beyond its means. Thus its meritoriousness is that it claims no merit. It knows, and thanks God for, its own worth; but its boast were its undoing. Such lives as these, lived in the spirit of the Atoner, may well be employed compensatively by him,

to fill up voids, repair mischiefs, heal injuries, and restore losses, that sin has caused ; and to illustrate that goodness which avenges itself on hate by love ; on a dark world by shining ; on the hardened by tenderness ; on the disloyal, the obdurate, and the disorderly, by fidelity, patience, and a holy and regulated industry.

But here I must close this letter.

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## The Religious Societies.

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I PAY a visit to Town now at least once a year, and always in the month of May. In the time of stage-coaches, the journey occupied about sixteen hours. On the occasion of my first visit I was living in the south of Hampshire, and came by coach to Basingstoke, and from thence took the rail to Nine Elms. This was nearly twenty years ago. I was telling this to an old Hampshire Jute (why Hampshiremen are called 'hogs' I have not been able to find out to this day—they have some of the purest Saxon blood—the blood of the old Jutes—yet remaining in England).—I was telling this, I say, to an old Jute the other day, and he made the remarkably novel reply, in good old Hampshire brogue, 'Ah, times be awltered zince then, zur.' Well, they are altered, and I could not help thinking, notwithstanding what I have heard this year about 'stagnation' at Exeter Hall, that in nothing are they more altered and improved than in relation to the Religious Societies. Living in the country, it seems to me that I can see this perhaps more distinctly than many in town, and therefore I have thought it might be acceptable to the readers of the 'Christian Spectator,' if not to those more closely identified with the working of the societies themselves, if I were to give a country-reader's view of some of the said associations and their anniversaries.

In my younger days, it was considered rather an important matter to attend the anniversaries of 'our beloved denomination.' It was talked about and preached about at least two months before it came to pass. During this incubative period, an important letter from the Secretary of the Missionary Society, 'favoured by brother Johnson,'—senior deacon of the church, who, being a draper, went to town every spring to buy goods,—was sent to our esteemed pastor, with extracts from which we were favoured at the Wednesday evening service. The aim, and, I must say, the result, of this letter was to 'push business.' My good mother, and my two maiden aunts, having thoroughly talked over its contents before, at, and after supper, laid down their plans, and forthwith diligently and zealously went to work to collect outstanding subscriptions, and see what more they could do to bring money to the Lord's treasury. Now, reader, for once forbear to smile, or, if you smile, let it be for a sign of gladness and joy of heart that such a thing is done. I know all you can say against the whole corps of collectors.

I know, as well as you, that the work of collecting is getting to be ridiculed, and that done as it is sometimes done, it ought to be both ridiculous and *put down*. I know that influences as tyrannical in spirit as any exerted at political elections are frequently brought to bear upon the pockets of tradesmen, for the purpose of increasing the amount on certain collecting cards; but the system I maintain is good. It is a sign of a bad and unhealthy state of things, but equally so is the making of laws, and the preaching of the gospel itself. Do not, therefore, sneer or feel irritated when some nervous novice in Christian alms-seeking asks you for a donation for some one of the general or local societies to which you ought to contribute. Be a Christian gentleman; apologize for causing unnecessary trouble, and volunteer, without being asked, to make a donation annually. Regarding the visitor who has disturbed your retirement, judge her in the spirit of Christian love. Her obtrusion, depend upon it, has cost her no little self-denial. Nothing less, in most instances, than the love of Christ or the love of humanity would induce a Christian woman to undertake this task. Apart from self-approval, I feel it to be the most disagreeable work in the whole circle of my own duties, while more sensitive natures who yet courageously undertake it, shrink from its performance with instinctive reluctance. Many times have I known the fine and delicate sensibilities of a woman's heart cut to the core by the surly and brutal rebuffs of some religious Nabal, whose utmost stretch of benevolence never exceeded a penny a month to the Missionary Society, but who would yet grumble out his natural peevishness and discontent as though his visitor had been tax-collector in the time of William Pitt. Brethren, these things ought not to be! They disgrace your profession, your character, and your nature.

A fortnight or so before our pastor went to town he called round to receive the proceeds of the collections; a public collection was then made; the money, just as it was gathered, was put into a leathern bag, and with it Mr. Heather took his seat inside in the four-horse stage, and as a rule, I think never stopped travelling till he had reached the Mission-house door. On the morning before he went, a special meeting was held to pray for his safe return, and for a fortnight after very little else, in his own immediate circle, was talked about but the past 'May meetings.' If he had seen an Indian or a Hottentot during his visit, many an old dame, to my knowledge, offered an ejaculatory thanksgiving that he had come back alive!

As I said, times are altered since then. Twenty years ago many minds retained a lingering prejudice against the missionary work, and pretty well half the speeches and sermons we heard were directed against the arguments of unbelievers. The other section of the religious world, as was natural, went to the opposite extreme. Foreign mission was in their eyes the great work of the Church, while Missionary Societies were a sort of sanctified idols, perfectly infallible in judgment and perfectly impeccable in action. The platform speeches of this time were little better than hyper-Calvinistic sermons, strangely seasoned with a kind of spiritual sentimentalism, which is now almost

confined within the doors of the Primitive Methodist churches. These things have now passed away, and to them have succeeded the strongly-marked characteristics of the manhood of the second generation of the nineteenth century. No one now doubts the propriety of Christian missions, but the understanding and heart of the Church have grown to a higher appreciation of its work, and within the phrase of 'missions,' are embraced scores of objects at that time scarcely thought of. The Genius of Day-school education has been sanctified by the spirit of religion; Ragged-schools have spread themselves through the length and breadth of the land, and Ragged churches have started up to rebuke the 'genteel' element of Gothic temples, with Caen pillars and stuccoed pulpits. It is beginning to be apprehended that missionary work is the work of every Christian, and doubts, also, are beginning to be expressed as to whether *Foreign* missionary work would not be quite as well performed without the help and hindrance of Mammoth organizations. I do not agree with the remark made at a meeting of the 'Book Society' by the Rev. Thomas Alexander, of Chelsea, that the 'religious societies are the strength and bulwark of the land,' and that 'if internal commotion overtake England, then our great defence will be our religious societies.' Woe to the Church if such be the case, and woe to the country if her existence and prosperity depend on some score or two of artificial organizations! If these societies were officered, manned, directed, and supported by a host whose very existence depended on their official connexions, I could imagine how dire disaster might follow the dissolution of such connexion; but, seeing that if all the societies in Great Britain were dissolved to-morrow, the men would remain, and would, if they had a true Christian spirit within them, do the same work *without* the society that they are now doing with, I confess it a difficult matter to see how any irreparable damage would be done by the most abrupt termination of the career of every benevolent organization in existence. Christ would still be living to care for his Church and the world, and would find means to carry on his work, though every society in Christendom were arrayed against it.

I confess that in one respect I see matter for congratulation in the fact that the religious societies are prevented from greatly extending their operations. It is quite possible to have too much of this delegated form of Christian effort. Firmly believing, myself, that true religion and undefiled is on the increase, and that the former times were never better than these, I think it one of the most healthy signs of the age that it has not taken the dangerous form of religion by proxy. I say *dangerous* form, because there is undoubtedly a tendency in many minds to sink individual responsibility in associated effort. Not a month ago I actually heard a Christian minister publicly plead for subscriptions for a Missionary Society on the ground that every Christian was as a French conscript, who must either serve himself or purchase immunity by *paying* for a substitute. I shuddered to think what use some modern Demas might make of such a doctrine of responsibility.

Centralized organizations nurse other evils besides the one I have mentioned. They foster official pride, and not less—as country ministers find when they come to town—the spirit of patronage. They give rise, also—may I say it?—to *CLIQUEs*. *Out* of Missionary Societies it is passing into a proverb, ‘Show me a Missionary Society, and I will show you a clique.’ Now, I do not make this statement in uncharitableness: I state it as a fact, patent and well known to the religious world. I have been asked, ‘Ought these things to be?’ I say, they *must be*. They are incident to humanity, but I do not say that they ought not to be guarded against and confessed. They are evils,—evils attendant on most religious societies, on some doubtless more than others, but on all more or less; and for these reasons I think it a healthy sign that missionary operations *by means of centralized organizations* have not greatly increased during the last fifteen years.\*

This brings me to the anniversary meeting of the London Missionary Society, in Exeter Hall. Mr. Allon, of Islington, in a very able speech, expressed his dismay at finding that this society had latterly gained no ground. Did it never occur to the speaker to think why this was the case? I think I can tell him why. Not because of any indifference to missionary effort, but because there is more individual exertion than there was fifteen years ago. Undoubtedly, for some reasons, it is to be regretted that there is not an increased support of missionary operations *as well* as an increase in individual effort, but Mr. Allon may take it for granted that though the funds of the Missionary Society have stood still, Christ’s work has not. Although, however, the *London* Missionary Society, perhaps for special reasons, has not advanced, and in fact has gone back, other Missionary Societies have not. The Baptist, the Wesleyan, and the Church Societies are far ahead of the position they occupied fifteen years ago. The reason of this is not my business to inquire.

Has this reason, whatever it be, anything to do with the debt of 15,000*l.* incurred by the directors of the London Missionary Society during the last two years? Dr. Chalmers once paradoxically said of a society similarly situated, ‘They are in debt to their treasurer, and their embarrassments are their glory.’ I believe, with Mr. Andrew Reed and M. Monod, that debts are disgraces, and that Christian societies ought not to incur them.

The financial history and position of the London Missionary Society show, I think, conclusively, and show in effect for its sister societies, that they have all reached their highest point of usefulness. They have done a glorious work; they have well laboured; it remains for other men to enter into their labours. It is becoming more and more the conviction of those employed in missionary operations that the

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\* In connexion with this subject may I recommend the careful perusal of a paper entitled, ‘Thoughts on Propagating Christianity more effectually amongst the Heathen,’ by Dr. Marshman, of Serampore, reprinted in last November number of the ‘Missionary Reporter.’

great work must be done by native converts. Let us, therefore, join in the prayer of the directors of this society in their Report:—

‘That the Great Head of the Church may sanction and succeed the measures employed to raise up native pastors for these infant churches—men of the same thoughts and feelings and language as themselves, and whose social position will render it practicable on the part of their brethren to carry into practice the ordinance of the Lord, that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel,’ for ‘by no other method can Christianity become, among converts from Heathenism, self-sustained; and as this design is realized, our missionaries will be free to labour to the utmost of their time and strength, as Evangelists to the millions who are still the wretched and degraded victims of idolatry.’

I take the increase in the number of members in the Baptist churches to be one of the most encouraging circumstances stated during the meetings of the present year. It would appear from this and other statements, that the Baptist denomination is increasing beyond the rate of increase of either Wesleyans or Congregationalists. Other interesting facts established at other meetings I mention as especially worthy of note. Amongst these is the statement at the meeting of the Religious Tract Society, of the intention of the committee of that body to start a penny religious paper. I listened at the same meeting, with great satisfaction, to the statement of Dr. Baylee, of Liverpool, regarding the infidelity of the working classes. I quote from the brief report of his speech:—

‘He had made special efforts to enlighten the working classes on the subject of the Bible as the word of God, and the true nature of Christianity; and he had found very few indeed among those professing to disbelieve the truth of the Bible who had taken the trouble to examine into the nature of the evidence on which those who believed it to be the truth of God relied. And as the result of an effort which had been made among the working men of Liverpool, he might mention, that an association had been formed by them for the defence of the Bible. He was most glad to be able to state positively, from the extent of his knowledge of the mind of the working classes, that infidelity is not progressing among them, but that true religion is. In Liverpool, he might say, there will this year be three thousand families subscribing their farthings, halfpence, and pence per week, to provide themselves with clergymen.’

I was glad to find the important question of separate services for Sunday-school scholars brought forward at the Sunday School Society meeting by the catholic rector of St. Martin's, Birmingham. May I beg of conductors of Sunday-schools, in town and country, to read his remarks:—

‘For his own part (said Mr. Miller) he had long been convinced that the conductors of Sunday-schools had been making a most grievous mistake with regard to services for children on the Lord's-day. No judicious father, or even one who had a grain of common sense left him, would act towards his child in the manner that the children of our Sunday-schools had been treated; both their minds and their bodies had been over-tasked. In the first place, he was afraid that many of the classes were conducted by preaching teachers,—save him from preaching teachers! He liked sermons very much in their way, provided they were good ones; but the practice of preaching sermonets to the children was most injurious to their principles and their minds. Then, again, the length and character of the Sabbath



services were such as not to fit them for little children; and, to make matters still worse, it was the plan frequently, he believed, to put the children into a gallery out of sight of the pulpit, where they got the benefit of all the hot and foul air; and there you might see those poor little unhappy creatures, cracking nuts, peeling oranges, and doing all sorts of things, disturbing the congregation, and getting no good themselves. And then, after being treated thus for a series of years, it seemed to be supposed, that at the age of sixteen or eighteen years, they would be so enamoured of our churches and chapels, as to come back to the prayers and the sermons. Instead of this, he believed they were made to hate the services of the sanctuary by the process through which they were thus put. He must say, therefore, whether he gave pleasure or offence, that he believed the whole system to be a mistake. He mentioned this as one of the reasons why the working classes had become alienated from the churches and chapels of the land. At the same time, he frankly admitted the many difficulties which stood in the way of carrying out the plan of separate services. It was, however, he conceived, most desirable that some means should be devised for more effectually promoting the religious instruction of the young, if the present system, of which they had so much reason to complain, was ever to be reformed, and those who are now children in our schools to be retained, when they should have reached the adult age, by the Christian churches of the land.'

Mr. Vince's deeply interesting statement regarding the results of a town canvass for Sunday-school scholars in Birmingham sadly rebukes our general want of zeal.

'When the Census was published (said Mr. Vince), it was found that there ought to have been 12,000 children in the schools who were not there. The Sunday-school Union in Birmingham took the matter up. They started with the idea of making a thorough canvass of the entire town; forty-two Sunday-schools agreed to help; it was agreed that the last three Sundays in April should be the canvassing days; and, on those days, no less than 1,200 persons went out for the purpose of canvassing the streets, alleys, and crowded parts of the town. He had in his hand a note received in London on that afternoon from his friend Mr. Councillor Manton, one of the great supporters of Sunday-schools in Birmingham. In that note he stated that twenty-seven canvassers had reported, that they had found 5,800 children who did not attend school, and might have done so; to those children printed recommendations to attend the Sunday-schools were given. At a meeting the other night eighteen schools reported that they had received an accession of 2,000 children as the result of that canvass. He had also been told by a friend in Birmingham, that without indulging in extravagant expectations, they calculated that, as the result of the movement, in a few weeks, 7,000 children would be added to the schools.'

I cannot quote Dr. Halley's admirable address at the Congregational Union: it should be read entire. I can only say, that I think his vindication of the Union itself the most successful that has been made. In saying this, I by no means sympathize with the remarks subsequently made by Dr. Vaughan. The Doctor had evidently recently risen from a perusal of the Devil's Sermon to the village crowd, in Mr. Bailey's 'Festus,' and had got rather into a muddle. Did the Doctor really mean to say that those who abstained from connecting themselves with the Congregational Union were doing Satan's work? Shall I turn round and say the same of those who abstain from joining the Religious Liberation Society? Why not?

'If they are doing a good work, and if they are doing it well, thank them for it; and if they are not doing it well, get in among them and see that they do it.'

Never desert a good work on account of its not doing just as you think it might be done. We shall accomplish nothing in God's world if we act on that principle. We shall only betray our cause into the hands of the enemy. Instead of drawing off to a distance from a good institution because it is not just doing its work as we could wish, and casting missiles at it, let us get into it and regenerate it, and make it what it should be; and the measure in which we do this will be the measure in which we shall be strong against the enemy. Were I Satan, and did I wish to do a special good day's work after Satan's notion, I think I should go all about, putting men upon the tack of riding good principles to death, and of flying off at every organization and plan that is not exactly perfect; and the measure in which I should be able to do that I should feel to be the measure in which I had accomplished a nice Satanic business.'

The Doctor is clearly not a very skilful dialectician, or he would have asked himself before saying this, 'Is it not possible to doubt, first, whether the "work" undertaken by the Congregational Union is worth doing; secondly, whether it is doing any work *at all*; and thirdly, to ask, Could not the same work, supposing it to be necessary, be better done by other means than those offered by a Congregational Union?'—One word as to literature. I was really sorry to hear that the profits of the 'Christian Witness' and 'Penny Magazine' had fallen during the year from 731*l.* to 514*l.*, or nearly 33 per cent. This was stated to arise, not so much from a decrease in circulation as in the proceeds of the advertisements. Let it be accounted for, however, as it may, I could not help thinking that it had something to do with the remarkable silence of the Editor of these magazines at the meetings of this year. I wish he had spoken on one subject—that of the Hymn Book. For the sake of all order and self-respect, don't let the Congregational body have another hymn or tune-book forced upon them, because the work of the Congregational 'Union' has, as was sure to be the case, been surpassed by private and individual exertions. The proceedings of the Union with regard to this matter unavoidably remind one of the habitual proceedings of Government. Directly a good thing is done by private enterprise or benevolence it steps in to do the same. So, Dr. Reed, Mr. Porter of Glasgow, and the compilers of the Leeds Hymn Book, having produced better books than the 'Congregational,' the Union must attempt to compete with them; and while Mr. Novello and Mr. Curwen have both beaten the 'Tune Book,' Organization must undertake the compilation of a fourth. Let Dr. Halley say what he may, we have here an illustration of the old spirit of meddling, by which every centralized organization has been marked. It is never satisfied till it has its finger in every pie.

I attended the council and public meetings of the Religious Liberation Society, whose establishment and progress have marked and made an era in the history of Dissent. Years ago, I was in town when the 'four B.'s' were almost the only standard-bearers of the despised Dissenting army. One, and only one, did I see, hale and hearty, in the council-room and on the platform as in times of yore. Where were the other three? Well, the Religious Liberation Society has got along without them, thanks to Mr. Miall and his coadjutors. I say, thanks to Mr.

Miall, for to the Editor of the 'Nonconformist' newspaper do we mainly owe our present character and position. He has had an uphill work : but he must feel that he is now fast reaping his reward. What was once said by a dead writer of the lives of some whose statues now adorn the halls of every public institution in the civilized world, is true of him,— 'He has had much to bear, and but little but the mere force of principle to uphold him. But what a noble exhibition of mind when this power is enough for it ; when, though unsupported by the sympathy of other minds, it can rest in the truth and righteousness of its own principle ; when it can select its object from amongst the thousand entanglements of error, and keep by it amidst all the clamours of hostility and contempt ; when all the terrors of failure cannot alarm it ; when all the levities of ridicule cannot shame it ; when all the scowls of opposition cannot overwhelm it.' Mr. Miall, by his public course, has earned the confidence and love of many hearts ; the respect and admiration of hundreds who were once his bitterest opponents. May I say one other word concerning him ? which I say because I share in all these feelings. I am sorry to hear it reported, and to see evidence of the partial truth of the report, that he does not take so active a personal part in some matters as he used. I am sure we miss his hand in the 'Nonconformist' newspaper, and I am afraid I see proofs that he does not constantly attend at Warwick-square—I mean at Serjeants'-inn. He has doubtless other, and in some respects higher, work now to do than in times past ; but I only express the feelings of many to whose suggestions I am sure he would listen in this matter when I say, that a little disappointment is sometimes felt when his voice is not heard in the council-room, and his pen but little recognised in the newspaper. In saying this I do not insinuate that we have any claim on his service, or that we have any business to dictate to him in this matter. He owes Dissenters, as a body, little enough, and has been nobly generous in expressing his acknowledgments for such support as he has received. We in the country owe him much—we shall only be very glad to owe him more !—Another word concerning the Religious Liberation Society, and I shall have done. How does it happen that it is so constantly losing members of its old Executive, and that their places are not filled with different men ? Who are the two gentlemen who have been elected during the past year ? Is it not possible to get as 'good men and true' as doubtless they are, but men who, at the same time, are a little known beyond their family circles ? They may, for aught I know, be the very best men for the work required—the two 'round men' for the two 'round holes.' I know nothing of them, nor did any one else with whom I came into contact during the last May meetings. May I respectfully suggest, without any intention of offending, that it would be as well if gentlemen of well-known standing, and greater public reputation, were elected to fill future vacancies ?

I always enjoy my visit to Town in May, and I especially enjoyed it this year. I liked the practical purpose of the meetings, and the fine,

manly, Christian spirit that pervaded them, of which a characteristic illustration is afforded in Mr. Brock's speech before the Baptist Missionary Society. I confess I did not like some other things. I do not like to see earls in the chair merely because they are earls,—just as once upon a time the Marquis of Clanricarde, the hero of the Handcock and Delacour encounter, took the chair at an anniversary of the Bible Society. Such things, to say the least, bring disgrace and ridicule on religion.—I have got tired, too, of seeing Hindoos on platforms. I thought that was given up, but I found it revived this year in Earl-street. Another evil under the sun is the narrow rut of denominationalism into which everybody gets in May. How is it that only Congregational anniversaries are announced to Congregational churches, Baptist to Baptist churches, and the Liberation Society to no church at all? These are things that time, I dare say, will mend; meanwhile, for all that there is of progress and improvement, let us devoutly 'thank God and take courage.'

## Letters to a Country Cousin.

### I. THE GORDON-SQUARE CATHEDRAL.

MY DEAR OLIVER,—Your 'suppose' happens to be incorrect, for my 'latest pilgrimage in search of novelty' has *not* been to the Diorama Chapel, but to a temple of another order (in a double sense), in the same direction.—I mean the 'Irvingite Cathedral' in Gordon-square. But I must recall that epithet, for the 'Catholic and Apostolic Church' repudiates the term 'Irvingites' as 'untrue and offensive,' and, besides that it is an ill practice to nickname religious bodies, Edward Irving's memory is not honoured by such an application of his name.

The building, however, is, to all intents and purposes, a cathedral, having its nave and aisles, central tower, transepts, lofty arches, stained glass, chapels, cloisters, and houses and suites of rooms attached, for a regular cathedral staff. Already it has cost considerably more than 20,000*l.*, while the completion of the tower, the elongation of the nave, and carving of numerous masses of stone within the walls, will tax the liberality of the faithful for many years to come. There is, therefore, nothing very apostolic in this part of their arrangements, and, indeed, the 'upper room' of gospel story is rather suggestive of antithesis than otherwise. But I must add, that the entire building is in good taste—the style is the early English—and that, waiving certain acoustic objections, I could worship in such an edifice with great complacency—which, my dear Noll, is more than you, with tastes as iconoclastic as your name, can be expected to say.

If there is nothing in the place, or in the form of worship, *apropos* to apostolicity, there are some unpleasant resemblances to another

'Catholic' Church. For, in the first place, the services are very numerous, viz., at six and nine A.M., and at three and five P.M. every day, besides other services for teaching and preaching. Next, 'the holy Eucharist' is 'celebrated' with a frequency (every Sunday, and two or three times during the week), and in a manner irresistibly suggestive of the Mass. And then the entire ceremonial is of a scenic character, and appeals to the eye and ear much more than to the heart. In fact, an uninformed stranger, dropping in on a Sunday morning, would think that he had somehow found his way into that other 'Catholic' cathedral on the Surrey side of the Thames. For he would see a richly inlaid altar, surmounted by an ark and cross, with white-robed priests kneeling before it, and, of course, turning their backs upon the congregation. He would see lamps burning. His nose would be regaled with incense. He would hear everything 'sung' or 'intoned,' but nothing 'said.' He would be able to count some forty officials (evangelists, deacons, choristers, vergers, and what not), arrayed in 'alb and girdle, stole and chasuble, surplice, rochette, and mosette;' and seeing and hearing so much, he would look for the holy water, and wonder that he had escaped the customary payment at the doors!

The service on the occasion of my visit (Sunday morning) occupied two hours. The 'order for the celebration of the holy Eucharist, and for the administration of the Communion,' being as follows:—The invocation ('In the name of the Father,' &c.) as in the Romish service; the confession; the absolution; a prayer; an anthem; collect; the epistle; anthem; the gospel; a homily (of about ten minutes length, and of which, from the age of the speaker and the hollowness of his voice, I heard but two sentences); the Creed; the offertory services; an anthem during the 'reverent placing on the altar of the holy vessels with bread and wine;' a prayer; ejaculations and responses; a 'preface;' the Lord's Prayer; the consecration (during which the bread and wine are elevated above the head of the priest); a 'prayer of oblation;' an anthem, during 'the offering of incense;' prayers in 'commemoration of the living,' for 'the angels of the churches, all elders, prophets, evangelists, pastors, deacons, under-deacons, and deaconesses, serving under the angels,' and for the 'bishops of the Catholic Church,' for 'the low estate of the Church,' for the dying and for the departed, and for sundry other persons and objects: then, after more of the like kind, the 'celebrant' partakes of the bread and wine, administers to his assistants, and, with their help, to the entire corps of officials before named, who march and countermarch in great force; and presently the congregation proceed to the altar rails for the same purpose (and kneel), after which an anthem, 'post-communion' prayers, the *Te Deum Laudamus*, and the Benediction, close the service.

I was curious to see the effect of all this on the congregation—of average respectability, with but few of the poorer class—but was not well placed for the purpose. It, however, struck me that they were less passive than an audience in a Romish chapel, but more so than

most Church of England congregations: in respect to distance from the officiating clergy and to inaction, their position was that of a Romish rather than a Protestant assembly. I am referring now to the communicants, for there was an outer circle of spectators, many of them having a smart West-endish look, who watched all the proceedings with the same curiosity with which they would have sat out a service at the Madeleine or the Notre Dame de Lorette at Paris. Of the effect produced on this class I am entitled to judge from the lachrymose admission of the Homilist, in one of the two sentences which reached my ear, that strangers were 'pleased, but not awe-stricken.' I must confess that I experienced neither sensation—which, of course, may be set down to the sturdiness of my Nonconformity. But, thought I, a Puseyite would probably be delighted; an Evangelical would be annoyed at the facility with which so much of Romanism can be grafted on the formularies and observances of his own Church; while a Romanist would, no doubt, laugh the exhibition to scorn as a timid, wretched plagiarism!

The truth is, as I suspect, that this Catholic and Apostolic Church is composed of thoroughly incongruous elements; the spiritualism—I will not say fanaticism—which characterised the body in the days of Irving having been gradually overlaid by ritualism and ecclesiasticism. Accepting the statement of one of its own members,\* 'the speciality of their religious belief, whereby they are distinguished from other Christian communities, stands in this: that they hold apostles, prophets, evangelists, and pastors, to be abiding ministries in the Church, and that these ministries, together with the power and gifts of the Holy Ghost, dispensed and distributed among her members, are necessary for preparing and perfecting the Church for the second advent of the Lord; and that the supreme rule in the Church ought to be exercised, as at the first, by twelve apostles, not elected or ordained by men, but called and sent forth immediately by God.'

Now of all this there is just a trace in the ritual of the Church, as I have described it; that is, it is recognised as a theory; but as an animating spirit it seems to be impotent. Whatever of fanaticism there may be in the Church's expressed belief, is practically eliminated in its worship. The Church of England 'High and dry' is not, apparently, more hide-bound by his rubric than the member of the Catholic and Apostolic Church by 'the Liturgy and Divine Offices of the Church;' so that were Pentecostal fire again to descend, it must consume said Liturgy ere 'the gifts of the Holy Ghost' could find room for manifestation. Miracles would be doubly miraculous under such auspices; gifts of utterance but occasion sins against ecclesiastical proprieties; and a Divine afflatus only a source of embarrassment to the clerical posture-master!

It is due to the founders of the sect to express an opinion, that they would scarcely recognise their own work beneath the accretions of

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\* See Census of Religious Worship.

the last fifteen years. For it was not until 1842 that the Liturgy was compiled; that the elements were consecrated and offered as an oblation, and were presented to the people kneeling before the altar; or that ecclesiastical vestments were prescribed. Five more years brought additions to the Liturgy, and the permission to use consecrated oil in the visitation of the sick. Another two years sufficed for the discovery that a portion of the consecrated elements should be kept in an ark or tabernacle, to be taken by the 'angel' morning and night, and 'proposed as a symbol before the Lord;' and in two more years lamps were set up before the altar, and incense was burned during the offering of prayer. I do not know whether either apostles or angels have the prescience to see whereto this process of development will lead their Church, but it is evident that the system is sufficiently expansive to permit the importation of almost any degree of superstition and folly. At present it is a tessellation of Romish, Greek, English, and Mosaic—the last-named economy furnishing the idea of 'the Council' of the Church, which was established (in 1836) on the model of the Jewish tabernacle, 'so arranged as to present a definite form, calculated to give an idea of the true relation and adjustment of the machinery of the universal Church.' If you can refer to 'A Chronicle of Certain Events which have taken place in the Church of Christ, principally in England, between the years 1826 and 1852,' you will find a curious piece of symbolism, in an effort to show that the tabernacle was designed to set forth 'as in a figure, the true and spiritual worship of God.'

I should have been less struck with the two-sided character of this system had I not attended one of the services which are designed for the public, and which are on Sunday and Thursday evenings. Had I been present only on Sunday evening, I should have seen the Catholic and Apostolic Church from a point of view which would have gained for it, if not admiration, at all events respect. The altar performances were then dispensed with, the service was brief and simple, and the entire proceedings apparently earnest and devout.

I do not know whether it be true, as I have seen it stated, that 'some of the ministers of the body have been tailors, tinkers, shoemakers, and barbers,' and that preparation for the work is deemed needless; but the evangelist on this occasion had the presence of a gentleman, with a good delivery, and, though adopting the style of the lecturer rather than the cleric, was in manner, at all events, free from extravagance. He read with great point that remarkable chapter of Paul's on the exercise of the gift of tongues (1 Cor. xiv.), and, besides expounding it, worked it into his sermon, which was on a subject that, to the uninitiated, would appear to have not the remotest connexion with it. It was one of a series on the creation, each day's work of the Creator being regarded as symbolical of the modes in which his work is carried on in the Church; and with easy assurance it was declared, that the waters symbolized human intelligences; fish, thoughts and ideas; winged fowl, the development of man's spirit; bringing forth abun-

dantly, a blessing on the education of man's mind; the firmament, the Church; and the great whales, the fathers who flourished a few centuries before the dark ages!

'The apostolic ministry taught that Pentecostal gifts might still be enjoyed, but unbelief had hardened the heart of the Church, and would not suffer the Holy Ghost to speak. Spiritual power was promised to every Christian, though there was to be a diversity of gifts. It was true that this did not apply to the Church now, but that was not because any one gift had been withdrawn, but because the Church wished to be excused their exercise, and acted on the principle of the steward in the parable—"Take thy bill and write fifty." Where are your gifts? do you ask; and you laugh. But these gifts were given not to a sect, but to the whole Church, and you have no right to look to us exclusively. You say these powers were given to the early Church only, but you do not prove it; and if you could, you would only show that the chapters in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians should be blotted out as useless.' His application took the shape of an injunction to cultivate their spiritual powers, that spiritual gifts might not only be coveted, but possessed.

So the conclusion of the whole matter appeared to be, that this particular religious community do not claim to actually enjoy superior and supernatural privileges, but that they, together with all Christians, *ought* to enjoy them. Their prayer, therefore, for 'the low estate of the Catholic Church,' is with them the expression of a felt want, and no synagogue of Jews could lament more piteously over the lost glories of Israel than do the members of this body bewail 'the ceasing of the exercise of the gifts of the Holy Ghost,' exclaiming, 'We see not our signs; there is no prophet left, nor any that can tell us how long. Thy mighty power is no longer put forth in the midst of thy people; they have forgotten their confidence in thee, and they lay not hold of thy strength, nor abide in the power of thy life.' Assuming the actual existence of the deep feeling thus expressed, one cannot contemplate it without melancholy interest; but astonishment takes the place of pity at the recollection of the performance of the morning, when the spiritual is carefully subordinated to the material, and both gifts and graces are hedged out of the Church's worship.

Now, my dear Oliver, having supplied you with facts in abundance, you shall furnish the reflections. These two visits to Gordon-square have, as you may judge, interested me, and they have instructed me too—giving definiteness to what were before but vague impressions, and suggesting for consideration points hitherto missed or unappreciated. Is there not, indeed, in pretty nearly all those churches or communities, which we deem heterodox or odd, something which could be turned to good account if our conceptions were sharpened by closer and more thoughtful acquaintance? Answer me with candour, my dear relative, and most orthodox Mentor!

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## Literary Notes.

*The Doctrine of Sacrifice*, by F. D. MAURICE, M.A. (Cambridge: Macmillan), is the title of the last of the rapidly increasing list of the published works of Mr. Maurice. All Mr. Maurice's sermons are marked by a singular absence of a rhetorician's cares. He writes like a deeply earnest man, of highly-cultivated mind, striving rather to express his thoughts naturally and to his own satisfaction, than to work conviction, or make an impression upon others. The learned allusion, the expressive phrase, the happy metaphor, which take captive the critical and imaginative faculties, are used just enough to suggest that the preacher has them at command, but thinks them unbecoming the grave themes upon which he speaks. His habitual tone is that of great seriousness and calm—a seriousness which makes an impression of its own, and a serenity which is only broken by some overpowering feeling forcing itself into expression, and making itself heard in most meaning and stirring words. There are whole sermons in this volume full of marvellous and undesigned eloquence of this kind. Few even of those who refuse to be convinced, and think themselves uninstructed, by the teachings, will resist its influence.

The doctrine of Sacrifice taught has been found by some unintelligible. The great pre-requisite for understanding it, is, that one should entirely disabuse his mind of all past theological associations with the term, and recur to its meaning in common language, as the antithesis of selfishness, the equivalent of self-surrender. Mr. Maurice maintains that this meaning was inherent in the very earliest sacrifices which God taught men to make—that in the sacrifices of Abel, of Noah, of Abraham, the man gave up something which belonged to him, as a sign of spiritual submission and surrender. He sets in contrast with this the Heathen notion of sacrifices—experiments to obtain some benefit which the power to whom they are presented can bestow, or to remove some evil which he is likely to inflict. At last, David is taught and teaches the nature of the sacrifice with which God is well pleased—that it consists in the man offering up *himself* to God. And this entire and perfect self-surrender is the sacrifice which the Son makes to the Father.

This sacrifice of Christ has a relation to man; but it was not rendered necessary by, and is not, Mr. Maurice contends, a mere remedy for, human sin. Sacrifice is older than sin; it is the law of the Universe, and of our humanity. It is the eternal life which the Son had with the Father; it is the very essence of the being of the Son; he is the Lamb of God foreknown (not fore-ordained) before the foundation of the world, in whom the very law of sacrifice dwells. To put away sin and break its power, the perfect sacrifice had but to be manifested.

Once manifested, the redemption of humanity is effected—redemption, be it observed, not from any evil threatened or inflicted by God, but from 'vain conversation' (1 St. Peter i. 18—20), that is, 'from

low, pantheistic, idolatrous habits of thought,' 'from separation, immorality, lawlessness.' 'There might arise in the minds of St. Peter's disciples afterwards many questions about the meaning and operation of this sacrifice; he might reply to them in various ways, as he does in this letter. But with these questions he has no direct business in the present passage. The one thought, "You have been delivered out of an actual bondage, not an imaginary or a technical one; and this has been the process of your deliverance," occupies him here. He connects an experience of their minds with a *fact*. He treats that fact as the manifestation of an eternal law of sacrifice; of a person in whom that law was perfectly realized.'—P. 125.

No theory need be offered in explanation of the connexion between the experience and the fact. 'If you suppose that it is the spirit of a man which needs to be emancipated, a spirit fast bound with the chain of its own sins and fears, then, I do not see what proof, save one, can be of any avail, that a certain scheme of redemption is effectual. Appeal directly to the captive. See whether the announcement that the Son of God has died for him, does dissolve that horror of God, that feeling of Him as the tyrant, the forger of bonds, the inventor of a curse, by which he has been possessed.'—P. 141.

Such is Mr. Maurice's doctrine, so far as it can be stated in a few words. Its thorough comprehension is an affair of slow absorption, rather than of rapid perception. It is, however, comprehensible. In this work Mr. Maurice is wholly free from the charge of probably meaning something profound and instructive, but certainly not meaning anything in particular. His thoughts are as clear to himself as the nature of the subject permits them to be: and when this is the case, no living writer can excel him in clear and forcible expression. In saying that we comprehend the statement, we are not to be understood as meaning that we are satisfied with the grounds, of his doctrine.

Its startling contradictoriness to the creed of evangelical Christians generally, is subsequently much softened down. He takes the classical passages of Scripture which describe different aspects of Christ's sacrifice on which devout minds have been accustomed to dwell; such as, Christ's sacrifice a deliverance from the curse of the law, a propitiation, the purification of the conscience, a peace-offering, &c.; and vindicates them on the ground of his own doctrine, showing that so far from losing, they acquire fresh, significance and preciousness. Nevertheless, it must be admitted—and we hope that no reader will be deterred from opening a book which exhibits such profound spiritual insight into the meaning of Scripture, such reverence for its teachings, and such a strong personal apprehension of them, by the admission—that Mr. Maurice means something by the word sacrifice wholly different from what religious people generally mean; and believes in an atonement, without receiving under any modification that *doctrine* of atonement which is generally made the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. Whether he is right or wrong, he will assuredly meet at the hands of many that reception which awaits every

original and independent interpreter of Scripture ; he will be accused by many—because to many he will seem guilty—of glossing it over, or explaining it away. Perhaps in these days, when so much uncertainty has gathered about many things in theology which most of us in our childhood learnt were undoubtedly true—and when the old explanations of the meaning of Christ's death in particular, have been ' the difficulty ' of every, even the most superficially, reflective mind—the help of an inquirer so able and so honest deserves to be more highly rated.

We shall add to the completeness of our short statement of the author's doctrine, and fitly introduce the only extract we design to make, if we say that to the Death of Christ he attaches no substitutionary value whatever ; but regards it as the most interesting and distinctive fact in his history, the culmination of His perfect Sacrifice of Himself ; so that it stands in closest connexion with that redemption of the human spirit thereby effected—so that it is truly and intelligibly said, ' the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'

Further, Christ's Death is a

#### VICTORY OVER THE DEVIL.

'The Devil, it boldly says, was he who had the power of *Death*. Whatever reason some higher and better teacher might suggest to men for trusting God, for believing that he intended good to them and not evil—whatever rains from heaven and fruitful seasons might tell them, *Death* was the answer to them all. That was the great ordinance for the whole race, for the whole creation. That stopped all the projects of the individual man ; that made all purposes of improvement abortive ; that made schemes for the future, which, nevertheless we must be always devising, ridiculous. That cut off all the bonds of family, of tribe, of nation. That made a man's concern for his children's children, idle dreams. That said, Talk of your freedom as you please ; there is this death always waiting to crush it at the last. Talk of Nature, with its teeming, ever renewing life ; its mornings after midnight, its springs after winter, as much as you will. But this declares,—with men and the inhabitants of the world, *you* have nothing more to do. You may go somewhere else, possibly ; you may dwell in some unknown solitude. But the thoughts which you have formed in you here, the life you have led here, the persons you have known,—they are over. This was one part of the argument ; one demonstration that God meant nothing by the universe He had made, or that He meant destruction by it ; or that His purpose, if it was a gracious one, had been defeated. But there was another road to the same, or a more fearful result. The accuser could say, " In spite of all these witnesses against you, you have a feeling that you shall go on, that you must go on, after this death ; yes, and that everything which you have been doing, seeing, feeling, here, must have an influence on your state there ; that you can part with nothing. It is true, frightfully true. Everything must go on ; *you* must go on. And every bad thought you have thought, and every bad deed you have done, is bound to you now ; will be bound to you for ever. God has pronounced his sentence of death upon you for those thoughts and deeds, and He will execute His sentence to the utmost. Do what you can to hide yourselves from Him. Avert His wrath, if it is possible. Forget Him, if you can. Try to appease Him if you cannot forget Him. What can be so dreadful as to be brought into His presence "

" Thus speaks the accuser to you and to me ; thus spoke he to the generations of old. The Epistle says that there came forth an answer to his whispers ; that the answer is a complete one ; that the moment we accept it, his chain is broken for us : because God has, in truth, broken it for our race. "*By death Christ overcame Him that had the power of death ; that is, the Accuser.*" . . . God perfects His only-begotten Son through Death. That which was said

to be the clear declaration that men are regarded by God as enemies, becomes the sign which Christ gives of His sonship. Christ bears Death not in obedience to an inevitable fate, but to a loving will; not because the tyrant has conquered the Earth, and those who dwell upon it, but as an eternal testimony that he has not conquered it—that it belongs to the Creator, not to the Destroyer. Death seems to make the great and final chasm,—of which all other separations were but dim prophecies,—the chasm between the Father and Him in whom he delighted. Death is made the pledge of Their eternal union; the pledge of Their infinite satisfaction in each other. That union is shown to be the ground of every other. The satisfaction of God in His Son is His satisfaction with the world whose nature that Son bears. His death is the vindication of their death; they have a right to accept it as a sign of adoption, as an assurance of reconciliation; as a proof that God, initiating them through sufferings, is crowning their work, is preparing them for a higher work. They have no right any longer to speculate about individual deaths and what they denote. Here is the Universal Death—the death of the Head and Brother of Mankind; that is the only test and explanation of its nature; that is the only one to which we dare refer when we would understand the meaning of the universe, and God's purposes to it. When we fall back upon our own thoughts and experiences, and reason and speculate upon them, we fall back into the hands of the Accuser. The frightful recollections of what we have been, and the evil we have seen in others, and of the sin of the world, raise such a mist and darkness as wholly shut God out of our sight. It seems as if each new Death were sending some new creature out of the region of His government, out of the circle of hope, into some unknown abyss, over which some malignant power may preside. This thought recurs again and again, oh! under what multitudes of strange forms and seemingly disguises,—cloaking itself with religious, even with Christian arguments; always with the same effect; always bringing the spirit into bondage to the fear of death; always leading it to distrust of Him who is seeking for His sheep in all the thickets, and on all the crags to which they have wandered; who is watching for his children who are feeding upon husks, and perishing with hunger. But when they turn from their miserable attempts to solve the mystery for themselves, to Him who entered into the mystery for them, that He might bring light out of darkness; when they turn to the cross and to Him who died upon it; when they determine to learn there what Death is, and what man is, and what God is, there and there only; then they find their bondage turned into freedom. The incubus that sat upon their hearts and took away their breathing is gone; that which made trust impossible is the warrant for it; the cause of despair is the foundation of hope; that which seemed to inclose us within time, and to make all beyond it terrible, is that which tells us that the Eternal has triumphed, and that Christ has manifested that eternal life which was with the Father, and over which Death has no power.'—Pp. 240—244.

It is impossible, in a brief notice, to do anything like justice to the work next on our list—*The Christian Life, Social and Individual*, by PETER BAYNE, M.A. (Edinburgh: James Hogg). We can only say of it now, by way of introducing it to our readers, that no book that has recently passed under our notice will more amply repay a sincere and careful study. Its purpose is the exhibition of Christianity, first in its principles with regard to the individual and social nature of man; and secondly, in the working of those principles in the lives of eminent Christian men of our own generation. The plan and order of the work is at once simple and philosophical. The execution of the first part, however, though marked by much vigorous and earnest thought, is marred by the extremely critical form in which the author has embodied his remarks. We should judge from this, and from the somewhat crude and half-finished style of the whole of this portion of his book, that he is a young writer. But if this be, as we judge, his first,

it will not be his best work. As one who carefully studied and thought his way—perhaps too soon—through some of the most difficult and perplexing problems of the age, endowed with a fertile, though uncultured imagination, and a powerful and eloquent pen, we believe him to be capable of great and effective service.—His illustrative life sketches of Howard, Wilberforce, and Budgett, and Foster, Arnold, and Chalmers, are admirable specimens of effective biographic writing.

*The Ecclesiastical Principles and Polity of the Wesleyan Methodists*, by WILLIAM PEIRCE (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.), is the title of a voluminous compendium of the 'Ordinances, Institutions, Laws, and Regulations' of this body. We cannot better state the aim and scope of this work than in the compiler's own words :—'The present work is specially designed to aid and encourage this investigation [the examination of the laws and ordinances], by collecting, from the most authentic sources, all that relates to the ordinances and government of the Connexion. In a system so diffuse as Methodism, there cannot fail to be portions on which good men may widely and conscientiously differ; these differences of opinion the author of this volume has not thought it his duty either to notice or examine. The work merely claims to be a faithful compilation of laws scattered throughout the various Connexional documents. The compiler sits not in judgment on those laws, but gives them in their integrity, as they exist in their official records of the Connexion, appending to each the title and page of the work from which they have been extracted.' The principal authorities used by the author are Mr. Wesley's Journals, the Minutes of Conference, and other authentic records. As a literary work, the volume is a monument of the author's diligence and care, and it will be found indispensable to future ecclesiastical historians. As a religious work of 'laws' for a Christian Church, extending over nearly 700 closely-printed large octavo pages, it is suggestive—we need hardly say—of the most painful and humiliating reflections.

Volume IV. of *The Select Works of Dr. Chalmers*, edited by Dr. HANKA, and published by Messrs. T. Constable and Co., completes the collection of 'Congregational Sermons.' There are fifty-four of these discourses printed in the present volume, and amongst others the celebrated and, we believe, hitherto unpublished sermon from Isaiah vii. 3—5, on 'Fury not in God.' We take advantage of this opportunity again to recommend this cheap and admirable edition of the works of the great preacher to the support of all our readers.

*Manna in the Heart*, by the Rev. B. BOUCHIER, A.M., curate of Chesham (J. Farquhar Shaw), is the title of a series of reflections of a practical and experimental character on the first seventy-eight Psalms. The work—expressly designed by the author for family reading—lays little claim to originality of thought or style, but it is written in a fine devotional spirit, and will be found by many a useful and valuable aid in heart culture.

The second volume of the *Library of Biblical Literature* (W. Freeman) has been published, and contains the following papers :—The Lake of Galilee—its Cities and Associations; The Lost Tribes of Israel; Scenes in

the Catacombs; Jerusalem and its Great Festivals; and Scenes from the Life of the Apostle Paul.' The last-mentioned paper is published separately. Of the useful design and skilful and judicious execution of this meritorious work we have before spoken; we need only now add that the present volume ably sustains the well-earned reputation of its predecessor.

*Of Plain Papers on Prophetic and other Subjects* (Partridge and Oakey) we can only say that next to Dr. Cumming the writer is the greatest 'darkener of counsel with words without knowledge' on the sealed books of the Bible with whom we have yet come into contact.

The following works have been received, and will, we trust, be noticed in our next number:—

- American Biblical Repository* for April. Trubner and Co.  
*Spirit of the Bible.* By E. HIGGINSON. Vol. II. Whitfield.  
*The Bye-Ways of the Bible.* By R. BROWN. Hamiltons.  
*Inquiry respecting the Church of Christ.* By T. MILNER. Houlston.  
*The Twenty Years' Conflict in the Church and its Remedy.* J. Chapman.  
*A Reply to Dr. Cumming's Lectures on the End of the World.* By H. BLAND. Ward and Co.  
*Congregationalism in Ireland.* By W. TARBOTTOM. J. SNOW.  
*Congregational Church Music.* Cheap Ed. Ward and Co.  
*Christianity as it is.* By an ESSEX FARMER. B. L. Green.  
*Life Spiritual.* By Rev. G. Smith. J. SNOW.  
*The Missionary Wife.* J. SNOW.  
*Biographical Sketch of Dr. Golding Bird.* By J. H. BALFOUR, M.D. Constables.  
*Ethics of the Sabbath.* By D. PEIRCE. Constables.  
*The State-Church.* By W. R. BAKER. Ward and Co.  
*The Curse of Britain.* By W. R. BAKER. Ward and Co.  
*The Sailor's Prayer Book.* J. SNOW.  
*Passing Thoughts.* By J. DOUGLAS, of Cavens. Constables.  
*Public Psalmody.* By S. COWDY. W. B. King.  
*Scenes from the Bible.* By T. Clarkson. J. SNOW.  
*Question of the Supposed Lost Tribes of Israel.* By J. KENNEDY. A. Hall.  
*Anti-Mysticism.* By W. R. BAKER. Ward.  
*The Crimea.* By a LADY. Partridge and Oakey.  
*Russia and her Czars.* By E. J. BRABAZON. R. Theobald.

&c., &c.

## Monthly Retrospect.

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PARLIAMENT, which aggrandizes to itself nearly two-thirds of the readable columns of the daily papers, must this month occupy a rather larger proportion than usual of our brief 'Monthly Retrospect.' Not that it has *done* much: quite the contrary. It never thinks of doing anything till after Whitsuntide; and then, generally speaking, it would be as well if it were to do no more than it did before its holiday. There are exceptions to this remark, and this year there is the notable exception of Sir William Clay's Church-rate Bill. Although the second reading of this bill was fixed for a Wednesday morning, a smart debate was, we believe, generally anticipated. Ordinarily, the House is not disposed to talk much before dinner; but a Church-rate Bill is an exciting subject, and on exciting subjects speeches *occasionally* influence votes. The aspect of the House, however, that morning appears to have decided those who had the conduct of the Bill to repress all unnecessary speech-making, and to bring the question as speedily as possible to the decision of the vote. Sir William Clay's speech was brief and business-like: no other leading member spoke on the Dissenters' side, and only Mr. Labouchere, Lord Seymour, and Lord Palmerston, on the side of the opposition. Lord Palmerston, as we anticipated last month, did ample justice to his character and reputation. After patting the bill on the back on its introduction, he at the last moment endeavoured to trip it up. Though an expert and experienced fencer, the business was so clumsily performed that the noble lord fairly broke down, and was fain to let matters have their own way. The House divided after his speech. As the members filed off, passed Sir William Clay and Mr. Miall, we could not help being reminded of the striking description by the author of the 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' of the division on the Irish Bill. Member after member of the Government slowly formed in procession against his chief. The representatives of the old Whig families steadily supported the stale, traditional policy of Whigism, and voted with their hereditary leader; but all the new men—the blood and sinew of the Administration—'screwed their courage to the sticking point,' and gallantly went with the Radicals. The members of the Government who voted for the Bill were twelve in number; against it, five, including the whipper-in, the Premier, and the Colonial Secretary. Besides this, nine members paired in favour, and seven were conveniently absent. An analysis of the Division-list, made by the Liberation of Religion Society, brings out the following facts:—Last year 395 members voted; viz., 184 *for*, and 211 *against*, the second reading. This session, 410 have voted; viz., 219 *for*, and 189 *against*; as, however, at least 62 members paired, the division represents a House of 472 members. The minority of 27 against the Bill has, therefore, been converted into a majority of 28 in its favour,

being a gain of 55 votes. It is also stated that a dozen of the supporters of the Bill arrived just too late for the division, which came on unexpectedly early. Nine members who voted against the Bill last session, this voted for it, Mr. Cardwell being one. Several Conservatives voted with the majority. Of 109 members who were absent last year, 58 have now voted *for*, and 51 *against* the Bill. No less than 62 who voted against it last session were absent this, while only 30 who supported it then were absent on this occasion.

A further analysis of the population represented by the members, brings out the more important fact, that the majority, although only twenty-eight more than the minority, represented more than double the number of their opponents. We have thus intelligence, wealth, numbers, and, we believe, religious and the greatest weight of character, in favour of the abolition. Perhaps these circumstances, in addition to the present patronage of Government, may weigh with the House of Lords in determining its vote.

The Religious Liberation Society has done all that it can do. It can hardly, we suppose, influence the Upper House, but if strength of purpose, fertility of design, and activity of exertion, could avail, it would, as in the Commons, speedily secure the long-desired result.

We must go back a fortnight, to say a word concerning Mr. Henley's speech on Wednesday, the 3rd. Mr. Henley, we need hardly say, is now an old man. All his lifetime he has been identified with the old Tory party. He was a Tory when Mr. Disraeli was a Radical, and Sir Robert Peel was a Protectionist. One would therefore have imagined, that the natural exclusiveness and narrow-mindedness of High Church Toryism would have become so inveterate a habit with him, that to expect him to take a course in advance of his party—to adopt a new, unpopular, and ultra view of a great social question, would be like expecting an old man to run like an athlete, or a blind eagle to renew his sight. His speech on the education question, however, showed that such an expectation may be realized. Casting from him the trammels of influence and of prejudice, he addressed himself to both the philosophical and practical relations of the question with a candour, an honesty, and a faithfulness, as honourable as it is rare, even in a man of independent position. His testimony to the truth, expediency, and success of the Voluntary principle, we regard as one of the most valuable tributes yet paid to it, and we shall be much mistaken if it be not found to have made a great and forcible impression on the House. The result of it, and other circumstances, is the postponement of the question till 'after Whitsuntide,' while the fathers of all the bills appear to be pretty well agreed in thinking, that there is not much chance of either of them passing muster during the present session, and that they had, therefore, one and all, better be at once embalmed, and buried within the weighty folds of a Select Committee's Blue-book.

Between the two morning repasts to which we have alluded were sundry performances, severally of a dyspeptic, light or spicy character, and leading, as the case might happen, to comical, tragical, or indifferent results. Of the dyspeptic order, were the Loan Bill, the Decimal Coinage Bill, and the



resolutions concerning the 'Screw' question. We happened to be in the House when the last interesting subject came up, the debate on which occupied four dreary hours, and can bear our testimony to the admirable, stolid patience with which the people's representatives will sit out any discussion *not* likely to lead to important measures of practical improvement. Captain Scobell's heavy speech on this occasion was actually cheered. Lord Palmerston's light speeches always meet with the same reception. In fact, almost the only kind of meal for which the House has evidently a decided distaste, is a Nineveh supper. It acts on honourable members like snuff upon a cat. They will digest the screw of the 'Archimedes' itself rather than take it. So, at least, it has seemed since Mr. Layard's speech at Liverpool, and his subsequent 'explanation.' The mixed feelings of envy and hatred, cloaked under the disguise of a regard to 'honour' and 'truth,' with which Mr. Layard has been received, would disgrace a less dignified assembly than the House of Commons. Between Lord Palmerston's lofty affectation of contempt, which would more properly be termed fear, and the viperous hisses of military, naval, and 'civil' services, there is no degree of disgrace. The people look upon them all as manifestations of a guilty alarm striving to represent itself as a virtuous indignation. Hence the excited sympathy with which they read the debate on Friday, the 18th, when the late First Lord of the Admiralty, with bully cowardice and shameless mendacity, strove to fix on the member for Aylesbury the cause of the death of Captain Christie. Hence the delight with which Mr. Layard's letter, convicting the 'Right Honourable' member of purposed and systematic falsehood, was read; and hence the undisguised contempt with which Sir James's subsequent explanation was received. Sir James, as appeared from his virtuously-humble speech, had a reputation built up by no less than thirty-seven years of public life. What a pack of cards it must have been to be blown away by the breath of a single man!

We need not describe, to recur to our first illustration, the feast promised to the House by Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. Layard. Mr. Milner Gibson's turned out to be a Duke Humphrey's dinner. Members must have gone away that night with something of the feelings of a man who, having been formally invited to a great banquet, finds nothing but cold mutton, dry bread, and hard potatoes. Mr. Layard was next to have done the honours of the evening; but a richer repast being offered by Mr. Disraeli, the honourable member very courteously gave way. — How shall we characterise the speeches of the 24th and 25th? Looked at as specimens of Parliamentary oratory, they have probably seldom been surpassed. Mr. Disraeli never spoke with greater power or effect. For two hours and a half the light and heavy artillery of his eloquence was directed with fearful effect on the ranks of his opponents. Sir James Graham, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell, successively fell before his fire, while the Peelites and Manchester allies did not escape without damaged arms. Mr. Gladstone was the first to turn the tide of victory. Lord John Russell followed with very small success. The next night Mr. Whiteside, with great and admirably-sustained eloquence,

retrieved the position of Mr. Disraeli. Mr. Lowe attempted, and successfully executed, a diversion on his own account. Mr. Layard, in 'ambiguous' terms, attacked the Government, and then declared his intention of voting with them; and, lastly, Lord Palmerston, with keen appreciation of his danger, closed the defence by a series of clever movements, and a timely and dignified declaration of warlike purposes and a war policy, until perfect success is obtained. Mr. Disraeli's resolution was, therefore, negatived by a majority of 310 to 210. It yet remains for the House to decide on the three amendments to the resolution.

It is not difficult to define the exact position of parties as brought out in the relief of this memorable debate. The Conservative course is clear; it is a party course directed against a Whig government and a Whig policy, which is *always*, and not merely on the present occasion, one of indecision, ambiguity, and uncertainty. It involves the closing of diplomatic negotiation, and the more vigorous and earnest prosecution of hostilities. Many who would vote for this last object, however, have no confidence in a Tory administration: they will support the amendment of Mr. Lowe. The Peelites and the Manchester party are virtually committed to Sir William Heathcote's amendment, between which and Sir Francis Baring's there is a difference which may lead to perplexing results. The Ministry must be in favour of both; but for which they will ultimately show the preference it is rather difficult to say. Before the adjourned debate Sir Wm. Heathcote's was in favour; after the warlike speech of Lord Palmerston, Sir Francis Baring's apparently best expresses their purpose. One thing, however, has been definitely decided in the debate, viz., that the old Peelite section moves no longer heartily with the Government. Though, therefore, it may be stronger in purpose, it is weaker in support. For ourselves, we can briefly say, summing up our convictions, that we believe no lasting peace will be secured until it is conquered by force of arms, and that we have not an atom of confidence in any of the hypocritical efforts of the Diplomats.

Though the blight of War covers every fair and goodly tree, and the hot passions of contention are drying up the very sources of virtue, we have still signs of progress to chronicle. War hath its own good fruits. It has led to the cry for Administrative Reform; it has so quickened the pace of Science that one electric wire now stretches almost without a break the full length of three thousand miles, from the Black Sea to the English Channel. If the walls of the Royal Academy this year are to be taken as affording sufficient proof, it has apparently paralysed the imagination of the Artists, and it has checked the flow of voluntary offering; but this is all at home. From abroad we hear of the rights of citizenship conceded to the sons of Africa in New York; of the demand for self-government from the Episcopal Church in Canada; of the suppression of convents in Sardinia; of the spread of Christianity in China. What a contrast to these scenes in the moving panorama of the world are the stories of the 'bleeding picture' of Turin, and the present of the bones of St. Felix to her Most Catholic Majesty! Truth's chariot wheels are so, as ever, clogged by error and superstition.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'H. S.,' 'J. R. T.,' and 'J. T. W.' Received.

'W. B.' Under consideration.

'A New Churchman,' or, in other words, a Swedenborgian, writes as follows in reference to the paper inserted in our last number :—

'Bath, May 10, 1855.

'Sir,—Your remarks on "Hood's Swedenborg," though severe, are fair. They are such as, to the mind of any one with the slight knowledge of the New Church doctrines you evince, the book would fairly warrant.

'A writer who confounds the spiritual perceptions of Swedenborg with Mesmerism and clairvoyance, can know nothing of the principles on which those who have read more deeply establish their credibility.

'The New Church appeals to the understanding, and obtains its approval only by rational demonstration. Its increase, therefore, though not rapid, is steady and sure. It is annually progressive in this and other countries, especially in America.

'If the doctrines of the Church are fallacies it is of great importance that they should meet correction. But to the judgment of any one who has made progress therein your article does not touch the subject.

'If you sincerely desire the correction of error read "Noble's Appeal."'

We are happy to give the 'New Church' the benefit of our correspondent's defence. With reference to the book referred to we can only say, that we are acquainted with it, but our readers would hardly thank us for laying its contents before them. The 'increase' of the New Church is no proof of a 'rational demonstration' of its doctrines. Every sect, both in Heathendom and Christendom, has, at one time or other, been on the increase.

'J. M. jun.,' Glasgow. Unsuitable.

The MS. of 'A Few Words to Mother' has been read, but must be declined.

Our correspondent from 'Piercesfield Park' is informed, that we have no intention of reprinting the tale referred to.

\*.\* A sentence occurring in the last number of this journal has been rather severely animadverted upon by several correspondents. Will our friends allow us to say, that we think they have altogether mistaken the aim of the writer? No intention, we are confident, was more foreign to him than to wound or offend the feelings of any individual, least of all of the party our correspondents suppose to be alluded to. The whole scope of the passage, as our friends will see if they read with less prejudiced judgments, is of a directly contrary tendency. Its good taste may fairly be questioned; but an æsthetical error hardly justifies the adoption of the very vigorous style in which our warm-hearted friends are disposed to use their cudgels.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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**JULY, 1855.**

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*Nicholas Gehelli; or, My Life.*

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## CHAPTER VII.

As Nicholas had voluntarily joined himself to the colleagues whom he has described in the previous chapter, it of course became his duty to know them thoroughly, for though the Congregational ministry is avowedly independent, that independence is really too ideal and abstract to be much relied upon, and Nicholas was soon made to feel that the seven churches of Moreton were much more like a ganglion of wounded worms sliming and creeping nearer to each other with the poor hope of thus relieving their pains than bodies of independent men. As the Independent churches were, however, generally connected with the three Baptist ones, their additional ministers must be briefly noticed before we proceed.

The oldest of these ministers was a Mr. Henry Crabb, who had been brought up as a pawnbroker, and had been sent to college for several years. This man was another of the many instances, of which we have always samples illustrative of the fact which the public is too prone to forget, that while a certain number of students will obviously improve from their collegiate training, many will be injured by passing through a course of study of which they do not possess the qualities to improve. They borrow other people's ideas, and hence abandon their own; they affect the habits of greater men than themselves, and thus become ridiculous; and instead of college having taught these non-progressive students the virtues of charity, of submission, and modesty, the training extinguishes their little fire, and they enter upon their ministerial work, what they always remain, living, but merely automatic men, the wires to work whom always come from some one without. Hence the life of mechanical littlenesses that this Henry Crabb was always displaying; always busy, but never making an impression on the

hearts of others ; or always studying the ideas of other men, which he vomited forth again from his pulpit without having secured that those ideas should have been transformed into his own.

The second Baptist minister was a terse, sturdy, and passionate Welshman, who had a much greater power of receptive and communicative habit, always energetic, often eloquent, and sometimes even pathetic and beautiful ; but though he netted into his church a considerable number of earnest and progressive men, the wealthier members of the denomination quietly preferred Henry Crabb, and would rather swallow his prudent twaddle by the yard every Sunday, than run the risk of having their consciences set on fire by the more pungent and individual appeals, or give themselves the trouble of thinking out the arguments, of Powell Evans.

The third Baptist minister in Moreton was a quiet man of taste, a deep thinker and reader of old literature, especially the Puritan, which Nicholas thought then, and still believes, the Dissenters aggrandize far beyond its real value—a book-worm, who was better read in rare editions than some of the bibliopoles, and yet withal an earnest and fresh preacher, worth fifty Mr. Doolittles, and five hundred theological Francis Cockers, but, strange to say, though the best preacher, and the truest Christian of the three, he had the poorest and the least congregation. Mr. Slighted was followed by some students and a number of thinking young men ; but the many, who were always in favour of the pretty small talk of the pulpit, and the tear-forcing anecdotes of other preachers, doomed this good man, who soon quitted the town in disgust, to be neglected during his stay, as their taste has since and before doomed the best preachers of every church to the intellectual few. This is so sure a rule that Nicholas has fallen into the prejudice of thinking favourably of neglected preachers.

One profound impression was made on the mind of our author by the aspect of nine out of these ten churches of Moreton, which were all in a drooping state, rather resembling the ailing or convalescent inmates of a hospital than groups of vivid men exhibiting proofs of that earnest life which Christianity warrants and requires. When too late to retrace his steps, Nicholas often felt into what an unpleasant station he had thrust himself by becoming the minister of one of these churches ; but both his duty and his interest required him to buckler his mind for the contest, and by as much prudence as he could command to prevent the rise of many of those fierce contentions which he now saw were inevitable in an Independent church in the manufacturing districts. But what cause these contentions which daily rise in some parts of England and Scotland as truly as the sun ? Either the abuse of the democratic element in those churches, or the imperfect temper of the members, who are not sufficiently imbued with the spirit of Christ to manage the frequent differences of opinion with judicious candour. Much is no doubt attributable to the latter cause ; but Nicholas believes that these churches were more democratic than the Scriptures will warrant, than were exhibited by the earliest societies of Christendom, or than can be justified in the present

state of human nature. As the laws of the Congregational body are now explained, every member possesses the right of delivering his opinions at the church-meeting, either on the subject of finance, of doctrine, or of discipline; and as most of these churches contain some conceited and ignorant members, who possess a volubility of utterance, it is a rare church indeed that is not inflicted with some such frequent disquisitions. A question may be asked that will set half the church in a state of hostility to the other members; an opinion may be thus uttered that will embroil the officers of the church with a portion of the congregation; and an ignorant criticism may be hazarded which will commit the minister to the unseemly course of contending with some flippant person, who will neither be silenced by advice, nor quelled by authority. In the Scriptures the minister is represented as a *ruler* whose province is, indeed, not to legislate, but to enforce the application of the laws of Christ in the name of the church which he serves; but in the practice of Independency the minister is a mere agent, not, indeed, even a secretary (for in some churches he does not keep the church books); who can only be allowed to act as the majority determines. When it suits the churches to proclaim the rulership of their ministers they will do so valiantly; and when it pleases them to show the minister his dependence on the majority, some of the members will call into question even the facts of his nominating three or four auditors to examine the treasurer's accounts, or two visitors to inquire into the character of a candidate as an invasion of the rights of the church! Let no ministers who are more favourably situated call these statements into question, for we can give the names of churches thus democratic, and where even the autocrat deacon refuses to show his minister the particulars of his cash accounts for the salary! It is often inquired, why wealthy Christian families so frequently leave the denomination of the Independents for that of the Church of England which they so much dislike? Many of the Independents attribute this to the decay of their piety under the influence of wealth, and we admit that this may sometimes be the case; but we are convinced that the cause is as often to be found in the *excessive* democracy of the churches, and which we imagine to be one of the greatest hindrances to the growth of the Congregational system among those families who, whatever may be said of their wealth, can only give to the system that impressiveness which will establish its superiority among men of their own class. Congregational Dissent, which is as old as the Church of England, does not exceed 4,000 congregations in the realm, although the activity of the Voluntary principle is so much more progressive than that of the Established Church, and we are convinced that Dissent has now fewer distinguished families than it had in the time of Charles II. and of William III.

We are no advocates for an unlimited ministry, because we are sure that irresponsible power would soon be abused, nor do we desire to see the democracy in theory struck out of our system; but we earnestly wish that the democratic element were in abeyance by general consent

of the members, and only excited into action rarely, as when the minister or the deacons endeavour to rule in defiance both of the laws of the New Testament and of the enlightened sentiment of the church. A case has come to our knowledge within the past few days that will illustrate the evil of this democratic element in the Christian church. Near the city of London, there was a minister of a large congregation, which he had raised almost entirely by his talents and devotedness; the church was nearly 300 members, and the congregation some 800, with flourishing schools. A democratic tradesman, who had produced commotion in several other churches with which he had been connected, united himself with this church; and as he was of a busy and restless nature, he projected several movements, which brought him before the whole congregation. An election of deacons was made, and this man was one of the elected, and on that account the older and more respectable deacons at once quitted their office and the church, and this circumstance placed all the power in his own hands. Under his influence another democratic member or two arose in the church-meeting, and preferred a number of frivolous charges against the minister, who, though well adapted to his ministry and the neighbourhood, was ill prepared to combat with these men, and the result is, that the church is now immensely reduced; the congregation, to a great degree, is scattered; and that minister, with a large family and a broken heart, is now in extreme poverty and out of employment; and these church members are looking about for a successor. Some of our readers will ask, Where were the church members to allow such scenes to be enacted? But who does not know that the bulk of such members are cyphers in the transaction of church business; that many believe everything that is said in public, and especially by respectable men of the world; and that of the few who see the evil of such proceedings, many lack the power of giving utterance to their opinions, and perhaps more the courage to rise, it may be, for the first time in their lives to address a public audience; while all churches contain a considerable number who believe that all things will work together for the best, and thus sheathe their ignorance or their cowardice behind their pious opinions. Had this minister either possessed the power of veto on the election of deacons, or of nominating them, this democratic deacon would never have been elected, and in all probability the church would now have been in peace. Ye Congregational ministers of her Majesty's dominions, if disposed to contribute your joint experience, could easily produce the strongest reason against this extreme Congregationalism, not from the arguments of history or logic, but from the sterner facts of your own experience.

Such was more or less the spirit that animated all the Congregational churches of Moreton, modified in some humble degree by the talents and character of the minister, but it was most powerful in those societies where the minister was young or feeble; and Nicholas was soon made to understand the ripe presence of this democracy in his own church, though he had been a stranger to its manifestation in the

country from which he had removed. In about six weeks after his settlement, and when our friend was in a state of extreme ill-health, a young man prayed among other things that his minister (Nicholas) 'might be kept from neglecting the stone on which he stood, but thou knowest, Lord, that he is understriking it;' or, in other words, that he was not paying sufficient attention to the lower democratic element; and on the minister questioning one of the deacons what this young man intended by such a prayer, he was told, 'Oh, it was nothing; the young man had risen from the Sunday school to be one of its teachers and an important member of the church, but that he thought too much of his own talents.' This was, perhaps, a trifling indication of the direction in which the wind was blowing; but the church meetings were mostly distinguished by the ready and impertinent remarks of such speakers.

This ultra-democratic temper of the churches at Moreton was further nourished by a separate society from members of all the churches, under the name of 'the Village Preachers' Society.' Around the town there existed for nearly twenty miles a number of small village churches, which were supplied by these village preachers on the Sunday. They had a committee of their own, who allotted the places to the preachers, held a monthly and a quarterly meeting, at which the members delivered themselves of such sentiments as they thought proper. Nicholas, as a new man, was invited to give these village preachers a lecture, which he did on what he conceived an English evangelist required, but the duties and the qualifications were either pitched too high for his audience, or the spirit of his address did not please, for he never received another invitation, and he is not aware that any of his brethren were ever asked to give a lecture to this society. Prior to our friend's going to Moreton, it appears the village preachers and the body of the ministers had fought many a battle, the latter affirming, that as the village preachers were all members of some one of the churches, and acted in their capacity as village preachers while they were still members of the churches, the ministers believed that they ought to have the control of the society. But the village preachers firmly maintained their own independence; and as they supplied the adjacent churches, and administered in some instances the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper, they considered themselves properly constituted ministers. Some of the village preachers were occasionally invited to supply the town pulpits, in the absence or the sickness of the proper ministers, as their earnest common sense was better received by the congregations than the more polished but immature sermons of the college students.

Perhaps a third source of the democratic spirit in the churches of this manufacturing town arose from the great and useful body of the Sunday-school teachers. Nicholas foresaw, from many circumstances, the tendency of the present temper of that body; and taking the position of the comparatively low state of education among the Sunday-school teachers for the basis of his operations, he suggested the importance of establishing an institution for the better



training of such young persons and others as desired to employ themselves in the great work of educating the children of the poor. He also delivered a carefully-prepared lecture on the subject to a large audience of Sunday-school teachers, but either the plans were too extensive, the labour to be imposed on the students too arduous, or the junto of the schools foresaw that, if such an institution were established, it would transfer their work to other hands, for he heard no more of the matter than a vote of thanks, and various complimentary opinions by the older men of the goodness of the scheme. Nor has anything been done to this day to overcome that serious evil of placing as superintendents and teachers over hundreds of children men and women many of whom—we speak of a manufacturing district—can scarcely read, and whose knowledge of scriptural geography, natural history, chronology, and the history of the Jewish people, neither to mention their acts as they existed in the days of Christ, or the facts that so often obtrude on our attention in the Acts and the Epistles, is lamentably little.

The discipline of the churches in Moreton was generally, and perhaps inevitably, lax, as members of churches on the least offence would betake themselves at once to some other churches, who were generally too much delighted to receive them to entertain any other questions that might be mooted by the body which the new aspirants were quitting. It was sometimes an advantage to Nicholas thus to be solicited by troublesome members for commendatory letters, the reason of course being usually assigned that they would be more profited by an exchange of ministry; and while he thus unintentionally discharged his unquiet associates into the fellowship of other churches, they also occasionally turned some of their fetid waters into his garden. Nor can this evil be remedied till more discrimination is exercised in the giving of merely commendatory letters to *all* retiring members who intend to settle in the same town. It is a gross abuse of this epistolary valediction, which in the first instance was only intended to transfer members of distant churches to early fellowship with other Christian brethren. These commendatory letters, like charity, cover a multitude of sins; for as soon as they arrive at one church from another, they either introduce the brother recommended with all his faults, or, if they be rejected by the church, a controversy probably then arises between the churches that thus disagree, if not also between the rejected member and the minister of the church which did not receive him. It is a well-known fact how few of these letters are ever much discussed, and it is in that matter-of-course addition to our members that much of our danger lies.

About the year 1839 the influenza ravaged Moreton for a period of nearly three months to so great an extent, that while on many days there occurred one hundred funerals per diem, there was scarcely a family that did not inter some of its members. While this epidemic was thus running through its streets, most of the congregations were nearly all scattered; chapels and churches that would accommodate from 750 to 1,000 persons, scarcely mustered a congregation of one

hundred; and even upon the hale audience there evidently sat a fearful expression of anxiety, as no one knew whose turn would come next. Some of the clergy, both Established and Voluntary, were disabled by the disease, and more than one medical man warned Nicholas of the extreme danger of his own case; but it happened in that instance, as it has often done in other departments of providential government, that the man of feeble health better resisted the assaults of the tempest than many of those models of perfect health, who were no sooner stricken with the disease than they died. The wife and the two children of Nicholas were struck with the epidemic one afternoon, almost within ten minutes: the struggle of the whole three for life was a severe, and to Nicholas a memorable one; but the youngest child, just gushing into the enchanting period of childhood, when the first ideas are distinctly and rapidly formed, when the tongue and the countenance rival each other in giving expression to these new thoughts, and when that lovely ideality that clothes the face in the light of intellect beautifies the animal form, lingered for some weeks and died; and Nicholas then laid his remains in the snow-covered grave, and began to feel how much the death of his lovely child had increased to him the attractions of heaven, as his very pulse seemed to throb into the realms of the beatified assembly of just men made perfect.

The severe pressure of the Corn-laws was heavily felt about this period in all the trading districts, and the working classes of Moreton were deeply aggrieved by the stoppage of orders and the failure of many of the masters: the poor-rates were enormously high; provisions of the coarsest kind could scarcely be obtained by the workmen; numbers of their wives and young children perished for want of requisite food; the resources of almost all the benefit societies were soon consumed; and there were many thousands of the best artisans employed either in sweeping the streets or in begging, while many of the more provident workmen and little masters boldly emigrated to America. This dreadful period of bad trade was a sore trial to all the congregations, because, while the failure of wages in part dried up the ministers' income, all their eleemosynary resources were most inadequate for the occasion; and, what was still worse, many church members were exasperated to despair, and often broke out into some of those violent disorders, of which the civic authorities were soon compelled to take cognisance. Nicholas was deputed, at this period, to attend, as a deputy from Moreton, the meetings of the Corn-law League at Manchester and in London; and it was on these occasions that he formed an acquaintance with the leaders of that movement, and especially with Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Thompson, Daniel O'Connell, Villiers, Wilson, and most other of the leading speakers of that movement. In Moreton itself, Nicholas collected the evidence of more than ten thousand persons, who had been deprived of their trade by the taxed bread. Many of these persons, who gave evidence on the occasion, developed some curious and startling facts—especially the one which illustrated their ill state of education; for, out of the gross number of the ten thousand witnesses, a vast proportion of the working men were even unable to

sign their names to the paper which they were requested to fill up, and only an insignificant number could spell or write with ordinary ability! Whole rows of houses and parts of entire streets were abandoned by the working men, who, after having sold or burnt their furniture, betook themselves to lodge in a single room, and the year before the repeal of the Corn-laws many houses in Moreton had even a greater number of families lodging in them than they had rooms in the house. All the better clothes of the artisans were either worn out or in pledge; many men were thrown into prison from debt to their respective clubs; their securities were fallen upon, and the whole town seemed not only at the end of its wit, but the peace was often broken by mobs of riotous and unthinking men; many of the police were rudely handled by the men, whom despair had made reckless; and the trades' unions employed their incendiaries to cut or remove the tools of the workmen, or to fling inflammable materials into the windows of the masters, who were as much harassed and oppressed by the Corn-laws as the workmen themselves. Such a time of public suffering Nicholas had never witnessed before, and trusts that he shall never see the realization of such a period again.

The following year, 1841, if Nicholas rightly remembers, is pleasantly associated in the memory of many, who, on the occasion of the London Missionary Society's anniversary, formed an acquaintance with Tzatzoe, the Caffre chief, who was in this country at the time, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Reed, sen., the venerable missionary and associate of Dr. Vanderkemp. These persons were sent to Moreton to induce the inhabitants to increase their contributions to the society, and Nicholas paid attention to Tzatzoe for what he was, and to Mr. Reed—a simple and good man—both for what he had done and for what he knew. Both these gentlemen were much at the house and in the company of Nicholas, who was anxious to learn from the old preacher all that he could narrate about the beloved and the high-souled Vanderkemp, whose marriage with a poor native woman, it appeared, both shortened his life and abridged his usefulness. And yet even that mistaken action was a part of the brave sacrifice of his life which the Doctor made to the cause of Christ, for he imagined that by joining his blood with that of the native population of Africa, he would conciliate the feelings of the population: he did, indeed, affect their feelings by this marriage, but it was only in the way in which other marriages of missionaries with natives have operated—to overthrow the latent reverence of the pagan mind for the exalted character of the Christian missionary. Brave, indeed, was the life of Vanderkemp for years after he must have discovered the unsuitableness of his marriage; and a noble coadjutor was Mr. Reed, a man much after the mechanical model of Moffat and John Williams, who, while they taught their sable people the glorious tidings of salvation by Christ, could also teach them how to build, to cultivate the ground, to make themselves garments, and to heal at once their diseases and to instruct their chiefs in the common rudiments of civil justice and law. Nicholas collected for the use of Mr. Reed and Tzatzoe a great

quantity of useful articles for the mission at Kat River, of the arrival of which he received due notice after some twelve months.

We have little to say of the opposition of the Government to Mr. Reed on the subject of the Caffre war. The chief, Tzatzoe, who, as well as Mr. Reed and his son, gave evidence before the select committee of Parliament on the war, and was severely and somewhat hostilely examined by the committee, clearly proved that the Caffre war was all owing to the injustice and the impolicy of our Government. It is, however, more with the private character of Tzatzoe that we have to do than with his public one; and in this it was impossible not to observe his wide-awake powers of observation—his strong and receptive understanding—his inimitable powers of drollery and mimicry—and the free and independent carriage of the ex-chief, for Tzatzoe had been unjustly deprived of his office as chief of the Teendees. This repudiated chief, who was more zealous to all appearance for the success of Christian missions in Africa than for restoration to his government, greatly interested the people of Moreton, who, like all other people of gross habits and of comparatively little reflection, would rather see at any time the veriest savage than hear the best speeches or sermons that could be delivered. It is, however, to be hoped that the appeal made both by Tzatzoe and Mr. Reed to the various audiences they addressed in Moreton, of his fulfilling the words of Christ, who said, 'that many should come from the east' to the kingdom of heaven, in preference to the children of the kingdom, did not pass away without producing lasting results.

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## The Prophets of the Old Testament.

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### III.—DAVID.

THE period when David appears in the Jewish history was one as critical as it is possible to conceive, for while one or two of the tribes had acquired an undue ascendancy over the rest, the government of their once popular Saul had signally failed; and, but for David's introduction, the nation would have been probably dissolved, for the priesthood was all but disorganized; the Levites, without ecclesiastic duty, had become soldiers; the ark was at Shiloh, and the shewbread at Nob; and one popular brand at that instant would have set the nation in flames. There was no danger of the Jews quitting Palestine, or of coalescing with another people, but there was a danger when they saw the inutility of a mere king among them, of their dissolving again into their old tribal state during those melancholy 498 years of the Judges. Their written law, which the Jews received as an inspired document that could not be altered—their Sabbath institution, founded upon it—their rites of circumcision, of sacrifice, and of worship, so

long as the people believed them, would compel them to be a peculiar people, and their refusal to intermarry or eat with other nations would naturally array against them all other people; but if Providence had not produced David at that juncture, with such rare gifts, and endowed him afterwards with influences so extraordinary, we believe that the nation itself, that had already lost its religious fire, would have been destroyed. David may, therefore, be considered as great a reformer as Moses was the founder of Jewish legislation and life, and, like all other such men, he rose from the lowest classes, and had to suffer and contend as much as the Protestant reformers of Germany; and from those sufferings and contests David drew both succour and fame.

David was born 1085 B.C., the youngest of a family of eight sons, whose father was Jesse the Bethlehemite. As his father was a sheep-master, he employed his sons in his own business, and it is as a young shepherd that we find him introduced by his father to Samuel (1 Sam. xvi. 12), who anointed him before the other members of the family. David next appears in the character of a harper to Saul, whose frequent ill moods of melancholy or passion it appears music at that period was wont to dissipate. Shortly after this appointment, Goliath, the Philistine giant, appeared in the front of his army, and challenged to single combat any of the Israelites; and as he was an undoubtedly powerful man, and the country to which he belonged had often proved its superiority to the Jews in war, the latter were afraid when David, to the astonishment of every one, accepted Goliath's challenge, and by slaying him, at once made himself known to both the armies of Israel and of Philistina. One is somewhat astonished to find that De Wette, and after him F. W. Newman, object to the sacred record, which first represents David as the harper to Saul, and then, after the giant was decapitated, as being unknown to the king, who first asks Abner, and afterwards David himself, 'Whose son art thou?' The assumed difficulty lies in Saul not seeming to know the young man, whom he must have so often seen before; but surely it is not unnatural to suppose that David might have played before Saul without ever being seen at all, especially if he sat in one room and the king in another, as has been the custom in England for above a thousand years; or one might remember the proverbially short memories of kings, or even suppose that as a harper he might be dressed in a different style from the one in which David appeared in combat with Goliath, or even that the inquiry of the king is not to be taken in the ordinary sense of the term, but to allow Abner or David an opportunity to speak; or we may imagine that after the victory Saul supposed David to be some tried but unknown champion, instead of a mere shepherd. Two circumstances arose from that victory which expedited his way ultimately to the throne; but, in the first instance, by one of them he won the friendship of Jonathan, and the other, the chaunting by the women of his praises, in which he is made to be a greater conqueror than the king, excited Saul's jealousy and displeasure, and which laid the foundation of the ten or twelve years' exile that David led in Judea till the death of Saul.

It is very probable that prior to the introduction of this prophet to the court of Saul that he led the happiest part of his life, in the capacity of a shepherd to his father. That occupation demanded both skill and courage—the former to avoid all unnecessary collisions with other shepherds, or with the banditti that always swarmed on the Jewish mountains: the latter to resist the approaches of the wolf, the bear, and the lion, that were ever prowling about the fold: indeed, David himself tells us, ‘Thy servant kept his father’s sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock, and I smote him and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me I caught him by the beard, and smote and slew both the lion and the bear.’ It was probably in that early and receptive youthfulness that some of his psalms were composed, as the nineteenth and the twenty-third especially, for we find that the employments of the Oriental shepherd were frequently directed to that blazoned page in Nature’s Book of Revelation,\* which can always be read better in its own light—the starry sky. As a shepherd, too, David would study the law of his God, in which he always took the greatest delight, as well as perhaps improved his passion for music; and, what is of more consequence to the world at large, he would in this employment, during which he would pass weeks without seeing a human countenance, foster that higher love of poetry, whose fuller development made him the ‘sweetest singer in Israel.’ In the formation of these qualities in his shepherd-life, the son of Jesse was best qualifying himself afterwards to play the part of a magistrate, a monarch, and even the reformer of the Jewish church. We ourselves repudiate the belief that either the fable of Orpheus or that of Philodemus owed their origin to the musical powers of David’s shepherd-life, as we believe them to have been in existence long before the Davidic era.

As a patriot, the son of Jesse distinguished himself during the long period between the song of the Jewish women and the overthrow of his rival and oppressor Saul. It may be true that he was for the disaffected and the unfortunate Jews a counter-centre for all such men as could not join the forces of Saul, and as such counter-centres of authority do and always have existed in more or less force in almost every nation, there is nothing further to reproach David with in living in Ziklag, and in being defended by his body-guard of soldiers, whom the late Edward Irving used to call ‘David’s ragged regiment,’ than the fact which we often meet with in our own history of unfortunate men being the first to discover important truth, like Brown in the days of Henry VIII., or Robinson, of *May-flower* notoriety, or Philip Nye, who was almost denounced as a scout and an infidel, merely because he was resolute in maintaining the rights of all mankind to unlimited freedom of conscience. Those six hundred rude, but well-disciplined men, in the holds with David, had seized the truth which alone could save the nation, and which was nothing short of promoting their leader

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See a curious little volume, entitled, ‘Nature considered as a Revelation.’ 12mo.

David to the seat of royal power. We challenge any of the disciples either of Chubb, of Bayle, or of their mental descendant, De Wette, to point out anything unpatriotic, in the period of David's exile, which can be fairly quoted against his character, except the fact of his feigning madness, which, in short, can be shown as proof to establish that very patriotism itself.

It is, however, less as a patriot than as a church reformer that this great man most attracts our notice. Scarcely seated on the throne of all Israel, which happened in his thirty-seventh year, we find David beginning his vast work, for which he needed perhaps all his power, and to accomplish which he may have desired to be king. He made Jerusalem his capital residence, and removed thither the ark of the Lord from Kirjath-Jearim; established the line of high priests, who were to perform service before it; re-appointed the observance of the great day of atonement; and to express the heartiness of his joy in these steps, to promote the service of God, he danced before the ark as it was carried into the capital, by which he gave great offence to his wife, Michal. David divided the 30,000 Levites, who had attained thirty years of age, into 6,000 officers, to superintend the rest, 4,000 porters, and 4,000 musicians and singers for the public service of God, and the priesthood into twenty-four courses. (1 Chron. xxiv.) In addition, this right-hearted ruler also divided the singers and musicians into twenty-four courses, so that all the priests and the Levites might take their successive parts in public worship. Here was succession and itinerancy with a vengeance, and, compared with the modern rituals of the most ceremonial churches, rather fills one with wonder and awe at the numbers that then assisted in the public ordinances of religion, than admiration at the external poverty of worship now. If the sensuous, the pictorial, and the external have any adaptation to inculcate the feelings and sentiments of piety into the worshippers, as some imagine, how hallowed a nation ought that Jewish one to have been; and yet we find it was the very nation that a few years later tamely submitted to see Jeroboam establish his calf-worship, and to allow the whole people under Rehoboam to divide into two parties on account of the insolent joke of the king!

As a man, one can scarcely tell which of his excellent qualities is most worthy of our admiration—his attachment to his friends, Jonathan, Ishbosheth, Abner, and Amasai, or his gratitude to old Barzillai—his reverence for Nathan, even after he had reproved him for the sin with Bathsheba, or his noble attachment to his mean and fallen master, Saul. To what parental heart has not the conduct of David to his son Absalom finely appealed? And though we can scarcely understand the grounds of some of his conduct to several other of his children, we can feel the difficulties in which this mistaken man was involved from yielding so far to the custom of his nation and of the age as to have encumbered himself with so many wives and concubines. We think we are justified in inferring, from the case of Amnon and Tamar, as well as from his deep religious habits and principles, not only how much he loved all his progeny (a very subordinate

virtue we allow), but that he who so carefully instructed Solomon would as certainly instil into their minds those principles that were the foundation of his own comfort and hope. In short, it appears to us impossible that the Jews could have ever held David in that high moral esteem in which he is preserved to the present day, if he had been negligent about a parental duty on which that nation has always laid so much emphasis: nor, indeed, is it possible to suppose a religious mind, itself strongly impressed with the benefits of early education and piety, to both of which David traced all his honour and success in life, could have neglected the education of his children.

His efforts, however, for the service of God did not stop here. For having become acquainted with the advancement of the Tyrians in the mechanical arts, he made a treaty with Hiram the king, by which he was to receive stone and timber from that district in exchange for Jewish corn and oil, in order that David might carry out his magnificent ideas in the erection of a costly temple to Jehovah. As his whole life had been that of a warrior and a political chieftain, he was forbidden by Nathan to commence the work which, said he, 'it was well that it was in thine art to do,' but the Psalmist was told that the project should be carried on by his son. The collection of materials and of money by the king seems to have been one of the last great acts of his life; and in the 28th and following chapters of the first book of Chronicles, we have an extraordinary memoir illustrative of the generosity, the ardour, and the unity of the people in this pious design. But for these amassed stores dedicated to the temple, it is questionable whether Solomon could have built the house at all, or at least could have constructed it on that prodigious scale of costliness with which it was completed, in seven years from the time of its commencement; as we imagine, that notwithstanding his wonderful genius, his youth, and the extravagance of his household, and administration, that he never filled the mind of his people with that profound veneration which they had so long felt for his more distinguished father. The ecclesiastical splendour with which the reign of Solomon was distinguished in the eighth year of his government may be said to have been solely owing to the more intensely religious zeal of his predecessor, who had brought the ark to the new city which his sword had won, re-established some of the great festivals of the Jewish Church, and organized its Levitic orders into successional series, to attend divine service as long as the nation should endure. And when we remember the bearing of public religion and worship on the civil and moral life of a nation, we can scarcely give credit enough to the far-seeing reformation effected by David, providing, as it did, at once the most attractive outward and visible form of spiritual life; uniting the Levites in their proper religious employment; closing the door against all the gods of the world, besides Jehovah; and, at the same time, if his grandson had only been a prudent man, giving a vast prop to that objective and future unity of the nation which could alone have made it powerful either against Egypt, Syria, or the Chaldean power.

One cannot, however, dismiss this rapid glance at the life of this



sainted man without feeling in what a circle of armed and determined objectors we stand ; we are assailed at once by Chubb and Bayle, by De Wette and Strauss, by Theodore Parker and F. Newman, with a host of anonymous accusers, who either attack the truth of the record in the Old Testament, the ideal that it furnishes us of 'the man after God's own heart,' or ridicule modern Christians for what they are pleased to call the rash and silly adoption of the high eulogies which the Jews were accustomed to pay to their warrior and their poetic king. Look, says one, David takes the head of Goliath into Jerusalem, while it belonged to the Jebusites ; or at his bloody destruction of the city of Nob, and at his affecting madness ; while another reminds us of the assumed cruelties at Ziklag ; at his intention to destroy Nabal for a comparatively trivial offence ; at his having so many wives and concubines when he was writing his pious Psalms ; at his immolation of the sons of Saul ; at his delight in scenes of bloodshed and war ; and to omit many similar instances, the adultery with Bathsheba, and the virtual murder of her husband. We could also add a list of our own accusations to this grievous number ; but what mortal ruler has ever lived against whom similar charges might not be preferred ? Many of the items now referred to cannot be denied ; but while we blame our own version of the Old Testament for having so ill translated some of the incidents in the Davidic life, we believe that a little candid criticism would greatly mitigate some of the offensiveness of other portions. His polygamy and his severities in war must be referred to the spirit of the age, and even to the enlightened notions of people more modern, and to generals nearer our own time. No man can rise altogether above the spirit of his own era ; and we are persuaded, that if these censorious critics, who bear so hardly against the reputation of David, were to apply their more merciful maxims (which they owe to Christianity itself) to their half-worshipped heroes, Alexander, Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Buonaparte, or Wellington, that little further would be said of the warlike butcheries of the king of Israel. No one has a right to say that we are insensible of the moral evils in David's life, we deplore them earnestly ; but as his life was probably written by Gad, Samuel, and Nathan, though their original works are now lost, it is impossible for us to deny them ; and it would be unjust to extend to his faults an apologetic defence, which we are not prepared to apply to those of every other good man. Human charity, and even justice, finds such apologies often necessary, if history is to be read and written with advantage ; and while we freely apply this candid defensiveness to the statesman, the orator, or the merchant, what was there in David's case to forbid our applying the same rules to him ? The truth is, this continual allusion to the faults of David rather proceeds from hearts averse to the sacred history of the Bible, than from those supereminent views into the wickedness of obliquity which is too often professed by unfriendly criticism.

The reader can scarcely dismiss the life of David without seeing in him one of the happiest combinations of the exalted man of much secular business, ever preserving religion in its vital influences in his

heart on a still higher throne. That problem that we have seen so few to solve, and so many to try and fail in to attain, to this combination of business for the present life always treated as a subordinate element to the business of another, we find fully realized in this man David, of whom so many are the unthinking eulogists or the unreflecting censors. The attainment of this position in the life of David at once stamps him with the real reputation of exalted piety, than which nothing else could have enabled him to sustain his soul in so rare, so daring, and so wondrous a flight. He did occasionally, indeed, fall to the earth, like the eagle, to eat or to rest his wings, but what man before Christ, what poet out of the Hebrew nation, or what other extraordinary saint, was ever seen so commonly carrying out the precept of Paul, to 'be diligent in business and fervent in spirit,' as David, who, whether he be regarded as a shepherd, a musician, a hero, a king, a parent, or an ally, was still more obviously a servant of God. It was this positive form of the piety of David that has always upheld his name in every succeeding age of the Church, that justifies Christian candour in covering many of his obvious defects with forgiving catholicity, and that will undoubtedly still sustain the reputation of the Psalmist in all future ages, whatever developments or progress may be meantime made in the art of Christian poetry. The character of this good man was in its natural formation composed only of a few of the greatest and most rare qualities of humanity, and which, as developed in Cæsar, in Napoleon the Great, or in our own Oliver Cromwell, broke out in both virtues and vices far beyond the ordinary measurement in which they appear in other men. To do justice to such a character, the reader must transfer himself to David's time and country, drink the spirit of his age, look at the conduct of the best of other men, and then he may be able to deliver such a verdict for the king of Israel as will somewhat approximate to the reality of his claims. One sees with joy the portrait of David held up laurelled and aloft on the walls of the Church, even higher than those of most of the prophets; the mortification is that we find his portrait from the hand of the same Divine artist in the sinner's room, warning the beholder of the double vice often allied, and mostly connected, with adultery and murder!

But what proof have we that David was a prophet, and that he has bequeathed to posterity in his odes, his lyrics, or his elegiac pieces, any of those imperishable predictions which give him a right to be placed at once in the school of the prophets? What! exclaims Bishop Horne, with as much horror as his episcopal dignity would permit him to betray, has criticism sunk so low in England as to call into doubt whether David was a true prophet? What! starting into dismay, inquires old Bates, can have blinded half the critics of England and Germany, that they can only see the crown of poetry on the brows of David, and miss the prophetic horn? Much as these and other worthies are shocked at the obvious tendency of the age to give him a little more honour for the cultivation of poetry, and to take away the whole of his prophetic nimbus, such is the tendency. And it is

because we feel such to be the ultimatum of present inquiries, that we shall find it necessary in the present paper to occupy the remainder of our space with the two inquiries, What did David predict? and have we all his prophecies?

The author of the 'Synopsis,' which until late years has been generally attributed to Augustine, though there is no proof of it having been his work, observes that some of the friends of Hezekiah selected 150 psalms of David, out of the 3,000 pieces which he had composed, and suppressed the rest, and he affirms that this record is to be found in some book which he calls 'the Chronicles.' This, however, contains the unhistoric fallacy opposed both to the voice of modern criticism and to the obvious post-Davidic character of many of the psalms. None of the early fathers of the Church are safe guides on this aspect of the book, for though there is still extant a paraphrase of the Psalms in hexameter verse by Apollinarius, bishop of Laodicea, half way through the fourth century, and six different entire commentaries on this book by old Greek writers; though Ambrose, somewhat later, wrote remarks on the whole of the 119th Psalm, and Theodore of Mopsuestia, towards the close of the same century, produced five volumes on the life and works of David, we have no attempt at a rational view of the Psalms according to their several authors. The book of Psalms is, indeed, commonly assigned to David, though it is generally admitted by the most attentive and candid of modern scholars that the authorship of only seventy, or, at the most, seventy-three of them are attributable to him. Our range of inquiry into the prophetic passages to be found in the writings of David must, therefore, be limited to the following seventy; viz., Psalm iii.—xxxii., xxxiii.—xl., l.—lxiv., lxvii.—lxix., lxxxv., c., cii., cvii.—cix., cxxxiii., cxxxvii.—cxliv. And we must even narrow the limits of inquiry much further, for many of these seventy psalms are only clearly referential to the historic occurrences in the writer's life, to the moods of his ever-growing piety, or to the utterance of those eucharistic feelings which frequently flowed through his heart. Are we right, however, in assigning the above seventy psalms only to David, or on what other grounds, beside the absence of his name at the head, are we justified in attributing the other eighty to Asaph, to the sons of Corah, to Solomon, Moses, and to Heman and Etham? Is it certain, for instance, that none of the eighteen which are anonymous and without any title at all may be justly attributed to David? Or who is to convince us that the names of Corah, Asaph, &c., do not imply authorship, but were rather indicative of the person who was to set the lyric to music, or introduce it into the use of public song? One might, indeed, soon determine the much-disputed question as to the prophetic qualities of some of the Psalms of David, by referring at once to the 2nd and to the 110th, in the former of which Jehovah inaugurates the Messiah, declares it to be his fixed purpose to carry him through his work, and concludes by foretelling the vast influence of his reign, and the consternation that would seize upon his enemies; and in the latter,

predicting the certain victory of his son ; but the hypercritics at once remind us that neither of these productions is included in the list of the Davidic Psalms, and thus, for the time, nullify the proofs they afford of the prophetic fire.

We are quite aware both of the difficulty of determining what in the Old Testament writings is prophetic, and of the peculiarity of many of the psalms, but we think ourselves justified in calling into this controversy the authority of Christ and of his apostles, since, as they were themselves both prophetic, and possessed more of the Spirit of God than we do, they must be allowed to be better judges of what is to be read in the Book of Psalms predictively, and were too much filled with the spirit of truth to quote as prophecies fulfilled in their own day passages that merely happened to agree more or less with the events. We are often, indeed, told that the quotations made by Christ and the apostles were mere accommodations, just as we ourselves quote a concurrent passage from some older author without the least intention of intimating that such quotation is to be regarded as a prediction. Some even go further, and declare that Christ and his apostles may have sincerely believed that those pre-existent passages in the Old Testament that applied to the events of their own day, were genuine prophecies, even though the texts themselves prove they were not. And we even meet with a still bolder class of writers, who affirm that as God knew the Jews had foretold many remarkable events, that he so governed human affairs as to cause those events actually to occur ! To talk in this manner is plainly to treat prophecy as a burletta rather than a grave business of human belief ; and we shall, therefore, express our contempt for those who call this stuff philosophy, and proceed with our examination of the allowed Psalms of David, merely adding, that though we are not prepared here to enter into the subject, that we credit to the name of this writer the authorship of from thirty to forty more of the Psalms than are usually attributed to him.

Before we commence this examination, we would venture to point out to some of our more youthful readers the striking and extensive points of difference between the poets of the Hebrew nation and those of Greece and Rome. The latter, as being the more modern, ought in course to be better than such as lived centuries before them ; we should, according to the logical impulses, have been led to expect that the writers of the later nation would be more frequently sublime or beautiful, their style more chaste, the cast of their thought of a loftier order, and that a greater purity and benevolence would breathe from their numbers. Is such at all the fact ? or is not the fact the very reverse of this representation ? And why is it thus the reverse, but because the Jewish poets, at least those who are recorded in the Old Testament, were pious worshippers of the true God, expounded in their odes or elegies the true theory of his nature and law, and had in their heart a far worthier belief in the obligations of moral duty, together with a more earnest faith. This was the source of their sublimity of sentiment, and their higher range of moral duties. You

may, indeed, find some rare and fine sentiments in the Greek and the Latin poets ; but while their practice sinks far below that of their Hebrew rivals, they also fall immeasurably below them in those clear, solid, and exalted views of the future life, which were both the glory of the system of Christ and of that of Moses too.

To return, however, to the prophetic quality of many of the psalms of David, we would at once repudiate the preposterous suggestion of an old author whom Bishop Horsley somewhat approved—that the entire book is to be regarded as a heroic tragedy, of which the plot is the redemption of man and the destruction of Satan ; the *persons dramatis* are the three persons of the Godhead ; the attendants, believers, the wicked, and angels ; the scenes, heaven, earth, and hell ; and the *time* of the action from the fall of man to the day of judgment ! a plot, indeed, which, if it were real, would leave us the better part of the book as a prophecy, and the most extraordinary miracle of it having been composed by so many writers ! Nor shall we trouble the reader with the opinions of those writers who, from the various sentiments and different expressions that are found in some of the psalms—the 30th for instance—believe them to have been composed at different periods, if not by more than one writer ; or even the more probable thought of others that some of these odes—as the 20th, the 24th, and the 90th—were originally written in the form of dialogue. But we will take some of the psalms that are in parts also contained in the New Testament, and we think that from these quotations we shall at once establish the prophetic character of some, at least, of David's writings, to which we must not forget to append the elucidatory passage that occurs in 2 Sam. xxiii. 1, *et seq.*, where we are informed, 'The sweet Psalmist of Israel said, The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue.' In the 8th Psalm, we find the writer struck with the comparison which he introduces between the Creator of the world and men ; and in Heb. ii. 7, we find that Paul—or Apollos, if there be any truth in Bunsen's opinion on this subject—quotes that passage, and, without the least apology, at once applies it to the Lord Jesus ; and what is more remarkable, proceeds to draw an argument from this very quotation, which would, of course, have had no effect if the quotation itself had been a mere accommodation of the passage, and not a genuine prediction. In a similar manner, we find another of the apostles, Peter, in Acts ii. 25, quoting a passage that occurs in the 16th Psalm, where David appears to be merely describing the state of his religious feelings, and adds, 'For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell (*hades*), neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption ;' but Peter, and that on so solemn an occasion as the delivery of the first Christian sermon, quoting this very passage, and adding, David, 'being a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins according to the flesh he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne, spake of the resurrection of Christ, that his soul was not left in hell (*hades*), neither his flesh did see corruption.' And what, in this instance, is the most remarkable particular is, that it was this very

quotation from the Psalms that seems to have brought the three thousand Jews to see the error of themselves and their rulers, and to have joined the band of the Christian brethren, who, on that morning, were only about one hundred and twenty in number.

In the fifteenth chapter of the Romans, and the ninth verse, Paul quotes the forty-ninth verse of the eighteenth Psalm, and it is evident that he quotes the psalm as a prediction that the Gentiles, however then unlikely, would sometime become a material part of the true Church ; and he also quotes Psalm cxvii. 1, for the same reason, and incorporates the passage with one from Moses, Deut. xxxii. 43, and another from Isaiah i. 10 ; and Paul fortifies his argument with these several quotations to show the Roman Gentile Church that the accession of this people had always been foreseen by God, and had been foretold by several of his most distinguished prophets. In Romans, chap. x. 18, the author of that epistle quotes the nineteenth Psalm, and the fourth verse, and applies that at once to the extensive labours of the first apostles of Christ, which David only seemed to apply to either the succession of day and night, to the courses of natural law, or perhaps to some other nominatives which are not named. Either Paul must be greatly wronging the words of David, or if he did not, then it is obvious that David uttered prophecies which he himself only in part appreciated ; and we adopt this conclusion as the more rational one of the two ; for if we adopt the other, then we have the gigantic difficulty to deal with of Paul, who was himself an inspired man and a worker of miracles, ill-using the words of another inspired man, and God leaving the world to be so misled ! Not to dwell for the present on our Saviour quoting in his agony Psalm xxii. 1, we would request the reader's attention to Heb. x. 5, where we find Paul quoting Psalm xl. 6—8, and putting these words of David into the lips of Christ. In this sense, indeed, the psalm in question at once flings out a brilliant futuro-historical meaning, but without this after-light the words of the psalm are mysterious indeed, especially as they run counter to everything which we find in the history of David himself. In John, chap. xiii. 18, we find the author of the Gospel introducing our Saviour as quoting the 41st Psalm, and adding, '*that the Scripture may be fulfilled: He that eateth bread with me hath lifted up his heel against me.*' In referring to the psalm from which the quotation is made, we learn from David of some bitter betrayal of friendship which he had experienced ; yet, if this were all that was intended, then how could Christ quote it as allusive to himself, and how are we to shield the name of our Saviour from the reproach of quoting frequently as a prophecy what, according to some writers, can only be regarded as an accommodation ? In Heb. i. 8, Paul quotes the 45th Psalm, but in this quotation there is apparently more of the Messianic prediction in the words of David, which evidently refer to some second person in the Trinity, but then undeveloped. His words are : 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever ; the sceptre of thy kingdom is a right sceptre : Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest

iniquity; therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.' In Ephes. ch. iv. Paul also quotes Psalm lxxviii. 18, which reads, 'Thou hast ascended on high, and led captivity captive,' &c., which the apostle in the foregoing place of course attributes to the ascension of Christ; and on this quotation he proceeds to prove that 'the gifts for men' in the Psalms denoted the various bestowments made by Christ to the Christian Church. Matthew, in chap. xiii. 35, quotes a passage from Psalm lxxviii. 2, where the dark and parabolic sayings of which David was speaking are said to be the parables of our Lord; nor can there be any other objection to the quotation than the one so often made, that the words of the Psalmist do not so obviously refer to that distant event to which the evangelist applies the passage. The 69th Psalm is five times referred to in the New Testament, where the passages quoted are assigned as predictions of future Christian events; but we may remind the reader that one of those places is Acts i. 20, which must refer to the twenty-fifth verse of the sixty-ninth Psalm, where what David seems to be referring to his own enemies, Luke, in the Acts, as positively applies to the case of Judas Iscariot. One can scarcely avoid, in looking at the passages quoted, and the use made of the quotation, coming to the conclusion, that if there be not a secondary and a recondite meaning in many of the psalms, that we have yet to seek, that law of fulfilled prophecy, by which Christ and his apostles so constantly quote verses from the Old Testament as referring to himself, which, if read by themselves, only impress us with their primary and historical signification. Few will be tempted to admit that the devil, who quoted Psalm xcvi. 12, and applied it to Jesus Christ, whom he was tempting to work a miracle at his bidding, was alleging that the passage in the Book of Psalms was a prediction: but why not? Did not our Saviour allow other devils to bear witness of his power and character, and why may not Satan have outwitted himself in this quotation that the psalm itself was a true prediction? The reader can examine for himself Psalms xcv. compared with Heb. iii. 4, Psalm cx. with Matt. xxii. 44, Psalm cxvii. with Rom. v. 2, Psalm cxviii. 22 with Matt. xxi. 42, and five other places in the New Testament, and Psalm cxxxii., compared with Acts ii. 30. From these selections alone, unless we are ourselves deceived, the reader will, by the mere force of facts and logic, be compelled to admit David's right to be ranked among the prophetic writers of Judea.

We have only to add, that if these predictions, selected from the writings of David, are not genuine, then, as Christ and his apostles both quoted them as such, we have no other conclusion at which it is possible to arrive than that all the authors of the New Testament were deceived, and we must of course admit with this the appalling consequences that follow from the admission. It may be true that the predictions of David are more peculiar than those of the other writers of the Old Testament: this we admit; but our defence lies in two questions: Who can set bounds to the compositions of such exalted genius

as was that of the Psalmist? or who can place a limit to the operations of the Holy Spirit, and either define all the nature of prophecy, of which we know so little, or say that this Divine Teacher shall in no other way than those he has used with the other prophets give forth his oracles to mankind?

B.

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## Christian Doctrine and Controversy.

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[UNDER this title occasionally appear in this Magazine papers from various pens discussing questions of interest in Christian Doctrine and Religious Truth. It has been thought desirable specially to distinguish articles or communications of this and similar character from others that appear in this journal, because of the impossibility of always maintaining a perfect consistency of view in such matters. The Editor, therefore, wishes it to be understood that he does not hold himself responsible for the opinions expressed in these papers. He can only engage that they shall contain nothing deemed to be inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Christian faith.]

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### CALVIN AND CALVINISM.

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(Concluded from page 221.)

IN our former paper on '*Calvin and Calvinism*,' we arrived at the following results—that according to Calvin's theology, every man comes into the world in a state of *utter corruption*; that, as a consequence of his possessing a corrupted nature (and not because of his connexion with Adam, nor because of his actual transgressions), he is condemned by the Divine law to eternal punishment; that he possesses no power of will to alter his character or condition; but is helplessly delivered over, bound hand and foot, to the just anger of God.

On what theory, then, consistently with these principles, are we to account for the redemption through Jesus Christ of some part of the human race, and the final abandonment of the rest to everlasting destruction? Calvin answers—the doctrine of *Predestination* accounts for both of these facts. Predestination includes *Election* on the one hand, and *Reprobation* on the other.

I. Let us inquire what are Calvin's *theory* and *proofs* of the doctrine of *Election*.

We are to recollect his explanations of the depravity of human nature—that the consequences of the *Fall* are such as to deprive man of all religious capability—of all will except towards what is evil; that all his apparent virtue is but '*splendid sin*;' but that he is responsible, notwithstanding; and because responsible, he is righteously condemned to God's everlasting displeasure and punishment.



If such is the natural state of man, how comes it to pass that any man can receive the gospel of Christ which God has proclaimed, and become entirely, as compared with his former state, 'a new creature?' And still further; if some men are thus transfigured in character, how is it that all are not thus transfigured, when this gospel is so wonderfully adapted to produce such a change? And then, once more, what warrant have we for believing that those who have been thus changed will be finally saved? May not the constant pressure of temptation cause him to relapse, especially when we consider that men, even the most advanced in goodness, may be surprised into dreadful sin?

In the twenty-first chapter of the third book of the *Institutes*, Calvin commences a calm and relentless reply to these great questions. 'To many,' he says, 'this seems a perplexing subject, because they deem it most incongruous that of the great body of mankind, some should be predestinated to salvation, and others to destruction. How causelessly they entangle themselves will appear as we proceed. We may add, that in the very obscurity which deters them, we may see not only the utility of this doctrine, but also its most pleasant fruits. We shall never feel persuaded as we ought that our salvation flows from the free mercy of God as its fountain, until we are made acquainted with his eternal election, the grace of God being illustrated by the contrast, viz., that he does not adopt all promiscuously to the hope of salvation, but gives to some what he denies to others. . . . By predestination we mean the eternal decree of God, by which he determined with himself whatever he wished to happen with regard to every man. All are not created on equal terms, but some are pre-ordained to eternal life, others to eternal damnation; and, accordingly, as each has been created for one or other of these ends, we say that he has been predestinated to life or to death.'

The arguments in support of this doctrine are general and special.

1. The *general* arguments are drawn from God's method of dealing with men in the present world. God elects some men to the enjoyment of *temporal* benefits and privileges, and rejects others. The natural posterity of Abraham were elected from all other nations to the possession of certain grand advantages which were denied to the others. Again: 'Of the same family of Abraham God rejected some and kept others within his Church. At first, Ishmael had obtained the same rank as his brother Isaac. He is first cut off, and then Esau; at last an innumerable multitude, almost the whole of Israel. In Isaac was the seed called. God gave a similar example in the rejection of Saul.' Once more. By a quotation from Augustine, he shows that 'in the very Head of the Church we have a bright mirror of free election, lest it should give any trouble to us, the members, viz., that he did not become the Son of God by living righteously, but was freely presented with this great honour, that he might afterwards make others partakers of his gifts.'

2. The *special* argument is drawn from the language of Christ and his apostles, when speaking of or addressing believers in the gospel. We may observe in passing that Calvin, in quoting these passages,

mixes up two very distinct questions, which are not only separable, but which ought to be kept carefully apart in the logical proof of his conclusion. This conclusion is, that God has elected only a small section of the human race to salvation. The other question he mixes up with this is, that this election is independent of, and previous to, any works of man which could merit this distinction. Now, any one believing in the eligibility of the whole race to salvation, might also believe in their salvation through the free grace of God, and not through any meritorious works of their own. And yet there is this secret *ignoratio elenchi* running through the whole of the discussion, that because the salvation of man is through the unmerited grace of God, therefore a few, and not the whole, of the human race are elected to the blessings of salvation.

But let us give a sample of the passages cited on behalf of this doctrine. 'All that the *Father giveth me* shall come to me.' 'No man can come to me except the *Father* which hath sent me *draw him*.' 'I speak not of you all; *I know whom I have chosen*.' 'Those that thou gavest me I have kept.' 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.'

The quotations from the *apostolic epistles* are very copious. 'God hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world—having predestinated us to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will.' 'Who hath called us with a holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.' 'For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth, it was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' 'For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion.' 'Elect according to the foreknowledge of God.'

The *ground or reason* of this election is stated to be simply and exclusively *the will of God*: and that the will of God was not determined by the foreknowledge of any good works on our part.

*Effectual calling* is an essential constituent of this doctrine. 'There are two species of calling; for there is an universal calling, by which God, through the external preaching of the word, invites men all alike, *even those for whom he designs the call to be a savour of death, and the ground of a severer condemnation*. Besides this, there is a special call, which, for the most part, God bestows on believers only, when, by the internal illumination of the Spirit, he causes the word preached to take deep root in their hearts. *Sometimes, however, he communicates it also to those whom he enlightens only for a time, and whom afterwards, in just punishment for their ingratitude, he abandons and smiles with greater blindness*.'—*Institutes*, Book III. chap. xxiv. sec. 8.

A very serious question arises, which every man seeking eternal life

feels to be of infinite moment. If this doctrine of Election is to be a comfort and not a torment, there must be some method which every man can employ to determine his personal election or reprobation. Calvin's explanation of this method is not sufficiently clear and satisfactory for practical purposes. First, he condemns the person who asks, 'What proof have I of my election?'—'When once this thought has taken possession of any individual it keeps him perpetually miserable, subjects him to dire torment, or throws him into a state of complete stupor. I cannot wish a stronger proof of the depraved ideas which men of this description form of predestination, than experience itself furnishes, since the mind cannot be infected by a more pestilential error than that which disturbs the conscience and deprives it of peace and tranquillity in regard to God.'

Our method of inquiry is, *to begin with the calling of God and to end with it.* 'We must turn our eyes to Christ, in whom alone the Father is well pleased. But if we are elected in him *we cannot find the certainty of our election in ourselves.* Christ, then, is the mirror in which we ought, and in which without deception we may, contemplate our election.' '*If we are in communion with Christ we have proof sufficiently clear and strong that we are written in the Book of Life.*' 'Another confirmation, tending to establish our confidence, is, that *our election is connected with our calling.* Therefore, if we would know whether God cares for our salvation, let us ask whether he has committed us to Christ. Then, if we doubt whether we are received into the protection of Christ, he obviates the doubt when he spontaneously offers himself as our Shepherd, and declares that we are of the number of his sheep *if we hear his voice.*' Such are the vague and mystical answers to this tremendous question.

But every man, whatever his speculative belief in reference to his election, cannot help feeling that his future lot is suspended in some uncertainty. The Calvinist puts the question into a definite shape. How do I know that I shall certainly and finally attain eternal life? 'If I am elected,' is the answer, 'I shall receive the gift of *Final Perseverance.*' Hence, Calvin quotes, as decisive of this matter, the words of Christ—'My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.' 'Moreover, it cannot be doubted that, since Christ prays for all the elect, he asks the same thing for them as he asked for Peter; viz., that their faith fail not. Hence, we infer that there is no danger of their falling away, since the Son of God, who asks that their piety may prove constant, never meets with a refusal. What, then, did our Saviour intend to teach us by this prayer, but just to confide that whenever we are his our eternal salvation is secure?'

Now, we think we are justified in asserting that Calvin *has failed to bring this doctrine of election within the sphere of our practical life.* In Book III. chap. xxiii. he, following Augustine, strenuously contends that there should be no concealment or evasion of this doctrine in the public preaching. The only benefit he points out as flowing

from the preaching of it is, that it will promote and feed the humility of the hearer, by constantly leading him to God as the source and great agent of his salvation. But the doctrine has other consequences besides that of humbling us; and however Calvin may inveigh against those other consequences, they are quite as certain to ensue as humility. We have seen already that he condemns the man who asks himself what proof he has of his election. And yet Calvin saw that the question was inevitable; and, accordingly, attempts to provide the answers to it. But are not these very answers simply reiterations of the question in another shape? To tell me that I cannot find the proof or certainty of my election within myself, but that Christ is the mirror in which I ought to contemplate my election; that if we are in communion with Christ we have proof that we are in the Book of Life; that to ascertain our election we are to ask whether God has committed us to Christ; whether we hear the voice of Christ, and recognise him as our Shepherd—this is only to multiply distracting questions, and to increase my stock of doubts; and, instead of helping me to solve the great difficulty, leaves me helpless in its fangs: for I want to know whether my communion with Christ is real or delusive—whether those voices I have heard within me have been calls from God or not; and how *can* I tell whether God has committed me to Christ or not? We say, then, that Calvin has failed to incorporate his theory with the *practical principles* that govern our lives. We say nothing at present relative to the doctrine itself, whether it can be fairly deduced from the Scriptures or not.

II. But the predestination of God according to Calvin includes *Reprobation*.

It would be beside the mark to give the etymological or scriptural meaning of the term Reprobation, as our present inquiry is not what do the Scriptures teach upon this head, but what does *Calvin* mean by this term. The answer is very easy—'All are not created on equal terms, but some are *preordained* to eternal life—others to *eternal damnation*; and, accordingly, as each has been created for one or other of these ends, we say that he has been predestinated to life or death.' *Reprobation, then, is the preordination of some men to eternal damnation.*

We shall best bring out Calvin's arguments in support of this position by giving his answers to the objections against it. He admits that the human mind, when it hears this doctrine, cannot restrain its petulance, but rages and boils as if aroused by the sound of a trumpet. They who object to it are called blaspheming, virulent dogs; and a little further on the objections themselves are called 'the grunt of filthy swine.'

*1st Objection.* 'Why is God offended with his creatures who have not provoked him with any previous offence? for to devote to destruction whomsoever he pleases, more resembles the caprice of a tyrant than the legal sentence of a judge.'

Calvin's reply is—It is sinful to insist on knowing the *causes* or reasons of the Divine will. 'The will of God is the supreme rule of righteousness, so that everything which he wills must be held to be

righteous by the mere fact of his willing it.' Another answer is—We are not to charge God with injustice, if by his eternal judgment we are doomed to a death to which we ourselves feel that whether we will or not we are drawn spontaneously by our own nature. If we might be allowed to translate Calvin's first answer into more familiar language, it comes to this—Our notions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, are not worth a fig in speculations relating to the Divine procedure. These notions, though they seem so deeply rooted in our moral nature, are conventional, and can apply only to human, and not to the Divine conduct. A doctrine, we say, dangerous to morality: safe, says Calvin, in theology.

*2nd Objection.* 'Were not men predestinated by the ordination of God to that corruption which is now held forth as the source of condemnation? If so, when they perish in their corruption, they do nothing else than suffer punishment for that calamity into which, by the predestination of God, Adam fell, and dragged all his posterity headlong with him.' Calvin answers: I admit that, by the will of God, all the sons of Adam fell into that state of wretchedness in which they are now involved. But it does not forthwith follow, that God lies open to this charge. For we will answer with Saul in these words, 'Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour and another unto dishonour?' The apostle, he says, did not have recourse to an evasion; he only intimated that the procedure of Divine justice is too high to be scanned by human measure, or comprehended by the feebleness of human intellect. 'I say with Augustine, that the Lord has created those who, as he certainly *foreknew*, were to go to destruction, and he did so because he so willed. Why he willed it is not ours to ask, as we cannot comprehend, nor can it become us even to raise a controversy as to the justice of the Divine will.' Without determining now whether the passage from Paul will fairly support the large conclusion of Calvin, we ask the reader to notice the vacillation displayed, in the quotation from Augustine, in the statement of the question, as a sign that even Calvin himself recoils from the strictly logical conclusion of his own premises. The word '*foreknew*' is slipped in, in order, we suppose, to soften the statement, where *foreordained* or *predestinated* should have been written. Again, we ask the reader to answer this question, Could Calvin have been content with this reasoning if he had not been assured that he was one of the elect? Suppose some horrible doubt had gained upon him that he was one of the 'reprobate,' could he then, with such perfect tranquillity, have adopted Augustine's language, and felt that his intellectual and moral difficulties were set at rest?

*3rd Objection.* 'Why should God blame men for things the necessity of which he has imposed by his own predestination? Could they struggle with his decrees? It is not just, therefore, to punish them for things the principal cause of which is in the predestination of God.' Calvin answers: 'First, all must admit what Solomon says, "The Lord

hath made all things for himself; yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." Now, since the arrangement of all things is in the hand of God, since to him belongs the disposal of life and death, he arranges all things by his sovereign counsel in such a way, that individuals are born who are doomed from the womb to certain death, and are to glorify him by their destruction.' 'Nor ought it to seem absurd when I say, that God not only foresaw the fall of the first man, and in him the ruin of his posterity; *but also at his own pleasure arranged it.* For as it belongs to his wisdom to foreknow all future events, so it belongs to his power to rule and govern them by his hand.' Then he goes on to demolish the objection, that the wicked perish by the *permission* and not by the *will* of God. 'Nor, indeed, is there any probability in the thing itself, viz., that man brought death upon himself merely by the permission, and not by the ordination of God; as if God had not determined what he wished the condition of the chief of his creatures to be.' 'For if predestination is nothing else than a dispensation of Divine justice, secret, indeed, but unblamable, *because it is certain that those predestinated to that condition were not unworthy of it,* it is equally certain, that the destruction consequent upon predestination is also most just. Moreover, though their perdition depends on the predestination of God, the cause and matter of it is in themselves.'

We ask, first, how is it certain that those predestinated to perdition were not unworthy of it? Was predestination the *cause* of their unworthiness; or was their unworthiness (foreseen) the cause of their predestination to perdition? In opposition to the last supposition, Calvin reiterates very emphatically, that the cause of predestination is simply the will of God, and not anything in man. If this be so, in what worthy, consistent, and intelligible sense can Calvin say that 'those predestinated to perdition were not unworthy of it,' when the subjects of that predestination had done neither good nor evil, and had not come into existence? He then falls back upon the '*secret*' justice of God as the proof of his assertion: a method of argument by the aid of which a man may prove any dogma he may please to maintain.

And again: 'Though their perdition depends on the predestination of God, the cause and matter of it is in themselves.' Yes, the proximate cause, but not the *first* and *efficient* cause. According to Calvin's reasoning, the proximate cause of sin is the consequence of the Divine will, or predestination; and if the matter is to be reasoned about at all, no ingenuity can shield this doctrine from the charge of making God the author of sin. But we forbear to press the consequences of this reasoning.

*4th Objection.* That this doctrine of Reprobation contradicts the statement of Scripture, that God is no respecter of persons. To this it is replied, 'that the term *person* means, not *man*, but those things which, when conspicuous in a man, either procure favour, grace, and dignity, or, on the contrary, produce hatred, contempt, and disgrace. Thus Peter and Paul say that the Lord is no acceptor of persons, because he makes no distinction between the Jew and the Greek;

does not make the circumstance of country the ground of rejecting one or embracing the other; . . . wherefore it is false and most wicked to charge God with dispensing justice unequally, because in this predestination he does not observe the same course towards all.' But here we submit Calvin has slipped the question. It is not whether God dispenses *justice* unequally, but whether *favour* has not been dealt out so unequally as to contradict the statement that God is no respecter of persons. But neither the objection nor the reply is worth much, and we pass on.

*5th Objection.* 'If predestination stand, all study and care of well-doing must cease. For what man can hear that life and death are fixed by an immutable decree of God, without immediately concluding that it is of no consequence how he acts, since no work of his can either hinder or further the predestination of God.' Answer: 'But Paul reminds us that the end for which we are elected is, "that we should be holy and without blame before him." If the end of election is holiness of life, it ought to arouse and stimulate us strenuously to aspire to it instead of serving as a pretext for sloth. When they extend their blasphemies further, and say that he who is reprobated by God will lose his pains if he studies to approve himself to him by innocence and probity of life, they are convicted of the most impudent falsehood. For whence can any such study arise but from election? As all who are of the number of the reprobate are vessels formed unto dishonour, so they cease not by their perpetual crimes to provoke the anger of God against them, and give evident signs of the judgment which God has already passed on them; so far is it from being true that they vainly contend against it.'

But let us see if this is a valid and sufficient reply to the objection. Calvin's theory of human corruption and Divine grace comes to this, that he attributes all to the mercy of God, and leaves nothing to our wills or exertions. We have shown in the former paper that he destroys all will out of man except a will towards what is evil. Now put these two statements together—that God has predestinated absolutely a certain number to eternal life, and that so helpless is man that God must supply every impulse that carries him forward to the attainment of his final salvation, and now *theoretically* what place have you left for care, anxiety, and study in the subject of election. But Scripture tells him, you reply, to be diligent. Then, we answer, you ought to show the necessity of that exhortation, if your theory is to be worth anything. But Calvin does not do that. He shows that the doctrines of predestination and depravity, which he attempts to derive from the word of God, are accompanied with admonitions to religious exertions; but he does not point out the connexion between them. Did Calvin himself believe that there was anything beyond an *apparent* necessity for these admonitions, and secretly adopt some explanation resembling the '*Pre-existing Harmony*' theory of Leibnitz?

In chap. xxiv., Calvin resumes the subject of Reprobation, with special reference to the means by which God executes his counsel concerning the reprobate. 'Those, therefore, whom he has created for

dishonour during life, and destruction at death, that they may be vessels of wrath, and examples of severity, in bringing to their doom, he at one time deprives of the means of hearing his word, at another by the preaching of it blinds and stupefies them the more. Nor can it be questioned that God sends his word to many whose blindness he is pleased to aggravate. For why does he order so many messages to be taken to Pharaoh? Was it because he hoped that he might be softened by the repetition? Nay, before he began he both knew and foretold the result—"But I will harden his heart, that he will not let the people go." Again, in reference to Isaiah vi. 9, 10, he says: 'Here he directs his voice to them, but it is that they might turn a deafer ear; he kindles a light, but it is that they may become more blind; he produces a doctrine, but it is that they may become more stupid; he employs a remedy, but it is that they may not be cured. It is also incontrovertible that to those whom God is not pleased to illumine, he delivers his doctrine wrapt up in enigmas, so that they may not profit by it, but be given over to greater blindness.'

'It now remains to see why the Lord acts in the manner in which it is plain that he does. The refusal of the reprobate to obey the word when manifested to them will be properly ascribed to the malice and depravity of their hearts, provided it be at the same time added, *that they were adjudged to this depravity because they were raised up by the just but inscrutable judgment of God, to show forth his glory by their condemnation.* In like manner, when it is said of the sons of Eli, that they would not listen to salutary admonitions "because the Lord would slay them," it is not denied that their stubbornness was the result of their own iniquity; but it is, at the same time, stated why they were left to their stubbornness, when the Lord might have softened their hearts; namely, *because his immutable decree had once for all doomed them to destruction.*'

Calvin considers, lastly, those passages of Scripture which are adduced in disproof of Reprobation. "'Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways and live?'" Now if the genuine meaning of the prophet is inquired into, it will be found that he only means to give the hope of pardon to them who repent. The sum is, that God is undoubtedly ready to pardon whenever the sinner turns. Therefore, he does not will his death *so far as he wills repentance.* But experience shows, that this will for the repentance of those whom he invites to himself is not such as to make him touch all their hearts. The mercy of God, therefore, will ever be ready to meet the penitent; but all the prophets, and apostles, and Ezekiel himself, clearly tell us, who they are to whom repentance is given.'

'The second passage adduced is that in which Paul says that "God will have all men to be saved." By this he assuredly means nothing more than that the way of salvation was not shut against any *order* of men; that, on the contrary, he had manifested his mercy in such a way that he would have none debarred from it. . . . A stronger objection seems to be founded on the passage in Peter: the Lord "is



not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." But the solution of the difficulty is to be found in the second branch of the sentence, for his will that they should come to repentance cannot be used in any other sense than that which is uniformly employed. I hold that no man approaches God unless previously influenced from above. And if repentance were placed at the will of man, Paul would not say, "If God peradventure will give them repentance."

Calvin then encounters an objector, who says, 'But if it is so, little faith can be put in the gospel promises, which, in testifying concerning the will of God, declares that he wills what is contrary to his inviolable decree.' 'Not at all; for however universal the promises of salvation may be, there is no discrepancy between them and the predestination of the reprobate, provided we attend to their effect. I hold that they are perfectly consistent, for all that is meant by the promise is just that his mercy is offered to all who desire and implore it, and this none do save those whom he has enlightened. But why does he mention all men? Namely, that the consciences of the righteous may rest the more secure when they understand that there is no difference between sinners, provided they have faith, and that the ungodly may not be able to allege that they have not an asylum to which they may betake themselves from the bondage of sin, while they ungratefully reject the offer which is made to them.

We have thus carefully and copiously (some of our readers may think tediously) given Calvin's doctrine of Election and Reprobation, and the reasoning by which he attempts to sustain that doctrine. We repeat, that our aim has been to *expound*, rather than to *controvert*, Calvinism. We leave the reader to judge whether the gospel, as explained by him, is a gospel of good news, of good will to men, or a gospel of terror and despair.

A system which represents man as coming into the world in a state of entire corruption—without one spark of good—inheriting this utter moral perversion from the first man—having neither the will nor the ability to recover himself out of this awful calamity—living in a world where the Son of God is announced as the Saviour of man, but feeling it *possible* that he may be one of those for whom the Saviour was never intended, called into existence according to a divine and immutable decree for the purpose of glorifying God by sin and everlasting suffering in the world to come; and a system which teaches this of the great bulk of mankind, and that only few comparatively will be redeemed out of the corrupt mass, shocks our primitive moral convictions as *blasphemy* against God and man. Any man who would stand up before an audience of his fellow-men, and proclaim this doctrine without any reserve, without shrinking from its difficulties, without shirking its logical consequences, but openly telling them all that the doctrine asserts and implies, would be almost hooted down. But how is it, then, that hundreds preach something called Calvinism, and are applauded and followed as expounders of 'the truth as it is in Jesus?' The reason is this. Calvinism has been split into two parts.

The doctrines of Election, of Effectual Calling, and of Final Perseverance, have been cut away from the doctrine of Reprobation, and when loosed from their connexion with it, they represent a much milder system of opinion. The most intelligent holders of modern Calvinism contend that there is no decree hindering the salvation of any man; that there is in every man the *ability*, though not the *will*, to believe in Christ; but that all who shall be actually saved will be saved in consequence of the election and the effectual calling of God. This modification of the system has been the salvation of it in modern days. The reader may see an able exposition and defence of this modern Calvinism in several publications by John Howard Hinton, especially in his 'Theology,' and in his 'Harmony of Religious Truth and Reason.' The theological writings of this gentleman are distinguished by such clear and vigorous reasoning, and so manly an encounter with the real difficulties of a question, as to render them worthy of the most careful study.

But our business now is with Calvinism, as it was developed by its great expounder. It is singular that so candid a reasoner as Calvin was should not have directly met the objection that is fatal to his whole system. That objection is, that Calvinism, as much as any *ism* that was ever propagated by infidelity, utterly overthrows the *responsibility of man*. And yet he constantly implies that man is responsible. When he aims to clear the doctrine of Reprobation from the charge of injustice, he constantly asserts that men *deserve* the doom to which they have been decreed. He never attempts in detail to show *how* and *why* they deserve it, except by calling them the wicked. But clearly according to this system, Adam was the only man of the whole race that was *really* responsible. Adam had the power of choosing and determining in reference to good and evil; but when he sinned he lost the power of choosing the good, and bequeathed to his posterity a nature deprived of that quality. Henceforth, man could no longer be properly the subject of moral government—that is, a being with the capacity of obedience to the will of the great Governor, and, therefore, the proper subject of a system of means addressed to that capacity, with the view of restoring him to duty and happiness—but rather a creature under punishment for what was done by the progenitor of the race thousands of years ago, having, therefore, the nature and lot of a devil. So that the great doctrine that we hear from our pulpits, and read in our modern books of theology, that man is in this world *on his trial*, is a figment of depraved reason, offering us an amiable and hopeful, but deluded and delusive view of life, which ought to be exploded by every teacher of the truth. The true theory is, that we are here either as children of predetermined life and glory, and brought to the possession of them by no will of ours; or as children of predetermined damnation, and that we cannot avoid it by any will or exertion of ours. Our method of argument with Calvinism is very summary. It denies what Scripture asserts, what reason urges, and what consciousness ratifies, *that man is truly and properly responsible for his character*, and because it denies this first axiom of our

moral nature we reject it. Any man who shall wring or torture Scripture, as Calvin has done, to get a favourite dogma out of it—who shall convert this scene of man's probationary existence into a prison-house of lost souls, and shut the gates of heaven against the hope of man—who shall change the character of God from that of a Father into that of an inscrutable Judge, though he may plague us with a few texts difficult to explain satisfactorily—needs no refutation beyond the indignant, universal protest, that reason, conscience, and heart, will make against his conclusions. Scripture *must* agree with that protest.

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## Letters to a Country Cousin.

### II. VISITS TO MILE END NEW TOWN.

MY DEAR OLIVER,—You, of course, remember your visit to the establishment of the great brewing triumvirate in Brick-lane—could any one forget those giant vats?—but have you borne in mind your lively speculations on the social and moral condition of the denizens of that 'frowsy' region? Perhaps not, but, at all events, they have prompted me to pay more than one visit to the locality, on my own account; for I confess to having had a twinge of conscience at my inability to satisfy your most laudable curiosity.

Mile End New Town is certainly not inviting. Environed by Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, and Shoreditch, abounding in weavers, bird-shops, barbers, second-hand boots and shoes, and used-up furniture, and with whole acres of streets without a middle-class house, it sadly suffers by comparison with your breezy hills and charming woodlands. But it is by no means one of the worst quarters of this awful metropolis of ours. You see less of the filth and crime which invest some other spots with fearful interest, and though there are courts with plenty of rags and wretchedness, and some streets given up to thieves and semi-savages, yet I judge that the population is, on the whole, of the industrious and tidy class; low down enough in the social scale, but far from reaching the lowest place. And what a population! I know not the figures, but the most definite statistics could have given me but an indefinite impression compared with the scene presented on a fine June Sunday night, when, doors and windows everywhere open, whole families were exposed to view at every point, and troops of children covered road and pavement, and filled the air with hilarious shouts. Here were thousands of the working classes, in neither field, park, nor public-house, most of them cleanly and clad enough for a place of worship, but lounging listlessly, and, at the most, but enjoying rest from toil, or refreshing themselves with neighbour gossip. What had been done to draw out their higher sympathies, to quicken their spiritual nature, and to rescue them from a state in which they have 'no hope, and are without God in the world?' That

was the special purpose of my visits, and the result will form the burden of my letter.

Spitalfields and Shoreditch churches—large, heavy, grimy structures—the spires of which caught my eye while threading the maze of streets leading to the place of which I was in search, looked like the representatives of the old and effete parochial system. But as I got into the heart of the district, signs of a new spirit and of apter movements presented themselves in quick succession. First a 'Friend's School,' then a preaching station and school of the Domestic Mission (Unitarian); next All Saints' church, with its schools, and announcements of a clothing club, penny bank, and baptisms without fee; and presently the new Ragged church, the King Edward Schools and Refuge, the chambers and buildings of the Improved Dwellings Association, with washhouses in one street and baths in the next—all these being within a five minutes' walk!

My first visit was devoted to the Ragged church (in King Edward-street)—the first building, if I mistake not, erected by the new Ragged Church and Chapel Union. It is situated in a decent street, is a good sized and plain, but respectable building, and more cheerful in appearance than many of our small chapels. First of all, I looked round for the Ragged element, but of the congregation there were very few who might not, without shame, have worshipped in an ordinary chapel. The place will hold, I should think, three hundred; but there were not more than about one-fifth of that number present, while there were enough lounging about within half-a-stone's throw of the place to have made a most acceptable addition. There are services in the morning, afternoon, and evening of Sunday, and on Wednesday nights, the best attendances being in the evening, and the next best in the afternoon. I believe that the attendance is seldom much larger than it was on this occasion; but I was told that there are many regular attendants, and in respect to decorum and attention, there was nothing to distinguish the congregation from any other. The preacher—a lay member of the committee, preaching in his turn—occupied a compound of platform and pulpit,—the latter, to my thought, too much predominating. Then the service exactly resembled those to which we are accustomed—long hymns, long passages of scripture, long prayers, with text and sermon, all in the usual order. So that on coming out, and casting my eyes down a street running at right angles with that in which the Ragged church stands, the question suggested itself, in what respect did it differ from the neighbouring chapel of Mr. Tyler, whose praise ought, if it does not, to abound among the poor of this neighbourhood. The practical difference could not, I thought, be great, and my feeling was one of disappointment at the apparent lack of originality in the scheme. And this feeling was confirmed on my hearing subsequently of an experiment which has been made in the immediate neighbourhood, where as many as eighty *men* are got together for worship in the *cellar of a lodging-house* every Sunday night, and with the most gratifying results! That, thought I, is indeed a success, and had it been possible I should have made for the

spot at once to have witnessed so cheering a sight. The Ragged Church Union, however, is not to be judged of from this particular effort, seeing that it seeks to do its work, among other means, by making grants to assist in opening, and keeping open, rooms and other preaching places of a humbler character; and it is, besides, perhaps, too soon to pronounce on the success of this one 'church.'

I have not said that there is a school-room in the rear, which room was the original King Edward-street Ragged School, now transferred to the more imposing structure in Albert-street adjoining, and assuming the comprehensive and regal title of the 'King Edward Ragged and Industrial Schools and Eastern Refuge.' Bessey will recollect, if you do not, the highly successful bazaar held awhile ago at the Milton Club-house, for the benefit of this institution—for did not her kind heart prompt her to send, and her most skilful hand execute, some of the daintiest devices there? So tell her, pray, that I have at last seen the establishment, and, on her account as well as mine, assure her that she would have shared in my delight at witnessing philanthropic activity on so large and successful a scale. A day-school for boys and girls, and another for infants—an evening school—a Sunday school for morning and afternoon, and Sunday night and infant schools, with a refuge for destitute girls, and savings'-bank, lectures, and other accessories—and all, apparently, not merely in existence, but flourishing—these, surely, sufficiently attest the capabilities of the institution, and still more the zeal and labour of those who carry on its operations. The average attendance in the day schools is stated to be 415, of whom no less than 210 are infants. The evening school does not include more than 100. On Sundays 220 are collected; and in the evening 338, of whom as many as 90 are infants. Altogether, there are 800 children under instruction, and all without any school-fee—the theory being, that those whose parents can afford to pay, should, after a while, send their children to schools of another class in the neighbourhood. Teaching is carried on partly by paid, and partly by voluntary agency, there being a master and mistress, with two assistants, besides a matron and assistant for the Refuge department, and a band, or rather two bands, of teachers for the schools on Sundays.

As at the Ragged church, so here—it was on a Sunday evening—I looked about for philanthropy's ragged protégés. Where were the rags, the dirty faces and fingers, and the riotous behaviour which we have been wont to associate with these institutions? The question escaped me involuntarily, and what was the response? Why, that most of these children were the veritable children of the poorest and most degraded in the neighbourhood—that, had I seen them two or three years earlier, I should have had no doubt as to the fact—and that in the plump faces, bright eyes, glossy air, tidy dress, and orderly manner, that surprised, and for an instant disappointed me, I saw some of the tangible results of Ragged-school education. Turning to the annual Report lately presented, I find this fact stated with an emphasis which makes it worth quoting:—

'To contrast the early history of this school with its present, is only to say that ignorance, riot, and wantonness, have given place to some degree of intelligence, order, and discipline; that love of mischief, which added so greatly to the novelty of these institutions, and made the work of education so apparently hopeless, has almost entirely disappeared; frugality and neatness now occupy the places of wastefulness and rags, and cleanliness, after many a struggle, has proved victorious; the luxury of clean hands and faces has been demonstrated as decidedly superior to their former neglected condition; nor are instances wanting of boys, formerly scholars, outstripping some of their more favoured competitors. Many are now occupying situations of respectability and usefulness, who, but for this institution, might have added the influence which they possessed over their reckless and hardened associates in perpetrating every species of dishonesty and crime, familiarized to them by the neglect in which they had been suffered to grow.'

Five hundred pounds a year must be considered to be well spent in producing such results as these, though without the liberal help of the Brewing Firm, and of men like Mr. Beauchamp, Mr. Samuel Gurney, and Mr. Charles Buxton, it would be found very difficult to raise that amount for a merely local effort; and I must add, that even a larger expenditure would be of small avail without the unflagging zeal of such men as Mr. H. R. Williams, the Secretary, and his colleagues, and such women as those who constitute the lady secretariat and committee. Nothing but ceaseless fagging can keep such machinery in prosperous activity.

The Girls' Refuge is an interesting and important feature of the institution, for without it what could be done with girls described in the Report as being 'without father and without mother—without friends and without home; sometimes introduced by the police, but more often by compassionate strangers; or whose parents 'are so debased as to disentitle them even to the care of their offspring?' Only thirty-three have yet been admitted, and therefore there is plenty of scope for liberality in this direction; and a similar provision for boys must be regarded as a desideratum. There seems, indeed, to be no reason why such an institution should not multiply its means of alleviating human misery. In fact, I was told that during this last winter as many as two thousand persons were supplied at the institution with rations of bread and soup, when work was scarcest and the cold most pinching; and if those rich old folks—bless their warm hearts!—who pour their money into the hands of our magistrates to help people *after* they have been plunged into the deepest depths of poverty, and have scarcely escaped with life or character, would just let their spare cash run with something like an even flow into such channels as these, not only would the same, and perhaps a greater, amount of material good be effected, but the door would be opened to many human hearts not otherwise accessible.

It is not always that those who labour in such neighbourhoods are privileged to see the beneficial results of their labours in a tangible shape, but there are portions of this Mile End New Town which present striking evidence, not only of the moral, but of the physical benefits which have come out of modern efforts to better the condition of the poor. The very street in which this King Edward School stands has, I am told, been completely metamorphosed, for where rows

of wretched houses once stood there is now not only the School—a rather handsome building—but the ‘Buildings’ and the ‘Chambers’ of the Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Poor,—these, with two other buildings, about which I have something to say presently, have surprisingly improved the aspect of the locality; and I understand that the School Committee were the means of introducing good paving and draining.

The establishments of the association I have just named drew me a third time into the neighbourhood, and, in their own way, delighted me as much as that about which I have been writing at such length. They are large and lofty buildings, and perhaps have too heavy and factory-like an appearance; but it would be more nice than wise to press an objection of that kind. The ‘Metropolitan Chambers’ are for single men, who, for so little as three shillings a week, have the use of a large coffee-room—kitchen and cooking utensils—a reading-room and library—locked-up meat safe—a sleeping-crib, with a bed (which is made by ‘a bedmaker’) and bed linen, which is washed free of cost. Firing, lighting, cleaning, with soap and towels—all these are included in the low charge I have named; and a watchman sits up to give access to the rooms up to one o’clock in the morning! The place is, in fact, a Working Man’s Club, or an ‘Albany’ for artisan bachelors. No fewer than 234 can be thus accommodated, and that, too, at a profit to the association. It is usually pretty full, the class of occupants is respectable, and the rules of the place for securing decorous behaviour are, I understand, cheerfully observed; while the healthiness of all the arrangements is guaranteed by the almost total absence of disease, and the rare occurrence of deaths. It lacks one most desirable thing—a garden; but, saving that, it would be impossible to provide more completely for the material wants of working men, or at a lower cost.

But it is not good for man ‘to be alone,’ and so I stepped across to the ‘Metropolitan Chambers,’ glad that provision had been made for the continued accommodation of the inmates of the ‘Buildings,’ so soon as they have disqualified themselves for remaining, by reason of having entered ‘the blessed state.’ Sixty families can find a home here—and what a home, in comparison with those of hundreds of thousands of both our urban and our rural poor!

Each family has a set of four rooms—one of good size, with cooking apparatus, two of smaller dimensions, and a fourth serving as a scullery, with all the usual domestic conveniences, in a compact compass. Thus space, light, ventilation, cleanliness, and other necessities of comfortable existence, are secured at a cost of, I think, four and sixpence a-week, with perfect privacy to boot. There are wash-houses, too, of which the inmates have free use. As in the other buildings, so here, health is the exception, and troops of children at doors and windows indicate that the place is, and is likely to be, well populated. The same association, I understand, has purchased two rows of houses close by, and if, as I suppose will happen, these are pulled down, and larger edifices are erected in their place, not only will greatly in-

creased accommodation be provided, but another agreeable change will be effected. And these beneficent results are produced by the mere investment of capital on commercial principles—a fact which affords ground for the most sanguine hopes in respect to the future, for when philanthropy can be made to pay so much per cent., its agencies are likely to be largely increased. Believing, as I do, that the physical degradation of the poor is a formidable obstacle in the way of their spiritual improvement, it must be regarded as a most gratifying circumstance, that Lord Shaftesbury and his coadjutors, who seek to save, not the body only, but the soul, should have such effective allies in many whose desires for the welfare of the poor are limited to their temporal interests.

One more fact I must mention, and that of a less pleasing character. By the side of the School, and opposite the Buildings and Chambers, there has for some time existed a Roman Catholic monastery. Now there is rising in close proximity a Romish church, which, so far from professing to be 'Ragged,' will be almost of the dimensions of a cathedral, and will be, without exception, the most pretentious and handsome edifice in the neighbourhood. Certainly the site is admirably chosen, and one cannot but be struck with the tact displayed by the Romanists, in planting themselves in so eligible a spot, and in preparing to turn to their own account the labours of others, who have broken up the ground and prepared the minds of the inhabitants for instruction, whether in good or evil. Protestantism, of course, need not fear the competition; but that is on the supposition that Protestants are increasingly faithful to their own convictions, and are increasingly vigilant and zealous.

Need I say that I consider myself well repaid by these little and unpromising excursions? True, one cannot enter such neighbourhoods without having an oppressive sense of the inadequacy of the means as yet employed to civilize and christianize their inhabitants, but it is assuring to find that the work has fairly begun, and that the workers are having their hearts gladdened by large success. Ages of neglect cannot be instantly atoned for, but the blessing which has evidently rested on the enterprises of a few cannot fail to stimulate to like exertion the now sluggish or despairing.

Ever yours, my dear Oliver,

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## Parables.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.)

### HASAEI.

HASAEI, the son of a prince in the East, had been trained in the Valley of the Wise, and was now no longer a child. His father sent him to Persia, that he might there continue his education, and observe the



manners and customs of society. The young man had full liberty granted him; though his life and conduct were secretly watched by Semiah, his former tutor.

When Hasael arrived in Persia, the pleasures of the city and the excitement of its gay life soon tempted him to give himself up to enjoyment, and forget the purpose for which he came there.

As he was walking one day in the pleasure gardens of Ispahan, Semiah passed him, dressed like a pilgrim, with a staff in his right hand.

Hasael recognised him, and said, 'Where have you come from, and where are you going?' 'I don't know,' replied Semiah. This astonished the young man, who said, 'What! you have left home, and come all this distance, and don't know where you are going to!' 'I have forgotten,' replied Semiah, 'and so I wander about, and whichever of two ways seems the broadest and most pleasant, that I choose.' 'And where will such wandering as this bring you to?' said the youth, with surprise. 'That I don't know,' answered Semiah; 'but why should I trouble myself about that?'

Hasael then turned to his companions, and said, 'This man was my tutor when young, and full of wisdom, and now, look, he has become a fool and lost his understanding. Alas, how he is changed; what a different man he has become.'

Then Semiah came up to the young man, and throwing his knapsack on the ground, said, 'You are right, Hasael, my nature has changed, just as yours has. Once I was your guide, and you followed me in the way which I pointed out to you. But now, since I have ceased to lead, I have set out to follow you. If I forget the way, and whither I am going, it is just what you have done; and you have lost your reason as much as I. Which is the greater fool, you or I? And who is going most astray?'

Thus spake Semiah. And Hasael saw his fault, and returned to the way of wisdom, which Semiah had pointed out to him.

#### THE BED OF PINKS.

Mamma! do give us each a bed of pinks of our own, one for me, and one for Charles, and one for Polly, that we may look after them ourselves.

This was little Fred's address to his mother, who did as he wished, and gave them each a flower-bed full of beautiful pinks. The children were quite excited with delight, and said, 'How beautiful it will be when the pinks are open!' For it was too early for this yet; and there were only buds.

But little Fred could not wait patiently for the time to come for them to bloom; and wanted the flowers in his bed to open before the rest.

And he often came, and took the buds in his hand, and looked at their folds, and was highly delighted when he saw a red or yellowish little leaf just peeping out of the green cover.

But they did not open soon enough for him. So Fred broke open

the buds, and separated the leaves from one another. Then he called out as loudly as he could, 'Look here, my pinks are open!' But when the sun shone upon them, the flowers drooped their heads, and mourned, and fell to pieces and withered before noon. And the boy wept sadly at their fate.

And his mother said, 'Impatient child! I hope these may be the last pleasures of your life that you will destroy through your own fault. You will then not have paid too dearly for the difficult but important lesson to know how *to wait*.'

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### THE GUIDE.

A pilgrim had to cross a rugged, rocky mountain, by a long and dangerous road, and did not know the way. He inquired, therefore, of a traveller, who, as he was told, had come that way. The traveller described the road clearly and correctly, told him of all the bye-paths and precipices which he was to avoid, and of the rocky heights he would have to mount; and, in addition, gave him a map, with every thing accurately marked out.

The pilgrim impressed it all well upon his mind, and carefully ran over the words and description of his friend at every stage and by every bye-road. Thus he went boldly forward; but the farther he went the higher the rocks towered above him, whilst the lonely narrow way seemed to lose itself amongst them.

At last his courage failed him; he looked up with anxiety at the grey rock which projected above him, and exclaimed, 'It is impossible for a man to pass through so rough a road, and climb this steep precipice. Only eagles' wings, or the feet of the chamois, could accomplish it.'

He was just turning his head, and thinking of the way by which he had come, when a voice cried out to him, 'Take courage, and follow me!' On turning round, he saw before him, to his great delight, the form of the man who had told him the way. He saw him walking quietly and safely amidst cliffs and precipices and mountain-torrents. This gave him confidence, and he walked just as boldly after him. Before evening came on they had reached the top of the mountain, and found at the end of their pilgrimage a lovely valley, full of blooming myrtles and pomegranates.

The pilgrim, full of joy, thanked his guide, and said, 'How can I repay you? You have not only guided me through the right way, but given me courage and strength to travel through it.'

But the other replied, 'No, am I not a pilgrim like yourself? And are not you exactly what you were before? But by trusting to me you have come to know yourself, and found out your own secret strength.'

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### ADAM AND THE SERAPH.

Adam was reclining one evening under a tree on a mound in the garden of Eden, and his eyes were directed upwards, gazing upon the heavens. A seraph approached him, and said, 'Why are you looking

at the heavens with such a longing eye? What is it that you want, Adam?' 'What can I want,' replied the father of the human race, 'here in this home of peace? But my eye was looking at the stars, which are shining there above me. And I was wishing that I had an eagle's wings, that I might soar up to them, and there look more closely at those brilliant forms.' 'You have these wings,' returned the seraph; and, as he said it, he touched Adam, who fell asleep and dreamt. And it seemd to the dreamer that he was flying upwards towards the sky.

When he awoke, he looked round, and was surprised to find that he was still resting upon the mound under the tree. But the seraph stood before him, and said, 'What are you thinking of, Adam?' Adam replied, 'Just now I was above the arch of heaven, wandering between the stars, and soaring round Orion and the Pleiades; shining worlds rushed past me, large and glorious as the sun;—the white pathway, which you see above there, is a sea of light, full of bright worlds, and above this sea of light is another, and again another. And in these shining worlds are beings, living like myself, worshipping the Lord, and praising his name . . . Seraph, did you take me there?'

'This tree,' said the seraph, 'has overshadowed you all the while, and your body has rested on this hill. But look, Adam, in thee there dwells a seraph, which can soar amongst those systems of worlds, and the higher it soars the deeper it will bow before Jehovah. Son of the dust, honour and watch over this seraph, lest pleasure should check its flight, and fetter it to the earth.'

Thus spake the seraph, and disappeared.

## Correspondence.

### MR. E. PAXTON HOOD AND THE 'CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR'

[It is contrary to our custom to insert replies to critical notices, but we have thought proper to make an exception in the case which is the subject of the subjoined correspondence.—Ed.]

Nibley, Dursley, Gloucestershire, June 1st, 1855.

SIR,—Reviewers are usually the last persons in the world with whose concerns I have any inclination to meddle. I am perfectly aware that to be abused or to be misconceived is a most fitting penalty to pay for daring to print a book; it is a time-honoured, if not a righteous ordinance. I have nothing to say against it. Still there are instances in which even a reviewer may receive from the naughty boy whom he scourges a remonstrance; for instance, when he, the reviewer, tells fibs with a view to prejudice his readers against an author. In the paper with which you have honoured me, on my 'Life of Swedenborg,' and which I should not have seen but for the fact of my being a constant subscriber to the 'Christian Spectator' (and the injustice of which I can very well afford to forgive in consideration of its usual free spiritual respiration), your reviewer says, 'If Mr. Hood is not a Swedenborgian after this, all we can say is that we think he ought to be.'

Your reviewer can know very little of the doctrines held and taught by Emanuel Swedenborg. The review bears internal evidence that the writer is unacquainted with the immense continent of the Baron's writings—I will be bold to say that he knows them almost solely, if not altogether, from my little book. Now your review is handed about by persons who know little of such matters themselves, with a view to my injury; I shrink from no responsibility connected with an avowal of my actual opinions, but I do *not* wish to be called upon to bear the burden of opinions from which I dissent. Your reviewer is either dishonest or ignorant in his attempts to fasten on my forehead the red-hot iron coronet of heresy—heresy! Before he reviewed my book he should have made himself acquainted with Swedenborg's system, he would then have found why I ought *not* to be a Swedenborgian. 1st. I do *not* accept Swedenborg's doctrine of the Fall, and, therefore, I ought *not* to be a Swedenborgian. 2nd. I do *not* accept his doctrine of salvation, which is only a modification of the Armenian or Wesleyan in opposition to the Calvinistic scheme, and, therefore, I ought *not* to be a Swedenborgian. 3rd. I do *not* accept Swedenborg's doctrine of the resurrection, and, therefore, I ought *not* to be a Swedenborgian. 4th. I do *not* accept Swedenborg's doctrine of the destiny of our world and our race, and, therefore, I ought *not* to be a Swedenborgian. 5. Nor do I, supposing I accepted all these, deem it necessary (any more than did Swedenborg) to form a distinct church to conserve his teachings; Swedenborg founded no Christian community or sect, nor do I by any means hold the infallibility of the New Jerusalem Church; how then can I be a Swedenborgian? I never yielded to these opinions; there is not a word in my book involving me in these opinions; in many other particulars I venture to differ from the opinions of a great man from whom I have received much benefit, and to whom I am, therefore, grateful. Swedenborg, in the estimation of your reviewer, was 'a heretic,' but he erected a brazen wall against those modern teachings which contain the germ of all forms of Deism, and are a highway to Pantheism—the denial of the full, entire, and plenary inspiration of the Divine word. For this I am grateful; to your reviewer such a wall is a very amusing structure. Swedenborg *did* see the essential spirituality of all things, and, as I venture to believe, saw the spiritual world itself, though only to the plane (of course) of his own vision. I thank you for inserting the letter of 'A New Churchman' in this month's 'Christian Spectator;' *that*, you see, tells you that I certainly am *not* a Swedenborgian, and as I am disclaimed by both your reviewer and the 'New Churchman'—cast as it were out of both their synagogues—I really now begin to congratulate myself on having written a tolerably fair book.

But what can I think of the honesty or ingenuousness of a reviewer who intimates my ignorance of Sabellius to his readers, when I mention in the very work he reviews, 'the presbyter of Ptolemais,' and certainly disclaim the identity of Swedenborg's system with his, although I did not plagiarise from Neander the two or three words of Greek? Alas! your reviewer, I fancy, is as ignorant of the theology of the Greek school, of which he intimates my ignorance, as he is of the writings of Swedenborg.

Finally, I am aware of the pleasant excitement there is in hunting 'a heretic,' yet I would recommend to your reviewer greater chariness in fastening the badge of heresy on the teachers of any age; I recommend him in reviewing books to obtain a knowledge of the author and subject reviewed, as well as the book itself; especially, I recommend him, if it be possible, to allow to the author his own individualism, without the attachment of surmising stigmas.

But for the heaviest and severest pressure of domestic sorrow, I should have troubled you before with this. I was actually assailed on the morning of my wife's death with your reviewer's charges impeaching my 'orthodoxy,' and the loving hearts who impeached *me* would, I dare say, have been glad to have found my taint mantling over *her*. There are strange types of character in the Church; no wonder we need 'Letters to the Scattered.'

I am, Sir,

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

P.S.—Of course I have no idea of being involved in controversy by this letter; it is my disclaimer. I have said.

## REPLY.

June 15, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged by a sight of Mr. Hood's letter, and can have no possible objection to its being laid before your readers. He certainly seems nettled at my notice of his book—amazingly so, considering how little there is in what I have said to give offence to any one. Your correspondent, who signs himself 'A New Churchman,' pronounces the review 'fair,' 'though severe.' Mr. Hood complains of its 'injustice,' and what not, and waxes increasingly indignant as his pen moves along. I am not conscious of having wronged him in anything. I never saw him, know nothing of him beyond what his book reveals, and should have written the same notice had his work been the production and borne the name of any other person.

I am not aware that I have anywhere charged him with 'heresy,' of which he seems to have a singular horror. Judging by his book, I should have thought Mr. Hood above all such charges, supposing that any had been made. Why should a lover of truth care for either 'orthodoxy' or 'heresy?' But, in point of fact, I brought no such charge against him. I simply affirmed that 'the "heresy" of Sabellius may stand side by side with that of Swedenborg.' The inverted commas were sufficient to show that I hinted at the common ecclesiastical designation of the views of Sabellius. Mr. Hood thinks that the doctrine of Swedenborg on the Trinity has nothing in common with that of Sabellius; why then should he appropriate a designation which cannot apply?

I have not called Mr. Hood a Swedenborgian; I have simply stated my opinion, that after what he has said respecting the claims of Swedenborg, he *ought* to be one. After the disclaimer now furnished, which, however, was not in his book, I am quite ready to give him credit for not being one; but I still think he *ought* to be. The reason I give for so thinking, is his avowed belief, 'that Swedenborg was admitted to the spiritual world, and chosen by God as an agent for communicating Divine truth to man.' For my part, constituted as my logical faculty is, I could not help being a Swedenborgian if I had the conviction Mr. Hood professes to have respecting Swedenborg's mission. I cannot believe in a man's having a Divine mission, and at the same time reject his doctrine. I accept all that was taught by a Moses, an Isaiah, a Paul, a John, because I believe that they had a Divine mission; I should accept the teaching of Swedenborg in the same manner if I had the same belief respecting him. It is for Mr. Hood to show reason to the contrary, and to convince his readers that he is consistent in accepting the Divine teacher and disowning his teaching. I am sure I do not wish to stand in the way of what he calls his 'individualism;' but let him not vex his righteous soul so much if his individualism is not precisely the individualism of more ordinary mortals.

Mr. Hood is very wrath with me for 'insinuating' his 'ignorance of Sabellius,' and asserts that he mentions 'the presbyter of Ptolemais' in the very work I reviewed, and disclaimed 'the identity of Swedenborg's system with his.' It may be that there is such mention, and such disclaimer, although after searching for them since I read his letter, as 'for a needle in a bundle of hay,' I have not been able to find them; still Mr. Hood must himself admit that there is neither mention of Sabellius nor disclaimer of his doctrine in that part of his 'exposition' which treats of the Trinity. Let it be conceded that Mr. Hood is deeply read in the

Sabellian controversy. I am sure I do not wish, and never intended, to impugn his knowledge of this and of 'all controversy;' only let him also concede that it is quite possible for a reviewer to ask, under such circumstances as have been referred to, 'Has he never heard of the presbyter of Ptolemais?' without being supposed to cast discredit on his author's book-knowledge.

The few words which I quoted from Epiphanius respecting the Sabellian doctrine seem to have wonderfully excited Mr. Hood's speculative faculty. After foolishly charging me with insinuations and what not, it becomes his turn to indulge in the amiable weakness he condemns. He *supposes* that I 'plagiarized from Neander the two or three words of Greek;' he *supposes* that I am 'as ignorant of the theology of the Greek school' as I am of 'the writings of Swedenborg.' If Mr. Hood had been a clairvoyant, like the object of his admiration, he might possibly have satisfied himself on these interesting points. As it is, I shall certainly not enlighten him on the subject, lest he should be too much disconcerted. The celebrated M.P., Mr. Hunt, in the course of debate, after the late Sir Robert Peel had ventured on a quotation from some Latin poet, rose up in his place and said, 'The right honourable baronet quoted Latin; I beg to inform the right honourable baronet that I have forgotten more Latin than he ever knew.' If it will at all soothe Mr. Hood's irritated feelings, I will still leave him to suppose that at the time when he penned the section of his book bearing on the Swedenborgian doctrine of the Trinity, he forgot more Greek than I ever knew, and that I am as ignorant as he could deem me to be both of the theology of the Greek school and of Swedenborgianism. I am not ambitious of contending for proficiency with an author like Mr. Hood, who must be a prodigy of learning if all the references in his book to great names—references in some places as thick as beads upon a rosary—imply a profound acquaintance with all their writings. At the same time I would observe that there are worse authorities than Neander on questions of Patristic theology, and I am afraid it will be a long time before the Swedenborgian theology will be fortunate enough to meet with one as good. If the 'New Churchman's' judgment be correct, Mr. Hood is not likely to be regarded in so favourable a light.

I scarcely know how to notice the last paragraph of Mr. Hood's letter; yet, how can I avoid doing so? No one can deplore more than I do the circumstance that at such a season—the saddest that can befall a man—Mr. Hood should have had the unhappiness of cutting open the pages of a periodical containing a notice of his book. But that he should refer to it as he has done is sadder still. I can afford to smile at his insinuations respecting my ignorance of Greek theology and Swedenborgianism; but that he should drag into the light of day domestic griefs, of which of course I knew nothing, for the purpose of giving effect to an uncharitable charge of uncharitableness, strikes me with much astonishment. I cannot utter what I think of it; but I very much doubt whether any of the 'Letters to the Scattered' will exactly meet such a case.

I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

THE REVIEWER OF 'EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.'

## Clara and her Cousins ; or, What is Religion ?

### CHAPTER IV.

It was scarcely a street—it might rather have been called a green lane, the retired locality in the little hamlet of Daleford, where stood the cottage, an upper room of which had for about three years been occupied by Sarah Dartnell. From the window of her chamber she looked down upon a lovely wooded dell, through which stole a stream so clear that every pebble in its bed was visible. As there were no dwellings at the opposite side of the lane, and that of Farmer Hill, Sarah's landlord, was the very last at his side of the hamlet, she had all the advantages of country air and attractive scenery, even in the confinement to which she was of necessity subject. In the day-time her eye rested with pleasure upon blue hills, and waving trees, and bright waters ; and during the night her ear was soothed by the soft sighing of the woods, with occasionally the voice of the nightingale, and the gentle rippling of the stream, as it passed under the old bridge not many yards from the cottage. Nor was its situation the only pleasant circumstance in her quiet abode ; you could not come within its view without being struck with the luxuriant growth of roses and myrtles, honeysuckle and jessamine, passion-flower and clematis, with which its walls were covered, and having your sense regaled by their fragrance. Some of these Sarah herself had trained to hang in festoons over her dormer window ; and when, on a soft day, she opened the casement to breathe a fresher air, she said they used to steal into her room with their sweet airs and pleasant looks, as if they were bearing her messages of love from her heavenly Father.

The inside of her little apartment was not less attractive than its exterior. Neither poverty, nor sickness, nor sorrow, had rendered her indifferent to that neatness which is most indispensable to the purest minds ; and Sarah's had not only been purified by the influence of Divine grace at a very early period of her life, but it had been further purged from its native dross by long-continued and oft-repeated trials, which, received by her as fatherly discipline, had 'yielded' in her soul 'the peaceable fruit of righteousness.'

But there was one circumstance respecting Sarah, which, had it not been alluded to by the Widow Wilkins, and rendered of importance by the character of Caroline's mind, we might perhaps have overlooked, and that was her extreme beauty—a beauty only rendered more intense by the disease which was consuming her life. Her soft, yet lustrous eyes—her skin, pure as alabaster—her cheek, tinted like the rose, and shaded by waves of silken, chesnut hair. to those acquainted with the nature of her illness, told of the near approach of death ; but to Caroline only suggested the inquiry—Was it possible that one so very beautiful could be going to die ? Yes, it was quite possible ; there is no antagonism between beauty and death ; beauty cannot defy death, nor does death always destroy beauty.

When Fanny had introduced her little cousins, and presented her

basket of grapes, she said, 'I am very sorry to hear you have been worse, Sarah.'

'Well, dear Miss Fanny,' replied the invalid, 'I suppose I am what most people would call worse; but to me it seems as if I was getting better every day; that is,' she said smiling, 'as if I was getting nearer perfect health.'

'And do you expect to get quite well again?' asked Caroline, looking at her with great earnestness and interest.

'Not here, Miss Caroline, not here—but there is a world where the inhabitant shall not say, "I am sick." I'm going there. I believe, O yes, I'm *sure*, I'm going to the heaven where my Saviour is gone before to prepare a place for me; and when he comes to receive me to himself, when by his power he raises this poor body from the grave, I'll leave all my sickness behind me there; then I'll be quite well you know, for ever.'

'And are you neither afraid nor sorry to die?'

'No, Miss Caroline, our Lord Jesus destroyed death when he fought the great battle with it on the cross, so I can't be afraid of it, you know. Then, as to being sorry, why I've seen all I love best in the world die, and for what should I be sorry to die myself? Not that I would have you think, dear young lady, that it is only because I'm sick, and poor, and friendless, that I am willing to die. When life was very young with me, I was taught to think of death, and to make such a preparation for it as would keep me from being either afraid or sorry when it came. Do you know what that preparation is, Miss Caroline, dear?'

Caroline hung her head, and said she was not *quite* sure.

'The only preparation any of us can make,' said Sarah, 'is to cast ourselves at the foot of that cross where Christ died for us, asking him to save us, to take away our sins, and make us holy like himself, and to give us his Holy Spirit, to enable us to live to his glory. Whoever makes this preparation, Miss Caroline, can hardly be afraid of death when it comes; and for nothing do I feel more thankful than for this, that before ever I knew sickness or sorrow I was led to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." I'm often ashamed, indeed, when I think how little I have lived to his glory, and then I say to myself, as the apostle did, "We have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and so I fly to him again and again from my sins.'

'And who was it taught you all about religion?' said Caroline.

'My mother and my grandmother, Miss Caroline.'

'And are they both dead?'

'Both dead,' replied Sarah; 'both dead to this world, both alive in the world above, where I'm going. I saw them die; I'll soon see them alive again.'

'And have you no friends at all alive, Sarah?'

'Not *relations*, Miss Caroline. The Lord has never left me without *friends*. Miss Jessie and Miss Fanny are friends indeed. But it seems to me as if everyone was my friend.'



Caroline didn't wonder at that; Sarah had quite taken hold of her heart, and she longed to hear her history. Children think every one has a story of their own to tell. Sarah had little.

'Did you never see your father?' she asked, timidly.

'Not often, Miss Caroline,' answered Sarah, with a pleasant smile; for she saw the childish desire for 'a story' in Caroline's question. 'You see my father was a sea captain. He had a trading vessel, and often made very long voyages. I remember him often going to the Cape, and other parts of Africa, and more than once to China; so that he was very seldom at home for a month together. He had a very good trade, and we lived in a pretty village at the other side of those blue hills that you see from the window. There is a railway direct from the port, where he always put in, by that village, so that he could be with us in a few minutes, when once he could leave his ship; but he was never able to remain with us long. His mother lived with us, and she and my mother loved one another as if they had been mother and daughter. My mother's name was Ruth, and I remember the neighbours used to call my grandmother Naomi—not that that was her name—her name was Sarah; but the love they had to one another made people compare them to Naomi and Ruth that you read of in the Bible. It was my father first called them so; for he was a Bible reader, and a very good man. But as I grew up I used to liken them to another couple of godly women that are mentioned in Scripture—Eunice, the mother, and Lois, the grandmother, of young Timothy. I had good reason to liken them to these good women, for they taught me from a child to know "the holy Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation." My grandmother was a long time not able to go about, from a hurt she had got; and while she was confined to bed and to her chair, I used to run for whatever she wanted, and read to her, and sing for her. She used to call me her little nurse; and well she paid me for my nursing, by all the kind instruction she gave me, not in the Scriptures only, but in everything. I had a little sister when I was about eight years old, and I remember how grandmother used to talk to me about her, and say how I should set her a good example when she and I should be growing up together, and how I ought never to snub her, or to make myself mistress over her, or talk of my being the elder sister; for she used to say girls never should talk so, and that there was sure to be disagreements between sisters so soon as one began to assume authority over the other.

'Well, I hope I would have acted on her advice; indeed, I am sure I would if I had had the opportunity, for I loved my little sister dearly. I couldn't do otherwise, for she was a dear, docile, loving child, that would win the heart from any one; but she lived to be only three years and a half old, and her death was my first grief. Oh, it was a great sorrow, coming on me just when my heart was fresh and tender. But dear grandmother knew that if my heart was fresh and tender to feel grief, so it would be to feel comfort too; and well I remember how she told me now was the time to know the value of the gospel, and to find Christ precious; and she reminded me how he loved little chil-

dren when he was on earth, and would he, she asked, love them less now? and she told me my little sister was with him, and that I must seek, before everything, to go where she was gone; that all things work together for good to those that love God; and that when I came to die, there were few things I would be more thankful for than for my sorrows. She taught me then a beautiful hymn, beginning with this verse—

“I asked the Lord that I might grow  
In faith, and love, and every grace;  
Might more of his salvation know,  
And seek more earnestly his face.”

And she taught me to offer up that prayer, and however the Lord might answer it, to say, “It is well.” It was but a child’s prayer (I was scarcely twelve), but I think the Lord answered it, and helped me to say from my heart, “It is well.”

My next trial after that was dear grandmother’s own death. It was a great grief to mother and myself, though we had long looked for it, and she “came to the grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season,” but it left such a blank! However, we had soon reason to be thankful it took place when it did. For two years before my grandmother died my father had taken to the timber-trade on his own account, and had made many voyages both to the Baltic and to North America, and had always had good voyages, and profitable cargoes. But he was getting tired of the sea, and longing to spend the remainder of life quietly at home. So he said he’d make *one venture more, and have done with it*. Poor dear father! his words came true enough, he ventured almost every thing he had already made; and we never saw him again. The vessel foundered in a storm in the Atlantic, and cargo and crew perished together. That was all we could ever hear, and that we heard from the captain of another vessel that sailed with my father’s, and that hardly weathered the same storm. We had had sorrow before, and now there was poverty along with the sorrow, but the sorrow swallowed up the poverty, so that we hardly felt it.

It was well that in the days when we had enough we had given ourselves, mother and I, to activity and early rising; that made it not come so hard upon us now that we had to work for our bread. But we had first to think what we could do, for it was necessary to begin at once; we had very little beyond the interest in our cottage and the furniture. Some that we thought our friends in our better days turned away from us now in our poverty; but, then, true friends were raised up to us by the poverty itself; so that we gained more than we lost in that way. One of these took the cottage off our hands, and sent the furniture for us to a seaport town, not the one where poor father used to put in—mother couldn’t bear that—but to one at some miles distance, where he was known almost as well; and much kindness was shown to his widow and child. My mother then set up a lodging and eating-house for sailors who were recommended by their captains for good conduct, and she never wanted for lodgers. I went out into sailors’ families to teach the children.

‘For five years we lived so, and we were very happy. It was true, we had lost our dearest, but that only made us dearer to one another; and then we knew they were “not lost, but gone before,” and we kept always looking forward to the time when we should be together again, never, never to part. And we often talked over these things together, and encouraged one another’s hearts, and we were happy. Then dear mother had a way of speaking to the sailors about religion—a quiet, gentle way—and she used to give them good books, besides having quite a library of her own that they were always free to use when they were in port. This was blessed to many of them; and even since her death I have had letters from more than one, telling me of their gratitude for the good she had done them, and begging my acceptance of some little token. Ah! to know that God had so favoured her was worth more to me than thousands of gold and silver.

‘The beginning of the sixth year of our living thus, that terrible scourge, the cholera, visited the town. Several of our lodgers had it, and my mother herself always attended them, even the worst cases, and there was but one that did not recover. Oh! how I did pray to God to spare her; and then, how I did thank him when the bills told that the disease was on the decline, and in a few days that it had *quite* disappeared. Quite; ah! no, not quite. There had not been a case for ten days, when my dearest mother took it—took it, but in a mild form. Still, it was too much for her; she had never been strong, and of late had gone through much fatigue; and though the complaint itself did not prove fatal, it left her in so broken-down a state, that she never got up strength again. Six months after she became paralytic, and for two years lay helpless on her bed. Of course, we had to give up the lodging-house, and we took a single room at the outside of the town; it was all we could afford, for we had nothing to depend on but the few pounds she had laid by, and what we got by the sale of the furniture, with the little I could make by work. Teaching I had to give up, my dear mother required so much attendance.

‘You may think, young ladies, that that was a dreary two years, but it was as happy a time as ever I spent. I often look back upon all I learned at that sick-bed as I sat beside it plying my needle as fast as I could set it, while she talked to me of heavenly things, often dwelling on those words of Paul, “Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” “Read of his afflictions, Sarah,” she would say, “as you find them related up and down in the Acts of the Apostles, and his own epistles, and say, if he could call what he suffered light, what should we call our trials? Why they don’t seem to have the weight of a feather: even the leaving you behind. Ah! I *did* find that hard at first; and one morning, as I lay here, while you were out for the work, I was thinking over it, and I said, ‘Oh, how can I leave her behind in this evil world, with none to look to but her God?’ Then it was as if a voice said to me—but I knew there was no voice, it was the Lord bringing his truth to flash upon my mind—‘Could you leave

her in better hands? Is it not written, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up?" "Who ever saw the seed of the righteous begging bread?" From that hour I have never had an uneasy thought about you, Sarah, or about any other thing. 'He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?'"

'It was thus she used to cheer and encourage me from her suffering bed, so that it was my joy to live for her; but things got very low indeed with us. The money was expended, and work was slack, and I felt the confinement was preying on my health. She tried to get me out to take the air of the country for a while, now and again; but I knew she might go at any time suddenly, and I had a horror of coming home from a country walk and finding her dead, and then through the whole of my after life to have to remember that there had been no loving one near to close her eyes and whisper the words of life to her departing spirit. And so I told her truly I was not so well or so happy anywhere as with her; and I tried hard to get more work, and I succeeded.

'Then the winter set in very severely, such an one had not been known for many years, and we both felt it keenly. I had a long walk to take often now, for one of the ladies that supplied me with work lived nearly three miles out of town, and sometimes I had to go to her twice a week, in all weathers. But she was very kind, and often gave me a cup of hot coffee or soup after my walk, and would have had me stay to rest for an hour, but I was in too much haste to get back to my mother to profit by her kindness. She was very kind indeed. Ladies that employ workwomen are often spoken of as hard to deal with; but she was not so, and seldom allowed me to leave her without some little nice thing that might tempt my mother to eat.

'One day, as I was returning home from her house, I was caught in a snow-storm; there was a biting wind, and my dress was thin, and when I got home I felt that I had caught cold. I took a hot drink, and did all I could to shake it off, but cough came on, and my mother noticed it, and then I got little things to check the cough, but that was only healing the outside; within I had a burning sensation that told me something was wrong, and that went on for about two months, until one morning when I went out early to take home some work I had finished over night, I was taken suddenly with a fit of coughing, and threw up blood; then I knew that I was marked for death.

'From that day on I felt worse; but oh, to keep it from my mother, not to have her last days embittered by thinking I was going beyond my strength—that I was, may be, dying myself while I was attending her dying bed; this was a very hard struggle, but it did not last long. In about three weeks after the blood appeared, she died peacefully, with her head upon my bosom, and with her eyes, for she could not speak nor raise a hand, saying to me, "LOOK UP." And I trust I did look up to my Saviour and my God; and though I was there alone

with the remains of my last earthly treasure, and with the seeds of mortal disease fast ripening within my own frame, I could say, "It is well." I remembered the prayer my grandmother had taught me, and though unbelief might have been ready to say, "Lord, why is this?" I was soon able to see that all my trials were an answer to that prayer, and that it was thus he was bestowing upon me an increase of "grace and faith."

'Nor did he leave me without an earthly friend. When the kind lady for whom I worked heard of what had taken place, she came herself to see me. She was one that had learned to "weep with those that weep," as well as to "rejoice with them that rejoice;" and she wept with me, and she sent her own physician to see me, and got me whatever he ordered, and paid the expenses of my mother's funeral, and bought me clothes; and when she found that Dr. Anstey thought the sea air too sharp for me, and that I should go more inland, she sent me here in her own carriage. Her coachman was a brother to Farmer Hill, and that was the way she knew of this room being to be hired; and she paid a year's rent of it for me, and gave me money besides in my pocket, and promised to do more, but just as the year was at an end she died. Where was the rent to come from now? I did not know. Nor, indeed, ladies, was I uneasy about it, though I was greatly grieved at the loss of my kind benefactress. But if I did not know where my supplies were to come from, my heavenly Father did; and it was scarce a month after Mrs. Herry died that dear Miss Lindley came back to Arden Hill, and since then I have wanted for nothing—nothing but gratitude equal to the favours I am receiving; nothing but to have that prayer for grace and faith more abundantly answered from day to day; nothing but to be more and more willing to suffer, and ready from my heart to say,—

"Nearer, my God, to thee—  
Nearer to thee,  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me:  
Still all my song would be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee—  
Nearer to thee."

Sarah leaned back fatigued from long speaking, though she had told her simple tale only at intervals. After she had somewhat recovered from her fatigue, she again turned to Caroline, and said, 'The Lord has been very good to me, dear young lady; I should be very ungrateful if I was either afraid or unwilling to die. I'm neither, blessed be his name; but if he has anything for me to do, I'm willing to stay a little longer from my dear father and mother, and grandmother and sister, and from my Saviour; but oh no, not from him, for he's with me here; I feel his presence; he never leaves me; the only difference is, that when I go I'll see him with my eyes, now I only feel him in my heart. May you feel him in yours, dear Miss Caroline; may all of you give yourselves to him here, that you may be with him and his in heaven for ever.'

After a few more parting words, the cousins quitted the cottage to return to Arden Hill. The sun was just, as it seemed, resting on the brow of the western hill, shedding a golden glory over the valleys beneath. 'What a pleasant evening,' said Fanny to her companions; 'and the sun sinking behind the hills, how beautiful it is, so calm looking, and yet so bright. It reminds me of Sarah Dartnell, for I remember some pretty lines in which a dying Christian is compared to the setting sun. I never thought them so pretty as I do now.'

'Could you repeat them?' asked Caroline.

'I will, just the first verse,' replied Fanny.

'How sweetly parts the Christian sun,  
Just like the summer monarch set,  
Midst cloudless skies his journey done,  
To rise in brighter glory yet.'

'But these skies are not cloudless. Look, Caroline, at that circle of little golden clouds surrounding the sun; you can hardly count their number; I could fancy they were a flight of angels, with the light of heaven shining on their wings, come to convey Sarah into the presence of Jesus.'

Caroline burst into tears. 'Oh, I am very sorry,' she said, 'that she is dying; I would so like to see her again.'

'And so you can, dear,' replied Fanny, soothingly; 'I hope she may live some time longer; and you can come soon again you know.'

'I don't think mamma would permit us,' answered Caroline, 'for when she gave us leave to come to-day, she said if we took any strange notions back with us we should never come again.'

'And what strange notions are you taking back?' inquired Fanny.

'Oh, I hardly know, Fanny. I never had such thoughts as I have had to-day about religion, and about other things, particularly since I have seen Sarah Dartnell.'

'Do try and tell me what they are, Caroline; perhaps I may be able to help you, though I am not very many years older than yourself. What do you think about religion?'

'Why, I think that it makes people happy without their having anything else to make them so. There's old Morgan that can't see, and Widow Wilkins that can't stir from her chair, and they both seem, oh, so happy! and then there's Sarah Dartnell, how happy religion makes her, though she's dying.'

'Well, I am very glad, indeed, that you have such thoughts about religion,' said Fanny, warmly, her cheek glowing and her eye sparkling with pleasure as she spoke; 'but, dear Caroline, don't let your thoughts about it end with thinking how happy it makes others, but try to have it yourself, that you yourself may be made happy by it.'

'But I have no one to teach me anything, Fanny.'

'Oh, you will all teach one another when you read together in the Bible; Clara and Lizzie and you. And who knows how my aunt may come to think herself about it, too, if she sees that it makes you more ready than ever to please her; and then she will let you come again, and you can bring all your questions to Jessie;

she can answer every one of them. But you said there were other things you had strange thoughts about; what are they?’

‘Why,’ replied Caroline, blushing, and hanging down her head, ‘I used to think there was nothing worth caring about but beauty and dress, and music and dancing, and seeing company, and being admired, and now I begin to think I would get tired of them all.’

‘And so you would, Caroline; but even if you did not, and could enjoy them as much at the end of life as at the beginning, still they never can give you the same satisfaction that true religion will: to know that God loves us, and to feel that we love him, is to be happy; we want no more to make us so.’

‘But how can any one know that God loves them?’

‘Dear Caroline, you know how many persons you have heard to-day speaking of the proof of his love to the world in giving his Son to die for their sins.’

‘Ah! but that was for every one. I want to know if he loves me.’

‘Why, if God loves every one, he loves you, of course, among the rest, and will give you everything that can make you happy, if you ask him with a real desire to get it. You need never be afraid that you will be hidden from him in the crowd of sinners that come to him for mercy. If you invited a number of beggars to come to you for charity, it is very likely you would miss seeing some of them, and they would go without what you intended for them; but it is not so with him; he sees every one, and knows their wants and their desires just as if there was no one else in the whole world. But Caroline, dear,’ added Fanny, putting her arm affectionately round her cousin, ‘if you want to be sure that God loves you, do you begin at once to love him, and then you will know that he loved you FIRST.’

The little company had now arrived at Arden Hill, where they found the pony chaise ready waiting to convey them home, for it was late. After a hasty cup of coffee, and an earnest prayer from Jessie that Fanny’s birthday might be the day of new birth to each of her guests, they were departing, when Fanny said, ‘Give each of our cousins a proverb to take home and remember, Jessie.’

Jessie smiled, and, after thinking a moment, she gave Clara Prov. xiv. 26, ‘In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence; and his children shall have a place of refuge.’ Clara promised to remember it.

‘And what have you for me, Jessie?’ inquired Caroline.

‘This is for you, Caroline,—Prov. xxxi. 30, “Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.”’

‘And mine; have you one for me, Jessie?’ cried little Lizzie.

‘Ah! yours is ready to hand, Lizzie,’ answered Jessie, laying her hand on the fair little head; ‘Prov. viii. 17, “I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.”’

With these proverbs, which they all promised to think over; a neat pocket Bible each; a basket, for their mamma, of the finest fruit and flowers which the gardens and greenhouses at Arden Hill could yield; a blessing from Jessie; and a lively farewell and ‘Come again’ from Fanny; the three sisters stepped into their little carriage and drove off.

## Brief Notices of the German Theological Press.

A '*Polyglot New Testament*,' edited with great care by Drs. Theile and Stier,\* is entitled to the post of honour in our cursory *resumé*. The meritorious achievements of the Messrs. Bagster in this department are well known, and are deserving of thankful recognition on the part of all who love the Word of God. Their beautiful folio is, however, too expensive for the limited resources of the great majority of students, and too bulky for common use. In the present handsome octavo volume an enterprising German firm has supplied what has long been a *desideratum*—a manual Polyglot Testament, printed with bold and legible type, scrupulously correct in its readings, and published at a cheap rate. Besides the Greek text, it comprises the Latin Vulgate, Luther's German version, and the authorized English translation; and on opening the book all four are presented at one view, viz., the Greek and Latin in parallel columns on the one page, and the German and English on the other. The lateral margins are filled with Scripture references, and the foot of the page with various readings. The Textus Receptus has been adopted for the original, but all the more important emendations of Griesbach, Knapp, Scholz, Lachmann, Tischendorf, Hahn, and Theile, together with the weightiest MS. testimonies in their favour, are duly indicated. Van Ess's well-known edition of the '*Clementine Vulgate*' has been followed in editing the Latin, although here, also, the principal deviations found in the MSS., and especially in the celebrated '*Codex Amiatinus*,' are carefully noted. In like manner, the comparatively few, but occasionally very interesting discrepancies in the German and English copies find place in the respective margins. It is gratifying to find that our own noble translation, which, with some defects, is upon the whole an astonishing monument of true Biblical scholarship, is attracting far more of the attention of the continental divines than was formerly paid to it, and it is quite a sign of the times to see it selected by the German editors to accompany their own, in preference to all other modern versions. Dr. Stier, indeed, in his Preface, candidly assigns to it the palm for strict accuracy, and unhesitatingly admits its great superiority to Luther's in this respect. We need only add that this new and excellent '*Polyglot*' has our hearty commendation.

In the department of ecclesiastical history, the latest appearances which have come to hand are of a topical nature, treating of single churches and periods only. The first which we have to notice is a '*Church History of the German Nations*,'† by Professor Kraft, of Bonn, to be completed in two volumes. The opening portion, giving an account of the beginnings of Christianity amongst the Goths, as the parent tribe of the great German family, was published at the close of last year, and is now before us. It is exceedingly interesting, and we have read it with very great pleasure. It gives, perhaps, the completest view of the subject

\* *Novum Testamentum Tetraglotton. Archetypum Græcum, cum Versionibus Vulgata Latina, Germanica Lutheri et Anglicana authentica in usum manualem edendum curaverunt C. G. G. Theile et R. Stier, Theol. D.D. Bielefeldia, 1855.* London agents: Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

† *Die Kirchengeschichte der Germanischen Völker. Von Wilhelm Kraft, Prof. der Evan. Theol. zu Bonn. Berlin, 1854. 8vo.* London agents: Williams and Norgate,



extant. In a valuable introduction the author collects into a focus much curious information as to the light in which the ancient Christians, bleeding under the persecuting *fascēs* of pagan Rome, were wont to regard the Northern barbarians, who were ever harassing her frontiers. These scattered notices, gleaned from the writings of the Fathers, serve to show that from the very earliest times the Church turned many a hopeful glance towards the invading tribes, and was not without a presentiment of the great future in store for these rude children of the forest and the fen. Especially marvellous in this respect is a passage in a recently discovered poem of Commodian, the Bunyan of North Africa, which, though written in the middle of the third century, reads like a definite prophecy of the Gothic conquest of Rome in the fifth. There follows a spirited sketch of the primitive history of the Goths previous to their conversion to Christianity by the heroic and wise missionary labours of their apostle Ulfila, so far as such a history can be constructed by means of a skilful combination of the fragmentary accounts and hints left us by the classical writers. By identifying the Goths with the Getæ, after the example of Grimm, Dr. Krafft is able to carry back this chain of testimonies to the father of history himself, and we thus catch glimpses of our ancestors, as early as the sixth century before the Christian era. The pagan religion of the German tribes is next investigated, especially in its ethical aspect, in which we discover an earnestness and a yearning after redemption truly remarkable. The old Northern heathenism shows to great advantage in this point of view, as compared with the classical. Our author has done good service by his careful examination of the Edda, and his copious critical analysis of that wonderful poem, 'The Wöluspá' (i.e., 'The Prophetess's Oracle'), the gem of the Scandinavian Bible, for the purpose of placing in the clearest light this mythological predisposition of the German nations towards the purer faith. Thus the way is paved for his deeply-interesting account of the conversion of the Goths to Christianity in the beginning of the fourth century, through God's blessing on the preaching of the Arian bishop, Ulfila, who, by translating the Bible for the use of his missionary flock, at least furnished them with the means of unlearning any errors, as well as of establishing themselves in the truth, which they had first heard from his lips. Professor Krafft's review of this celebrated version of the Scriptures, which besides being the most ancient extant monument of the German tongue, is one of the most venerable translations of the book of God ever made, concludes that portion of his work as yet given to the public. It is well done, like the rest of his performances, and shows how much precious material for Church history may be dug up by an enterprising and persevering student out of what would seem at first sight anything but a promising mine.

Dr. Soldan's 'History of Protestantism in France to the Death of Charles IX.'\* is a work which none who would obtain a thorough insight into the religious, and we may add, the political development of affairs in France during this momentous period, the heroic age of the Reformed Church in that country, can afford to neglect. Dr. Soldan has not shunned the trouble and persevering labours, apart from which he could not hope to shed new light upon a subject which has

\* Geschichte des Protestantismus in Frankreich bis zum Tode Karl's IX. Von Dr. Wilhelm Gottlieb Soldan. Leipzig, 1855. 8vo. London agents: Williams and Norgate.

employed so many able pens. His work is one of great research, and brings many new sources, both MS. and printed, to bear upon the solution of hitherto unsettled problems. It stands in a somewhat similar relation to the charming history of Felice, as Ranke's masterly work on the Reformation does to D'Aubigne's more popular volumes. We may also mention in this connexion M. Drion's '*Chronological History of the French Protestant Church down to the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*'\* as a useful companion to the more stately and ambitious treatises. Though written in French by one who in virtue of the decrees of the Congress of Vienna is in a political sense a Frenchman, yet the author is a member of a Lutheran and German Church, so that we feel no scruples in classing him amongst the theologians of that country to which his religious sympathies ally him.

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### Record of Christian Missions.

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WE have not had a two months' holiday, reader; but we sincerely regret that want of time in that busy month of May, and want of space in June, should have so seriously broken the series of our monthly records, and have twice deprived us of one of the pleasantest of our labours—the contemplation and communication of the fast increasing results of Christian Missions. You have had them put before you, however, by other writers, and by speakers, whose name is legion. The able pen of the secretary of the London Missionary Society has told you of its achievements; the fervour of an Arthur has stirred your heart to its inmost depths; and the manly appeals of a Brock have, we trust, roused you to gird up your own loins in the mission-work, which Christ has appointed for you as well as for others. We will endeavour, this month, to gather up some of the crumbs which these have left to us, and to tell you of still other triumphs of the Cross.

It is a triumph when that man of apostolic labours—the Paul of heathen Africa, Robert Moffat—can write such a letter as has appeared in the religious journals during the past month. The majority of our readers have, we hope, read this most interesting communication; and they will, therefore, we are sure, forgive a brief notice of it here, which we give for the sake of those who may, as yet, not have had an opportunity of acquainting themselves with its contents. Mr. Moffat writes from his missionary home of Kuruman, on the 7th February. After simply referring to his visits to the Banguakete and Baluena, particulars of which are promised when his journal is remitted, he states that he next came to the Bamanguato. Here, he says, 'I saw for the first time Sekhomi, their chief, whose appearance was in keeping with his well-known character, made up of cunning, treachery, cruelty, falsehood, and folly. He had long professed a friendship for me, with some measure of dread, as he always, after having acted unkindly to Livingston, or other English travellers, sent to me some

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\* *Histoire Chronologique de l'Eglise Protestante de France jusqu'à la Révocation de l'Edit de Nantes.* Par C. Drion, Président du Tribunal de Schlestadt, Membre du Consistoire Supérieur de la Confession d'Augsbourg. Paris, 1855. 12mo. London agents: Williams and Norgate.

kind of excuse or falsehood to palliate what he had done. I had long learned with grief that he had detained all the letters and parcels sent for Livingston, to whom he had promised he would, without fail, forward to another individual, who was to convey them to Linyanti. He had been warned that he was doing wrong, but, with something like idiotcy, he said he would keep them till Livingston himself came with a handsome reward ! I tried to look rather severe at him; but, before I had time to complain, his servants laid down before me the parcels which had been collecting for more than eighteen months.' This chief promised them guides to Moselekatse, to visit whom was one of the principal objects of this journey. With customary treachery, he failed to keep his promise, and until he reached Moselekatse, the missionary's sole guide was the compass.

'I pass over a variety of incidents,' says Mr. Moffat, 'and some hindrances, during which I underwent something like a continental scrutiny. It was at the peril of their lives that they permitted a stranger to pass, which made them terribly afraid lest they should allow a counterfeit Moffat to approach the person of their sovereign. When we at last reached Matlokotloko, we found him sick, and with difficulty brought to the porch leading to his residence. I saw his condition, and, while with one hand he eagerly grasped mine, he appeared deeply affected, and drew his mantle over his face with the other; I suppose unwilling that his vassals, who sat in silence at a distance, should see the hero of a hundred battles weep, even though it were for joy. After becoming composed, he gave full expression to the joy he felt on seeing me once more. Pointing to his feet, he said, "I am very sick, but your God has sent you to heal me." Though we had passed several of his towns, and had been two weeks conversant with his people, no one dared to whisper, "Moselekatse is sick." The fact was too sacred to be pronounced by vulgar lips.'

With God's blessing, Mr. Moffat succeeded in removing this sickness. He stayed with the great chief a month, having daily intercourse with him, and being treated with unbounded kindness. During the whole of this time, however, he could not prevail on Moselekatse to allow him to proclaim to him and his people the truths of the gospel. 'As he could refuse me nothing that I thought proper to ask, he would give evasive answers, and endeavoured to assure me that he believed the word of God was good for him; but at the same time hinting that his nobles and warriors might not like it, from the principles of peace it inculcated. But I was aware that they were really desirous of hearing those doctrines, which they knew had had a salutary influence on the mind of their master ever since my last visit, more than twenty years ago. Though, at that time, I was only able to reach his understanding, my strong remonstrances with him to modify the severity of his government had produced so thorough a change in his views, that the cruel and revolting forms of execution were nearly obsolete, while a sense of the value of human life, and the guilt of shedding human blood, characterised his measures to an extent his subjects had never before witnessed.'

'It was natural for me,' continues the writer, 'to feel melancholy, situated as I was, surrounded with multitudes of savages who loved me, and yet I could not instruct them. I tried at times to look morose, while he would try in vain to make me smile. I used to say pleasantly that if he would not hear of my Lord and Master, he should not have me, neither should I receive the shadow of a present from him, but that I

should, one of these mornings, shoulder my gun and march off to Sekeletue's country.'

For this he at last prepared—the chief, with officers, men, waggons, and munition of every kind accompanying him on his journey. They travelled thus for ten days, at the end of which it was found impossible to prosecute the journey further. The chief accordingly undertook to send Dr. Livingston's packages, which he did with a guard of twenty men and an officer. On their return to his principal village, Mr. Moffat appears to have renewed his importunities to be allowed to preach the gospel to Moselekatse's people, and permission was at last granted:—

'I cannot now describe the process by which I at last overcame his objections; the incident was unexpected and interesting. He gave full permission for me to preach to him and his warriors the gospel of salvation. Daily, at a minute's warning, they were assembled before me, much nearer him, who sat at my left hand, than they dared to approach on any other occasion. Never in my life did I witness such riveted attention and astonished countenances whilst I, amid the stillness of the grave, published to them the great doctrines of the word of God. These were things which never before had entered their ears; but the character of God, his works and providence, redemption through his Son, death, judgment, and eternity, were listened to with unflagging attention during the remainder of my sojourn. Though the people of Moselelatse are composed of Matabele or Zulus (the original stock), and of every tribe, from the Bakone tribes to the South, the Mashona to the North, and Batonga, they are transformed by the nature of the government under which they live, and exhibit characteristics of intelligence and prompt attention, compared to which the tribes from which they have been taken possess but a shadow.

'Numbers were arriving daily at head-quarters, and returning to the different towns of his vast dominions, to bring news, and convey orders and instructions, so that what was preached in the presence of Moselekatse was conveyed to the extreme ends of his territories; some who heard it at second-hand, published to others at a distance the strange news that Moshéto had brought to the ears of the Matabele. The above services were to me, beyond all description, interesting. I felt that my prayers had been answered, and that I had obtained my heart's desire. After concluding the first day's service, I turned to Moselekatse, and, laying my hand on his shoulder, said—"You have now made me happy. I want nothing else that you can give; I shall sigh no more." "How," he asked, "can you sigh when I and my kingdom are at your disposal? You must preach daily, and receive my present also."

We do not wonder, when we read a little further on, that it was with a desperate effort that the missionary could get away from his friend Moselekatse. 'He sent an escort to take me beyond the utmost bounds of his country, and to see my wants sufficiently supplied along the road, and also home to the Kuruman . . . where I arrived among my own people with feelings of lively gratitude to Him who had guided and guarded my seven months' wandering among savage beasts and savage men. During that period I preached the truths of the gospel to thousands who never heard the name of a Saviour before. I accomplished all that was within my power for Livingston. I gave Moselekatse and his people full proof of the deep interest I felt in their temporal as well as spiritual concerns; and I returned with

my health greatly improved, notwithstanding the toil and anxiety connected with such a journey.'

This narrative confirms a fact which modern missionary operations had before established, that the heart of the savage heathen is more accessible than that of his civilized brother outcast. It is reached at once. There are no layers one above another, each thicker than the last, of vice piled upon vice, and all encrusted with the hard and almost impenetrable indifference of the civilized pagans of our great cities. More encouraging, we have often thought, must it be to labour amongst the veriest savages of Africa, than to fight with beasts in our modern cities of 'Ephesus.' In this, with the use of proper means, rests our hope of the evangelization of Heathendom, when the gospel shall be preached to every creature, and when all prophecy shall be fulfilled by Jesus becoming the 'hope of THE WORLD.'

'If you look for trouble,' says an old proverb, 'you will be sure to find it;' and, we would add, if you look for joy you are not less sure. We are disposed this month to seek only for good news, and how quickly it comes to our hand! Turning to the missions of the United Presbyterian body in the WEST INDIES, we read that this Church numbers in Jamaica 4,004 members, with an average attendance on public worship of 8,000 persons; that 179 members have been added to them during the past year; and that there are now 496 candidates for membership; that there are 121 prayer-meetings, with an attendance of 1,662 (a larger average—120—than we can number in England); that on Sabbath there are 95 adult classes, with 1,905 in attendance, and 179 classes for children and young persons, with 2,301 scholars, taught by 259 teachers; and that the ministers have 34 week-day classes, attended by 1,078. It appears, also, that the congregations have raised, for all purposes, the respectable sum of 2,761*l.*, which is an average for each member of 13*s.* 9*d.*

All does not prosper, however, under this, on the whole, encouraging average; but while we lament to read such a statement as the next, we can highly appreciate the honesty—not so common as many may suppose—of the missionary who could write, and the society which could print, the following from the Rev. A. G. Hogg, of New Broughton, Jamaica:—'If you ask me, Is your church prospering? I might reply, that, if a church can only with propriety be said to prosper when there is a considerable increase of hopeful members to its fellowship, and when, on the part of those already connected with the church, there is an evident increase in knowledge, holiness, zeal, and activity—if this be the true idea of a prosperous church, then I lament to say that we do not enjoy such prosperity. I believe the godly among us pray for such a state of things; and I regard it as an earnest of better things, that a few of the best of our people pray without ceasing, and have a special season set apart to pray for such a state of things.'

What may be done, with God's blessing, by one devoted missionary, is shown by the history of the evangelization of Grand Cayman, an island 160 miles west of Jamaica, by a member of this society, the only Christian missionary who has visited it. 'That island, which contains a population of about 2,000, was entirely destitute of the gospel, or any means of religious instruction, when the Rev. James Elmslie went to it, in 1846. A great reformation in the character and habits of the people has taken place. All the magistrates in the island, with two exceptions,

are members, and four of them are elders, in the churches. The total membership of the churches is 274, all of whom have been admitted by Mr. Elmalic, and most of whom have been brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, during the period of his ministry.'

Australia is rapidly being supplied with ministers by the Episcopalian, the Congregationalist, the Wesleyan, and the Presbyterian denominations. The latter have recently sent out three more missionaries. 'Many reasons,' they well remark, 'make it extremely desirable to supply Australia with an adequate number of able, faithful, and acceptable ministers; and we have no doubt that should the reports, which the brethren who have recently gone out send home, be encouraging, others will be prepared to follow them, and to aid in making that great colony, whose fortunes are so peculiar, a light, a joy, and a blessing, to the many isles of the Pacific, as well as to the densely peopled regions of Eastern Asia.'

From the EAST INDIES we have this month no intelligence. 'It is a most painful and disheartening thing,' as Mr. Wylie remarked at the meeting of the London Missionary Society—'and no one can enter into these feelings but those who have been on the spot, and know that from year to year the mass of the districts are unvisited and untouched, not in the least degree affected by missionary influence—that the mass of the Hindoo population is descending to the grave uninstructed and unenlightened by any missionary whatever.' 'If we look at India,' repeated Mr. Arthur at another meeting, 'there are *millions* of our fellow-subjects who have never heard the name of Christ; there are tens of millions who have never seen a word of the gospel; grey-headed men have been born under the British rule, and are going down to the grave, and yet within five hundred miles of their native village there have never yet come "the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."' We believe there are only four hundred missionaries to all India—a country comprising more inhabitants than all the states of Europe put together. Thank God! however, we must not reckon in religious matters upon principles of human calculation. Statistics can never represent results in religion. God may effect more with these four hundred than is being effected in all England with its 60,000 ministers. We are glad to see that missionaries—the Baptist and Free Church especially—are cultivating the native ground in this great country—actively engaged in Educational Institutes and colleges for training Native Indians to the work of the ministry. 'This,' said the late John Freeman, after his visit to South Africa, 'is the great desideratum in all Christian missions. By that means alone can the great command of the Saviour be literally obeyed, "to preach the gospel to every creature." This is the consummation to be kept in view. Every measure up to that point must be regarded as only subsidiary and preparatory. The most efficient and successful missionary, therefore, is not the man who may have his three hundred, five hundred, or a thousand converts around him, but the man who, from amidst his converts, can find and train "men for the work of the ministry, and the edifying of the body of Christ."'

Before we conclude our rather lengthened record, we must call attention to a scheme recently set on foot in the United States, for the erection of a **MISSIONARY SEMINARY**. We find a statement of its objects in a letter from Professor Hopkins, of Williams College, Massachusetts, printed in the last number of the 'Evangelical

Christendom.' It is proposed in this scheme to purchase grounds and build a college for *returned missionaries*, with a view of providing for them a home, and for the general Christian Church a Missionary College, where students may be trained by men of the largest experience and full command of foreign languages, for missionary labour. The claim of Foreign missionaries is rightly taken for granted—the utility of the scheme need scarcely be enlarged upon. Returned missionaries, with rare exceptions, make good home pastors; but they have qualifications for other work which none but they can possibly possess. These qualifications, as Professor Hopkins remarks, 'the Church cannot afford to lose; indeed, she wants every particle of it. Increasing members are needed, and are going out into all the earth. How much better to spend a year or two in acquiring this indispensable preparation under competent teachers, than to spend the same amount of time on the dry technicalities of theology.' We earnestly commend this scheme to the imitation of the Christian churches of Great Britain.

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### Monthly Retrospect.

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THE event that is filling all men's minds, to the crowding out, for once, of all thoughts of self—the terrible and unlooked-for catastrophe, by which no less than a tenth of the English army—the representative and embodiment of its power and bravery—has been mowed down by one fell stroke, demands our first attention this month. Shall we say, writing though we do just as the full extent of our loss has been made known, that we think it possible to over-estimate its importance? Not its melancholy individual results! Can a wife or mother's grief be weighed? The longest life would be too short for them to weep away their sorrow. Henceforth, to them the sound of War will no more raise brilliant pictures of bright fields and nodding plumes, of prancing steed and stately march. Death's gory scythe, dripping with the blood of their beloved—such will be its emblem, though night-dreams may mock their eyes and wrench their hearts with sights of life and shadows—pictures of a happiness that has for ever passed away. To the Allied armies, and to the struggle in which they are engaged, the great defeat of the 18th of June may, however, prove more valuable than any victory. It is sure to teach them lessons which can only be learnt in adversity. It will nerve their arms to strike a heavier blow when next they come in contact with their opponents. It will check rashness and undue impetuosity, so that, though wisdom may have been bought with blood, it may after all be proved that it might have been more dearly purchased. To us in England it has by this time, we trust, sufficed to prove two things—first, that it is *possible* for our armies to be beaten; and, secondly, as the military writers of the daily press begin to acknowledge, that the whole plan of the campaign, as hitherto carried out by the Commanders of the Forces, is a mistake. On the first conclusion we will not dwell; though perhaps it would be more profitable, as some good-inten-

tioned writers and preachers seem to suppose, to enlarge on the humility such a reflection should cause, and to indulge our feelings in reverent, though sadly inconsistent, and mistaken, prayer, that notwithstanding the acknowledgment that this national catastrophe has been 'brought' about by the 'good providence of God,' it may please him not again to lay upon us 'His chastising hand.' So are the active and passive providences of God confounded, and in such a way that the Holy One is made virtually responsible for the crimes and mistakes of his creatures. There are rich and divine lessons to be learnt from every event in life; but they are lessons for the heart rather than for the head. His is the guilt on whom rests the responsibility: he who is guilty should humble himself. It is either most melancholy self-deceit or awful blasphemy, to maintain, as it is maintained on this question, that we are doing right, but are being punished. Such is not the government of God. If it be punishment, we are doing wrong; if we are not doing wrong, then nothing deserving the name of judicial punishment has come from God.

Thus far concerning morals; but there are other than moral errors, and to such may this event belong. Seven months ago, M. Kossuth, in his memorable speech at St. Martin's Hall, criticising the practical conduct of the war, and marking out its strategical necessities, condemned as a two-fold blunder—the one of omission, and the other of commission—the non-occupation of the straits of Kertch, and the occupation of the heights of the Tchernaya, in preference to the plains of Perekop. Though M. Kossuth was jeered at and ridiculed at the time by the experienced authorities of the clubs, the Allied generals have since thought fit to adopt his suggestion regarding Kertch, and have thus secured the most brilliant advantage gained by any movement made since the war began; and now we have the admission made by the very organ of the press that in December was the vehicle of ignorant abuse against its author, that after all a field campaign, and the stoppage of supplies from Perekop in preference to continuing the siege, may be the shortest method of bringing the struggle to a close. What if this be now done? What if it ought to have been done nine months ago? If any judgment has come upon this people, it is a judgment—as are most of God's judgments—in kind like unto the sin they have committed. They have lifted unprincipled and incompetent men into power, and they are visited with the fruits of such incompetency. Step by step, perhaps, the result of the 18th of June has been thus accomplished—as a result, but not as an independent act of chastisement. Our Government, says M. Kossuth, have proved that they are 'wavering in diplomacy, short-sighted in policy, aimless in design, inconsiderate in resolution, timid in execution, and particularly dexterous in going the wrong line, selecting the wrong place, and putting the wrong men in it.' What results, if miracles are not to be wrought, can we expect from such 'devising heads,' with such 'executive hands?'

Though we thus write, we do not forget the victories of the Mamelon and the Quarries, and the massacre at Hango. The first were, as were the other battles of this great siege, soldiers' victories, and to soldiers should be awarded the honour. Their graves will be the perpetual, and,



perhaps, the only monument of their prowess, unless history, written by such a pen as that which has traced the fortunes and vicissitudes of the Peninsular war, erect a still more imperishable trophy to their genius. It will, at any rate, record—as it has hitherto faithfully preserved the memory of every public crime, though forgetting many a public virtue—the massacre at Hango; ‘for men,’ says Aristotle, ‘never forget a bad deed.’ History is like the registers of the courts of law, to which men refer to find what crimes or misfortunes are recorded against a man. The register of good deeds is kept nowhere on this earth.

From the war to Parliament is always a natural and easy descent. We left the House of Commons at the commencement of its Whitsuntide holiday. On its re-assembling—but our readers know what has become of the amendments to Mr. Disraeli’s motion. We have what we consider a wholesome antipathy to telling the tale of successful trickery, and will, therefore, pass by without further comment the sham debates on Sir F. Baring’s and Mr. Lowe’s motions, as well as the artifice by which the great cajoler contrived to evade a defeat. So of the Administrative Reform debate, when the enemy most to be feared was disarmed by timely recognition and acceptance of his terms—recognition and acceptance, that is to say, so far as words are concerned.—The only other matters before the House have been, first, the ‘Sunday Trading Bill,’ by means of which two or three aristocratic evangelical Churchmen hope—we believe sincerely and faithfully—to stem the offensive tide of corruption and immorality, which they say is encouraged by the practice of Sunday trading. Our readers are acquainted with our opinions on this subject. We believe that the evil in question is simply a sign of disease, and not the disease itself, and that one might as well attempt to cure typhus with plaster, or scarlet fever with whitewash, as to cure irreligion by Acts of Parliament. The only effect of such mistaken zeal, as has been shown by the Hyde Park demonstration, is to rouse the anger of the parties against whom the law is directed, until they not merely neglect, but scorn the institution they are thus compelled to observe. Disregard is turned into hate, indifference into hostility, and sometimes—as in a memorable case which our readers will at once recollect—even professed assent to the doctrines of religion into avowed and aggressive infidelity.—Secondly, there is the Religious Worship Bill. This, with unusual good sense or neglect, the Lower House suffered to pass all necessary stages without once offering opposition. Its praiseworthy object, so fairly stated in its preamble and its simple provisions, secured for it a unanimous, if not a hearty approval. Not so in the House where the four-and-twenty self-styled representatives of Christ’s Church on earth sit to obstruct the progress of his kingdom. By these, the bill—for the express encouragement of religious worship, offering facilities for the preaching and hearing of God’s word, supported by the piety and zeal of the House, backed by abounding proofs of its necessity—was at once opposed. The ‘Church’ would be put in danger by it. ‘Dissent’ would be encouraged; they might have added, ‘the end of it will be, we shall lose our places!’ Religion! let it die out of the land—let thousands

upon thousands go down as heathens to the grave, these are indifferent things when compared with our position, and the stability of our 'Church!' And so, with suicidal success, the bill is sent upstairs, from whence it will be brought just in time to be numbered with the 'innocents.'

Next, by force of contrast, the Administrative Reform Association is suggested. The admirable public spirit and patriotic aim with which this movement has been initiated, and the calm temper with which its proceedings are being conducted, must have secured for its promoters the respect and confidence of all parties. One or two slips, as in the case of Mr. Lindsay's charges, it has made, but the Association can hardly be held entirely responsible for such exaggerations. Its publications, by which it should be mainly judged, are admirable specimens of cautious and moderate writing—if anything, rather too admirable in this respect. The only fault, and this in the present state of the movement may perhaps be excused, that we have to find with it, is the deficiency of its tracts in any pretension to literary excellence of any kind. For the purpose for which they are intended they are the baldest and weakest things with which we have yet made acquaintance. Now public offices, if they are such sinks of corruption and nests of incompetency as is represented, are not to be handled with gloves—much less with gloves in a mere tyro's hands. The Association should imitate in this respect the example of the Anti-corn-law League, by employing the best available talent, and by disseminating widely and profusely every publication that it issues.

We are sorry to be obliged to dwell on another disagreeable topic. Sores *will* present themselves, dear reader, or we should be the last to take notice of them. The bankruptcy of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Co., we will consider only in its aspect with regard to the 'religious world.' It has forcibly illustrated an evil more than once referred to in these pages. Sir John Dean Paul, like the Marquis of Clanricarde, has been a gentleman much sought after by the Religious Societies. We believe that no month of May has passed during the last ten years without his being placed in the chair at an Exeter-Hall anniversary. Only a month or so ago—just about the time when he took a cab to Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co.'s, for the purpose of pledging 100,000*l.* worth of his customers' property—he was to have taken the chair at the meeting of the 'British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel amongst the *Jews*,' but was prevented by—'illness.' What do the hermits of the church think the men of the world say of such things? They say, and we have heard it said in so many words within the past week, that 'the Religious Societies would put anyone in the chair if he would give them a cheque for 100*l.*' The only way to stop the slander and disgrace following this practice is, to seek not men of 'station' or 'rank' for any position of honour in Christ's Church, unless they be as eminent for riches in Christ Jesus as for riches in this world's goods. Better the poorest member of the Church, though he can cast in only his mite, than Clanricardes and Pauls by the score.

The Newspaper Stamp Bill has passed into law. It does not promise great results as yet, but we have sanguine expectations of its ultimate beneficial influence. The existing press is accommodating itself to its new

circumstances by simply relieving its subscribers of the cost of the old stamp. We hear nothing, as yet, of cheap religious newspapers, or of a greater desideratum still—a cheap Radical daily newspaper under Christian influence. There is plenty of time to carry out such projects. Our own anticipation is, that the first experience in cheap newspapers will be purchased dearly.

Passing by other topics which we had marked for notice—Sebastopol Reports—Flower Shows and Crystal Palace Fountains—those water-poems ‘rich and strange,’ whose praises only an Ariel could fitly sing—we reserve a closing paragraph as a memorial to one who, since we last met our readers, has been added to the ‘great multitude’ before the Throne. The late JOHN BLACKBURN’S life was a life identified for thirty years with the history of Dissenting Christianity in London, and not less with the history of modern Dissenting literature. Those who are best acquainted with these histories, and those only, know how much the Congregational body is indebted to him. Nature had qualified him for public service. His retentive memory; the remarkable availableness of all his stores of information; his quickness of speech; his active and cheerful disposition, fitted him for great and various service. And such he rendered. Shall it be said that he forgot his station? We knew him, and we would rather say he was tried as silver is tried—and he came forth purified, so that his experience abounded unto his people’s riches—his trouble unto their joy. The Giver and Disposer of life hath removed him when apparently he was most able to communicate of the wisdom of God. *Most able, and therefore taken?* Unto him it may have been even so.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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“T. Stevenson.”—Read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested, and forwarded to the proper quarter.

“Literary Notes” are unavoidably crowded out.

\* \* By the new postage regulations a copy of this magazine can be forwarded through the post for one penny, and the publisher will send any single number to any address post free on receipt of six postage stamps. We may remind our literary correspondents that the law regarding the transmission of manuscripts through the post will remain substantially unaltered, *unless* the MS. should weigh more than one pound. In that case the postage will be fourpence per pound, and one penny for every four ounces above. MSS. under one pound weight are charged as letters.

# THE MONTHLY CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR.

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## AUGUST, 1855.

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Nicholas Gehelli; or, My Life.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

IN one thing, at least, most professing Christians appear to be agreed, viz., in their opinion of the general feebleness of the pulpits, whether belonging to the Established Church, to the Presbyterians, to the Wesleyan Society, to the Baptist, or to those of the Independents, and even the Roman Catholic pulpits themselves. As we are agreed in the evil, it is incumbent on all Christians to discover the cause of this fearful calamity, for, afflicting thousands of souls as it does every day, we must thus denominate a disorder which, from traversing in its consequences the life beyond the grave, and modifying it for ever, must be regarded as one of the most dire inflections that ever befel the human race. What, then, is *the cause* that produces that state of lethargy among the Queen's subjects, to whom are preached every week more than a hundred thousand sermons, or upwards of five millions a year? Certainly not the want of intelligence in the auditory in general can be assigned as an adequate reason of the melancholy non-impressiveness with which those sermons are received. In particular districts of the country and of our larger towns, there might be found congregations lacking the power to grasp either the doctrine of man's sinfulness, or his responsibility, or, perhaps, that of the atonement, and of the Holy Spirit; but such audiences are few, and, of course, are newly formed, for if they had been any time in the habit of hearing the gospel they would soon have been trained at least to understand the ordinary topics of salvation. While such congregations may occasionally be found, the great mass of persons who hear the Christian preachers possess all the requisite power to follow them, and in many hundreds of cases it would be well for them if they could but follow the audience, and rise to their point of view, from which are

more clearly to be seen the plains of Paradise, the rocks of Sinai, the Mount of Calvary, and that two-fold road into which all the avenues of life issue, the broad and the narrow ways that lead to the grave. Among those Christian audiences we find the best minds of Great Britain, which draws its science and commerce, its civil laws and political life, its trades, arts, and professions, its literature and refinement, from those minds, upon which scarcely any preacher can leave a permanent impression. How is this? Is eternal life so inferior to the present one that the minister cannot sustain the argument of its transcendent superiority on the Sabbath, when he comes into actual struggle with his people? Are the verities of Christ of a less commanding quality than those of the Stock Exchange or of the Bank? Is the interest that men possess in the future doom of less importance than that which results from the announcement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Or, is the fight of faith of a less tremendous import than the capture of the Malakoff Tower, or the breach of the walls of Cronstadt? No one will, indeed, affirm that spiritual realities do not transcend in importance any that can rise out of the present life, even when they proceed from such things as the revolution of a kingdom, the outbreak of volcanic energy, or the discovery of some new source of wealth, or some fresh power in trade. Why, then, do not preachers make a deeper impression by their discourses on society?

We must at once admit that the cause of this pulpit feebleness does not rest with the preachers *alone*. The apathy, the non-receptiveness, the slavery of conscience, the obscuration of the understanding about the whole spiritual life, the want of taste, of memory, and of moral courage, and therefore of adequate sensitiveness about religion, are diseases which in some degree affect all individuals. But for the operation of these moral diseases the power of the pulpit would undoubtedly be greater; in such a case, however, its power would be less needed, for if there were no malady, where would be the value of proclaiming the Saviour? The truth, however, is, that the pulpit ought to make an adequate impression in spite of the somnolent state of the faculties as resulting from the disease, because it has often made one, and we thus find in the past the moral responsibility of the pulpit in every age to make a *deep* impression *on that age*. It is not to the purpose to say that the literary acquirements of the present body of Christian ministers are eminently adapted to provide books for the coming generation. That may or may not be granted, but unless ministers affect the people who are their contemporaries, it may be doubted whether their writings will more deeply influence ages to come. Every era creates its own difficulties and its own remedial literature, and if this be true, it may be fairly doubted whether the books produced at the present time will be valued fifty years hence. Christ raises ministers to preach, not to write; and as the effective preaching of the Christian religion is a different, and in many respects a more important work, than writing, we should hardly expect in the generality of cases the same persons at once to be good preachers and lasting authors. Ephemeral authorship, we suppose, will not be pleaded

against preaching, for while we allow that some such transient productions may produce a good temporary impression, it must be feared that the great bulk of the literary labours of preachers can rarely rise above this class. What a library of rubbish one might soon collect from the writings of former ministers who were handsomely reviewed, whose works occasionally reached a second, or even a third edition, but which to read now would be labour of a class, perhaps, particularly applicable to the toils of 'penal servitude.'

We are also aware how many other causes that solely arise from the congregation and from the state of the public mind, and with which preachers have no complicity, concur to impede the effect of the labours of the ministry. Among these are the want of a better knowledge of the Scriptures, which can only be acquired by devoting a portion of every day to their reading; more earnestness and candour in the pew; a less captious and satirical spirit in the family, where the defects and infirmities of the preacher are the raw material of table-talk, out of which every one shapes his witticism as well as he can; the vivid remembrance of the fact that the minister is their hired servant, while the other fact of his being, also, the servant of Christ, is overlooked; the translation of the temper of the world into the precincts of the Christian Church; and, above all, the exhausted and world-worn body and soul which the bulk of hearers take into their pews on the Sunday! these are some of the great impediments that almost all preachers meet with, and that hinder the progress of their ministry. We are persuaded, too, that it is to the existence of these or other evils that the spiritual unproductiveness of many hearers ought to be attributed; but to make such an admission would convict the hearers instead of the preacher, and as it is always more easy and agreeable to find fault with others rather than with ourselves, and more flattering to the human heart to suppose that the cause of this spiritual unproductiveness must arise from a circumstance foreign to ourselves, rather than from one in our own heart, the Christian minister is too often accused of preaching poor or unsuitable sermons. After such accusations have become general and vehement, he is dismissed, while the candid few are astonished with the different qualities of his successor; or, perhaps, the church to which this dismissed preacher is sent is equally astonished that he could not, with such sermons, maintain his former position. We are quite willing to hear all the real accusations that can be brought against either Nicholas or his brethren, but it is an odious injustice to pile upon their heads the faults of other men, against which the ministers constantly record their protest.

This subject must not, however, lead us to forget the specific object of this paper, which is to point out some of the forms of preaching which Nicholas has noticed on his way through life either to have signally failed, or to have eminently succeeded. And let no reader impute to Nicholas the contemptible vanity which, whilst he condemns others whom he really believes answerable, applauds himself, makes all his vices lean to virtue's side, and erects himself into a standard by which he judges all other men. This cannot be his character,

because he feels and acknowledges his own deficiencies as a man and a Christian, but especially as a minister; he knows bitterly how far he is from what he would or ought to be, or even from what he might be; resolved, however, is he to speak the truth so far as he understands it, and while he will neither bow to any of the worshipped idols of the Christian world, he is equally resolved to accuse no one whose faults are not open to all. Know, then, gentle reader, that Nicholas considers himself one of the worst, the least successful, and the most inefficient ministers in the Queen's realm. He either never heard any lectures early in life illustrative of the best manner of preaching, or was not receptive of what they communicated; at all events his mind was adapted from the force of his own reflections, and however honest his style may be, it was, unhappily, never popular; and he is, therefore, in courtesy to public opinion, bound to believe that the fault was his own. One class of persons have objected to Nicholas as too poetic; and another that his preaching was too erudite; to some it assumed too independent an air; and to many it has always been objectionable as dealing in topics and views of Christian doctrine and facts not sufficiently popular; while another class has objected to the sermons of Nicholas as too rationalistic, and often more than enough sparing of experimental influence. Now, while our author honestly admits that these objections have been frequently brought against his preaching, his early and his honest endeavours were to attain this very style which the bulk of Christian auditors condemn. In looking round the successful pulpits in England, Nicholas has been often impressed with the fact, not only that the style of their ministers was more simple, more experimental, and more commonplace than his own, but that their success commonly appeared to arise from some qualities which he did not possess. One of the most influential preachers that he ever heard was a minister whose lachrymal glands were always full and fluent, and who would shed tears frequently during the sermon, whether on the evidences of Christianity, the death of Christ, or on the principles of the moral law. These tears brought sympathetic drops into the ladies' eyes, and it would have been a strange thing if, while the preacher and the ladies were in tears, the gentlemen had not even attended to the discourse. Another popular minister, whom Nicholas sometimes heard, was famous for preaching on the doctrine of restitution as a sign of true repentance, and certainly the result of some of his sermons was much both to the honour of the preacher and some of his converts. A third famous minister we shall call the anecdotal, because he seldom preached a sermon without two or three stories in the sermon, which of course he always shrewdly turned to a good account; while a fourth preacher, who was mostly well attended, was remarkable for eliminating the spirit of Christian consolation from the records of Christianity. Many a time has Nicholas seriously pondered these cases of ministers more successful than himself; he has heard them repeatedly, analyzed their discourses, and always found himself compelled to dissent from their methods of addressing the public mind, though

he owns how much more popular than himself their sermonic differences made them with auditors in all parts of England.

He has, therefore, been driven to the conclusion, that the gospel may be as acceptably delivered by good men to a small and a thinking audience, as when presented to two or three thousand persons by a mere fervent and superficial talker, who never rises above the level of his people, and who drives into their memory the truth of God by anecdotes or by tears. Let both classes of preachers, therefore, candidly and charitably pursue their way, the intellectual not doing injustice to the popular, nor the popular despising the intellectual. Society has always a small minority of earnest thinkers, who, if there were no intellectual ministers, would rarely hear a sermon; and if England only possessed popular preachers, it is probable that in a few years we should see sown broadcast over the furrows of the land a specious infidelity, which could only arise from the absence of men of earnest thought in the pulpit appealing from the facts, the doctrines, and the reasonings of the New Testament, to other earnest thinkers in the pew. This society, which is like the gigantic earth built on strata of different material, must have a Christian agency adapted to these different states, and all the pooh-poohing of superficial talkers will never obliterate the eternal distinctions in the family of minds. What would well enough suit the flippant and the shallow well-dressed audiences of our large towns or places of fashion, would only be received with contempt or with laughter in such a city as Glasgow or Edinburgh; while a volume of sermons that has produced a marvellous effect in the thinking auditories of the Christian body, may not only lie with its leaves uncut on the popular preacher's table for a long time, but if those sermons were delivered to his congregation, half of it would become restive or obfuscated, and the other would probably go to sleep. These essential and wide-marked differences in the people we address demand from the Church a correspondent variety in the quality of preachers, at least until all men can attain that highest proof of development, viz., that every man can become all things to all men—a point, however, which it may be doubted whether inspiration itself enabled the apostles to reach. Obvious as this elementary difference of congregations is, how few practically observe it; and even ministers themselves are too incognizant of the fact, and sometimes obtrude themselves into auditories for which their abilities are most unsuited, a custom which generally ends either in the failure of their sermons to produce the right effect, in the gradual change of the audience, or what is still more sad, in a rupture between the preacher and the church. Before Congregationalism has existed another century in England this essential difference of the churches will force itself on the ministry, and the real superiority of the preachers usually being allotted to spheres of the worst fare, and that of the true inferiority of popular ministers to the best ones, may possibly suggest to the whole body whether a *representative* committee would not make a better distribution of ministers, than the blind law of so much money and so much tongue making a bargain independent of all wise religious and courageous advice.



If, on the other hand, we review the various styles of preaching that obtain in the pulpits of England, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that while there is much to commend, and even to applaud (and many preachers of all the different churches are justly acknowledged as fine samples of what the minister ought to be), there is also much to deplore. Some ministers so concentrate their preaching powers on the prophetic parts of the Bible, or confine themselves so exclusively to the doctrinal or the historic parts of revelation, or those passages that present some aspect of the poetically beautiful, or the criticism of textual difficulties, that one often wonders when these preachers find opportunity to introduce the nature of man, the bearings of the Divine law on the culpable race of mankind, or the remedial powers of the work of Christ and the Holy Spirit. But even in this list we do not include the great number of preachers whose chief excellence lies in their brave voice, their sentences of noisy clap-trap, or their pugilistic aggressions on the differences of other Christian brethren ; their sermons of twaddle and neat nonsense having, perhaps, no other relief than the correctness of their delivery ; or such as are so affected with the superfine sentimentalism in which they abound, that they can hardly digest the quotation of some of our Lord's terse expressions ; who are, forsooth, too refined either to ruffle the opinions of a well-dressed audience of women, or to hurl the burning thunders of God's threatenings at the positively unbelieving or scoffing infidel. One need not be put to difficulty to explain why preachers, who neither know how to construe a Hebrew, a Greek, or even an English sentence, should fail to produce a deep and a permanent influence on a thinking congregation. Earnestness on such a basis is thrown away, and it would perhaps confound the acutest statist to say whether the effusions of such a ministry do more harm by building up a religious life of fanatical zeal, or by encouraging open infidelity among the more godless of the intelligent on whom such a ministry may be brought to bear. It is an unhappy feature of Christian society, that it will not bear to read such a description as would portray the defects of a great portion of the ministers of the gospel, who in more ways than one 'sow the wind and reap the whirlwind.'

Now how comes it about, that in this enlightened country there should be so large a portion of either mischievous or totally uneducated preachers ? Whether this evil may have originated from the oversight of the Christian community, from the too great eagerness of unqualified men to enter upon the ministry, or from any other cause, the calamity itself is to be deeply deplored. If we do but give ourselves leisure to contemplate the proximate as well as the remote effects of one bad sermon on the inquisitive young, on those minds that are passing the crisis of their speculative opinions, and on those numerous persons that ever live on the perilous edges of heresy, of Antinomianism, or other doctrinal disorders, and multiply these results by the thousands of inadequate ministers, we may conjecture to what an extent the improperly preached gospel of Christ sows the tares among the wheat. And this evil is the more alarming when we consider how much more

receptive the human mind is of injudicious instruction than of sound doctrine. England is now nourishing in her Christian heart three young heresies (not to mention the re-growth of some of the old ones), viz., the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church of which Edward Irving was the insane founder; the sect of the Puseyites; and the worst of all, the abomination of Mormonism. The first is making steady progress among many of the middle classes who have but a feeble knowledge of the Scriptures or of ecclesiastical history, and who clearly see the inadaptedness of the old churches to the pressing claims of modern society; the second heresy is almost exclusively confined to the upper classes; while the barbaric theory of Mormon is working ruin by wholesale among the families of our working and adventurous men. An universally diffused ministry, of competent education and of rich evangelical sentiment, might have prevented the growth of these dogmas, whose development in fifty or one hundred years hence no man can foresee. In addition to these actually formed heresies, a slight inspection of the *nebula* that are ever and anon thrown out of the various schools of scepticism give sufficient indication of the increase of the heretic family, while all this time the race of sound and shrewd ministers of Christ is rapidly departing to a better life, and some of their places are filled by men of whose opinions we have most unsatisfactory premonitions. The world, on the one hand, has all but won its long-desiderated triumph of turning the Sabbath of England into a continental day of pleasure, and it, or the indirect voice of so-called philosophy, has wonderfully subdued the spirit of orthodoxy in many of the British pulpits. Never, indeed, did the time appear so urgent for an earnest, a wise, and bold declaration of the principal facts and doctrines of Christ; but, with the exception of some brave-hearted men, the bulk of ministers in all our Christian churches are either mourning over an inadequate income for the support of their families, regretting that they had not chosen a less mortifying profession, or are sadly looking after that giddy spirit of modern times which has carried the multitudes beyond the power of the preacher's voice. Those multitudes must be reclaimed, but can the men who have lost them ever recover them again unless they themselves be first made new men?

This fearful inadequacy of the Christian ministers to the age in which we live is, no doubt, greatly owing, so far as the educated portions are concerned, to the imperfect influence of their collegiate life. Not from Nicholas, however, must any one expect the indiscriminate censure of the colleges of the Church of England, of the Presbyterians, of the Independents and Baptists, or of those that belong to the Wesleyans. These colleges certainly do not turn out many effective preachers, but we are yet to be convinced that it is the sole fault of those institutions, and it is only in the supposed case of their not existing at all that we can see what good they really do. It must, however, be regretted that most of the colleges carry on at the same time the business of a school and that of a ministerial education together, and the several parts of which are performed by the same tutors. This, in our judgment, is not only philosophically wrong, but

it is the cause that so many men of moderate and of mean talents turn out of Christian colleges to be afterwards either drones in the well-stored hive, or to starve in a situation where they do not make the impression that they deserve something better. Superior minds, that would find zest and food in any system, and would rise above the hindrances of all, are not to be taken, therefore, altogether so much as specimens of the collegiate training, as the middle men whom the colleges send out upon the churches, but very little than educationally better. Education, however, wherever given, must be an advantage if properly employed; but in every case in which it is to be extensively imparted, it appears to us that it were better first to convey the educational knowledge, and then to devote two or three, or even four years, exclusively to the preparation for the ministry. It may be objected that this method would exclude some from the Christian ministry; that it would kill others by these more severe trials of character and study; and that, after all, it might only prepare a few preachers of the first class. Properly speaking, however, this is not the sort of evidence with which to try the proposed system; but whether better ministers would not be really made by the various colleges devoting their sole attention to the ministerial life. Now, a young minister from the Academy leaves his tutors, and enters upon his labours with very imperfect notions of the best modes of composing a sermon, of the resources from which he is to draw the material for his work, and of the aspects in which he should always endeavour to present the truth of Christ to the people. A proper course of ministerial instruction would prevent any young man launching into the pulpitic life at hap-hazard, and adopting that style which it is the most easy for him to form, and of using those illustrations which are not only the readiest to his hand, but which will enable him best to approximate to the model preacher, which it is supposed every minister has in his mind. How many errors do most young ministers commit, either in preparation for the pulpit, in the delivery of their sermons, in treating the different classes of their hearers, in their visitations of the people, in applying the gospel to the cases of corporeal and mental disorders, and in their intercourse with other ministers and Christians of different congregations, and from the effects of which mistakes some of them are driven from one situation to another, till they become as mechanically wise as they ought to have been before their first settlement!

It is, however, to be seriously doubted whether the poorer parts of the Church would not be more pleased and profited by a ministry whose education should only extend to such subjects as can be conveyed in the English language. Two years' training would be enough for such a class of preachers who, if possessed of good health, of fervent piety, of energetic minds, and of a sound acquaintance with theology, with the elements of church and civil history, with the geography, the customs, and antiquities of the Bible, and with as much knowledge as could be crowded into that period of English grammar, of composition, and the general facts of science, with

the particulars of the pastoral care, would be enabled fervently to preach the gospel to congregations who neither care for the criticism of the Bible, nor are desirous that their ministers should know of general scholarship more than themselves. This is the class of men to break up the fallow grounds of Great Britain; to scuffle with the mobs to whom they would preach in the town streets, or on the village green; and we are persuaded that a few such institutions in England would not, as the higher colleges do, complain of the want of students, for with the prospect of being sooner, and at less expense, introduced to their work, many would become candidates for an English education who tremble at the thought of aspiring to colleges where the bulk of the studies rather seem to aim at the honour of taking degrees than for being prepared to become ministers of the gospel of Christ. We must never forget the history of such a ministry among the Wesleyans in England, and other ministries in Scotland and in America, which, though guided by the more collegiate minds of the Wesleys, the Walkers, and the Erskines, not only established the numerous churches of Lady Huntingdon and the Wesleys, but refreshed the soul of many another inheritance when it was weary. It is to the indirect influence of this former uneducated ministry that we have now an army of city and town missionaries, of scripture readers, and distributors of tracts; and we have reason to believe that the better men of the Church of England itself are now turning their attention to this very subject, and surely Dissenters, who have always been more free in their denominational movements, will not be backward to revert to the old agency from which they once raised a host of venerated and useful men.

Meantime, there is one subject which is grievously impairing the efficiency of a great number of ministers, and especially those of the Baptist and the Independent order; we refer to their own most inadequate income, and the almost total want of certain provision for their widows and young children after their death. Nicholas excludes his own case from this class of deficiently-paid men, as he has now no reason to complain; but his heart has long wrung with anguish to know in what straits many energetic and noble ministers are bound to maintain a wife and a large family, even at the present time, on an income of less than 100*l.* a year, and to appear in society, forsooth, as gentlemen! In many cases, undoubtedly, the salary of the minister is all that his people can possibly raise, and more than they would raise for a man less beloved, or less useful. But we have to regret the existence of congregations with half a dozen rich men in them, who spend more on their horses, their dogs, their groom, their flower-garden, or various objects of taste, than the gross amount of their minister's income. These ministers are generally invited to the table of their rich friends, to form one of a party at which more money is often spent than their whole year's contribution to their place of worship; or that minister is sometimes called upon to admire articles of vertu and bijouterie on the mantel-piece or the sideboard, while he knows that his wife has long been ashamed to

go out in her best dress, and himself is conscious that he is not only wearing his best coat the third year, but that his family can only very rarely afford in his house more than a single fire. Gentlemen of the Congregational body of England, is it not a shame that such should be the state of the man to whom both you and your families are so much indebted? We affirm that the Dissenting ministry can never be what its talents and acquirements would justify, while the preachers to our wealthy countrymen are so ill-rewarded for their labours. We do not desire to see our poor churches invaded by any power external to themselves; there needs, however, no such invasion to enable the Dissenting gentry of her Majesty's dominions to subscribe 10,000*l.* per annum to help to support good and true men at their beloved labour of preaching the gospel of Christ. What rich man could say that he ought not, or was not able to give an additional 10*l.* a year to such a fund, which would not merely aid these distressed preachers, but would impel the whole fountains of benevolence towards other objects to give out a richer supply? It is not the want of talents in our tutors, but the niggardly rate of remuneration that many Dissenting ministers receive, which prohibits many of our pious young men from seeking admission to the colleges. Ten pounds per annum may be a trifle in the housekeeping accounts of the village squire, of the rich manufacturer, or of the city banker; but it would be equivalent to easing the minister of much of his house-rent, or would provide many in his family with clothes for a year. Too much money always impairs a minister's vigour, or debases his spirit, but too small a sum for even coarse subsistence wears out his energy before its time by the constant pressure of anxiety; and it is a mortifying thought that on the coffin of many of our preachers might be written the words—'*Died from comparative starvation and its accompanying care.*' Dissenting gentlemen of England, at least pity these worn-out men of care, who taught you the way to heaven, and have often filled your hearts with joy.

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### Charles Kingsley: Painter, Poet, and Preacher.

It is just four years since we went, on a summer Sunday evening, to a church in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy-square, to hear one of a course of lectures, the general description of which we have forgotten, but whose purport was unmistakably indicated by the names of the lecturers—one of whom was Professor Maurice, and another, if we mistake not, the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, of Brighton; of whom we must be allowed to say—though his influence was almost entirely local, his death was a national loss. The special subject on this occasion was, the 'Message of the Church to Labouring Men;' and the preacher, the Rev. Charles Kingsley. The reputation of the man

had most effectually seconded the invitation implied in his topic. He had not only a crowded, but a composite congregation. In addition to the well-attired people native to so respectable a quarter, there were present numerous types of the two classes whose habitual absence is the most unhappy symptom of our ecclesiæ,—namely, the professionally-intellectual and the intelligent-artizan classes. A curious contrast to the expressionless faces and easy formality of the former, were these latter, with their large heads, inquisitive features, eccentric costumes, and that obvious unfamiliarity with the intricacies of the liturgy by which, as Macaulay tells us, the occasional conformists of James the Second's day betrayed themselves. It must, we fear, be a very strong attraction that diverts writers and printers, artists and colour-grinders, chartist poets and communistic tailors, from the Sunday-evening stroll to the Sunday-evening service. But it was no wonder that the diversion had been effected for once. The pulpit was occupied that night by a literary celebrity and a social reformer. Mr. Kingsley had some years before made himself of note and expectation by a dramatic poem\* of rare merit and timely significance; and had just caused the circulating libraries to be besieged by the publication of a novel equally exciting in itself and startling in its object.† He was known, moreover, as the zealous promoter of co-operative workshops and stores—essays at the substitution for that competitive system which demoralizes the trader and destroys the labourer, of a system that should at once enrich and Christianize. The sermon was just what was to be expected from such a preacher. With that forceful simplicity of style which comes only of native genius or exquisite culture, he set forth the social significance of the text, 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, to preach deliverance to the captives,' etc.—the obligation which Christianity lays upon the strong to care for the weak; the rights which it charters to the poor equally with the rich—right to the means of instruction, employment, and health. There was nothing to surprise in the sermon—but something to surprise and shock in what followed. Just as the Benediction had been pronounced from the pulpit, and the congregation rose to leave, the incumbent of the church sprang from his seat at the altar into the reading-desk, announced his total dissent from much of what had been said, and his sense of unfitness in much more; his ignorance that Mr. Kingsley intended anything of the kind; and his own repudiation of responsibility to his bishop for this night's proceeding. We are not likely to forget the aspect of the repudiated brother in the pulpit during this curious scene. Standing where he had risen from his knees, with the condemned sermon in his hand, and his arms folded in his gown across his breast, he bent from beneath his dark, arched eyebrows, looks of contemptuous pity upon the poor fussy creature in the surplice. What passed in the vestry we never heard—

\* 'The Saints' Tragedy; or, the True Story of Elizabeth of Hungary, Landgrave of Thuringia, Saint of the Romish Calendar.'

† 'Alton Locke: Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography.'

but as the preacher left the church, there was an evident inclination on the part of many to give him a cheer; the MS. was given to some friends; and in a few days, the first of five editions was challenging the censure of bishops, and enjoying the applause of the press.

Mr. Kingsley has since plied his pen with an activity that makes it obligatory upon the critic to ascertain once for all what he is, and what may be expected of him. The man who produces a dozen volumes—besides quarterly review articles, philosophical lectures, and other serious trifles—in five or six years, is either one of that respectable class of writers, who, compelled to be content to be useful, do not solicit criticism, but are yet the most likely to need it for their correction; or one of that (æsthetically) criminal class, whose ‘eclecticism of twaddle and bugbear’ deserves only the contempt of criticism, but must, in mercy to society, be visited with its terrors; or one of that high and mighty group who are above criticism, as the gods are above law, and rather to be studied as setting the rule than judged as its subjects. The maxim, ‘Call no man blessed till he is dead,’ savours too much of cold-blooded caution for our liking. We embrace the good man when we meet him, undeterred by the foresight of possible lapses,—and kneel to the great, despite some painful experiences of mutilated Dragons. Having settled it in our mind that the author of ‘Sartor Resartus’ is a genuine ‘man of genius,’ we stick to it, however the belief may be tried by Latterday Pamphlets; trusting to time to justify that faith in living greatness which colder temperaments keep for the canonized dead. Macaulay may sometimes drive in defence of Whigs of to-day whom he would have pilloried to everlasting scorn had they intrigued with Sunderland instead of with Palmerston; but the intellectual rank of Macaulay is nevertheless as unquestioned as that of Gibbon, which is, again, as unquestioned as the majesty of ocean; though, remembering that Jeffrey did question even that—seeing nothing in the Atlantic that was not ‘mean or ugly’\*—it is not surprising that in a certain ‘Gallery of Literary Portraits,’ Carlyle is painted as a maniac and Macaulay as a fribble. The author of ‘Alton Locke’ set himself at once on a high but insecure pinnacle in the general estimation. The universal acknowledgment of his genius was accompanied by an awfully disparaging ‘but’ from critics of the Edinburgh school. The ‘Spectator’ and the ‘Nonconformist’ were, we believe, the only influential organs of the weekly press that did not mingle praise with protest, and applause with oburgation, in a proportion more flattering to the author’s consciousness of power than favourable to his future appearances. We are, therefore, not surprised to find that his every subsequent production has been judged with harshness; and that of his latest work,† the object is misunderstood, and the machinery reviled.

\* See ‘Christian Spectator,’ vol. ii. p. 336.

† ‘Westward Ho! or, the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh Knight, of Burrough, in the County of Devon, in the Reign of her most glorious Majesty Queen Elizabeth. Rendered into modern English by Charles Kingsley.’ Cambridge: Macmillan.

It is impossible within the compass of the space usually allowed in these pages to a single article, to attempt a systematic review of so voluminous a writer;—but we trust that it is also superfluous. Whosoever of our readers is not personally acquainted with one or more of Charles Kingsley's works, we recommend instantly to resort to the bookseller's with that intent;—and to the rest, we offer but a notice of his leading characteristics, with a few illustrations which, if not needful, are sure to be welcome.

First, and most obviously, Mr. Kingsley is a great word-painter. He possesses in a rare degree that rare faculty—rare even in an age when to observe and to describe are subjects of set lessons at schools of all ranks—by which the ideal is made actual, and the common is glorified with the glory of the ideal. His pen depicts a sunset with the grandeur of Turner, and a hedgerow with the fidelity of a pre-Raphaelite. To his poet's eye, the beetles that crawl about the threshold and stairs of Alton Locke's poor home are clothed with the mail of Milton's angels; and his artist pencil makes us see, as did that puny dreamer leaning over Battersea-bridge, vistas of delight in the westward-winding Thames. The fields about London—the fenny meadows of the east country—the leafy fox-covers and chalk ridges of Wiltshire—the downs and coves of Devon—the slimy, monster-peopled Nile—the orange groves and orchid forests of Barbadoes—the tropic splendours and Alpine horrors of the Orinoco country—are all alike within his ken, and under his hand. It has been said of Dickens that he can describe a town pump, but not the Falls of Niagara. No such smart injustice can be attempted upon Mr. Kingsley. His pages mirror every phase of nature with a versatility and faithfulness that resemble the daguerreotype, but with a warmth of colour which that bastard art neither possesses nor can receive. Charles Lamb is not more thoroughly a cockney than he, to judge from his pictures of London life, as well as of London scenery; yet Christopher North not more thoroughly at home upon the heath, or beside the trout-stream. His familiarity with the banks of Chelsea-reach, and with the manners of medical students, was explicable from the fact that his father claims the philosopher of Cheyne-walk as a parishioner; and if other pages of 'Alton Locke' showed mastery of the slang of the tailor's shop-board by no means attainable from blue-books, we could ascribe it to visits analogous to those of his hero to the Cambridge cousin. But in his next work,\* we find innumerable passages like this, impossible to the most accomplished London literateur with merely 'the luck to see a run:—

'The edge of a great fox-cover; a flat wilderness of low, leafless oaks, fortified by a long, dreary thorn-capped ivy ditch, with sour red water oozing out at every yard; a broken gate leading into a strait wood-ride, ragged with dead grasses, and black with fallen leaves, the centre mashed into a quagmire by innumerable horse-hoofs. . . . A silent, dim, distanceless, steaming, rotting day in March.

\* 'Yeast: a Problem.' Reprinted, with corrections and additions, from 'Fraser's Magazine.'



The last brown oak-leaf, which had stood out the winter's frost, spun and quivered plump down, and then lay; as if ashamed to have broken for a moment the ghastly stillness, like an awkward guest at a great dumb dinner-party. A cold suck of wind just proved its existence by toothaches on the north side of all faces. The spiders, having been weather-bewitched the night before, had unanimously agreed to cover every brake and brier with gossamer cradles, and never a fly to be caught in them; like Manchester cotton-spinners, madly glutting the market in the teeth of 'no demand.' The steam crawled out of the dark turf, and reeked off the flanks and nostrils of the shivering horses, and clung with clammy paws to frosted hats and dripping boughs. A soulless, skyless, catarrhal day, as if that bustling dowager, old Mother Earth—what with match-making in spring, and *fêtes champêtres* in summer, and dinner-giving in autumn—was fairly worn out, and put to bed with the influenza, under wet blankets and the cold water cure. . . . On and on, down the wind and down the vale; and the canter became a gallop, and the gallop a long, straining ride; and a hundred horse-hoofs crackled like flame among the stubbles, and thundered fetlock deep along the heavy meadows; . . . till the rolling grass-lands spread out into flat black open fallows, crossed with grassy banks, and here and there a long, melancholy line of tall elms, while before them the high chalk ranges gleamed above the mist like a vast wall of emerald enamelled with snow, and the winding river glittering at their feet.'

There! if any reader thinks *that* nothing particular, just let him try his own hand upon the harvest or hunting field, upon whose edge he may be lounging away his next month's holiday, with a telescope and a cigar-case: or, stop! let him put off the holiday till he has made a word-picture of the view from his back parlour window.—But before we had got over wondering at the fox-hunting and fly-fishing in 'Yeast,' there began to defile before us, in the highly-favoured columns of 'Fraser,'\* a boat's crew of bullet-headed, red-bearded, yellow-haired Goths, and Grecian beauties—so Titian-coloured as to make prudish reviewers cry fie on the parson-painter—all sailing up the Nile, spearing hippopotami, and hunting for a fabled city of Odin, but finding, instead, an Alexandria of two civilizations—a pagan philosophy, infidel prefect, papal bishop, and very wicked population; whose climate, city, dwellings, temples, dresses, revels, and wars, are pictured to us with the mingled warmth and minuteness of a stage spectacle. Some six months since, there appeared in the 'North British' a paper on the 'Wonders of the Shore,'† which we read as we might a strange new poem—a chapter of science turned into song—asking ever, 'Who can it be?'—and heard it, with incredulous admiration, attributed to this versatile Kingsley. Now, lastly, we have from the same pen a three-volumed historical novel, of which the scene lies sometimes in Devon, sometimes in South America; but is always painted as though it were the artist's birthplace, and he had never painted aught else. In the natural history paper he makes a handful of sea-sand, a bit of weed, or a rotten branch, yield the material of page after page of animated, humorous, eloquent writing; and that, too, strictly descriptive writing—not piling a pyramid of morals upon a square inch of shell, but magnifying its surface and analyzing its depths, so that you seem to have in it a piece of the infinite

\* 'Hypatia; or, New Foes with Old Faces.'

† Reprinted, with the leading title of 'Glaucus.'

firmament in your hand. In the historical novel, the sweet Sabbath silence of the woods and heath that sweep down to the summer sea—the ominous, thunder-brooding silence of the American forest—the white and brown cliffs, where feed the goats and asses of the fishing-village beneath—the mountains whose sides are clothed with colossal jungle, and whose snow-covered peaks gleam through the cloud that veils neither sun nor snow—the innocent stream that glides through the well-tilled fields, whose husbandmen vary the spade with the angle—the broad, deep river, that rolls lazily between walls of rock, shutting out a wilderness of savage beauties; the jaguar, lurking among trees of monstrous girth; the monkey and the parrot, screaming among branches decked with a thousand parasites; the flamingo and the ibis wading in its shallows; the dolphin flitting on the surface, and the alligator peering from its depths—the strain of the good ship in the tempest of thunder, lightning, and bloody war;—these, all by turns, with a dozen other phases of nature or of man, fill the fascinated eye. None of these are merely outlined, and none are padded out. It is their peculiar excellence that details are never neglected, and that the colour, so to speak, never runs out. Such is the richness of the artist's fancy, or such the perfection of his knowledge, that every heather bell and every mimosa tendril is in its place. The weather stain upon the wall is no more omitted than the painted window in the chancel.

Less known, but scarce less highly appreciated by those to whom they are known, are Mr. Kingsley's lyric poems. The 'Saint's Tragedy' we have already characterised as a drama of intrinsic excellence: it is not a mere set of speeches, assigned to appropriately designated speakers, but the vivid exhibition of a life, in soliloquy and action;—the soliloquy revealing a form of spiritual disease the most difficult to depict, because consisting only in illusion; the action carried on by characters as intensely real as they are finely typical. But it is rather by its episodic rhymes than by integral passages that the poem is remembered. In the same scene—for instance—we have the doctrine of resignation at once propounded and parodied, in these two rhymes:

\* GUTA (*singing*)—Far among the lonely hills,  
As I lay beside my sheep,  
Rest came down upon my soul  
From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above;  
Changeless morn succeeds to even;  
And the everlasting hills  
Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

See the rivers, how they run  
Changeless to a changeless sea;  
All around is forethought sure,  
Fixed will and stern decree.

Can the sailor move the main?  
Will the potter heed the clay?  
Mortal! where the spirit drives  
Thither must the wheels obey.

Neither ask, nor fret, nor strive;  
Where thy path is, thou shalt go.  
He who made the stream of time,  
Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

' ELIZ.—That's a sweet song, and yet it does not chime with my heart's inner voice. Where had you it, Guta?

' GUTA.—From a nun, who was a shepherdess in her youth—sadly plagued she was by a cruel stepmother, till she fled to a convent, and found rest to her soul.

' FOOL.—No doubt; nothing so pleasant as giving up one's own will in one's own way. But she might have learnt all that without taking cold on the hill tops.

' ELIZ.—Where then, Fool?

' FOOL.—At any market-cross, where two or three rogues are together, who have neither grace to mend nor courage to say, "I did it." Now you shall see the shepherdess's baby dressed in my cap and bells.

' (*Sings*)—When I was a greenhorn and young,

And wanted to be and to do,  
I puzzled my brains about choosing my line,  
Till I found out the way that things go.

The same piece of clay makes a tile,  
A pitcher, a taw, or a brick;  
Dan Horace knew life; you may cut out a saint  
Or a bench from the selfsame stick.

The urchin who squalls in a gaol,  
By circumstance turns out a rogue;  
While the castle-born brat is a senator born,  
Or a saint, if religion's in vogue.

We fall on our legs in this world,  
Blind kittens, tossed in neck and heels;  
'Tis Dame Circumstance licks Nature's cubs into shape;  
She's the mill-head, if we are the wheels.

Then why puzzle or fret, plot or dream?  
He that's wise will just follow his nose;  
Contentedly fish while he swims with the stream;  
'Tis no business of his where it goes.'

Is there not here the contrast of wisdom in the mouths of saintship and of sin,—the pearl in the ear of beauty and in the swine's snout—in the very tissue of the two songs? the lady using none but sacred imagery to express her pious meaning—the fool finding in the vulgar and the ludicrous the fit vehicle of his epicurean intent. In nearly every one of Mr. Kingsley's other works we have similar proofs of lyric power. In 'Alton Locke,' there is a ballad which is as sure of immortality as any one of Burns's or Moore's—'Mary, go and call the Cattle Home.' In 'Yeast,' there is a 'Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter,' that may yet be set to the stormful lyre of an agrarian revolt. It is the menacing wail of a poacher's widow, as she sits by night within sight of the garden plot soddened by his blood, but on which the law-protected hares and rabbits still play with the immunity of Egyptian cats. It is thus that she cries to God for vengeance, and threatens it upon her lordly enemy:—

' You have sold the labouring man, squire,  
Body and soul to shame,  
To pay for your seat in the House, squire,  
And to pay for the feed of your game.

You made him a poacher yourself, squire,  
When you'd give him neither work nor meat;  
And your barley-fed hares robbed the garden  
At our starving children's feet;

When, packed in one reeking chamber,  
Man, maid, mother, and little ones lay;  
While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed,  
And the walls let in the day;

When we lay in the burning fever  
On the mud of the clay-cold floor,  
Till you parted us all for three months, squire,  
At the cursed workhouse door.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our daughters with base-born babies  
Have wandered away in their shame;  
If your misses had slept, squire, where they did,  
Your misses might do the same.

Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking  
With handfuls of coals and rice,  
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting  
A little below cost price?

You may tell of the gaol and the workhouse,  
And take to allotments and schools,  
But you've run up a debt that will never  
Be repaid by penny-club rules.

\* \* \* \* \*

When your youngest, the meally-mouthed rector,  
Lets your soul drop asleep to the grave,  
You will find in your God the protector  
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.'

Did Dante desire a hotter purgatory for the priest-landlords of his day than that last verse implies—or Crabbe describe with sterner distinctness than in the line,

' While the rain pattered in on the rotting bride-bed—

or Ebenezer Elliott ever forge a fitter weapon for the hand of maddened sorrow? — Scattered through an ephemeral publication called the ' Christian Socialist ' are some equally glittering ' gems of expression ' —one of them a Puritan war-song, hymning that ' Day of the Lord ' which is also a day of battle ; one, the narration of a real life tragedy in twenty-one lines ; another, a love song, pretty and fanciful as one of Suckling's ; and yet another, which we must even transcribe, if only because we have no name for it :—

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'The merry merry lark was up and singing,  
 And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,  
 And the merry merry bells below were ringing,  
 When my child's laugh rang through me.  
 Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snow-yard,  
 And the lark beside the dreary winter sea,  
 And my baby in his cradle in the churchyard  
 Waiteth there until the bells bring me.'

It cannot be necessary to say more in proof that Charles Kingsley is a true poet. That he is a "preacher," other than by profession—in a sense distinct from that of priest or pastor—by a higher ordination than man's—by virtue of endowments as truly God-given as his artist's cunning and his poet's fire—we have next to show. It is the outermost characteristic of such an one, that in all and above all he be the preacher;—for it is the peculiarity of this vocation, that while it permits of no divided soul, no second love, no subordinate purpose,—it may be carried out by a variety of methods. The consecrated exponent of spiritual truths has but one work in the world, but a large choice of means. He who prefers to it other ambitions, however honourable—the indulgence of tastes, however refined; or of affections, however pure—betrays that to him the Divine call has never come. But he who lives for it alone—insensible to wealth and fame; subordinating the love of letters, and even the love of family and friends—is compensated by the circumstance that all these are his to use, and in using to enjoy—that it is his to charm wealth even from the grip of avarice; to win fame wide as the knowledge of his mother tongue; to find in literature more than a second speech; and to draw the sweetest influences of spiritual strength from the well of household affection. Of this twofold law, Kingsley is a beautiful illustration. It is impossible to hear or read one of those discourses in which, with a text of Scripture as his motto, he addresses himself directly to men's hearts and consciences, without feeling that he is deeply in earnest; that he is a profound believer in the things whereof he speaks; and that the seat of his belief is that centre of the soul which, inaccessible alike to logical demonstrations and sentimental ditties, can only be reached through the life, as the life only from it. It is plain that he has got hold of truths which never yet were got without sore travail, and the possession of which is as much a servitude as a joy. These truths, it is also plain, are as strictly relevant to others as they are personal to himself. His language is singularly unlike that of nearly every other preacher one has ever heard—yet there glimmers through it that trackless vein of celestial gold which crops out in the prophetic age of every people and the vital belief of every church. Intensely individual as we feel his doctrines must be, we see that they are nevertheless of the very 'form and pressure of the time;' woven in the loom of an incommunicably personal experience, but dyed with all the colours of this many-tinted age. When we extend our acquaintance from his sermons to his writings, we find that we have changed only the place—that the same man is with us still,

saying substantially the same things. The drama and the lyric, the novel and the biography, the scientific paper and the political lecture, we find to be but varied forms of the homily in the hands of a great master of homiletics. Even the social changes advocated in some of these productions, we soon discover, are only the vestures of certain spiritual truths, and are advocated less for the sake of the material benefits anticipated than for the sake of the spiritual truths embodied.

It would not be easy to specify, in the space of a few lines to each, the moral of each of Mr. Kingsley's half-dozen poems and novels. Nor would it be just to describe, dogmatically, in words of our own, the idea it has taken him so many volumes to develop. Since, however, we *must* give our own impression of it, we will do so in a sentence—The kingdom of God is upon earth, is righteousness, and bringeth joy. The first clause of this sentence is the prelude to all Mr. Kingsley's utterances; the opening of his 'Message of the Church,' wherever, or unto whomsoever, it may be delivered. He believes in a present salvation, an accomplished Messiahship; that Christ came to set up a kingdom, not to promise one; that he did not leave the world without a ruler in the place of that Moses whom he superseded; but that the whole family of man has entered into the possessions that once were Jewish privileges—the consciousness of childhood to God and brotherhood with each other. He has, therefore, no toleration for such expressions—so abundant in the unweeded garden of evangelical literature—as seem to indicate a real distinction of life duties into the sacred and the secular; an absolute opposition between 'religious' and 'worldly' occupations or enjoyments. He is wrath with those who talk thus as with those who would divide earth between God and the devil, and give the devil the fairest as well as the largest portion. Not that he does not believe in the devil;—on the contrary, it seems to come of his very vivid perception that there is one greater than he, even in this present world. The business of life seems to be with him to quell evil by force of loyalty to good. There is no form of sin or suffering in society for which he has not an antidote in society itself,—and his faith in the latter is the obvious inspiration of his attacks upon the former. Thus it is that the message preluded by a declaration instead of by a promise, is a message rather of duty than of consolation. It is no lullaby of sweet soothing sounds which he delivers—no assurance of well-being independent of well-doing, whether for one or many. The elect are with him a people chosen not so much to salvation as to labour—the object of life itself, not to save one's soul, but to acquit one's conscience. The least systematic or observant of his readers must have been struck with passages that put in juxtaposition ideas consociated, if not identified, in the usual language of religious people. In that most eccentric, but significant of all his productions—'Yeast, a Problem'—he puts these words into the mouth of his model character:—

'It is a relief to me, at least, dear Luke, that you are going to Rome in search of a great idea, and not merely from selfish superstitious terror (as I should call it) about the "salvation of your soul."'

In 'Westward Ho!' the same idea is elaborated by the supremely wise and godly Sir Richard Grenville; who speaks thus to Amyas, *apropos* of his cousin, the Jesuit:—

'Bad men have taught him (and I fear these Anabaptists and Puritans at home teach little else) that it is the one great business of every man to save his own soul after he dies, every one for himself; and that that, and not divine self-sacrifice, is the one thing needful, and the better part which many choose.

'AMYAS.—I think men are inclined enough already to be selfish, without being taught that.

'GRENVILLE.—Right, lad. For me, if I could hang up such a teacher on high as an enemy of mankind, and a corrupter of youth, I would do it gladly. Is there not cowardice and self-seeking enough about the hearts of us fallen sons of Adam that these false prophets, with their baits of heaven and their terrors of hell, must exalt our dirtiest vices into heavenly virtues, and the means of bliss? Farewell to chivalry and to desperate valour; farewell to patriotism and loyalty; farewell to England and the manhood of England, if ever it shall become the fashion of our preachers to bid every man, as the Jesuits do, take care first of what they call the safety of his soul. Every man will be afraid to die, because he will be afraid that he is not fit to die. . . . Do thy work, lad; and leave thy soul to the care of Him who is just and merciful in this, that he rewards every man according to his work.'

To pronounce upon the truth or untruth of this doctrine—or, rather, to reconcile the phraseology from which we dissent with the sentiment in which we heartily concur—is not within our present purpose. We prefer to adduce another illustration of what we may call this indifference to spiritual results in comparison with spiritual requirements; and one in which none of our readers will fail to recognise the deeply reverential treatment of a topic it is alike impossible to escape and awful to confront. We have all of us felt, it is to be hoped, with the Luke to whom the above quoted passage was written, as one 'who must go mad, unless he finds that history is not a dreary, aimless procession of lost spirits, descending into the pit, or that the salvation of millions does not depend on an obscure and controverted hair's-breadth of ecclesiastical law.' These words Luke's cousin, Lancelot, reads to Tregarva—a godly gamekeeper—as he is busy at the trout-stream:—

"It isn't a matter for thinking, sir, to my mind.—There's a nice fish on the feed, there, just overright that alder."

"Hang the fish! why not a matter for thinking?"

"To my mind, sir, a man may think a deal too much about many matters that come in his way."

"What should he do with them, then?"

"Mind his own business."

"Pleasant for those whom they concern! That's rather a cold-blooded speech for you, Tregarva."

'The Cornishman looked up at him earnestly. His eyes were glittering—was it with tears?

"Don't say I don't feel for the poor young gentleman, God help him! I've been through it all—or not through it, that's to say. I had a brother once, as fine a young fellow as ever handled pick, as kind-hearted as a woman, and as honest as the sun in heaven. But he would drink, sir;—that one temptation, he never could stand it. And one day at the shaft's mouth, reaching after the kibble-chain—may be he was in liquor, may be not—the Lord knows; but—

"I didn't know him again, sir, when we picked him up, any more than—"

and the strong man shuddered from head to foot, and beat impatiently on the ground with his heavy heel, as if to crush down the rising horror.

"Where is he, sir?"

"A long pause.

"Do you think I didn't ask that, sir, for years and years after, of God, and my own soul, and heaven, and earth—and the things under the earth too? For many a night did I go down that mine out of my turn, and sit for hours in that level, watching and watching, if perhaps the spirit of him might haunt about, and tell his poor brother one word of news—one way or the other—anything would have been a comfort—but the doubt I couldn't bear. And yet at last I learnt to bear it—and what's more, I learnt not to care for it. It's a bold word—there's one who knows whether or not it is a true one."

"Then you absolutely refuse to try to fancy your — his present state."

"Yes, sir; because if I did fancy it, that would be a certain sign I didn't know it. If we can't conceive what God has prepared for those that we know loved him, how much less can we for them of whom we don't know whether they loved him or not?"

But reverential—touchingly acquiescent and truthful—as is this conclusion of the simple-minded Cornish saint, it does not seem permanently satisfactory to our author. We are not at all surprised to find him discoursing more hopefully in the person of the godly young scholar, Frank Leigh, of the future of sinful souls. Frank has been narrating the fall of one Stukely, who lived a Popish traitor, and 'died like a hero.' He concludes:—

"God have mercy on his soul!"

"That last was a Popish prayer, Master Frank," said old Mr. Carey.

"Most worshipful sir, you surely would not wish God not to have mercy on his soul?"

"No—eh? Of course not; but all that's settled by now, for he is dead, poor fellow!"

"Certainly, my dear sir. And you cannot help being a little fond of him still?"

"Eh? Why I should be a brute if I were not. He and I were schoolfellows. . . . Fond of him? Why I would sooner have lost my forefinger than that he should have gone to the dogs thus."

"Then, my dear sir, if you feel for him still, in spite of all his faults, how do you know that God may not feel for him still, in spite of all his faults? For my part," quoth Frank, in his fanciful way, "without believing in that Popish purgatory, I cannot help holding with Plato, that such heroical souls, who have wanted but little of true greatness, are hereafter, by some short discipline, brought to a better mind. Perhaps, as many ancients have held with the Indian Gymnosophists . . ."

"What now, Master Frank? Don't trouble my head with such matters. I say Stukely was a right good-hearted fellow at bottom; and if you plague my head with any of your dialectics, and propositions, and college quids and quiddities, you shan't have any more sack, sir!"

And so, at last, our 'preacher' would carry his 'kingdom of God upon earth' even into Hades—establishing everywhere 'righteousness, and peace, and joy.' But, meanwhile, he holds there is much to do—that we are to give ourselves up to doing, not to speculating or hoping, much less to enjoying—that, as he makes Sir Richard Grenville say, 'indolence is unrighteous and horrible;' epicureanism, as he seems to intend to show by 'Hypatia,' as hateful in its philosophic as in its vulgar sense; the conservatism that will not innovate lest it



should destroy, an anti-christian and atheistic delusion of the devil ; one of the chiefest virtues, to be strong ; the method of salvation, doing God's will, just as it is made known to us in his providence. Of these two last-mentioned tenets, curious illustrations abound in all Mr. Kingsley's works, and a very exaggerated illustration is furnished by his last. Physical power and pluck he seems to regard as one of the primest of God's gifts, if not of human merits. He makes the feeble, stunted cockney 'prentice-boy speak thus of a Cambridge boat-race :—

'It was a noble sport—a sight such as could be seen only in England—some hundreds of young men who might, if they had chosen, been lounging effeminately about the street, subjecting themselves voluntarily to that intense exertion for the mere pleasure of toil. The true English stuff came out there: I felt that, in spite of all my prejudices—the stuff which has held Gibraltar and conquered at Waterloo—which has created a Birmingham and a Manchester, and colonized every quarter of the globe—that grim, earnest, stubborn energy, which, since the days of the old Roman, the English possess alone of all the nations of the earth. I was as proud of the gallant young fellows as if they had been my brothers—of their courage and endurance (for one could see that it was no child's play, from the pale faces and panting lips), their strength and activity, so fierce and yet so cultivated, smooth, harmonious, as our kept time with oar, and every boat rose and fell in concert—and felt my soul stirred up to a sort of sweet madness, not merely by the shouts and cheers of the mob around me, but by the loud fierce pulse of the rowlocks, the swift, whispering rush of the long snake-like eight-oars, the swell and gurgle of the water in their wake, the grim, breathless silence of the straining rowers. My blood boiled over, and fierce tears swelled into my eyes; for I, too, was a man and an Englishman; and when I caught sight of my cousin, pulling stroke to the second boat in the long line, with set teeth and flashing eyes, the great muscles on his bare arm springing up into knots at every rapid stroke, I ran and shouted among the maddest and the foremost.'

The manly beauty of that passage will more than excuse its addition to our already too lengthened quotations. But it is not more perfect in style, we apprehend, than truthful in sentiment. Yet, perhaps, this latter quality comes out yet more powerfully in these quiet little incidents, taken from 'Yeast' and 'Westward Ho!' Tregarva has fallen into the water—an old colonel plunged in to his rescue—and Lancelot is seeking for a plank or a handspike to throw to the colonel. Unsuccessful in his search,

'Lancelot, desperate, seized the bridge-rail, tore it off by sheer strength, and hurled it far into the pool. Argemone saw it, and remembered it, like a true woman. Ay, be as Manichaean sentimental as you will, fair ladies, physical prowess, that Eden-right of manhood, is sure to tell upon your hearts.'

What a delicious chuckle of pride and admiration seems to pervade this other little story. Grenville is making a midnight call, in his capacity of 'most unpeaceful justice of the peace,' at a known harbour of two Jesuits, whose probable retreat Amyas rides away to cut off :—

'"Amyas!" shouted Sir Richard. Amyas rode back.

'"Burst that gate for me, while I hold your horse."

'Amyas leaped down, took up a rock from the road-side, such as Homer's heroes used to send at each other's heads, and in an instant the door was flat on the ground, and the serving man on his back inside.'

It is impossible not to share in the genial gusto with which our author, following the erratic course of this young giant, exhibits the miracles of daring, valour, and endurance, by which our fathers disputed the mastery of the western main with Spain, and even drove her Invincible Armada, crippled and humiliated, into the jaws of the storm which God had prepared for its consumption. But it is also impossible not to feel, that his own intense sympathy with the materials of his story has deluded him into a degree of admiration for those brave adventurers false alike to history and morals. Heartily agreeing, as we do, with the biographer of Sir Amyas, in the belief that the Spaniards and Jesuits of those days were Amalekites and priests of Baal,—that to avenge their atrocities in the new world, and baffle their designs upon the old, was the God-given work of that generation,—we are yet unable to award unqualified admiration to the lad who breaks the bald pate of his schoolmaster, threatens a blow for any little distasteful word, and grows up one of a crew of adventurers who at least loved the Spaniards' gold as much as hated their crimes. We cannot but fear, that for one reader who perceives in 'Westward Ho!' the lesson of God-fearing and age-service which its author intends to teach, nine will be deluded by the glory which his genius sheds on enterprises very equivocal in motive, however illustriously achieved, and however beneficial in result. This false teaching is the more to be deprecated at a time when the hearts of two Christian nations are suffused with a passion for military glory, but slightly tempered with the enlightened design of accomplishing international justice. And this last remark reminds us that Mr. Kingsley is himself at one with us in condemning as iniquitous the war which has evoked this passion—iniquitous, because perverted from the righteous intent with which it was commenced. In the preface to 'Lectures upon the Philosophic Schools of Alexandria,' he observes:—

'It is impossible to look without sad forebodings upon the destiny of a war begun upon the express understanding, that evil shall be left triumphant throughout Europe, wheresoever that evil does not seem, to our own selfish shortsightedness, to threaten us with immediate danger; with promises that, under the hollow name of the Cause of Order—and that promise made by a revolutionary Anarch—the wrongs of Italy, Hungary, Poland, Sweden, shall remain unredressed, and that Prussia and Austria, two tyrannies, the one far more false and hypocritical, the other even more rotten, than that of Turkey, shall, if they will but observe a hollow and uncertain neutrality (for who can trust the liar and the oppressor?), be allowed not only to keep their ill-gotten spoils, but even now to play into the hands of our foe, by guarding his Polish frontier for him, and keeping down the victims of his cruelty, under pretence of keeping down those of their own.'

We quote these emphatic sentences from an influential pen, not only because they express convictions which have grown within ourselves to the overshadowing of all pride or hope or joy in our country's cause, but also because we would base upon them a concluding remark, addressed to Mr. Kingsley himself. Would it not—we would ask of him, as of a powerful preacher of righteousness; having access to the ears of the highest and to the hearts of all—would it not be a timely and most acceptable service,—acceptable to God and man, a service to

humanity as well as to England,—to employ the pen that has discoursed so oft and so well of ‘National Subjects,’—that has beguiled the indolent rich into sympathy with the story of struggling, madly-groping poverty,—that has set to fierce music the plaint of hearts broken by sorrow and maddened by oppression,—that has glorified afresh the ancient loyalty of Englishmen to duty—would it not be a most timely and acceptable service, now to employ that pen in some song or sermon that should, penetrating to the core of our present discontents, rouse our whole country to the united resolve, either of battle for the absolute right or of peace even at the price of deserved humiliation?

### The Israelites and the Hyksos.

(Continued from page 368.)

HENGSTENBERG, in order to annihilate the credibility of Manetho, endeavours to disprove the prevailing opinion that he was chief priest at Heliopolis, and wrote his ‘Egyptian History’ at the command of King Ptolemy Philadelphus, about B.C. 260, availing himself for that purpose of the temple archives. He tries to show, on the contrary, that the pretended Manetho is a *mauvais sujet*, a wilful forger, a convicted liar, a literary impostor of the times of the Roman emperors. This startling conclusion, which stands in the most glaring contradiction with the homage and deference paid by all antiquity, and by all later inquirers and critics, to the author of the ‘Egyptian History,’ is defended by reasons of such insignificant weight, as to occasion a just feeling of surprise. Hengstenberg has not studied for nothing the destructive critics of the Pentateuch. He has learnt from them how to go to work in the case of an ancient writer, whose good name one is anxious to ruin, cost what it may, as a sacrifice to preconceived opinions; indeed, he has even surpassed them in this art, so far, at least, as Manetho is concerned. However, let us hear what are the main points of his argument:—

1. ‘The pretended priest of Heliopolis betrays a remarkable amount of ignorance with respect to Egyptian *mythology*, and serves up a strange olio of Greek and Egyptian names of gods.’ The last remark has some truth in it; but the circumstance will seem surprising and strange only so long as one remains without a clear idea of the purpose and procedure of the author. Manetho writes in *Greek*, and, accordingly, for *Greeks*. Following the fashionable syncretism of his times, he combines and identifies, as far as is practicable, the Egyptian and Greek names of gods, and substitutes the latter for the former, just because he writes for Greeks, and wants to become intelligible to them. It is possible that in such combinations and substitutions he may have occasionally blundered, but we have no right on that account

to abuse him as an ignoramus and a forger. 2. 'Equally remarkable is his gross ignorance as to the *geography* of his own country, as, *e.g.*, in placing the Saitic *nome* to the east of the Bubastite branch of the Nile.' But may not the passage be corrupt? We know that the copies of Manetho which Josephus used were already so corrupted or interpolated, that in some the word 'Hyksos' was interpreted to mean shepherd-kings, and in others, captive shepherds. The supposition of a corruption of the text is here especially deserving of consideration, since the Armenian version reads the Methraitic *nome*, instead of the Saitic, although this reading, also, is probably an equally erroneous one. Bernardus has already emended, after Syncellus, the passage of Josephus in question, reading the Sethroitic *nome*, or county. The corruption was, probably, occasioned by the circumstance, that the first king of the Hyksos, who in Josephus is named Salatis, is styled in other MSS. Saïtes. The king's name is so written, for instance, by Africanus in Syncellus. Africanus subjoins to his name the remark, 'From whom the Saitic *nome* was so denominated.' If we assume, as is probable on other grounds, Saïtes to have been the original reading of the king's name, an ignorant transcriber might easily conclude that the city built by Saïtes must have been situate in the *nome* named after him. 3. 'Pseudo-Manetho betrays a total want of acquaintance with the Egyptian *language*; for in his interpretation of the word "Hyksos," he derives the first syllable from the sacred, and the second from the demotic or vulgar dialect. For we find no trace elsewhere, that in Egypt a sacred and a vulgar dialect were in use, side by side. In his profound ignorance of Egyptian matters, the author substitutes for the distinction between the sacred and the demotic *writing*, a distinction between a sacred and a vulgar *language*. It awakens suspicion, also, as to Manetho's knowledge of the Egyptian language, that the syllable "Hyk," which, according to one of his explanations, means "king," and according to the other, "prisoners," is not found in either one signification or the other.' To this argument, we reply as follows:—The last-mentioned instance proves, in the present defective state of Egyptian philology, nothing at all. Moreover, it is unfair in Hengstenberg to set down to Manetho's account the divergence in the explanation of the word Hyksos, since Josephus expressly says that in this passage there was a difference of reading in the MSS., which, accordingly, is to be attributed not to Manetho, but to his copyists. Besides, Lepsius has succeeded in proving, as it appears to me, that the genuine and complete work of Manetho was no longer extant, even in the time of Josephus (having perished, perhaps, in the destruction of the Alexandrian Library), but only the lists of dynasties, along with some fragments of the history, preserved in the books of other authors. When it is further asserted that Egypt was a stranger to any distinction between a sacred and a vulgar dialect, one cannot help being very much surprised at such a remark. For, whilst it is true that the language of the monuments is *essentially* one and the same, yet there arose in course of time, especially under the Greek dominion, a similar relation between the ancient

Egyptian and the modern or the Coptic (i.e. between the sacred and the vulgar dialect), to that which we find in almost all other languages. 'Every sacred language,' says Bunsen, 'is in its nature nothing but an obsolete national language, which has become fixed in sacred books. So the Hebrew as contrasted with the so-called Chaldee; the old Hellenic used in the Greek Church, as compared with the modern Greek; the Latin, by the side of the Romanic dialects; the old Slavonic, by the side of the modern Slavic tongues.' The only question, therefore, which remains, is, whether as early as the time of Manetho, the popular language (the Coptic) had so far diverged from the sacred language, or that of the ancient documents and monuments, that the two might be regarded as different dialects. And this is decidedly the fact. We are in a position to trace the documentary history of the popular language in the demotic MSS. up to the time of the Psammetichi. Accordingly, the whole difficulty is removed in this way, that the word 'Sos' was still extant at the time in the popular dialect, whilst the word 'Hyk,' on the contrary, had already disappeared from it, so that Manetho, in order to explain it, was obliged to recur to the language of the monuments and temple archives. On this view of the matter, too, the difference in the interpretation no longer looks 'suspicious,' since different opinions may easily have been current as to the meaning of an obsolete word. At all events, the very difficulty felt in explaining the word Hyksos, bears witness in favour of the antiquity and historicity of the name, and, so far, of the matter of fact as well. Had that *mauvais sujet*, that literary wind-bag, whom Hengstenberg imagines to have written the 'Egyptian History,' invented the name himself, he would have taken care to have based it on an etymology easily intelligible at the time, or at least, in order not to incur the charge of seeming ignorant of his own language, would have given his interpretation with an air of confident assurance.

Hengstenberg believes he has proved 'that the Hyksos are no other than the Israelites,' and that no ancient native sources form the groundwork of Manetho's story, but that this account originated in a transformation, in the interest of Egyptian national vanity, of the historical materials preserved by the Jews. With this view Hofmann also agrees in the main, only that he regards the metamorphosis of the historical matter in subserviency to Egyptian national vanity as a thing belonging to Egyptian antiquity, and hence has no need like Hengstenberg to condescend to such unmeasured abuse of Manetho. 'Manetho's account of the Hyksos,' says the latter, 'presents such striking points of contact with what the Pentateuch records of the Israelites, and, on the other hand, the causes of the divergencies are so easily discoverable in an Egyptian interest, that we can entertain no doubt of the identity of the Israelites and the Hyksos.' The confident tone of this assertion must not divert us from a comprehensive and strict examination of his arguments. Thus, 1. 'The Hyksos, like the Israelites, come from the East to Egypt, and it is especially noted in the case of the Hyksos, as in that of the Israelites, that they are *shepherds*.' We reply: Were the Israelites then the only pastoral people in Asia? According

to one account, which Manetho cites, the Hyksos were *Arabs*; according to a hint let fall by Herodotus (ii. 128), we may conjecture that they were *Philistines*; according to the Muslim tradition, it seems most natural to think of the *Amalekites*; and how many other pastoral peoples, known and unknown, still dwelt in Asia who were likely enough to invade and conquer opulent Egypt? What compels us to think only of the Israelites in such a case, who, besides, as we know, did not come to Egypt with any views of conquest?

Hengstenberg's second argument is this: 'The first king of the Hyksos, who was raised to this dignity out of their midst, is named *Salatis*. This unmistakably Semitic name is manifestly borrowed from Gen. xlii. 6, where we read, "Joseph was the governor (*ha-Salit* in the Hebrew) over the land.'" Hofmann rejects this combination, since the name in Africanus and Eusebius is not spelt *Salatis*, but *Saites*; Delitzsch, however, thinks it is not to be got rid of. We believe that Hofmann is quite right in letting this argument drop, since the reading *Salatis* in Josephus is the more suspicious, the better it serves his purpose. Nevertheless, supposing this reading to be the correct one, Hengstenberg's view, instead of being supported thereby, is completely overthrown. For either the name *Salatis* is primitive and historical, and then the Hyksos also are historical, or it is modern, and with the whole Hyksos fable a discovery of that *mauvais sujet*, who assumed to himself the name of Manetho, and in that case I ask, How Pseudo-Manetho came by this Hebrew name? Hebrew he certainly did not understand, and so could not have read the Pentateuch in the original; and the Septuagint, whence alone he could have derived his knowledge of the *origines* of Israel, has no corresponding name.

Still greater stress is laid by Hengstenberg, 3. on the statement in the Manethonian account that *Salatis* was wont to visit *Avaris* at the harvest season: τὰ μὲν σιτομετρῶν καὶ μισθοφορίαν παρεχόμενος, τὰ δὲ καὶ ταῖς ἐξοπλισίαις πρὸς φόβον τῶν ἔξωθεν ἐπιμελῶς γυμνάζων. Everybody who reads the passage in its connexion will translate, 'partly for the purpose of provisioning the place (as a frontier-fortress), and paying the garrison, partly for the sake of exercising his troops in the use of their weapons as a terror to the foreigners.' Hengstenberg, however, makes the passage run, '*Salatis* occupied himself there particularly with *measuring out corn*,' and styles this a characteristic trait, in which we cannot mistake the reference to Joseph. But every Greek lexicon teaches that *σιτομερεῖν* means '*to provision*,' and in this passage especially this sense is imperatively required by the context.

Such are the principal reasons by which it is attempted to prove the identity of the Hyksos with the Israelites. We have passed them under review, and have seen that they are very weak. We now proceed to speak of the contrary hypothesis.

Those inquirers who distinguish between the Hyksos and the Israelites may be distributed into three classes, according to the manner in which they determine the relation of the two peoples to each other. Some admit no contact at all between the Israelites and the Hyksos,

inasmuch as they believe the Israelites to have been already driven from Egypt before the times of Abraham and Joseph. This view is the result at which LEPSIUS has arrived, by means of certain operations, chiefly chronological. Another theory, of which SAALSCHUTZ is the modern representative, sees in the 'new king,' who, according to Exod. i. 8, begins to oppress the Israelites, the first Hyksos king. The third opinion, which now numbers the most adherents, assumes that the Israelites migrated into Egypt under the Hyksos dynasty, and were favoured by these foreign kings, but, on the restoration of a national dynasty, were hated and oppressed as the friends and *protégés* of the expelled strangers. Since an unprejudiced examination of the Egyptology of the day, with its arbitrary operations and its mutually contradictory results, can only land us in the conclusion, that a sure clue through the labyrinth of Egyptian chronology is as yet very far from having been discovered, our safest course of procedure will be to confine ourselves to a comparison and combination of the matter-of-fact data furnished by the Pentateuch on the one hand, and by Manetho on the other. We are authorized, and indeed compelled, to have recourse to such combinations, by the unanimous supposition of the oldest tradition and inquiry, reaching as far back as Manetho, that the histories of the Israelites and the Hyksos did touch at certain points. Moreover, the comparison itself presents so many supports of the third view, that we feel no hesitation in declaring our adhesion to it.

LEPSIUS' theory is in the main as follows. About B.C. 2100, in the time of the twelfth dynasty (the second Theban), the Hyksos, a warlike pastoral people, of Semitic race, invaded Egypt from the East, made themselves masters of the lower part of the country without opposition, took possession of Memphis, made it the seat of their government, and imposed tribute on both Lower and Upper Egypt. It was not until after 430 years that the native kings, who, partly in Upper Egypt, and partly in Ethiopia, had retained their independence, succeeded in penetrating from the south (B.C. 1661), and, after a long struggle of eighty years, forced them to evacuate their last bulwark, Avaris, the Pelusium of later times. Thus, after a stay in Egypt of 511 years in all, a whole people, consisting of several hundred thousand men, who must gradually have acquired in the cities of highly-civilized Egypt, so rich in arts and sciences, at least as much culture as they had destroyed there, was driven into Syria, and compelled to seek a new abode in Palestine. This would necessarily lead to new expatriations and emigrations thence, probably even to a dispersion of the expelled Hyksos themselves. The expulsion of the Hyksos took place under king Tuthmosis III. From that epoch nearly two hundred years elapsed before the immigration of the Israelites into Egypt, which, like their exodus, after a sojourn of about a century, took place under the nineteenth dynasty. Sethos I. (B.C. 1445—1394), the Sesostris of the Greeks, was the Pharaoh under whom Joseph came to Egypt; his son, Ramses II. Miamun the Great (B.C. 1394—1328) was the king at whose court Moses was brought up; and his son, Menephtes (B.C. 1328—1309), the Amenophis of Josephus, was the Pharaoh of

the Exodus. The second of the two Manethonian accounts relates to the Israelites. That these are described as lepers is not an Egyptian calumny, but a matter of fact, inasmuch as the leprosy was at that time endemic amongst the Israelites in Egypt. This last fact is proved by the Mosaic laws concerning the leprosy, and by the history of Miriam (Num. xii. 14.)!!

We will, for the present, give credit to Lepsius' assurance that the three great Pharaohs of the nineteenth dynasty reigned at about the epochs he assigns. But never will he persuade, not to say convince us, that during their reigns fall the above coincidences in the history of Israel. So long as we retain the least confidence in the credibility of the Pentateuch, and of the Old Testament in general, must we reject Lepsius' combinations as quite baseless castles in the air, and feel no less astonished at the arbitrariness of his criticism, and his levity in dealing with the sacred records, than at the extraordinary acuteness and learning which he has brought to bear upon the subject. In proof of his view, Lepsius, in his article on ancient Egypt, in the new Theological Encyclopædia (Realencycl. I. 145), says:—'The most important confirmation is this, that in the Mosaic narrative itself, a circumstance is mentioned which points most definitely to the date I have given. I mean the erection of the cities *Pithom* and *Raamses* by the Jews, under the predecessor of the Pharaoh of the Exodus—that is, under Ramses II. We know from other testimonies that this mightiest of the Pharaohs caused many canals to be excavated, and new cities to be built, and especially that he formed the canal which, at a later epoch, united the Red Sea with the Nile, at the western extremity of which lay Pithom, and at its eastern Raamses (Abu-Keischid). Amidst the ruins of this latter city a group, consisting of two divinities, with the deified Ramses II. seated on his throne between them, is still found.' As regards the two last points, we must refer the reader to a previous section (sec. 33), in which we have shown the impossibility of identifying Abu-Keischid with the ancient Raamses. We here make the additional observation that, in all probability, a city Raamses existed as early as Joseph's time; and even supposing that the city Raamses was erected under or by a king of the same name, we cannot see why this might not have happened just as easily under an earlier Ramses.

Lepsius lays great stress upon the circumstance that the second Manethonian account names king Amenophis as the one who expelled the leprous people (i.e., the Israelites). This Amenophis, since he is described as the son of a Ramses, and the father of a Sethos, can be no other than the Menephtes of the nineteenth dynasty, whose father was Ramses II., and whose son was Sethos II. This coincidence is certainly startling at first sight. But when we consider that Manetho describes the whole story of the expulsion of the lepers as ἀδεσπότως μυθολογούμενα ('fables without authority'),\* and reckons

\* It is right to observe that these are generally understood the terms which Josephus, and not, as Professor Kurtz says, Manetho, employs in speaking of these traditions.—TRANSLATOR.



518 years from the expulsion of the Hyksos to the reign of this Amenophis, it is natural to assume that he has made a mistake in the place which he has assigned to those precarious popular hearsays in the series of historical events extracted from the Egyptian sacred writings, and has dated them some centuries too late. The name Amenophis occurs several times in the eighteenth dynasty. One might the more readily think of one of these kings, perhaps Amenophis III. or the Great (the Memnon of the Greeks), inasmuch as he lived about B.C. 1600, and therefore at the time when, according to the Biblical chronology, the Exodus falls. Manetho, to whom the Biblical data, which would have afforded him a sure *point d'appui* for assigning the correct place to the Exodus, were unknown, might easily make such a mistake.

On these grounds the Biblical chronology and history are cut and mangled in the most melancholy and arbitrary manner, although with a show of the greatest reverence for the Biblical records, in order that they may fit the Procrustes' bed of the chronology of those three kings of the nineteenth dynasty. Lepsius puts the question to himself, 'Whether the Old Testament accounts contradict the Egyptian (i.e., according to his interpretation), and that to such a degree, that we must necessarily, on that account, regard these latter as erroneous?' His answer is:—'It appears rather, on the contrary, that this so definite Egyptian account is most decidedly confirmed by the Hebrew records, if we assume an error in the computation of the space of time between the Exodus and the erection of the temple, which, according to the date, 1 Kings vi. 1, an interpolation in any case (? !), was 480 years. This number agrees neither with the details in the book of Judges, nor with the reading of the LXX., nor with the determination in Acts xiii. 20, nor with that of Josephus. Whilst, for the most part, those deviations would lead to a still higher number of years, an unprejudiced (? ! ) consideration and comparison of the genealogical registers, of which those of the Levites in particular may lay claim to the greatest amount of confidence, gives, on an average, a much smaller sum, and precisely such as was to be expected, on the supposition of the correctness of the Egyptian tradition respecting the epoch of the Exodus.' Thus the Levitical genealogies mention only three generations (Levi, Kohath, Amram), from the Descent into Egypt to the Exodus; and from thence to Zadok, who was high-priest under Solomon, only ten to twelve. Now, since Lepsius quite arbitrarily and erroneously estimates the generation at thirty years, the Israelites, according to his opinion, may have been in Egypt only ninety years, instead of 430, and instead of 480 years to the building of the temple, there were only 300. In like manner, the space of time from Abraham's emigration to Canaan to Jacob's descent into Egypt, since it included three generations only, may have comprised only ninety years. To all this we reply:—1. That the Old Testament understands by a generation something quite different from modern statistical science, and the Pentateuch, at least according to Gen. xv. 13—16 (compare Exod. i. 6), estimates it for the patriarchal and Mosaic times, not at

thirty, but at one hundred years. 2. That for the time of the sojourn in Egypt, not *three*, but *four* members of the series are mentioned (Levi, Kohath, Amram, Aaron); for Aaron was already eighty-three years of age at the Exodus. 3. That for the same space of time there are mentioned in the family of Joseph *six*, in Judah's *seven*, and in Ephraim's even as many as *ten* members. But of such facts Lepsius can make no use, and therefore declares that these registers are in a state of 'palpable confusion, and can lead to no results;' i.e., they do not square with the presuppositions of our critic, and lead to a result he does not like.

Lepsius further calls attention to the circumstance that the 'correct' (i.e., his own) view has been *preserved* (?!) by the Rabbis. For according to the Rabbinical chronology, the Exodus falls in the Rabbinical year of the world 2448, and this corresponds to B.C. 1314. The fact that this Jewish chronology was not introduced before the fourth century, and that, further, almost all the *dates* on which it is built are falsely computed, and contradict Lepsius' own determinations, makes no difference—the year B.C. 1314 fits in, and therefore the Rabbis have 'preserved' the correct view!!

(To be continued.)

## Infant Teaching.

(From a Correspondent.)

THERE are few things, perhaps, more melancholy in the whole history of the last three or four centuries, during which earnest efforts have been made to instruct the youth of Europe, than the harshness and severity which has accompanied educational efforts. The first man who thoroughly grappled with this evil, and, so far as his influence extended, exterminated it, was Pestalozzi. His change of method arose entirely from the conviction that there was much within the child that was noble and beautiful which required to be educed or drawn out; that the true vocation of the teacher was to make the best he could of everything that he found there, or, to borrow his own idea, to develop the whole being. Others had treated the child's soul as an economical traveller does a diminutive carpet-bag—crammed into it all that it would take, and then devoted considerable time to further cramming and pummeling, grumbling meanwhile that it will not and cannot contain more. In this case, it is quite evident that the most precious gems and filthy rags will be alike rejected, and much time and trouble be spent in vain. Pestalozzi said, 'This child is a precious plant in the Lord's garden; let us nurture and cultivate it; let us break up the ground around it, and enrich the soil with manure and water, lop off the parasites that would absorb its vigour, and root up every weed that can impede its growth; let us give it air, light, sunshine, freedom, and nutrition, and then see

what nature will make of it ; in a word, let us strive to extend the capacity, that it may be able to grasp all knowledge, and not spend our time, and exhaust the child's strength, by endeavouring to cram its intellectual maw with the miserable modicum of learning which we call the rudiments of knowledge.'

After Pestalozzi came Fröbel. Fröbel was one of the many noble men who fought in Lutzow's regiment, in the war of freedom ; one of those quiet, humble, yet heroic souls, who have studied nothing but nature and the Bible, and taken their inspiration fresh from these primeval sources. In the midst of painful broodings over the discords of society, it occurred to him that man might be brought more into harmony with the Divine law if he were properly educated. After quitting the army, his intellectual acquirements attracted so much attention that he was appointed inspector of the mineralogical museum in Berlin ; but the idea which he had imbibed in early life, and which had been probably strengthened by many years' study under Pestalozzi, grew with every year, until he finally offered up his whole life a living sacrifice to the cause. There was but a dim look out for him. Speaking of him at this time, the Countess of Brockow says :— ' When he was about to open his first educational establishment at Keilhau, he found it necessary to increase the size of a peasant's cottage, which he took for the purpose. Whilst the building was going on he lived in the hen-house, and restricted his food to bread, potatoes, and water, in order to enable him to pay his workmen. Not only did he restrict himself in the quality of his food, but also the quantity. He bought two large rye-loaves, to last him the week, and he marked with chalk the portion he appointed for each day, never allowing himself to exceed it. Even during the latter years of his life, when he was obliged to undertake a journey in the cause of education, he passed the nights in the open fields, with a knapsack under his head, and an umbrella expanded over him, rather than expend in an hotel the money that he required for instituting educational establishments for the poor.' This man was the founder of the 'new system of infant training known to us as the 'KINDER GARTEN,' or Infant Garden—a name given to it by the founder, who always considered his school as a garden of 'tender and beautiful flowers.'

Fröbel's system is perfectly original, and he is the first that we have ever known of who studied the games and plays of children, that he might adapt his education to their desires. The first condition with him was to make play the teacher of the child, that its training might be as well beneficial as delightful.

Fröbel commences his instruction with that universal favourite of children, the ball. Six balls, combining all the colours of the rainbow, comprise what he terms the FIRST GIFT. With these, used in various games, the child is taught colour and motion. The next gift is a cube ball, cylinder stick, and string. With these simple things the child is taught in dumb language long before he can understand sentences or express his thoughts in words, the very bases of all our scientific knowledge.

The third gift is a simple cube divided in every direction, and with this the child commences to construct. In watching children, Fröbel saw how busily they employed themselves in building, and how every object was applied to this end; he supplied, therefore, some simple pieces of wood cut into cubes, as the most suitable material for this purpose. The children were allowed freely to invent anything that they desired to construct; and when they were unable to carry out their ideas, the teacher suggested forms, and in this way the object was attained. Churches, castles, houses, crosses, monuments, chairs, arches, and innumerable other objects, are thus built.

A cube divided into eight planes, cut lengthways, forms the fourth gift. Although, to the superficial observer, there is but little variation in this from the preceding gift, still by this simple contrivance a great increase of power of construction is obtained, and the little architect is enabled to construct a number of beautiful things which cannot be accomplished by the former cubes. The number of forms which may be produced by those simple pieces of wood are beyond calculation.

In the fifth gift there is an extension of the third, and the cube is divided into twenty-seven equal cubes. Three of these are further divided into halves, and three into quarters. In thus consisting of a greater number of parts, it gives the power of carrying on more extensive operations, and allows the introduction of triangular forms, by which more complicated buildings and articles of furniture are produced. It is especially adapted to elder children, and to those who have mastered the preceding games. This is the first time that the child has met with the triangle. He may have seen it before, but he now becomes intimately acquainted with it, and discovers its great use. By it he can produce new results, can dispense with sharp corners, give roofs to his houses, construct ground-forms for his buildings, and perform many other wonderful feats.

The sixth gift stands in the same relation to the fourth as the fifth stands to the third, and is merely an extension of that game. In this manner, everything relating to form, colour, order, angle, triangles, cubes, cylinders, &c., &c., are taught in play, and yet with an accuracy and perfection that can scarcely be obtained by any other method.

These 'gifts' of articles of specific form and colour are the means of Fröbel's system of instruction. Taught with such success in his own country, Johannes and Madame Ronge have resolved to introduce it into England; and, under the title of the 'English Kinder Garten,'\* have published a full illustrative synopsis of Fröbel's method, as proposed to be carried out by themselves in Tavistock-place. The preceding information we obtained by a visit to Madame Ronge's English Kinder Garten, 32, Tavistock-place. Having heard and seen all about the six gifts, and the various uses to which they are adapted, our next inquiry naturally was, 'How do you teach the children to read?' 'Oh,' said the teacher, 'we have several ways of doing that. Our principal method is this,' said she, exhibiting a box filled with pieces of card-board, cut into pieces, some of them straight, and from

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\* Darton & Co.

one to three inches long, and a quarter of an inch wide, along with a number of half circles. She then chalked upon the black-board several words and letters, which the children at once imitated with the pieces of card-board. When it has learned the letters, the first thing which it is generally taught to spell is its own name, as HANNAH—OR MAMMA—PAPA.

We found, however, that there were two other ways of learning to read and spell by Fröbel's method; viz., by 'stick' and 'pen-work.' In stick-work, the child is supplied with a number of undipped lucifer matches, and taught to lay them upon the table in such forms as show the outline of angular figures. In this case the sticks form the lines, instead of drawing them, and not only some of the letters, but almost every object which does not require curved lines may be designed in this manner. The chief use, however, of sticks is to give the child a familiarity with mathematical figures. What is called pea-work is simply the uniting of the sticks by means of peas; and in this way all the letters of the alphabet and innumerable objects are formed. But here is an extract from one of their books upon this subject. This is described in the work before us:—

'1. The teacher takes one stick, places at each end a pea, and asks, What is this like? Different answers will be given, according to the different conceptions formed, and the different associations which accompany them—such as the letter I, a line, a pillar, a pole, a candle, a mace, a pin.

'2. She takes two sticks, and forms an angle, and requires each to form one of a different kind: when done, they are examined, and it is found that one has formed a right angle, another an acute angle, a third an obtuse angle, &c. They are told the names of the different angles, and required to call them by their proper names.

'3. She takes three sticks, and forms triangles of all kinds—equilateral, isosceles, scalene, right-angled triangles, obtuse-angled triangles, acute-angled triangles—with the triangle for a basis. Many forms may be constructed—tent, church, spire, pigeon-house, crystals, pyramids, obelisks, figures, letters, different kinds of triangles, &c., &c.

'4. She now takes four sticks, and after allowing the children to exercise freely, gives examples of a different class of objects altogether—house, table, gate, picture-frame, fire-place, pyramids, monuments, square, rhomboid, hapezoid, parallelograms, parallelopipeds.\*

After this, she gives an unlimited number of sticks, and allows free practice upon the basis of the pentagon, &c. Many of those forms are only adapted to the capacities of the elder children, but they are all, from the least to the greatest, fond of 'pea-work.'

One of the natural results of this purely mathematical tuition is, that the children learn to draw well at a very early age. Indeed, you seldom meet with a young gentleman above a year old who does not

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\* See Practical Guide to the English Kinder Garten. By J. & Bertha Noyse, page 45.

like to handle the pencil. In the Kinder Garten the child is encouraged to scratch away as much as he likes, and, by guiding his ideas, he is soon able to draw objects. Slates and copy-books, ruled in quarter-inch squares, are used for the purpose of guiding the hand and eye; and by this simple contrivance the true elements of drawing are imparted with ease. So perfect is this part of Fröbel's system that we believe that all who teach drawing, either to children or adults, will be glad to adopt it.

Every one has observed how fond children are of cutting with scissors, and that they exercise this destructive propensity with little respect to the material upon which they operate, for, failing to procure anything else, books, newspapers, and even clothing, are often sacrificed. There is no doubt but that the child always intends to *do* something by this, and to give expression to some idea which is struggling in its mind. In the Kinder Garten children are supplied with scissors and paper, and, being taught to fold the paper, and then cut into it in a certain direction, the most beautiful patterns result. In this way, unusual dexterity is associated with perception of form and order; and, as the number of patterns which may be produced are innumerable, the child always returns to the scissors and paper to realize some new idea.

Precisely analogous to this is modelling in clay, or any other soft and plastic substances. Fröbel, seeing that children had a natural tendency to modelling, has aided them with proper guide and material, and in this way invested modelling with an educational importance. The objects which we saw them attempting in Madame Ronge's establishment were birds, birds' nests, cats, dogs, donkeys, &c.; and two hopeful youths were in strong competition on a 'patent safety.' A blunt knife and a little clay, or other soft substance, is all that is needed for this purpose.

We had almost forgotten another employment which we saw the children engaged in; namely, paper-plaiting, or mat-making. It is almost impossible to give an intelligible description of this occupation without drawings. We can only say that by plaiting narrow pieces of paper of various colours, mats and other fancy articles are produced; nor is it possible to imagine, without seeing it, how careful the children are of their labour, and how tasteful many of the things which they make really are.

The same materials which are used for building the cubes, serve also for the purpose of counting and addition; and multiplication and subtraction are taught by them. This method of using objects to count with is not, we believe, peculiar to the Kinder Garten; neither did it originate with Fröbel; but it belongs to that natural method of giving instruction *by sight*, and has been very wisely adopted and incorporated with the new system.

Music and gymnastics are the only remaining things which we have not noticed, and these are of the very highest importance in an infant school. Our advice to parents is, whatever you do do not force your children to sit still and 'be quiet.' If you cannot find anything else

for them to do, let them run the street, roll in the mud, break the crockery-ware, or, indeed, do almost anything they like, but do not, as you value their health and well-being, send them to a school or nursery where all is silence and dulness. A rose planted under an ash-tree will prosper just as well as a child will under this system of coercion. Every nerve and fibre in its body is crying out for exercise—bounding to be free—and will make itself heard, either in loud and hearty laughter, or peevish wailing and crying. What is sought after here is to exercise every little muscle, to cultivate a taste for music and harmony, and at the same time, as Mr. Turveydrop says, good manners and ‘deportment.’

There are, we believe, above a hundred ‘movement games,’ as they are in Fröbel’s system called, all adapted to this end. In the room where the children which we saw were taught, the ceiling had the solar system painted on it, and when the teacher announced the play of the planets, the tallest child went into the centre of the room to represent the sun, and taking a piece of ribbon, with coloured balls, to represent the planets, in her hand, the smallest child took the shortest to represent ‘Mercury,’ and the others laying hold of ribbons all arranged themselves in order, and then commenced the song and movement. The children seemed delighted with their play, and most of them had some notion of the names and movements of the heavenly bodies. The planets having performed two or three revolutions, however, the game was changed for another, in which the muscles of the neck and back were brought into action, and the child taught a graceful carriage.

This may seem, as did Bell and Lancaster’s method sixty years ago, ridiculous to some of our readers. We can only say, that in all we saw there was no sign of weariness, lassitude, fretfulness, or inattention, nor was there, we were assured, ever the least occasion for corporeal punishment. The children were not compelled to go to the school, but force was required to be exerted to get them away; and we know from parents of whom we have made inquiries, that when they return home they play over again the same games and pursue the same occupations which they have been engaged in at school.

There are two or three things in this system which will commend themselves to every one for their ingenuity and simplicity. The first is the substitution of toys for books; and the second, the use of simple inexpensive articles instead of finished, expensive, and destructible things, as toys generally are. By dispensing with books a great source of fretfulness to the child is removed, while by giving him something to do, his aversion to the dull and depressing influence of study is never encountered. Others have laboured to make the way to knowledge easy for the little pilgrim during his first stages in life, but Fröbel appears to have rendered it delightful; and in thus associating its first efforts to learn with its highest enjoyments, the child naturally comes to love, not only the school, but the knowledge which it obtains there.

Those who desire to learn more of this system than we have been

able to state in the brief limits of this paper, must read the 'English Kinder Garten,' or do as we have done, call at the institution and see the school for themselves. The teachers, we are sure, from the courteous reception we received, will always be ready to give any information. After their visit, they will be glad with us to commend the system to the consideration of all who have children to educate, or who may have influence in schools, that they may make it known to committees and the public at large.

Mr. Mitchell, one of the Government Inspectors of Schools, in a letter addressed to Madame Ronge, says:—'My opinion of the Fröbel system, which you are happily engaged in bringing under the notice of the public in this country, is so strong, that I have made special reference to it in my Report to the Committee of Council. The proper introduction of this system would confer, as it seems to me, an inestimable boon on the rising generation of this country.' We unite with him in the expression of a confident trust, that those who have introduced it here 'may be able successfully to carry out plans which propose such grand results.'

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### Within and Without: a Dramatic Poem.\*

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

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IF we seek to determine, what is poetry? by a practical test, by considering the various works which the taste and critical judgment of the whole world has stamped with the name, we find ourselves obliged to extend the limits of any known definition. This much, however, we arrive at: that expression is of the very essence of poetry. We are not in the habit of announcing obvious and common-place facts as original discoveries; and only do so now, because the fact is one of which the modern world of poetry-writers and readers is lapsing into utter forgetfulness. There is a popular heresy that a composition which is poetical in substance, though not in form, is poetry; there is a growing tendency to treat defects of form as insignificant and venial faults, provided what is called the poetic spirit breathes beneath them. Now to us the form is one-half of Poetry; in poetry words are not the garment of thought, they are the body of thought. Everybody who has ever tried to write, will know what we mean. He will know that thought never abides in the mind as a finished reality, waiting to be clothed. He will know that there are many ways of saying something like what he means, but only one way of saying it itself. He will know that in common conversation he contents himself with one of the former, but in writing strives after the latter, and that, till he has found it, his thought is not complete, is not itself. Now let this

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\* Longmans and Co. 1855.



perfect expression become harmonious also, let it charm the ear as well as convey the sense with the utmost exactness and force, and we have got the one-half of Poetry. Only one-half; for if expression were all, if the thing expressed were unessential, a mathematical formula or a pointed witticism would be a perfect poem.

As for the other half, we are unequal to saying what it is. Many subjects seem to belong naturally and peculiarly to the sphere of poetry; a true description of beautiful objects, or a natural utterance of passion, without much effort of composition, catches the music which makes it poetry. Other things do not, logic for instance; though Pope does occasionally make a syllogism musical. Those which do, we are unable to define; we cannot even furnish their differential mark; but every one knows or feels what they are. It will be seen that the two parts of our description correspond to those of Wordsworth's well-known division of the poetic gift, into 'the vision and the faculty divine,' and 'the accomplishment of verse.'

Before going further, we wish distinctly to state our conviction, whatever else we may have to say of this poem, that its author is a true, a born poet. It is rather, however, in virtue of the former of these gifts than of the latter. What the former is, we have professed ourselves unable to tell; few gentlemen who quote Wordsworth's phrase are able. But it conveys a true and sufficiently definite idea, to the expression of which we cannot get nearer than by saying, that Mr. Macdonald does for himself see, and can, in a fashion of his own, say—

‘Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,’

that is, we ordinary mortals, about the face of nature, the circumstances and events of life; that these affect him differently from other people; that we find them exciting in him feelings which are deeper and purer than other people's—than our own, for instance; and suggesting thoughts which are new and true. We appeal to our readers' own poetic senses, whether it be not so. Here is a sonnet, one of a series, which not faintly reminds us, by its hopeful, consoling treatment of one of the dark experiences of life, by its varied imagery, and sweetness of expression, of some of Mrs. Browning's, of whom to have reminded any reader Mr. Macdonald may be proud.

‘And weep not though the Beautiful decay  
Within thy heart, as daily in thine eyes;  
Thy heart must have its Autumn, its pale skies,  
Leading, mayhap, to Winter's cold dismay.  
Yet doubt not. Beauty doth not pass away;  
Her form departs not, though her body dies.  
Secure beneath the earth, the snowdrop lies,  
Waiting the Spring's young resurrection-day,  
Through the kind nurture of the winter cold.  
Nor seek thou by vain effort to revive  
The Summer time, when roses were alive;  
Do thou thy work—be willing to be old,  
Thy sorrow is the husk that doth infold  
A gorgeous June, for which thou needst not strive.’

All the others contain things as good, or better ; but they want the essential virtue of the Sonnet. Its fourteen lines are a vessel, which must be full of meaning to the brim. Good sonnets never attain their full significance and strength till the last line, and then always do attain it; in one or other of which requisites Mr. Macdonald's sonnets are generally wanting.

Here is another passage from a poem which we should like to quote in full, as affording a fair illustration of the peculiar characteristics of the author's genius. It exhibits the leaning towards saddened meditation, the deep and tranquil cast of susceptibilities, and some little of the revelling in home affections, which the reading of this volume leads one to impute to him.

' Love me, beloved ; for I may lie  
Dead in thy sight, 'neath the same blue sky ;  
The more thou hast loved me, the less thy pain,  
The stronger thy hope, till we meet again ;  
And forth on the pathway we do not know,  
With a load of love, my soul would go.

Love me beloved ; for both must lie  
Under the earth, and beneath the sky ;  
The world be the same when we are gone ;  
The leaves with the same quiet tone sound on ;  
The Spring come forth, and the wild flowers live,  
Gifts for the poor man's love to give ;  
The sea, the lordly, the gentle sea,  
Tell the same tales to others than thee ;  
And thoughts that flush up like the light of morn,  
Irradiate hearts that are yet unborn ;  
A youthful race call our earth their own,  
And gaze on its wonders from Thought's high throne ;  
Embraced by fair nature, the youth will embrace  
The maid beside him, his queen of the race ;  
When thou and I shall have passed away,  
Like the foam-flake thou lookedst on yesterday.'

These short extracts exhibit enough poetic feeling and richness of fancy to interest our readers in the poem from which they are taken.

It is a poem of the same class as Byron's 'Manfred,' and Mrs. Browning's 'Drama of Exile.' Beginning among the persons, scenes, and events of a human life, it gradually soars beyond that level of elevation, above human act and speech, which dramas, strictly so called, are suffered to keep; and loses itself in an ideal world, the ideality of the feelings proper to which the actors exhibit, and from which, at last, they are made bodily to come. The incidents can hardly be said to be composed into a dramatic whole; they are a series of pegs to hang reflections on; they are as few as possible, and discoursed about at the utmost possible length. Further, the actors are sometimes made rather to view than to feel the incidents; the reflections uttered are such as would occur to an observer of a pensive cast of mind, rather than the blood-hot, confused thoughts of a real sufferer. As throughout the poem there is some attempt at maintaining the character of suffering beings, while occasionally,

the language of real passion is spoken with a surprising naturalness and force, reflections of such a kind, however great their intellectual and speculative interest, cannot fail to appear out of place. However, the poem is what it is; it is certainly not a drama, hardly a collection of dramatic scenes, in great part a series of meditations; but it is thoroughly worth reading.

The first two parts are by far the best. In them the author shows a sympathy with various forms of life. We are introduced into the interior of a convent; see something of the intrigues and petty ambitions of monastic life; are present at a drunken carouse, and hear a very lively, if a not very edifying song. The conception of Julian, too, in the earlier parts, presents points of overpowering interest, which can be enumerated in a phrase; he is a Monk, yet an unbeliever and a lover. He carries off his wife, sacrificing his vows and a human life to do so. Subsequently we find him, position and fortune gone—we might add his vigour and manhood gone too—a daily worker for bread in London. And here, for a while, the interest hangs solely on the daily widening gulf which separates him and his wife. Without reason, and without being under the influence of ungenerous suspicion, each imagines the other's love and trust to be failing; and each lives a lonely, grey life, not even their child—his affection for whom is one of the marked features in Julian, and constitutes great part of the interest of the poem—sufficing to draw out enough of what is in their hearts, to make plain to each other the faith and sympathy which still survive. At last, Lilia leaves him; not altogether without a noble belief that she is thereby promoting his happiness, yet (as far as we can make out) under circumstances which imply criminality. This is how Julian meets the stroke:—

'Oh, my poor Lilia! my soul weeps for thee.  
How shall I win thee, save thee, make thee mine?  
God! can she never more be clean? no more,  
Through all the terrible years? Hast thou no well  
In all thy heaven, in all Thyself, that can  
Wash her soul clean? Her body will go down  
Into the friendly earth; would it were lying  
There in my arms! for there the rains will come  
Fresh from Thy skies, in streamlets through the sod,  
All the long winter night; and we should lie  
Mouldering away together, gently washed  
Into the heart of earth; and part would go  
Forth on the sunny breezes that bear clouds  
Through the blue air. But her stained soul, my God!  
Canst thou not cleanse it? Then should I, when death  
Was gone, creep into heaven at last, and sit  
In some quiet place by her, with glory shadowed.  
None would ask questions there. And I, content  
To sorrow still a little, so I might  
Look on her with the darling on her knees  
Should know that must be pure that dwelt within  
The circle of thy glory. Lilia! Lilia!  
I scorn the shame rushing from head to foot;  
I would endure it doubled, if I might  
Save but one hair of thine from this pollution,

Saying unto myself: this is a part  
 Of my own Lilia; and the world to me  
 Was nothing, if I had one smile from her,  
 The child of love: somehow she faded from me,  
 And this is all I have of her. My wife!  
 Soul of my soul! my oneness with myself!  
 Come back to me; I will be all to thee;  
 Back to my heart; and we will weep together,  
 And pray to God together every hour,  
 That he would show how strong he is to save.  
 The one that made is able to renew:  
 I know not how.—I'll hold thy heart to mine,  
 So close that the defilement needs must go.  
 My love shall ray thee round, and, as strong fire,  
 Dart through and through thy soul, till it be cleansed.  
 But if she love him? Oh, my heart—beat! beat!  
 Grow not so sick with misery and life,  
 For fainting will not save thee—Oh no! no!  
 She cannot love him as she must love me.  
 Then if she love him not, oh horrible! oh God!  
 [He stands in a stupor for some minutes.  
 What devil whispered that she was unclean?  
 I care not,—I do love her more than that.  
 Let me be shamed, ay, perish in my shame,  
 As men call perishing, so she be saved.]

Beyond this there is little to tell, except that the last scene witnesses the reunion of husband and wife, mother and child, in 'a world not realized.'

But to speak only of these events, and of the love of wife and child so powerfully and beautifully developed in the character of Julian, is to omit from notice that which constitutes the predominating interest of the poem. Dr. Johnson has somewhere said, and the saying is not one which we should have expected from so wise and good a man, that Religion, or the intercourse of the soul with God, is essentially unpoetic. Yet we fancy we can discover a truth in the saying. Religion, as it existed in him, was a grave, calm reverence, of too deep root and long standing, and with too few opposing elements of character, to be boisterously manifest in his consciousness. It wanted altogether the change, the variety, the wild extremes, in a word, the fluctuating passionateness which makes the most artless utterance of human sentiment so near akin to Poetry. It was a thing deep, quiet, difficult to utter, and therefore unpoetic; let it put on the mutability and the keenness of human feelings, and it will put on their loquacity too, as in the case of Cowper and Charles Wesley. But whether poetic or not, Religion would seem to be undramatic. It is the great drama, sometimes the tragedy, of human life; yet somehow every attempt to make a Drama out of it fails. The real history of the strife between good and evil, of the struggle of a human spirit to keep its hold on God—or of God's struggle to keep His hold on it, for how shall we name it?—and overcome The Evil, is still unwritten. What a theme for a poet! The subtle doubts that cunningly intermingled with evil inclinations,—the noble, or at least not ignoble, ambition that hardened down into worldliness and self-seeking,—the love of beauty

that became gross and filthy;—is not the fact of these corruptions and confusions the tragedy of life? Would that some poet could make plain the process of them to us, could show how the evil arose out of the good, how faint paroxysms of resistance were made and failed, and how the soul disappears from this earthly scene, coarsened, brutalized, lost. Or would that some poet would show that other and more glorious ending of the strife, how the soul climbs, how it raises itself above the attractions of earth and its evil, how it throws off the weakness and deformity which had seemed to grow to it, and become part of itself. What elements of interest are here—what terrible emotions accompany the struggle all through, what crises, what a doom! And yet, as we have said, the tragedy is unwritten; for in Goethe's poem, and in Bailey's too, the struggle is too exclusively one of the reason, and the way in which religion makes life a terrible battle-field does not appear.

It is, then, no slight praise which has to be awarded to Mr. Macdonald; he has made the interest of his poem depend, in no inconsiderable degree, on the development, or rather, let us say, the expression of religious faith in Julian; and has made that sentiment reach and keep throughout a degree of intensity which gives to it dramatic interest. But the catastrophe comes too soon; the season in which he aspires towards God, and never doubts that God will one day meet him, terminates without our knowing enough of the moral experiences which preceded, and resulted in, a fuller faith and satisfaction. Despite this, however, the passages in which the religious feeling predominates are among the best in the poem.

If we were to find fault with the poem, as a piece of moral teaching, it would be on the ground that Lilia and her betrayer too easily regain lost peace and strength. When the wicked man turneth from the wickedness that he hath committed, between him and righteousness there lies no impassable gulf, thank God; but a sea of fire—a real Hell of regrets and fears so terrible, that many an one turns back to the less intolerable pangs of the less vivid consciousness of evil, which attends continuance in an evil state.

We have no space, had we inclination, to notice the faults of which Mr. Macdonald is guilty. We have taken this little book of his to our hearts; and have only, in conclusion, to bid our readers go to it and learn its many lessons of Faith, Tenderness, and Purity.

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#### A NOTE TO THE SCATTERED.

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FRIENDS,—I exceedingly regret that my Letters to you have been interrupted. It is not that I have become disheartened in my work. But illness, first in my family, and now personal, has held me in its meshes. I dictate these few words from a bed of compulsory rest.

Illnesses are sometimes the prescriptions of the highest Physician for the

recovering of the over-worn to true health; and the weapon whose edge has been turned, and its form bent, in the war of life, is thus restored to its efficiency. Hoping soon to become myself again, and to realize some of this happy effect of illness, I hope also to make the best amends I may be able to the kind and forbearing Editor of this Magazine, and to you my correspondents, for these interruptions.

July 20th.

T. T. L.

## Letters to a Country Cousin.

### III. JEWS AND THEIR SYNAGOGUES.

MY DEAR COZ,—Were you ever in a synagogue? I doubt it. Have you any other than the average notions about the ‘ancient people?’ You know that they lend money and buy old clothes, and shut up shop on a Saturday. You know the Jew of the ‘Merchant of Venice,’ the Jew of ‘Ivanhoe,’ and the Jews in general of Disraeli. But do you, or I, or ninety-nine out of a hundred of our neighbours, really know anything of the inner life, or the religious state or worship, of the five-and-twenty thousand Jewish inhabitants of Britain? We are familiar with the historic Jews of the Old Testament and of Josephus, and Judaism in modern Palestine warms the hearts, and excites the imaginations of our travellers, whose pages suggest a pilgrimage to Jerusalem as the very summit of a traveller’s wishes. But the Jews about us are almost as separate a people in respect to our knowledge of them, and of our care to know, as in creed, in physiognomy, and in social idiosyncrasies. It may be easy to account for this, and you, who perhaps could hardly hunt up a dozen Jews in your county, will, of course, set it down to lack of opportunity—an explanation which may shield *you*, at least, from the suspicion of being as much the victim of prejudice as the very Jews themselves. Yet is such indifference to be justified on either philosophic or religious grounds? We know what ‘the British’ and ‘the London’ Societies would reply—how ‘Charlotte Elizabeth’ would protest—and how the coteries so mercilessly ridiculed in Conybeare’s Edinburgh article would exclaim and appeal. And all of them regard it as for a lamentation that Gentile Christians should have so little at heart the conversion of the ‘seed of Abraham.’

But I *have* lately been ‘to synagogue,’ and hence my exordium! I did so years ago, with the mere curiosity of the boy, and then thought all I saw and heard strange, odd, and unintelligible. Going into a synagogue now, with the thoughtfulness of a man, I have found it one of the most suggestive places in the world. I have sat out the silence of a Quaker’s meeting, and usually have found it very blank. I have, as you know, watched ‘the flexions and genu-flexions’ of the services of the Catholic Apostolic Church, but with wonder, of which impatience was the chief element; and I have, in spite of myself, felt

my Protestant blood warming within the walls of Romish cathedrals and chapels. But in a synagogue the faculty of memory, and the feeling of pity, are most in exercise—for where else will you find a sect linked to so august a history, or the subjects of prophecy so retributive?

There are, I believe, more than a dozen synagogues, large and small, in London, and of these the chief is, I suppose, that in Duke's-place, Aldgate. It is also the most Jewish in point of locality, for it is the very centre of the Jews' quarter, abutting on Houndsditch, and in the midst of a labyrinth of streets and courts, where almost every face, and every inscription, tells you that you have stepped out of the Gentile world into a smaller one almost wholly Jewish. The building is large and plain, the principal features of the interior being the loftiness of its roof and the abundance of Hebrew inscriptions covering the galleries and other conspicuous places. At the east end is a semi-circular recess, with its adorned curtain concealing the Keichel, or ark, and sacred rolls, and all the other characteristic mysteries of the place, and in front a lamp, the dim representative—oh! how dim!—of the Shechinah. The seats run down the sides, leaving the middle vacant, except in the centre, where there is an enclosed platform, occupied by the officials, on whom devolve the performance of the service. Below, males exclusively are admitted, all keeping the head covered. Above are galleries, surmounted by a brass lattice, behind which sit such Jewesses as attend. But very few are present, their attendance being, I believe, discouraged, and, indeed, their sex held in small repute. Else, how could the Jew thank God daily, as he does—'Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who has not made me a woman!'

I was present on a Friday night, and therefore at the first service of the Sabbath. The attendance was large, and the audience of a very mixed class—many of them looking as though they had but just finished the work of their Saturday. The congregation has its grades—its Parnassim, or warders—its Gobah, or treasurer—its Gobai Tsedakah, or overseer—its Tove Hangeer, or elders—its Chazan, or reader—its Shamas, or clerk—its Bangalei Battim, or masters of the house, who possess, and pay for, certain privileges—its Joshavim, who pay seat-rents—and its poor, who crowd together, without seats, as in Romish chapels. And what an array of faces for the study of the physiognomist! Many of them, it is true, look 'of the earth earthy,' but here and there are countenances 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought'—heads that look made for depositories of rabbinical learning—beards, black and white, of magnificent dimensions, and eyes dark, large, and lustrous—the owners looking as though they had just stepped out of the studio of Rembrandt.

On the platform in the centre stand the Reader, and a choir of men and boys, all wearing black gowns and hats with wide brims turned up close to the side; the Reader also wearing a flannel-like looking scarf (called Tallith) across the shoulders. Except on the occasion of the great feasts and fasts, the service is, I believe, of a simple cha-

racter, with but little of ceremonial, there being no preaching, and the worship being exclusively liturgical. The reading gives to a stranger an impression that it is hurried and undevout, and the part taken by the congregation is declaimed with an energy, and in varying keys, which have a very Babel-like effect. At times the sounds are almost hushed, and turning towards the east, the worshippers mutter forth their prayers with a suppressed intensity, which is not a little affecting. The musical portion of the service consists of cantillation (regulated by the accents) and singing, and is in the nature of recitative. Both are more striking than pleasing—some of the bass voices being magnificently deep; but the swelling and harmonious notes of our own congregations are wanting. Yet it is impossible to hear these ‘songs of Zion,’ thus sung in a strange land, without emotion; and, whatever may be the feelings of the worshippers, the auditor who chooses to give play to his imagination, will be thrilled by occasional notes, which suggest passionate regret for the lost glories of a nation, with a longing, almost uncheered by hope, for the coming of the long-deferred day of joy and triumph.

Yet, on the whole, I must say that the impression produced by the aspect of the congregation is not favourable, in respect to reverence and devotion. There is incessant motion—a going in and out, suggestive of the Stock Exchange—and a buzz which hints a suspicion that the trading spirit of the Jew finds a sphere for its activity even in the sanctuary itself. I, however, except from this statement the congregation at the branch synagogue in Great Portland-street, where there were but few present, but those few apparently intent on their evening’s devotion. And, by the way, the idea of this separateness of the Jewish people is more obviously suggested on visiting such a synagogue as that which I have just named than that in Duke’s-place. For, in the Jews’ own quarter, the closed shops, and the Jewish look of all about the neighbourhood, are in keeping; but in leaving the flashing shop-lights and the well-dressed pedestrians of Marylebone, and entering the *petite* synagogue, with its handful of Jews, closing by a brief service (there are four in all) the Sabbath which, in the Gentile world, is yet to commence, you have an illustration of the isolation which everywhere stamps its impress on the race.

How long will Judaism retain its ‘fly-in-amber’ character? Is the spirit of change, which is rife in other religious bodies, utterly without power in this, the oldest of them all? It seems not. The fact that there is a community of ‘Reformed British Jews’ is itself suggestive, and the confessions of the orthodox indicate that the Hebrew traditions are losing their hold upon the nineteenth century Jews, exposed to all the friction of social and religious life in England. I see that one of the Jewish journals—are journalism and Judaism homogeneous?—declares that ‘religious life in our communities is rapidly approaching an important and serious crisis;’ and that ‘an entirely changed state of the synagogue system will arise as the inevitable result of the fermentation.’ But here is a passage from the ‘Hebrew Observer’ still more significant:—



'It must be admitted, that a large proportion of our community, even those living in the immediate locality of the synagogue, absent themselves from God's house; thus the national bond is daily becoming weaker; the children of the wealthy seldom hear the word of God from the preacher or precentor. What a melancholy prospect does such a state of things open for the future of Judaism! Many leave the synagogue under the impression that the ceremonies of Judaism are conserved and antiquated forms, that were suited to a former age, and have answered their purpose; they suppose them to have been founded in the vanities and conceits of men's minds, and will admit of re-organization to suit what they term "the onward progress of the age!" If these false impressions are permitted to take root, we cannot wonder at the laxity of the Jew. Individually, I have heard men of the best intentions exclaim, "Oh, that Rabbinism! it is inimical to, and retards all progress in, the community."'

So, while the Christian communities are mournfully comparing the census of their worshippers with that of the population, and are girding themselves for fresh efforts to bring the godless portion of the latter within the reach of religious influences, Judaism is alarmed at the discovery of the little real hold which its tenets have on the Jewish mind. And Rationalists and Newmanites, and the disciples of 'development,' are troubling the old as well as the British Israel. Verily old things are passing away—but what of the new? These are worth watching everywhere, but especially in the case of the Jew, for what Christian can contemplate with composure the swallowing up of the wrecks of the Mosaic economy in the gulf of modern infidelity? And may not the time be come for seeking the conversion of the Jew under the inspiration of a new motive—a solicitude for Christianity as well as for its ancient foe?

Yours, my dear Oliver, always,

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### Brief Notices of the German Theological Press.

'An Exhibition of the Lutheran and Reformed Ecclesiastical Doctrine concerning the Church,'\* by a young and promising theologian named Hansen, is but one of a large number of treatises of all sorts and sizes, which still continue to appear in Germany on that most momentous theme. Our neighbours are evidently making some amends for the comparative neglect in which they have suffered the subject to rust almost ever since the Reformation. In no country has the Protestant Church been reduced to a more degrading condition of bondage to the State than in Germany. To such a degree has it sunk into a mere department of police, that even the texts of their sermons are chosen for the preachers by government authority, and this, in some cases, not only on set occasions, but all the year round. The fundamental maxim of the territorial system, *Cujus regio, ejus religio*, has been nowhere more vigorously carried out than there. Dissent, whenever it showed its head, was ruthlessly trampled down beneath the iron

\* 'Die Lutherische und Reformirte Kirchenlehre von der Kirche, dargestellt, von Th. Hansen, Cand. Theol.' Gotha. 1855. London: Williams and Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

hoof of power, until, in the shape of rampant infidelity, it broke, in 1848, the green withs which bound it, and demanded, in the devil's name, what might better have been asked in God's, the separation of Church and State. Such was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the system in that memorable year. Meanwhile, from another and more morally influential quarter it received a no less deadly blow. The allusion is to the separation of the Old Lutherans, as the seceders from the Union Church, amalgamated out of Lutherans and Reformed, by the present king of Prussia, Frederick William, style themselves. This very large and respectable body of dissidents from the State Churches of Protestant Germany is acknowledged to have carried off the flower of their pious members, and waxes stronger and stronger every day. Numbers of these Free Churchmen have already learnt, in their new position, the falsity of the Establishment principle; and even amongst the divines of the Union Church there are those who now openly and powerfully denounce that principle as the bane of Christendom. In like manner, the disruptions in Schleswig-Holstein and the Canton de Vaud proclaimed the bankruptcy of the old maxims of ecclesiastical polity, and helped to force on, by the stern logic of events, the discussion of the church question. It was of great moment, also, that simultaneously with these events, the theological movement was brought by a different path to the same point. To the foiled attacks of the negative criticism upon the four Gospels, succeeded an equally furious onslaught upon the authenticity of the Acts; and that strangely neglected book of Scripture began to receive, in consequence, an amount of attention on the part of friends and foes alike, which had never been bestowed upon it before. The ecclesiastical life of the first Christian churches became the subject of fresh and more searching investigations, and the contrast presented to the frigid mechanism of the present day was too glaring to be soon forgotten. The Church, with the wrinkles of eighteen centuries upon her, was brought face to face with the Church as she sprang from the heart of God. How, then, could a conscientious Christian theology suppress the exclamation, *Quanto mutata ab illa*, or shirk the responsibility of at last attempting in earnest to solve the knotty but vital problem of the Church?

The present work is chiefly useful in the historical point of view, as furnishing a serviceable compendium of the teaching of the Reformers, and the symbolical books recognised by the two Confessions, upon the momentous article in question. To those *ex cathedra* statements, however, of the Protestant doctrine, the author frequently subjoins his own remarks, and here we seldom miss some echo, more or less distinct, of the deep conviction which is spreading in ever-wider circles throughout Protestant Christendom at large, that its *ecclesiastical* principles and arrangements are the weak side of the Reformation, and that its shortcomings in this respect must very soon be made good if we would not have that great work become a melancholy wreck. Happily, more generous aspirations than those which hampered the glorious movement of the sixteenth century are everywhere finding vent, so that even in the starched, formal, and hierarchical Anglican communion, the rights of the laity have obtained earnest and eloquent champions. Indeed, the clergy themselves are beginning to perceive that the yawning chasm which separates them from their people, renders their position far from enviable. They utter complaints of isolation; and well they may, since, in their no less

foolish than wicked pride and lust of power, they have cut themselves off from their brethren and natural allies. In these days of universal culture, their enemies are free to attack them, and yet they think to repulse the countless hostile influences arrayed against them, with their own legions bound hand and foot! Miserable infatuation, which they must speedily learn in good faith to cast to the winds for ever, or be taught to abandon by defeat after defeat! Who does not see that a mere clergy-church styling itself Protestant is not long for this world now that steam and electric telegraphs are at work? Its members are either far too free, or not free enough. By making them downright slaves, as the Pope does his subjects, a great amount of brute force may be gained, and, especially for defence, the *vis inertiae* will be so considerable, that in spite of the growing enlightenment of the times, the system might be insured for a long term of years, at a comparatively small risk. On the other hand, by frankly adopting the New Testament constitution, the spirit of which is perfect freedom, and perfect organization—NO CHARISM FETTERED, AND NO CHARISM IDLE—the Church will become ‘fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.’ But to halt between the two is to court the fate of being cut to pieces between the Roman *triarii* in front, and the guerilla bands of German, French, American, and English infidelity in the rear.

Professor Guericke's ‘History of the Reformation,’\* is not, strictly speaking, a new work, being modestly announced as a reprint from the third volume of his ‘Manual of Church History.’ It is, however, something more than a mere *rechauffée*, which the pious and learned author presents as his contribution to the forthcoming celebration of the Tercentenary of the Augsburg Religious Peace. His ‘Manual’ has reached its *eighth* edition, and is thus evidently regarded on the Continent as a standard work, although here, probably in part on account of his somewhat stiff Lutheranism, Guericke is comparatively little known.

Dr. Martensen's ‘Christian Dogmatic Theology,’† which is the only treatise in that department we have just now to report, is a German translation of the work of a distinguished Danish divine. The fact that this is the *third* edition of the translation serves to show the estimation in which Martensen is held as one of the leading theological thinkers of the present day. The frequent references to it to be met with in the current theological literature of Germany, afford evidence to the same effect. This reputation he is fairly entitled to as an enlightened Christian teacher, as far removed from Rationalism on the one hand, as from the no less godless *obscurantism* which threatens us from the High Church quarter upon the other. When shall we have to announce a German translation of an *English* ‘Christian Dogmatic Theology?’

In Patristic Theology we have an excellent monograph on Clement of Rome's First Epistle to the Corinthians, by Dr. Richard Lipsius,‡ a young Leipsic theologian, of some promise. It displays extensive reading, not a little acuteness, and an occasional tendency to prolixity.

\* Geschichte der Reformation. Von H. E. F. Guericke. Dr. und Prof. d. Theol. Berlin, 1855. 8vo. London agents: Williams and Norgate.

† Die Christliche Dogmatik dargestellt von Dr. H. Martensen. Kiel, 1853. 8vo. Pp. 549. London agents: Williams and Norgate.

‡ De Clementis Romani Epistola ad Corinthios Priora Disquisitio. Scriptit R. A. Lipsius. Lipsiæ, 1855. 8vo. London agents: Williams and Norgate.

Lastly, we have to notice a few contributions to Biblical science. One of them is an elaborate defence of 'The Genuineness of the Gospel according to John,'\* by Dr. George Carl Mayer, a Roman Catholic theologian, against the late attacks made upon it by the Tübingen and other Rationalist schools. The author desires to be understood as occupying the ground of freedom from all previous bias, and as abdicating, for the nonce, his position as the champion of a self-styled infallible Church. But this make-believe liberty sits awkwardly upon him, and looks very much like constraint. There are some good things in his book, but upon the whole, we feel thankful that the cause is in better hands than his. Those who deny the genuineness of the fourth Gospel are not likely to be converted by passionate appeals to that palpable hierarchical forgery—the Greek Ignatius.

From the Gospel to the Revelation of John the transition is easy. Professor Auberlen, of Basle, has recently given us a treatise 'On the mutual Relations between the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse,'† which those who are interested in the Millenarian controversy, and in the study of unfulfilled prophecy, would do well to read. It contains many novel and ingenious views, able expositions of the principal texts, besides candid and enlightened criticisms upon all the more important theories, English as well as Continental.

We have further to congratulate our theological readers upon the appearance of a new and very handsome, as well as convenient edition in German of Bengel's invaluable 'Gnomon,'‡ which still, after more than a century, deservedly maintains its old popularity, and an English translation of which, we rejoice to learn as this is going to press, is proposed for publication by the Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh. It is, indeed, a marvel that this admirable and matchless commentary on the New Testament has not been presented to the English public long since. We entirely concur in the judgment of the late Archdeacon Hare, cited in the circular sent us, that, 'It is a work which manifests the most intimate and profound knowledge of Scriptura, and which, if we examine it with care, will often be found to *condense* more matter into a line than can be extracted from many pages of other writers.' It is calculated that the translation may be published in five demy octavo volumes, of about 500 pages, which would be supplied (to subscribers only) at 28s.

B. H. C.

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\* Die Aechtheit des Evangeliums nach Johannes. Von Dr. G. K. Mayer. Schaffhausen, 1854. 8vo. London agents: Williams and Norgate.

† Der Prophet Daniel und die Offenbarung Johannis in ihrem gegenseitigen Verhältniss betrachtet und in ihrem Hauptstellen erläutert. Von Carl August Auberlen, Ph. D., Lic. u. a. o. Prof. d. Theol. zu Basel. Basel, 1854. London agents: Williams and Norgate.

‡ Bengel's Gnomon, oder Zeiger d. N. T., e. Auslegung desselben in fortlaufenden Anmerkungen. In Deutscher Sprache hrsg. v. Pfr. C. F. Werner. Stuttgart, 1855. Lex. 8vo. London agents: Williams and Norgate.

## Clara and her Cousins ; or, What is Religion ?

### CHAPTER V.

‘DEAR, dear! how provoking! how very unfortunate to get sick at such an awkward time. I, too, that am never sick, I may say. But I know it is only a common cold, and I’ll shake it off. I had it once before, I remember, when Clara was a baby, and I took a warm bath, and a hot drink going to bed, and was quite well the next day. I’ll do the same to-night; it would never do to be sick now; the company invited, and every preparation made, it would never do. I must fight it off.’

Such was Mrs. Barton’s soliloquy one chilly evening in the early autumn, about three months after the visit of her little girls to Arden Hill on Fanny’s birth-day. She was sitting in her dressing-room, wrapped in a warm shawl, her head resting on a pillow, from which she occasionally raised it, that she might bathe her aching temples with some refreshing lotion. Now and then she seemed to shiver with cold, and drew her wrappings closer around her; then, in a while, her face would flush the colour of scarlet, and she would press her hand to her forehead, as if the pain had become more intense. But we must explain her words.

The basket of fruit and flowers, accompanied by an affectionate message, which Jessie had sent to her aunt by her little cousins, had in some measure softened the asperity of Mrs. Barton’s feelings towards her, and would have produced a far more powerful effect, had not the sight of the Bibles, which their owners timidly, yet exultingly, displayed, and the evident delight with which they dwelt upon the various circumstances which had taken place on the happy day of their visit, suggested to her that it would be exceedingly disadvantageous to her children to allow the continuance of any close intimacy between them and their cousins. She would go occasionally to see Jessie, and take them with her; she could thus keep a watch over them, and without seeming arbitrary or unkind, she could contrive to evade any future invitation that might come from Arden Hill. At home, too, she resolved to keep her daughters more than ever under her own eye, that they might have as little time as possible for conferring together on the subject of any ‘strange notions’ which they might have imbibed from Jessie. Her jealous eye was quick in discerning that a change of some kind had, in a greater or less degree, taken place in each of them; that they had brought back from that visit ‘notions,’ whether strange or not, which they had not taken with them; for that now they had evidently motives and reasons for action, of which they had before appeared to know nothing. What struck her as very extraordinary was, that that feature of character, which had formerly seemed unduly to prevail in one or the other, was now yielding to its opposite in each of them. Thus, the reserved and spiritless cast of Clara’s disposition was converted into a quiet cheerful-

ness, which made her very engaging. Caroline's absorption in self had been exchanged for an unaffected desire to contribute to the comfort or pleasure of others; and the thoughtless, nay, sometimes wilful, gaiety of Lizzie, was gradually coming under the check of some hidden influence, which, in the utmost exuberance of her spirits, prevented her from transgressing the bounds of duty and propriety.

Now, Mrs. Barton could not in her secret soul deny that these changes had made her little girls more amiable, and so far she had no objection to observe them constantly on the increase; but the question with her was, From whence had they originated? For if her daughters were to become *religious mopes*, their amiability would, she was sure, all go for nothing, in regard to forwarding their advantageous settlement in the world. She determined, therefore, to employ all her wisdom, and to exert all her energy, in drawing them away from this foolish influence, whatever it might be, under which they now seemed to live from day to day, and yet to do it with apparently so little intention of producing the effect at which she really aimed, that their fears might be lulled to sleep, and they might be drawn gently into the snare she was laying *for their good*, before they had become sensible that it was spread beneath their feet.

While such cogitations filled the mind of their mother, the three sisters were 'growing in grace, and in the knowledge of their Lord and Saviour;' not all in the same degree, but all in some degree. Clara was the leader of the little band. With her religion was a *LIFE*. She could no more become unconscious of its existence in her soul, than she could become unconscious of the air she breathed. She often recalled her pleasant converse with Jessie on that memorable day, and dwelt on the sweet thoughts which her gentle teacher had suggested to her mind; she remembered how Jessie had remarked of the religion of Jesus, that it was *LIFE*, and *LIGHT*, and *LIBERTY*, and *LOVE*; and she prayed that she might experience each of these in her own reception of the gospel. Clara was but a child, yet she was much in prayer—not *idle* prayer; she prayed that she might be able to work, and the more she worked, the more she abounded in prayer.

Her first work was the encouraging of her sisters to 'follow on to know the Lord.' She felt that, as the elder, she had received a commission for them; and that, whether the impulse they had received was the beginning of a new, a spiritual, and an immortal life, might largely depend upon herself. Oh! what a solemn consideration this was to the young soul! How it made her flee to the *STRONG* for strength! How it stirred within her breathings like those of the apostle, when he said, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' And Clara was to be an apostle in her way; and that she might be a successful one, she was to learn the all-important lesson, that her 'sufficiency was of God.'

Limited as the sisters were, through their mother's arrangements, in time for conversing together on the truths they were learning, it became necessary that they should exercise some self-denial, in order to increase their opportunities. To this end Clara proposed that they should rise

an hour earlier every morning; and though the proposal was not received with much pleasure at first, the practice soon became agreeable. She, herself, was always the first to stir; and no sooner did Lizzie become sensible that her own 'doaty,' as she called Clara, had broken off from slumber, than she, too, sprang to her feet, and then Caroline was ashamed to be the only sluggard among them. They soon found those morning hours the pleasantest of the whole day, nor could you see a much more lovely sight than the three sisters, as their intelligent young countenances bent over the precious word; or their quick eyes searched from page to page to find the passage they wanted; or the two younger looked up to the happy face of Clara as she uttered her simple, and almost always *practical*, comment on some verse that had arrested their attention; for, as we have said, with her religion was A LIFE. And then, when their morning reading was over, and Clara, with bowed head, but lifted heart, would take a hand of each of her sisters in hers, and joining them together, breathe softly a few words of prayer, that their heavenly Father would teach them to understand his word, and keep them from temptation, for his blessed Son's sake. Oh! it was a sight which angels might stoop down from heaven to gaze upon with reverence and delight.

Thus calmly, and on the whole very happily, their days passed by. Clara was almost always conscious of a hope that, sooner or later, their mother would be one with them in spirit; and that, instead of hindering, she would help them on their way. She saw that toward herself her mother's manner had wonderfully and most agreeably changed, and she never dreamed that this was but a part of a plan by which it was hoped to draw them away from their 'foolish fancies' and 'strange notions,' until one morning, somewhat more than a week before the soliloquy with which our chapter opens was uttered, Mrs. Barton called the little girls into her dressing-room, and told them they were now old enough to entertain their young friends, and that she had settled that they should all be invited for the next Friday week. 'You will invite Miss So-and-so, and Master So-and-so—however, I have drawn out a complete list, and that will save you all trouble in thinking who should be of the party, and who should not. You must write the cards yourself, Clara, and preside; it will be *your party*.'

The voice was subdued that spoke these words; but as the hand held out the cards and the list of intended guests, there was an expression in the eye which said, 'I *will* be obeyed.' Clara observed it, but even from despair she took courage, and, clasping the extended hand, she exclaimed, while tears streamed from her eyes, 'Mamma, dear mamma, don't ask me to preside at a merely gay party; I'm so young, perhaps it is wrong for me to have an opinion different from yours; but you know I was at one of those parties last spring, and I had no heart for it then, and I have less now.'

'But I have more, Clara; that's enough. Your dresses will arrive from London by this evening's train—*ball dresses*.' She emphasized the words. 'Go now and write the invitations; they must go out to-day.'

'Mamma, dear mamma,' Clara repeated, 'don't ask me to be at a ball; I can't dance.'

'Can't dance! have you forgotten how?'

'No, mamma; but I can't; I think it wrong.'

'Wrong to dance! but not wrong to disobey your mother! Go, Clara, immediately, and do what I command you.'

All through there was the same subdued voice and manner; and the same fixed determination expressed in the eye; Clara had no alternative but to take the cards, and prepare to write the invitations.

What should she do, she asked herself; not take any part in the ball, certainly—on that point she was decided. She felt she would rather die, if it was her heavenly Father's will. Not that she took any exaggerated view of the sinfulness of the mere act of dancing, but she felt that now it might be the turning point of her life's history; and what a fearful turning it might be—leading her back, by little and little, until she was lost in the follies of the world. Nor did she think of herself alone; she knew that if this turning was possible to her, it was much more possible to Caroline and Lizzie; they had known nothing of *her* conflicts; they had not felt religion to be a want, an absolute necessity of their being; it would, therefore, be far easier for them to give up their interest in the subject than for her, and if she yielded, they would certainly fall; their respect for her too would be lost, and, what would be far worse, her own self-respect. No,—at the ball she would not appear; but how to escape it? that was the question. She thought of writing to Jessie to ask her advice, but on consideration she saw two objections to such a proceeding; in the first place it must be done secretly, and she abhorred everything underhand; in the second, it would strengthen her mother's prejudices against Jessie should she discover that her niece had taken any part in the matter: and where then would be the hope she cherished, that, sooner or later, her cousin might be made the instrument of awakening in the mind of her mother, the same spiritual desires which had become her own daily experience. 'I will throw myself upon my heavenly Father,' she said to herself; 'I have given myself to him, and he will help me; I remember dear Jessie said, none of us will persevere, but by coming constantly to the same Fountain of love, from whence the first blessing came. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for my sins, how shall he not with him freely give me all things?" He that brought me to my Saviour, will help me to take up my cross and follow in my Saviour's footsteps.' And so Clara 'gave herself unto prayer.'

Clara had spoken of having been in the preceding spring at a gay party similar to that which her mother now contemplated; she might have said she had been at several, for she had often been taken to those strange anomalies, children's balls. Until the occasion she mentioned, however, she had not been conscious of any great incongruity between the gay scene and her own feelings. She had, of course, felt the usual amount of weariness which every child we suppose feels, at those miniature exhibitions of that 'vanity and vexation of spirit' belonging to mere pleasure, when the first novelty of the new dress is



over—when it has received its meed of admiration—been compared with the attire of young companions, and become thenceforth a worthless thing ; when the palate has become cloyed with delicacies, and the ear tired of the music and the foot of the dance. All this she had experienced many times ; and she had often wondered, in her childish way, that children, to whom every new thing in nature is a pleasure, just because it is new, and who can, therefore, never be at a loss for sources of fresh enjoyment, should be led into such scenes as children's balls. But it was only at that gay party the last spring, which she had referred to, that she had known anything of a feeling which fully developed and understood, would have led her to cry out with the Psalmist, ' Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest.'

The dresses arrived in due time. They were of the latest fashion, of the newest material ; and they must be tried on, that Mrs. Barton might see how well they fitted ; and they *did* fit well. Caroline's cheek flushed as she heard her mother's praises, and assurances that her own girls would eclipse all their guests. Poor Clara observed the heightened colour, and her heart sank within her, and tears started to her eyes, at what she believed to be an indication of re-awakening vanity. But she did her sister injustice. Fear may spread a flush, as well as a pallor, over the cheek ; and Caroline did fear the circumstances in which she was about to be placed ; and, though she had not the strength of purpose which belonged to Clara, she would have given much for a way of escape from the approaching season of temptation. But she saw no way by which that could become possible ; and, though she had begun really to enjoy her new pursuits and studies, she believed she must of necessity yield to her mother's will.

Day passed on after day, and only two lay between the intended victims and the dreaded evening. How often Clara prayed, ' Lead us not into temptation ;' it was the constant language of her heart when she could not retire to privacy and pray with her lips. For now Mrs. Barton was more than ever busy ; the ball-room was to be hung with garlands ; the supper-table adorned with flowers ; various modes of amusement scattered through the rooms, that when one became wearying the young pleasure-seekers might turn to another. It was Clara's first ball she said, and she was resolved her daughter should not be ashamed of it. Poor Clara !

On Thursday the gardens and shrubberies were searched over and over again for such flowers as, at that late season, they might continue to yield ; but the supply was too limited to meet Mrs. Barton's large requirements, and when the gardener had declared that all, even to ' the last rose of summer,' had been gathered, she sallied forth herself, to go over the ground once more, declaring that she was sure there must be abundance still, only no one could find them but herself. The summer, which had lingered until the close of September, had within the last few days suddenly disappeared, and a piercing wind was ushering in the last quarter of the year. Doors and windows had been constantly opened to give some new direction, and Mrs. Barton

had coughed several times, and Clara had ventured to say, 'Mamma, I am afraid you will take cold in the draught;' and her mother had answered, in accents as sharp as the wind, 'Cold, child! you know I never take cold.' And now she was gone to prove the invulnerability of her constitution, by facing the chilly air in the shrubberies. Her search lasted for nearly an hour, when she returned with about as many flowers as would form a bouquet for a bride.

That evening, when all her preparations were completed, or she was fain to cut them short, in her yearning for a little rest, she retired to her dressing-room at an early hour, with weary limbs and aching head, and a chill over her whole frame, that betrayed a heavy cold, if not something worse. After giving utterance to the soliloquy at our opening, she rung the bell to give orders for a bath. It was answered by Clara.

'Where is Martha?' demanded Mrs. Barton. Martha was the servant.

'She was so tired, mamma, after the day, that I gave her leave to go to bed. I did not think she would be wanted again.'

'Tired! nonsense! why should she be tired? I want her.'

'Mamma, can I do what you wish?'

'You! no indeed, you cannot. I want a warm bath; it will refresh me after the day. Tired, indeed! I might talk of being tired. Tell Martha to get up and prepare a bath for me.'

Clara looked at her mother's face, now flushed, now pale as death, and said gently, 'Mamma, I am afraid you are ill.'

'Ill! nonsense, child, did you ever know me to be ill? I may have a slight cold, just a common cold; a warm bath and hot drink will remove it. Don't stand there, but call Martha.'

And so Martha was called out of her bed to prepare the bath; and Mrs. Barton took the bath and a hot drink, and wrapped herself up warm in additional blankets, and sunk into a heavy and uneasy sleep: so heavy, that Clara stole into her room many times that night without awakening the sleeper, and at last ventured to take the lamp close to the bed-side that she might see how she looked. Great was her alarm on observing that her mother's face was a deep crimson, that her breathing was quick and irregular, and that every few minutes she turned uneasily and tossed her arms about. Without well understanding these symptoms, Clara knew they indicated sickness, and she longed for the morning that she might obtain permission to send for a physician. The sleep, however, was protracted until the morning was pretty far advanced. Clara was dressed and standing beside the bed, when her mother suddenly sat up, and, drawing aside the curtains, muttered indistinctly that it was time to be stirring.

'Do you feel better, dear mamma?' inquired Clara, gently.

'Better! better! why who said I was ill? did any one? O yes, I remember,' she said, trying to rouse herself, and as if struggling with confusion of thought, 'I was a little ill last night, just a little cold; a common cold; you know I told you it was nothing more. I am better; in fact, quite well; I have slept all night; I'll get up in half

an hour ;' and as she said it she sank back again, and looked vacantly around her.

'Mamma, dear mamma, let me send for the doctor.'

'The doctor ! send for the doctor ! who wants the doctor ?' Is any one ill ?' She was raving.

Terribly alarmed, Clara would delay no longer, and was softly leaving the room to send for their family physician, when Mrs. Barton cried out, 'Is that Clara ? Bring me a drink ; I'd be very well if I had a drink. Let me have a cup of tea ; not hot, mind. I'll eat nothing with it. When I've had a cup of tea, I'll get up. We must be up in time, and prepare for the ball.'

Clara shuddered, and swiftly and silently as a sunbeam she darted to the servants' hall, and despatched a messenger for Dr. Bates. She then hurried to procure a cup of tea, and, cooling it as quickly as possible, conveyed it to the chamber she had just left. Here, extended on the carpet by the bed, lay her mother. She had evidently left the bed with intent to dress herself ; and, in the effort, had fallen senseless to the floor.

Long accustomed to control her feelings and repress their expression, Clara did not, even now, though trembling in every limb, utter the slightest scream. She was just putting forth her hand to lay hold on the bell-handle, when she saw that Martha had followed her into the room. They raised Mrs. Barton, and laid her again upon the bed. 'Poor Missus 'll have no ball to-night, I'm thinking,' muttered Martha, as she assayed, with vinegar, hartshorn, camphor, and a variety of things, but for a long time in vain, to restore her mistress to consciousness. At length she opened her eyes, but it was to close them again immediately, with an expression of intense agony in her countenance. Clara shut out the light, and stationed herself at the bed-side, every few minutes moistening the burning lips with some cooling liquid.

Dr. Bates came : Mrs. Barton had fever he said ; brain fever—bad brain fever. Her constitution was strong, but her disorder was in proportion ; she would require the greatest attention. 'You must get a nurse for your mother, my child,' he said to Clara, 'perhaps two ; and you must keep out of this room ; it is no sick-room for you.'

'I will get as many nurses as you please, Doctor, but I cannot stay out of the room,' replied Clara, firmly.

'And what good can your staying do your mother, my child ?'

'I don't know, sir ; but I feel that this is my place now ; I could live no where else. I *must* stay.'

'And what will you do with your sisters, Clara ?'

'I will send them to Arden Hill, sir ; they will be safe there.'

The doctor looked amazed at the calm resolution the little heroine evinced, and he contended the point no longer. He wrote his prescription, gave his directions, and left, promising to call again in the evening ; and Clara having directed Caroline to put off their intended guests, and to make preparations for going to Arden Hill, resumed her place at her mother's side, watching every sound, and seeking, by every noiseless effort, to lighten the sufferings of the patient.

All day long she listened with bursting heart to ravings about balls, and ball dresses, and festoons, and flowers, and supper tables, and almost everything connected with the entertainment that was to have been. We have said before that Clara had a very tender conscience; and a strange thought was now harassing her mind, and forming a ground of self-accusation. She had prayed that a way might be opened, by which she and her sisters might escape the threatened danger of being entangled in worldly pleasure; was this an answer to her prayer, intended to show her that it was the prayer of presumption and self-will? and was she thus indirectly, and oh! how undesignedly, the cause of her mother's illness; perhaps of her death? It was a strange thought, yet not, perhaps, unnatural for so young and inexperienced a disciple, and it took her yet oftener and more fervently to prayer.

And thus she lived a life of alternate labour and prayer, while for many, many days, her mother's life hung in the balance. Fanny had come to press her services on her; but no, if there was danger, no one should meet it but herself. Jessie had encountered the pain and fatigue of a drive of several miles to see her, and offer to stay in the house, that she might not feel herself alone; and she had hung for a few minutes on her beloved teacher's bosom, pouring out the overflowing of her heart, and then she had with tears besought her to go; she was 'not alone,' she said, with a faint smile, and the dread of other's danger would make her very miserable; and so the time passed on, until Dr. Bates was able to say, 'Better to-day;' the next day it was, 'Decidedly better;' and in a day or two, 'Out of danger.' Clara wept with gratitude.

And now came that part of the sick chamber trials most difficult to be borne by the nurse; now came the querulousness, and the jealousies, and the exactions, and the fretfulness, and the weariness, and all to be visited upon the nurse. Clara bore them wonderfully, and seemed to have nothing else to think of but her mother's wants. From the hothouses and greenhouses at Arden Hill she could still obtain flowers, which she would lay on the bed, that their delicate fragrance might greet the senses of the poor invalid, and charm away, even for a moment, discontent and impatience. At length she could sit up a little; but that only seemed to make matters worse. To sit up, and not to be able to go about; to sit up, and to be entirely dependent on others; to sit up, and have nothing to do but to watch the weary hours, and mark their creeping pace by remembering when the next of the innumerable meals would arrive, and when the doctor would come, and when it would be time to go to bed again; oh! it was a miserable life. 'Bring me a book, Clara,' she said at last one day; 'I can't stand this life any longer. Bring me any of those books on the drawing-room table,' she added impatiently, seeing that Clara hesitated what book to bring.

No wonder she should hesitate; she knew there were no books in the place her mother indicated but scrap books, and odd volumes of parlour libraries, and railway literature, and books of a similar cha-

racter. She was too ignorant of them herself to know which was the least objectionable, so she had to take a volume at random. She might as well have left it where she found it. Mrs. Barton glanced her eye over it, and declared she believed Clara had chosen the most stupid book in the whole collection. Clara could have assured her she had made no choice whatever, but she heard the remark in silence, and only went for another book. The second was declared to be a hundred degrees more stupid than the first, and both were flung indignantly on the ground, from whence Clara meekly picked them up, and went for a third; that shared the same fate; and at last Mrs. Barton said there was no use in trying any farther, for that Clara was too stupid herself to know a good book from a bad one. She leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes as if to sleep; but sleep would not come, and she became restless. 'Dear mamma, shall I read for you?' gently inquired Clara. Her mother glanced at the Bible which lay at her daughter's side, and answered shortly, 'No; ' she wanted to go to sleep she said. Then there was a silence for about a quarter of an hour, when she said, but without looking towards Clara, 'Perhaps it would be as well for you to read a little; your voice may lull me to sleep. I don't mind what you read if it does that.' Clara lifted up her heart in prayer, and opened her Bible.

She began the fourteenth chapter of Mark's Gospel, and as she proceeded she observed that her mother's restlessness passed off; she glanced at her, and saw that she was leaning back quietly with closed eyes. For awhile, she believed that sleep had really come, and she could not help being sorry; but she went on reading. She came to that most touching scene in the garden, and again she glanced at the supposed sleeper. Could it be possible? Oh! it was true; tears were pressing themselves through the closed eyelids, and chasing one another down the cheeks. Clara's voice faltered, and she was compelled to pause. 'Go on,' was said in an accent so soft, so unlike what she had listened to for many days, so unlike what she had ever been accustomed to listen to from the same lips, that she was completely overcome. Throwing herself at her mother's knees, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, 'Oh! mamma, He suffered it all for you—won't you love him?'

Mrs. Barton was too weak to bear any agitation, and for a long time she sobbed hysterically. When she could speak, she said, 'You must read more of that book for me, Clara; not now; I could not bear it now; but often; and yet I know it's no use; I've been long despising him, and now he despises me; he must despise me. Oh, Clara, that night, that night, that I felt God had smitten me, I kept calling up—I couldn't help it—I kept calling up all I had ever learned about religion; it was not much, for I never was willing to learn; but whatever it was, it was all against me—all against me,' she repeated, 'and then I tried to drive it away, and to think only of the world, and to fight against God; and so it was, till he took away my senses, and even then I believe I was fighting against him; and now, when he is bringing back my health, see how I am fighting against him, and

trying to please myself with such folly as *that*,' and she pointed to the volumes she had flung away; 'and after all this, what use can there be in my trying to obtain his favour; I can bring nothing by which to merit his love.'

'Oh, no; nor any of us, dear mamma. He gives it, for his own mercy sake, through Christ Jesus, and we cannot buy it any more than a poor beggar can buy our alms; but he is ready to give it to all that are willing to come to Christ for pardon, and to give up their hearts to him. Oh, do come to him, mamma; he himself said when he was on earth, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."'

'Oh, I have loved the world so long—so long—and so well: and what do I find it now?—nothing but weariness and vexation; and still I have a fear on me that, if my health returns, I may love it just as well as ever again, and may become quite hardened, and be lost for ever. Oh, if I could but cleanse this wicked, *wicked* heart; but I can't,' she said, despondingly; 'tis no use to try.'

'But Jesus can, mamma; and he will, if you will only come to him; and he will take away the love of the world out of your heart, if you will just open your heart to let him in. He says, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and sup with him, and he with me." The "door" means our hearts, mamma; and Christ is knocking at our hearts, and asking us to let him in; and if once we let him in, the love of the world will go away; he'll take it away himself, and his blood cleanses from all sin.'

Mrs. Barton listened with the deepest attention to the young pleader—an attention not unmixed with astonishment. 'Where *did* you learn all this, Clara?' she asked.

'From the Bible, mamma.'

'But who taught you to understand the Bible?'

'Jessie first, mamma; and then the Bible seemed to explain itself as I went on reading.'

'But you learned so much in so short a time?'

'I think it was just because my heart wanted it, mamma.'

'Oh, then, if that be all,' cried the poor mother, 'I may learn too, for truly my heart wants it sorely—wants something to satisfy it—something to make it happy. You will be my teacher, Clara, won't you?'

What, now, was all that Clara had suffered during her mother's illness? Nothing in the world, or only a subject for gratitude and joy. Her prayers were answered; and she saw her mother in the spirit of a little child, seeking to enter into the kingdom of heaven. Soon was Jessie a partaker of her joy; and her dear cousin made another effort, and came to mingle her praises and thanksgivings with those, not only of Clara, but of her whom they had increasing reason to hope was 'born again when she was old.' She brought with her Caroline and Lizzie, who had much to tell of what they had seen, and heard, and felt, and thought, since they had visited

Arden Hill. Caroline had seen Sarah Dartnell often—had seen her die—had heard her last words—had received her dying charge to endure unto the end, that she might be saved—had felt that such a death was worth millions of ages (if such might be had) of worldly pleasure—had thought how wonderful was the love of God, and how unlimited the demand *that* love made on her affections and her services. She had now given herself to Him with her whole heart, and the ‘beauty of holiness’ shone, not only in her life, but in her very countenance. She had learned to ‘fear the Lord.’

And Lizzie had often talked with her dear old friend, Morgan, and received from him much encouragement to keep on in the good old way which the saints in glory had trodden. She had sought the Lord ‘early,’ and he had been found of her. She felt that she loved him, and she had daily experience that he loved her. Old Morgan and the Widow Wilkins were still ‘waiting the days of their appointed time, until their change should come.’ Kate was growing more odd, the people said; more unlike everybody else. Ah, well! that was a small matter if she was growing more like the happy company she was looking forward to meet, and the Saviour to whom she had given her simple heart.

Of Clara there is little farther that need be said. She now, indeed, found the ways of religion to be the ‘ways of pleasantness and peace,’ and often pondered over Jessie’s text—‘In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and his children shall have a place of refuge.’

### Literary Notes.

THERE cannot be a doubt, as we suppose the author of the book before us—*The Spirit of the Bible*. By EDWARD HIGGINSON. Vol. II. (E. T. Whitfield)—would readily admit, that the most important question one could ask concerning a man’s intellectual belief is, What does he think of Jesus Christ? and the next, What does he think of the Records of his life and character? We do not say these are the most important questions that could be asked concerning the man himself, although the creed-men of all ages have decided otherwise. They never considered, or would not consider, that the man is greater than his intellect; and, therefore, that it is of infinitely more moment to know what he *is* than what he *believes*. So with the legalists, whose only care is to inquire, What does he *do*? forgetting that acts may be as hypocritical as professions. As absurd and unphilosophical would it be for the assayer to assert, that a piece of money is silver because it is white—that it is genuine because it is stamped—and that there is no necessity for applying any other tests of its purity than these, as for men to inquire concerning their fellows, What garment of creeds and works does he assume? instead of, What is the quality of his soul? These inquiries may be interesting and necessary, but the answers to them do not

convey the whole truth. When you have got them, you have merely picked the nut and cracked the shell without tasting its fruit.

After bringing before our readers Mr. Higginson's book, therefore, and briefly noticing the opinions of the writer and of the body he may be taken to represent, we do not think that all the truth concerning the Unitarians will have been stated. We doubt, indeed, whether, as a body, they have yet asked themselves the question, What are we? The form of their creed, and their attitude in controversy, have considerably changed, and changed for the better, since the days of Mr. Belsham. Are they themselves different? This is a question we have not yet seen proposed, much less answered; but it is one which they would do well to consider.

Mr. Higginson is a favourable representative of modern Unitarianism. His book is the book of a scholar and a gentleman. For fairness of argument, candour of statement, and courtesy of debate, it deserves all praise; and it is deficient in no literary quality that is necessary to command our respect for the abilities and attainments of the writer. We have no fault, therefore, to find with the manner in which his opinions are stated; nor shall we find fault with the opinions themselves: it is our purpose merely to state them for the information of our readers, who by these means may see the exact position occupied by the moderate Unitarians of the present generation. We are afraid they will also see, that however moderate they may be, their position in relation to the cardinal truths of the gospel differs in no essential respect from that occupied by the 'fathers' of the body.

The object of Mr. Higginson's book is twofold; viz., first, to describe the nature, and secondly, to ascertain the value, of the Scriptures. In the first part the author travels over the ground so ably, and, once for all, effectually broken by Lardner, whose main positions are defended with such modifications as the writings principally of Professors Norton and Palfrey have suggested. Such of our readers as are acquainted with the books of these authors will at once understand the position taken by Mr. Higginson. He repeats the fundamental statement of his first volume, viz., that 'the Bible is not a revelation, but only the record of a revelation;' and proceeds at once to criticise the several books. These, he holds, are not inspired, certain things in them only being 'inspired.' This distinction has now become so familiar as not to need illustration; but we cannot help quoting with especial approval the following passage bearing on this subject:—

'The biographical form in which the Christian religion was given, and has been preserved, is remarkable. Christianity is essentially the record of a life. The religion of Jesus is inseparable from his personal history, and from the picture which that history gives us of his character. Should any one endeavour to tabulate the doctrines of the gospel in systematic order, or to arrange its precepts into a code of morals, apart from the living history of its great Prophet, the result would be but as the dead ashes of a plant in the chemist's crucible, from which all vitality and fragrance were evaporated. The scene, the circumstance, the occasion, at once gives to the doctrine or the precept the special form by which it may seem, at first sight, limited, and also directs us to the principle in which we may find its universality. Jesus Christ is continually, in evident unconsciousness himself, the central figure in our conception of Christian faith and duty. We cannot separate him in our thoughts from what he said and daily realized of a heavenly Father's providence, watchful and kind, and a fatherly bosom open to prayer. We cannot separate him in our thoughts from the precepts of benevolent love and self-sacrifice



which gain their true sanction in his life. We cannot detach the characteristic parable from its speaker, nor the characteristic miracle from its worker, whose soul is embodied in the word and the act. We cannot realize, in our own persons, the happiest inspiration or the most blessed solace of religion, otherwise than through tacit sympathy with his heart's anguish and his spirit's peace. *Jesus Christ is himself the gospel.*

Jesus, undoubtedly, was the 'great revelation' of God, the mirror of all his attributes, the embodiment of all his perfections. But of the Record? Our author maintains only its general credibility. To what extent the denial of the credibility of certain statements is carried, our readers may judge from the circumstance that Mr. Higginson altogether rejects the account of the miraculous birth of Jesus by Matthew; while the same apostle's stories 'of Herod and the Wise Men' are characterised as 'apocryphal'; his application of the prophecy 'Out of Egypt have I called my son' as 'weak'; and its reference to this passage, 'He shall be called a Nazarene,' a 'tasteless, if not ignorant pun.' The general credibility of the writers of the gospel narratives, therefore, in the author's view, cannot stand much higher than that of Livy or Herodotus. Is this the tendency of modern Unitarianism?

Next, as to Jesus himself. We confess that we had hoped to find in Mr. Higginson's book a *nearer* recognition of the Godhood of the Saviour than is contained in the earlier writings of the Unitarians. In this, however, we have been disappointed. Nothing is conceded to him but the highest order of inspiration. His miracles are accepted, his character and mission extolled, while the author writes of the 'heavenly wisdom of his precepts; the purity and elevation of his morality; the breadth of his philanthropy; the sublimity of his doctrines respecting God and his providence, his will, and his designs; and, lastly, the disclosure of human immortality.' The whole extent of his influence is defined as simply 'intellectual' and 'moral,' '*suggesting* aspirations of faith, and *prompting* to works of love and duty.' There is no admission of his Godhood or atonement, or of the work of the Holy Spirit.—The author purposely avoids mere doctrinal discussions. 'I wish,' he says in one place, 'to keep free from mere doctrinal debate; and it is clear to most Christians who have risen above a merely literal and wordy idea of religion, that Christianity is not to be described adequately by any mere doctrinal articles or creeds whatever.' We have, nevertheless, in one or other section of the book before us, sufficient indication of the author's views concerning the leading Evangelical theses. The following, on the doctrine of future punishment, occurs in a note on what is called the 'Parable of the Sheep and Goats':—

It 'declares,' says Mr. Higginson, 'in terms most unequivocal, that the eternal principles of the Divine administration approve and reward the virtues of man to men, and discountenance and punish all neglect of mutual duty. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory," does not, according to this view, point to some still future appearing, but to the now existing order of his heavenly kingdom upon this earth. He is even now upon the throne of his glory, with the holy angels (?) of Truth, Virtue, Justice, Peace, Mercy around him. Before him *are* gathered all nations. . . . If they on the left hand pretend not to know any duty they can do can reach the Prince of this heavenly kingdom, their consciences can no longer sophisticate with him when he explains—"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." So these must go away from

his sentence, as often as he thus pronounces it, *into the punishments of this age of clearly announced spiritual retribution*, and the righteous into its blessed life continually more and more abundantly.'

His definition of the words Faith, Works, and Justification, as occurring in the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, are admirable for their clearness and precision of statement, if not for their orthodoxy.

To discuss the author's views is beyond our purpose. We have simply endeavoured to point out the ground occupied by one of the most moderate and least offensive writers connected with the Unitarian body in the present day. We must content ourselves with emphatically expressing our dissent from the main opinions of the theologian, at the same time that we readily acknowledge our indebtedness for much light from the scholar. What we have said and quoted will show that his book is one which may be read with great profit by many,—but not by all.

In a small volume, entitled *The Gospel Attributed to St. Matthew* (J. Blackwood), Mr. J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES has gone over a part of the ground occupied by the preceding writer. The object of his work is to prove that this Gospel is the record of the whole original apostlehood. Matthew may have written it, but its contents are the joint production of the twelve. This proposition is not altogether a new one, but it will be new to most of our readers. After a careful reading of Mr. Knowles' book we believe it to be totally unsustainable by any evidence or argument that he has adduced. We cannot, in this place, enter into a detailed examination of the many singular propositions by which the author's theory is supported. To do so would necessitate the writing of a work almost as large as his own. We can only say that although the author has collected his arguments under some thirty heads, he has most signally failed to prove any one of them. Many of these arguments are so far fetched and forced, that they would be ludicrous were they not brought forward with such evident earnestness. Every omission or commission in the New Testament, it appears, is made with the sole purpose of proving this theory. All the writings of all the apostles, or as in the majority of cases, where their writings prove nothing, their silence is also brought to bear. Matthias was elected for this object; the apostles remained at Jerusalem with this object; their lives proved it, their deaths proved it; what they said and what they did not say proved it; James wrote only 'five chapters' in consequence of it, and Jude only one; and so on.—Two considerations, not referred to by Mr. Knowles, and not suggested by anything he has written on the subject, are sufficient, in our minds, to dispose of his theory. The first is that, were it true we should have at once an acknowledgment of collusion on the part of the apostolic writers, and should, therefore, be obliged to give up a main literary argument in favour of the credibility of the Gospel histories. On the other hand, Mr. Knowles maintains that the attestation of a narrative by the twelve apostles was necessary. Supposing them not to have penned this narrative, he implicates Matthew of presumption; Peter and others of jealousy and anger; and all the eleven of sinful neglect. Has the author forgotten, in advancing this argument, that the book is inspired, and that if it were the joint

production of a thousand apostles its weight and authority could not possibly be greater? To maintain that it was necessary that the twelve should write it, or that they did write it, is to maintain that the Divine inspiration of a book is not sufficient without the attestation of a dozen witnesses. We say nothing of the taste of the writer's charges against the apostles; of the vehemence with which he declaims against the 'senseless' theories of all other writers, from the first to the present century; or of his ignorance of the literature of ecclesiastical history, shown in quoting the Roman Catholic forgeries of the epistles of Ignatius as veritable documents; charging the friend of John and devoted martyr with being 'ambitious of outdoing Paul by coveting the lion's mouth;' dating back the origin of Romanism to the first century; and soon. These, and the passion with which the work is written, prove the writer to be altogether out of his sphere in composing books of this description. The only thing that we can say in favour of his present work is, that it is written with great zeal for truth and great sincerity of purpose, but it is a zeal without discretion, and a sincerity without knowledge. Its chief literary merits are power and force. Anyone who has read the 'Hunchback' would know that it would be impossible for Mr. Knowles to write a weak book—one who reads his present work would be able to say he could not write a very inconclusive one.

A minister of the Established Church, the Rev. G. E. L. COTTON, M.A., Master of Marlborough College, sets a useful example to his brethren in the ministry, in a series of *Seven Sermons*, preached in the chapel of Marlborough College (Macmillan and Co.) The sermons collected together in the small volume before us are all on public events of the last year. They were preached to the college students with the object of considering these events in the light of Christian truth. It would be well, we think, if preachers generally could be brought to take up such subjects. Judiciously handled, we know of none which are more calculated to do good. They would be a relief to the more dogmatic teachings of Christianity, and would be constantly suggestive of weighty and practical truths. They would introduce religion into everyday habits of thought, and conduce to the practice of considering every subject of life in its Christian aspects. Mr. Cotton's discourses have the merit of brevity, point, and adaptation. Their theology is distinguished by a sound common sense, and an appreciation of the position of his audience, which frequently reminds us of the sermons of Arnold.

*Passing Thoughts* is the title of a collection of six literary essays by Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS, of Cavers (T. Constable and Co.) The subjects are Goethe, Rousseau, Humboldt, Italy, Cousin, and Eclecticism, and German History. Handled by a competent scholar, and an earnest thinker, they will be read by every one who can appreciate these qualifications with both profit and admiration.

The Rev. GEORGE SMITH, of Poplar, has published a series of discourses on *Life Spiritual* (J. Snow), which have the literary merit of a popular, though diffuse, style, and the moral merits of great force and directness of exhortation and appeal. They are marred, however, by a bathos which is only the forgery of eloquence, and a narrow adherence to old scholastic forms of expression, which is ill suited to congregations of the present day.

Life Physical is most ably treated in a work by Dr. R. J. MANN, designed for the use of schools, and entitled, *A Guide to the Knowledge of Life* (Jarrold and Sons). Dr. Mann is well known as the author of several works similar to the present in construction, though differing in purpose. The volume before us deals principally with the constituents of animate and inanimate matter, including especially the human frame, its construction, powers, and capabilities. These are familiarly and concisely explained in language sufficiently simple for the youth, and sufficiently scientific for the advanced student. The book is hardly one from which young learners may learn directly, but it is one by which they may be well taught by others. We cordially recommend it to our readers.

We also welcome with pleasure a new candidate for the support of the readers of *Quarterlies*, entitled the *National Review* (R. Theobald). The articles in the first number, so far as we have been able to examine them, bear promise of a free, healthy, and vigorous life, although, it may be, taking a form not common to the sectarian journals. This we judge from a highly favourable review, in the fourth article, of 'Ewald's Life of Christ.' One or two of the papers in the present number indicate a junior class of writers, but their sentences, if crude, are fresh and vigorous, and will at least compare favourably with most of the octogenarian writing bound in the blue and buff of Edinburgh and Albemarle-street. The titles of the articles are as follows:—I. The Administrative Problem. II. William Cowper. III. The Planets. IV. Ewald's Life of Christ. V. Novels and Poems by the Rev. C. Kingsley. VI. Romanism, Protestantism, and Anglicanism. VII. Goethe and Werther. VIII. International Duties and the Present Crisis. IX. Summary of Theology and Mental Philosophy. X. Summary of Political Philosophy and Economy.

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## Monthly Retrospect.

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THE death of the Commander of the British forces in the East, occurring just nine months after the death of the French General, and just four months after the death of the Russian Emperor—Marshal St. Arnaud having died on the 28th September, Nicholas on the 28th February, and Lord Raglan on the 28th June—is the last and only event connected with the war that has occurred since the issue of our July number. We have heard but one opinion expressed in relation to it—that of deep personal sympathy for the man who, long past the age of active life, was fated to perish before the greatest effort of that life could be accomplished. Thanks to the Divine goodness which has implanted in the human breast such active and ever-existent sympathies with its kind—sympathies which no personal faults or errors can ever extinguish—no unfitting word has been said to depreciate the character or services of the late General. Death, if it cannot atone for faults or remedy grievous errors, at least disarms all hostile criticism. The grave is not the place for censure or rebuke. Less proper is it that it should be made the stage on which flattery and false eulogium may strut in the stolen clothes and borrowed character of

a friend. Goodness of heart, and a general sense of decorum, have kept the English public from the expression of a word that could wound the heart of the nearest relative of Lord Raglan; but their regard for truth has not restrained many from falling into the odious vice of undue praise. To have spoken ill would have been to violate nature; to have spoken too well has been to violate truth and to injure society. All can recognise in Lord Raglan the English gentleman and soldier, and can thank Providence that the English army, unlike its ally, was not commanded by one who was little more than a human blood-hound. Few can recognise in him any of the qualities of a great commander, but this was a defect of nature, not of will. He was, unfortunately, in a position where moral goodness could not compensate for natural deficiencies. His sense of duty could never give him energy of action, quickness of sight, or ability of administration. He did, on most occasions, what he could; unhappily, he could not do what his position demanded.

Lord Raglan's death brings into strong relief a characteristic difference between ancient and modern wars. Formerly, a general was a commander, to lose whom was frequently to lose the cause for which he was engaged. In more modern times, the general is little more than a subordinate servant, receiving his commands from superiors at home; doing little at his own discretion, and that little only in his executive capacity. This difference, combined with the rapidity of communication between Governments and their *employés*, is, perhaps, sufficient to account both for the failures of Lord Raglan, and for the circumstance that, large as is the army in the Crimea, the military operations there have not yet produced a great general. Nor are they likely to do so while responsibility is limited, and action restrained. It is a remarkable circumstance that some of the greatest battles of modern days have been fought in disobedience of orders from home; perhaps one reason why no greatly successful stroke has been made in the present campaign is, that such orders have been too closely obeyed.

The war, conveniently enough for Ministers, has contributed, with political indifference and official treachery, to the setting aside of all useful, practical legislation; and the prospect now is that the session, which is slowly dragging out its existence, will pass without the making of a single new and useful law, or the abrogation of a single old and pernicious one. During the past month, the House of Commons has been mainly occupied with debating questions pertaining to personal honour, though involving national reputation. The first may be described as a Parliamentary badger-hunt. Mr. Milner Gibson, ordinarily a very peaceable dog, and not at all addicted to sporting, drew the said badger on the evening of the 18th. Lord John came out without the smallest hesitation. Indeed, he had evidently been labouring under great disadvantages in the dark holes of diplomacy. It was a place entirely unsuited to his candid nature. He, of all statesmen of the present day, needs light, air, and ventilation. His 'bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne' as he is making his confession, and he sits down—happy man!—entirely unconscious of any dishonour to his mission, dishonesty to his associates, or disgrace to his own character.

in having told the whole truth concerning his Vienna mission. And, without a doubt, he was partially in the right. The press that has attacked him, and the hounds of Parliament that have hunted him to a political death, seem to have forgotten that he, as well as they, had a right to form his own opinions as to the propriety of any terms of peace. Surely a statesman does not sell that right and every other in accepting office, and 6,000*l.* a year! Lord John is not to be condemned for proposing such terms, or for supporting them in the Cabinet; but no tongue can too forcibly rebuke the profligate immorality of that man who, believing that a peace which would save thousands of lives, and bring increased happiness and prosperity to every home in the wide world, might be secured with ease and honour, can still stand, and with orator's tongue and statesman's influence seek to kindle animosity between nations, and widen the yawning gulf that is separating mankind from their fellows. Of the terms themselves we may at once say, that though absurd enough to provoke a smile, they are, perhaps, better than will be accepted with delight and satisfaction by both Whigs and Tories before many months will have passed over their heads. Lord John may then be recalled to office to make an 'honourable peace,' and so, as Lord Malmesbury tells us of the Tory Pitt, who made war against his conscience to please a king (a fact forgotten on the Opposition benches), regain place and influence by the very means which have lost him both.

Meantime, what is loss to the Whig placeman is gain to the Cabinet and the people. The Colonies will hardly regret the scion of the Bedford family while they have Sir William Molesworth; and the work required in the Woods and Forests could scarcely be committed to better hands than those of Sir Benjamin Hall. Were the Administrative Reform movement to accomplish nothing else, it would have done well in bringing about such eminently satisfactory results in the Executive of State. Our only regret connected with them is, that the means by which they have been secured have probably lost to us the Church-rate Abolition Bill and the Limited Liability and Partnership Amendment Bills. There is now not the slightest chance of either of these passing into law during the present session.

The debate on Mr. Roebuck's resolution respecting the conduct of Lord Aberdeen's Government, as well as that on the Turkish loan, require no comment. Mr. Roebuck managed the first as an insincere man would have been expected to manage it, and consequently lost it; the second is calculated to teach a useful lesson to Government respecting the actual, though irregularly asserted, independence of the House in voting money. The assumed indignation of the Government at its possible result was merely a natural effect of the sudden terror that overcame them when they thought of the possibility of losing office by so small a means. A man is always indignant when frightened for nothing. Besides, what a humiliation it would have been to have escaped from four pitched battles only to be mortally wounded in a miserable affray of £ *s. d.*!

The advantages of a constitutional Government, which have been seriously questioned during the past twelve months, have lately been strikingly illustrated. A smaller and less injudicious exercise of authority than that exerted in attempting to put down the Hyde-Park disturbances,

would in France have most probably cost an Emperor his crown and a Senate its existence. The indirect and gradually descending scale of responsibility necessary in the administration of the complicated affairs of our own and similar Governments, secures perfect freedom and absence of enmity to all the highest functionaries, the weight of public indignation falling only upon those that come into most immediate contact with the excited multitude. So Queens and Cabinet Ministers are applauded, while Superintendents and Constables are—in the present instance most righteously—visited with all the weight of public indignation.

In the smaller circles of life there are events budding with hope and significant of a still healthy soil in the world's great garden. Such is the programme of a Female College, drawn up by Mr. Maurice, in a lecture entitled, 'Plan of a Female College,'\* to which we can here merely direct attention, while expressing an earnest hope that it may be wisely carried out and may eminently succeed.—Lord Arthur Hervey, in another pamphlet, has elaborated a most useful suggestion, regarding the supply of public lecturers from the National Universities to the Literary and Mechanics' Institutes of the kingdom. The author suggests the appointment of a new class of professors in those learned bodies, whose chief duty it shall be stately to visit certain towns in the kingdom, and lecture on appointed subjects. The lecturers, he suggests, might be supported by a salary from the universities and by annual subscriptions from the institutes. The practicability of the plan is proved: of its usefulness there cannot be a doubt.

The new Newspaper Act is working numerous if not important results. Many—we believe nearly all—of the cheap daily papers brought into existence through the facilities it appeared to offer, have ceased to exist. Sheffield, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, have each lost a local organ. The only successful experiment of which we have heard is that of the Manchester 'Daily Times,' which, we believe, has a circulation exceeding twenty thousand daily; but whether this is profitable to the proprietors admits of a doubt. In this, indeed, as in many other matters, the wisdom of the old saw, 'The more haste the less speed,' is verified.—The Religious Liberation Society has taken speedy advantage of the new law to bring out a monthly chronicle of its movements, under the title of the 'Liberator'—the first number of which promises, on the whole, favourably, though dealing at too great length with some stale and almost worn-out topics. The publication is one that may be made a most valuable auxiliary to the Society's labours.—In response to a suggestion offered in our last number, we have been favoured with the prospectus of a new London daily paper, to be established by a joint-stock proprietary, to be conducted on sound political and ecclesiastical principles, and denominated the 'Dial.' The programme of principles is vigorously and heartily drawn up, and is signed by names, some of which have a deservedly high literary and moral influence. We content ourselves this month with simply announcing the circumstance that such a project, under such colours, is afloat. We shall have more to say concerning it when it begins to hoist sail, and its administrative are fairly committed to it.

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\* Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.











